

ANDREW HELFER • KYLE BAKER • MARSHALL ROGERS


THE SHADOW

MASTER SERIES VOLUME TWO



DYNAMITE

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Who knows what evil lurks
in the hearts of men?

THE SHADOW

MASTER SERIES VOLUME 2

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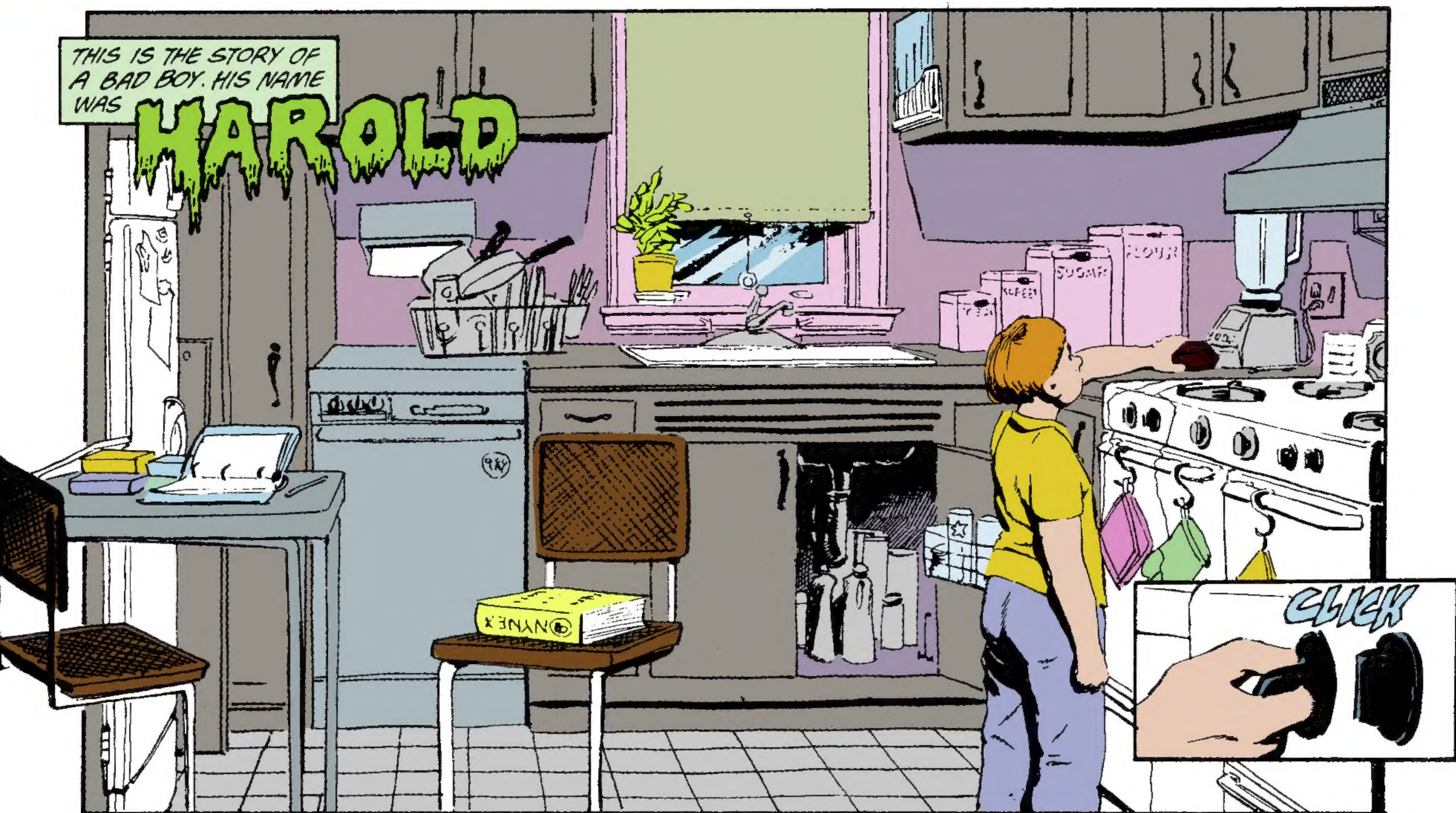
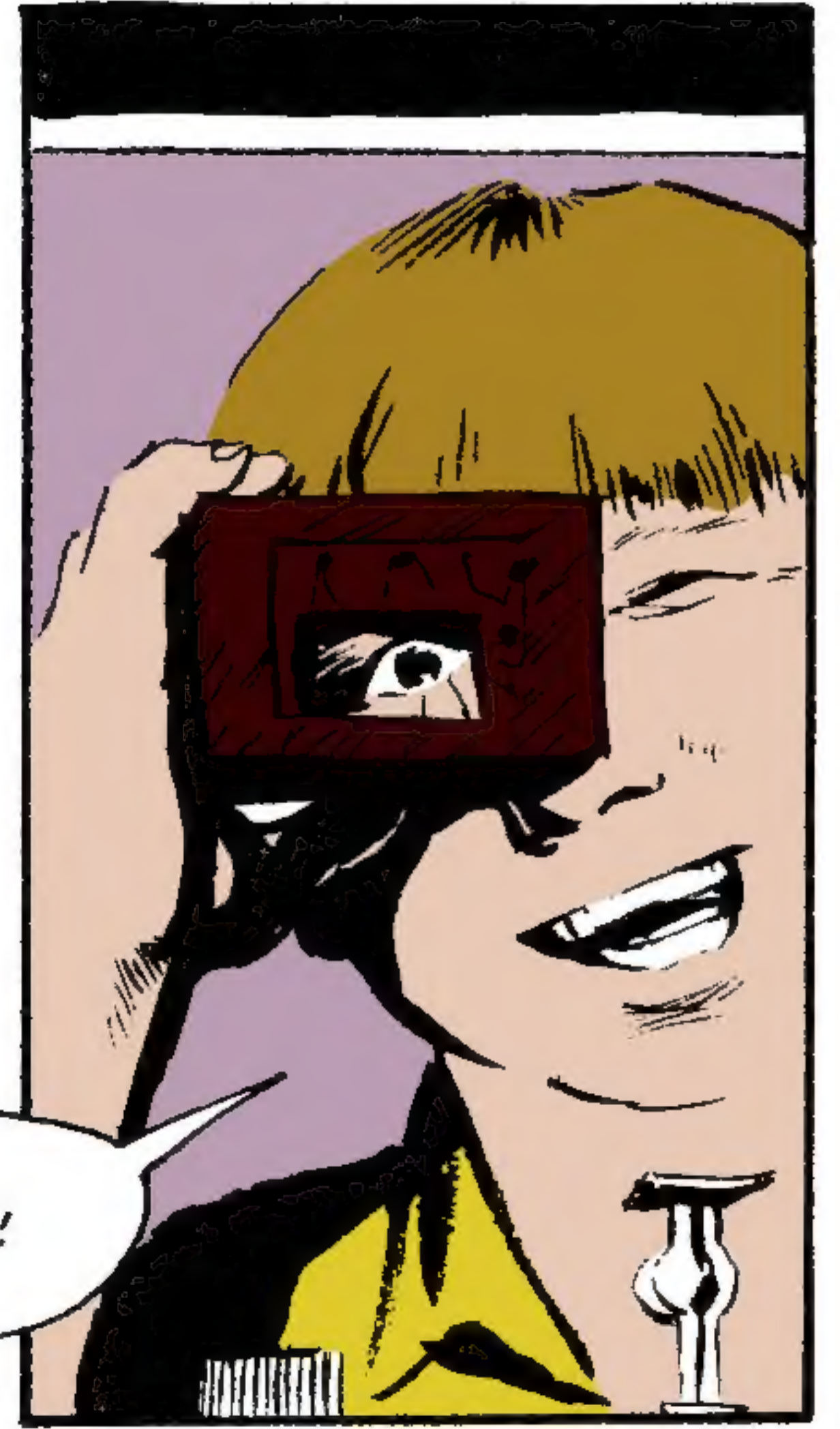
PREVIOUSLY IN THE SHADOW:

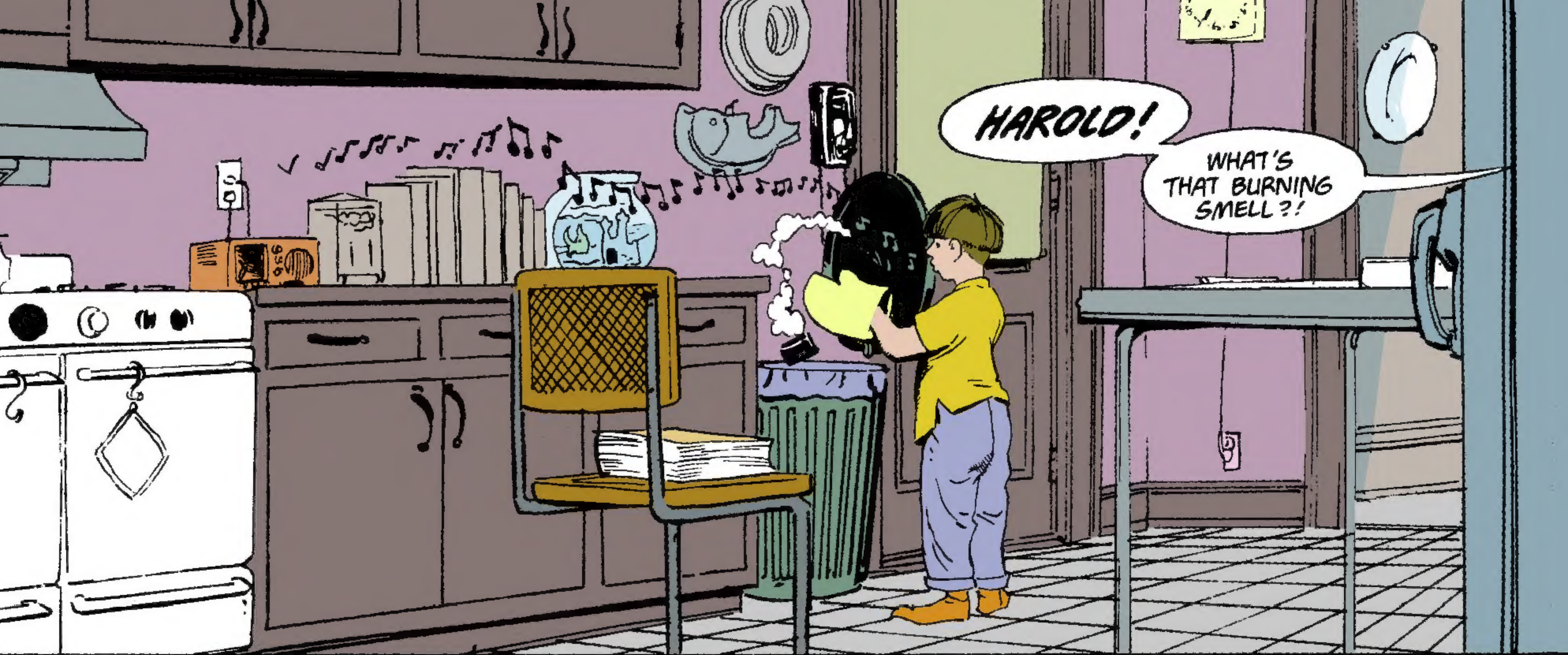
It's a race to the bitter end—with the prize being the ability to control the minds of every citizen using a single device. But things are easier said than done, especially when that device is attached to the Shadow's most ancient and fearsome foe: Shiwan Khan! Known to the city at large as Geng King, president of Nissteco, Shiwan is not the only criminal mastermind who wants the power—the Light, a religious man with a zealous following, seeks the very same and is willing to use all their resources, come hell or high water, to get his fair chance at the device. Luckily, the Shadow is on the case! And with the help of his myriad agents, the city sleeps safely... for now.



#7

cover art by MARSHALL ROGERS







I'LL
SAVE
YOU!

HAROLD...
DON'T...NOT--

--TWEETY!!



Y-YOU
KILLED
TWEETY!

WELL, GEE,
MOMMY--NOT
ON PURPOSE!
I JUST--



THAT DOESN'T
MATTER--HE'S
DEAD--YOU--

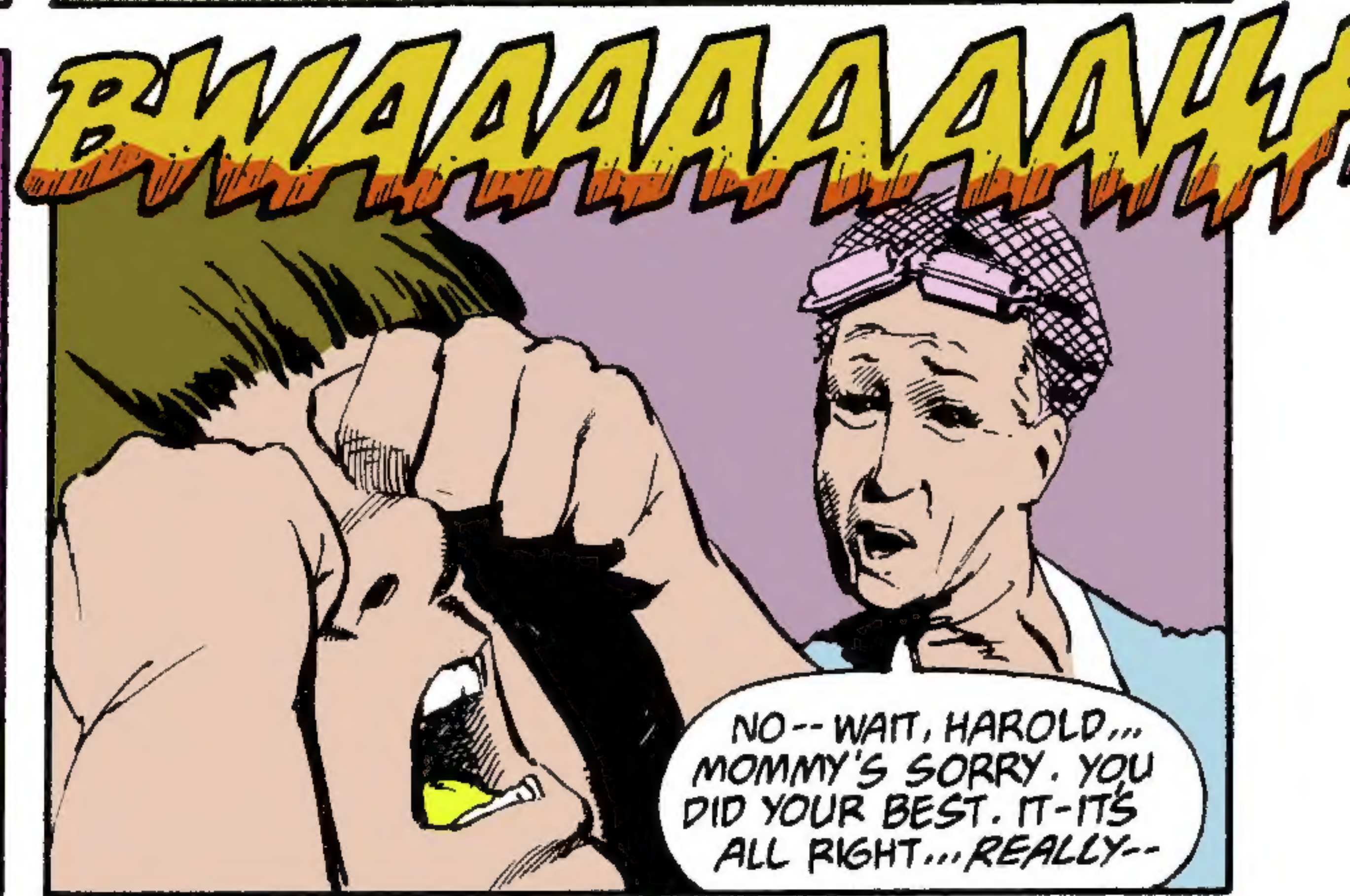
--YOU
BOILED
HIM!

I DIDN'T--

--I JUST
=B=

--WANTED
=BU=

--TO--



NO--WAIT, HAROLD...
MOMMY'S SORRY. YOU
DID YOUR BEST. IT-IT'S
ALL RIGHT...REALLY--



--TWEETY WAS OLD
ANYWAY. YOUR
FATHER BROUGHT
HIM HOME ALMOST
A YEAR AGO...JUST
BEFORE HE...

...BEFORE
YOUR
FATHER...



WELL, NEVER
MIND THAT NOW...
STILL... I WONDER
HOW THAT FIRE
STARTED AT ALL...

WHAT'S
THAT ON THE
FLOOR?



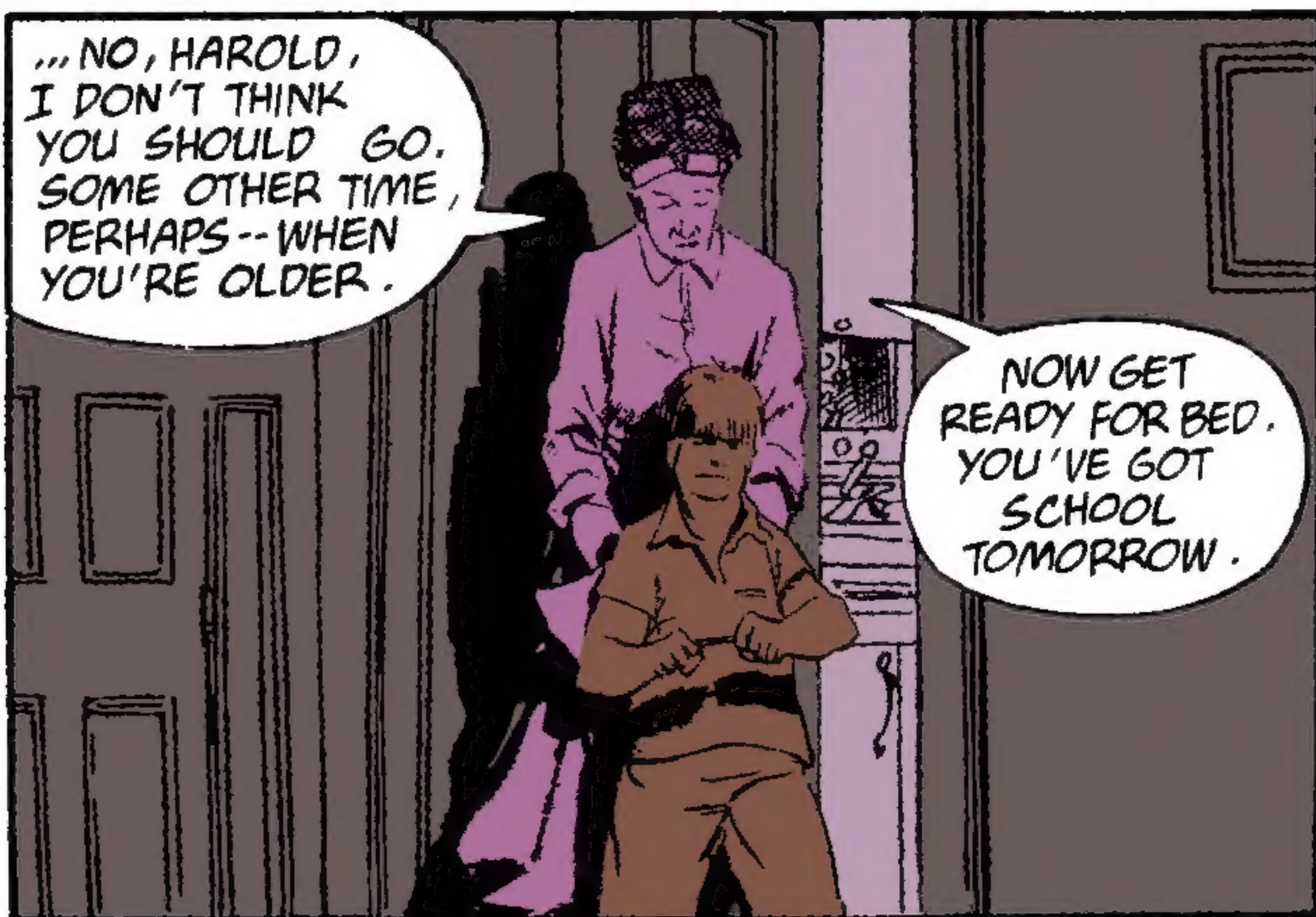
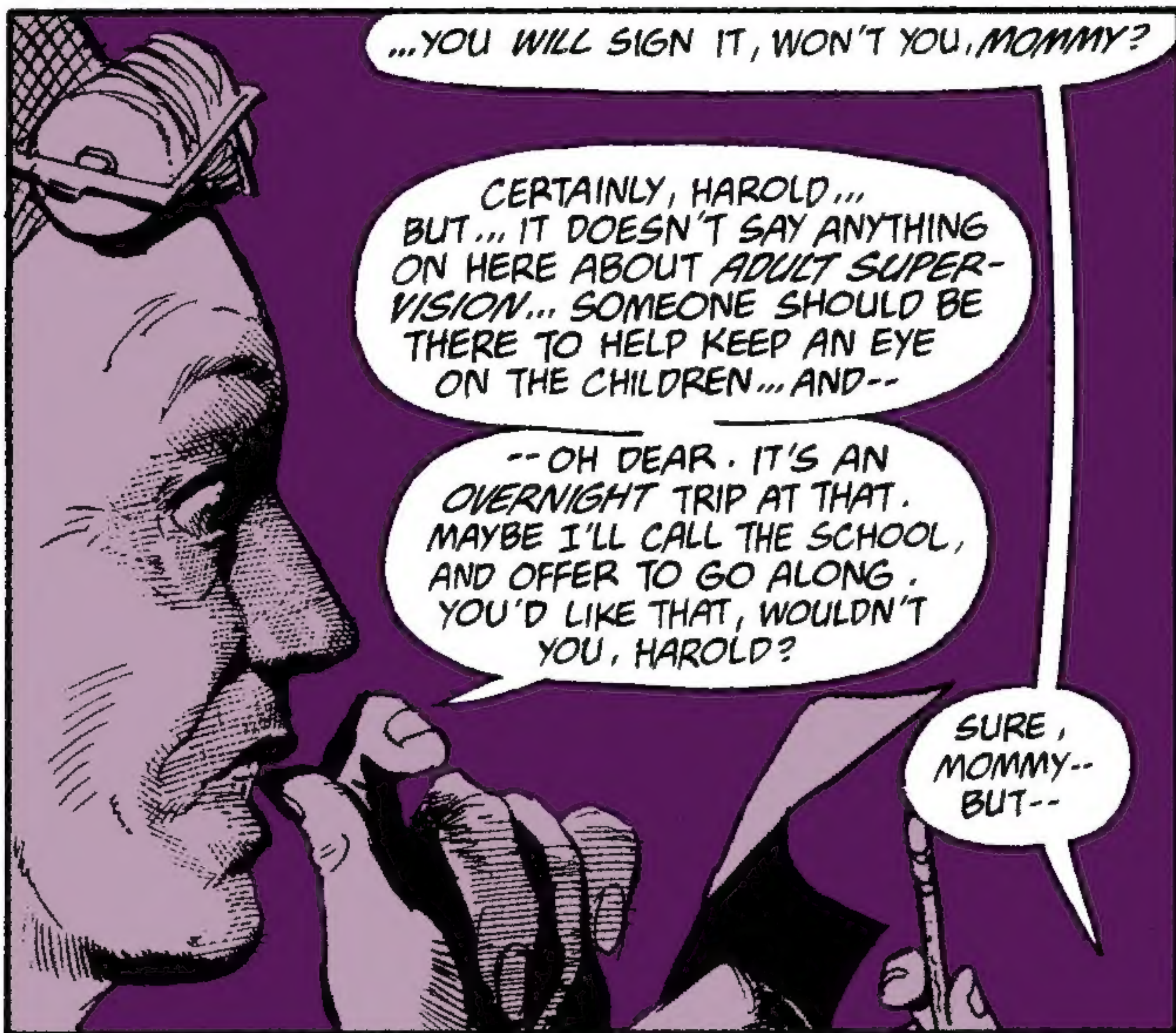
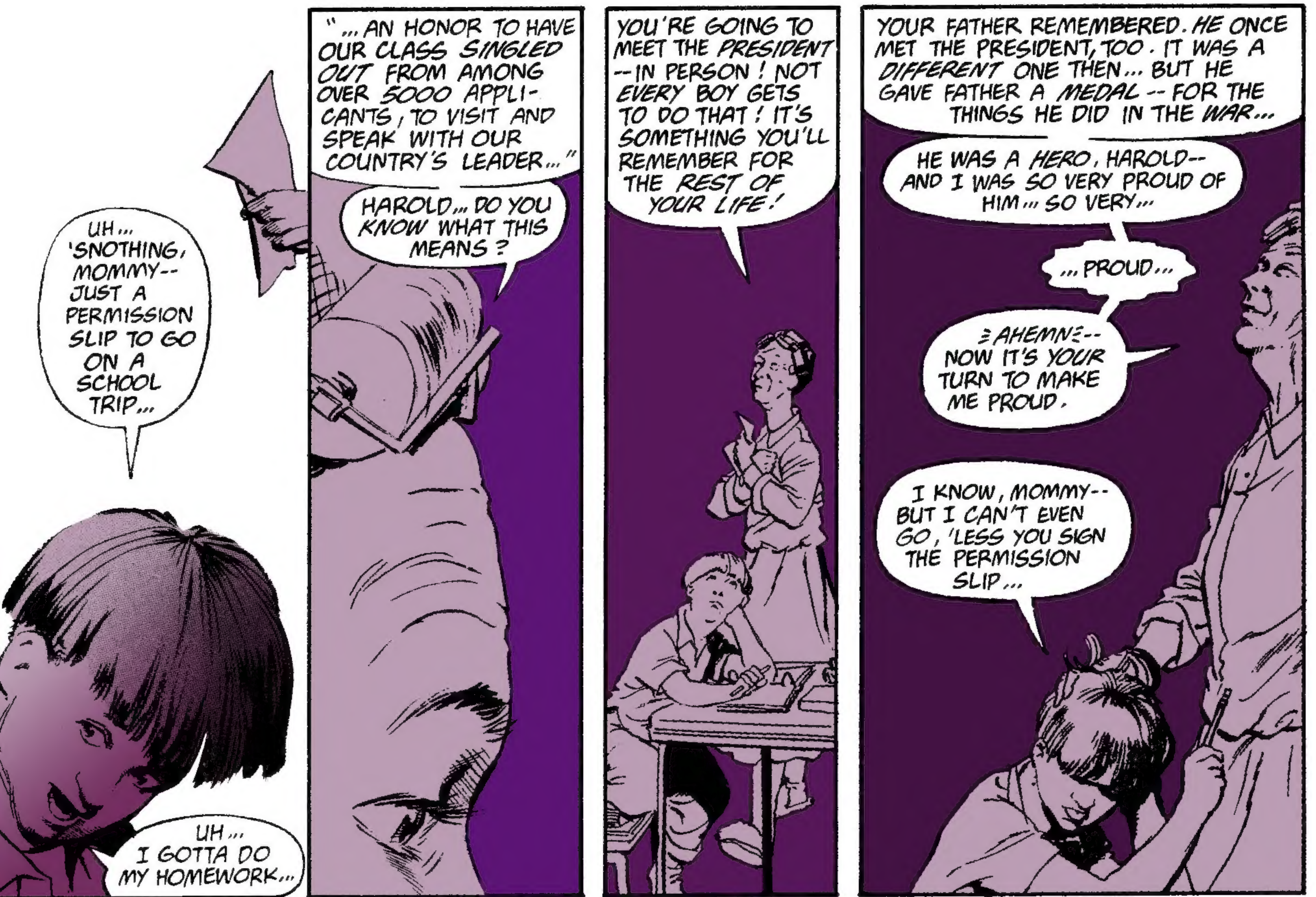
I DUNNO. Y'KNOW SOMETIMES
THINGS JUST DO THAT--BLOW
UP AND CATCH FIRE!

MR. BUTTERFIELD TOLD US
ALL ABOUT IT IN SCIENCE
YESTERDAY! CALLED IT SPONTEUS
BUSTION! HE SAYS WE SHOULD
MAKE SURE 'N CHECK OUR ATTICS
FOR PILES OF DIRTY OLD RAGS--



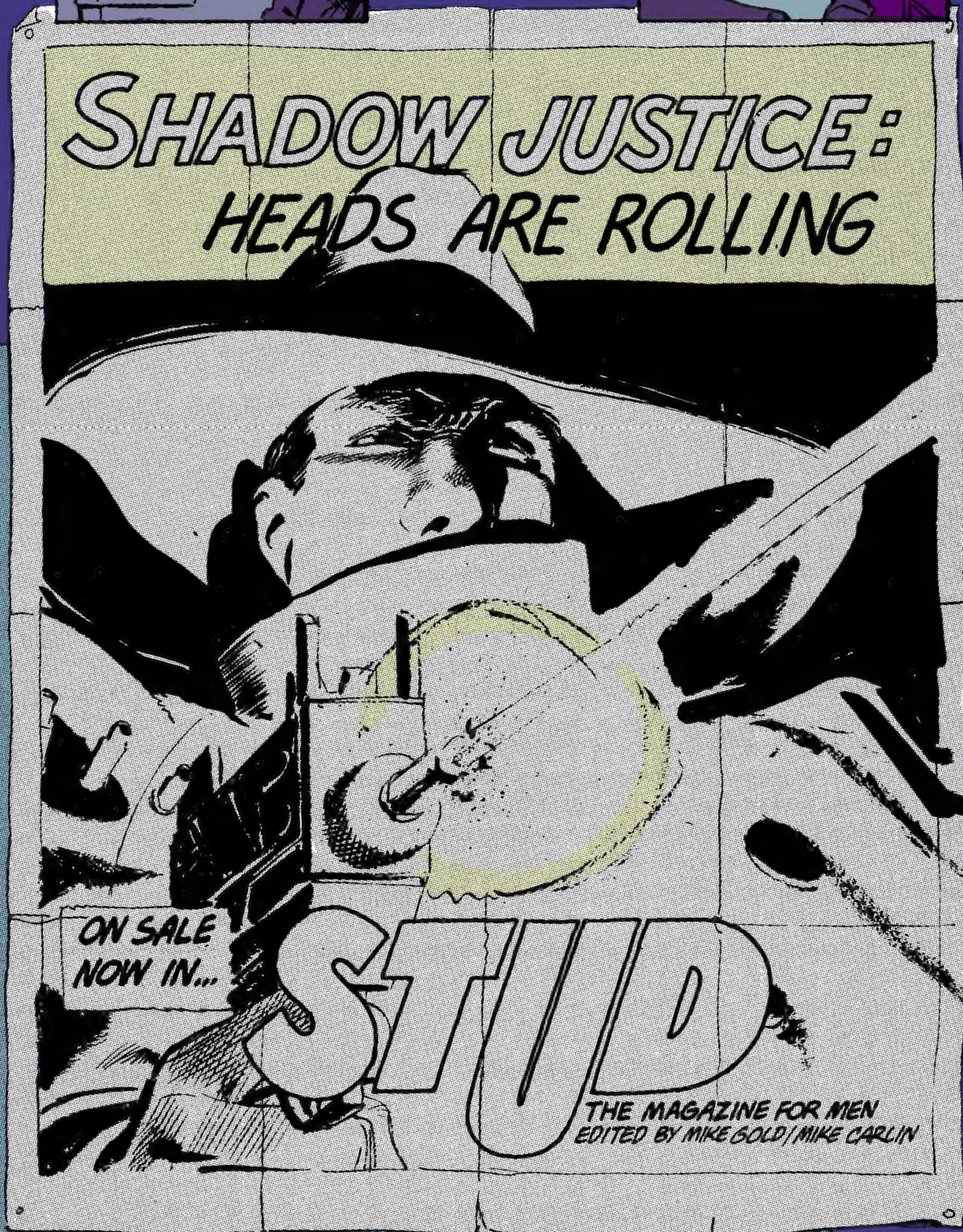
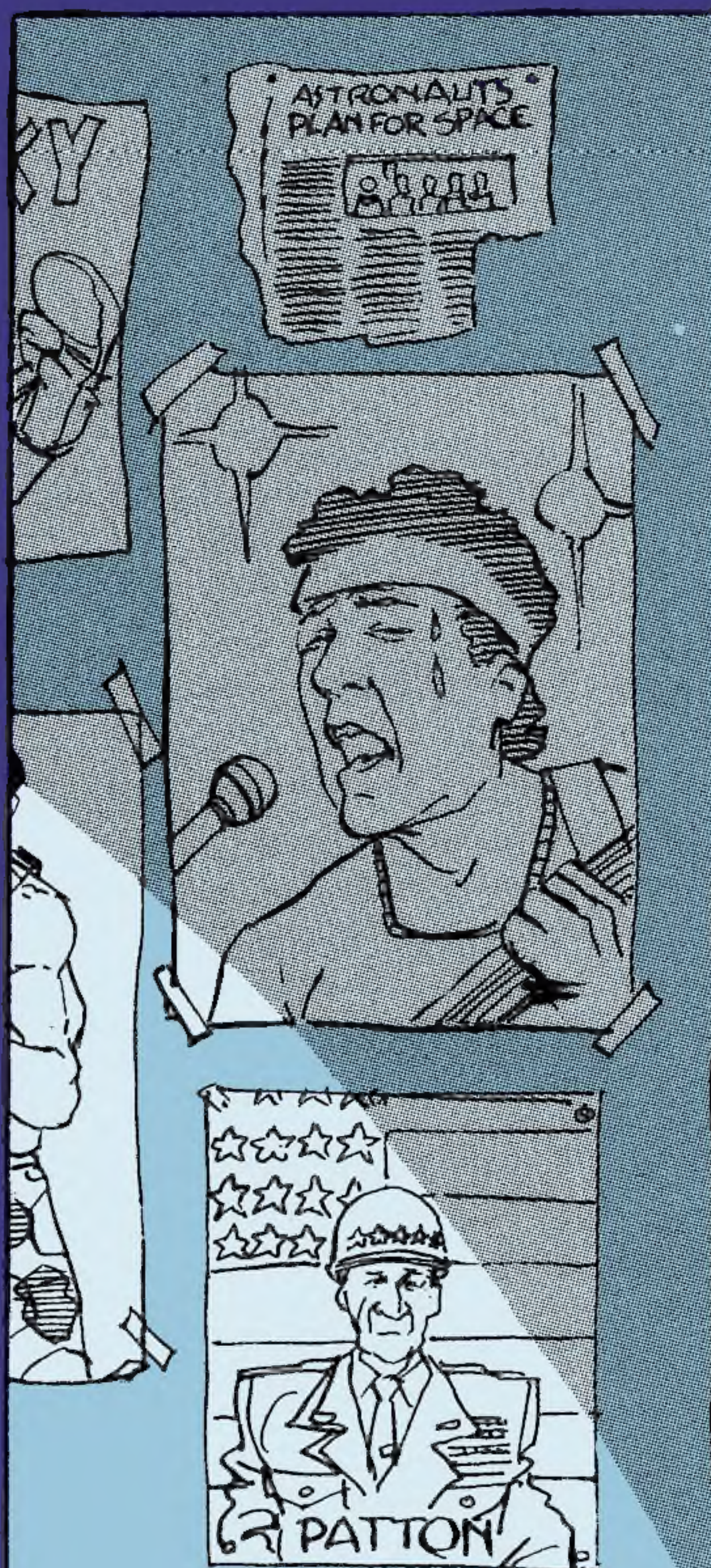
JUST YOU STAY
OUT OF THE ATTIC,
YOUNG MAN!
THERE'RE NO
RAGS UP--

--HAROLD...WHAT
IS THIS PIECE OF
PAPER?





STORY : ANDY HELFER
PENCILS : MARSHAL ROGERS
INKS : KYLE BAKER
LETTERS : AGUSTIN MAS
COLORS : TOM ZILKO
EDITS : MIKE GOLD & MIKE CARLIN



"HAROLD GOES TO WASHINGTON"



HERE THEY
COME -- RIGHT
ON SCHEDULE !

YOU'D THINK
THEY'D SLEEP LATE
OR SOMETHING ! NINE
O'CLOCK IN THE
MORNING !

JEEZ -- AIN'T THEY
GOT NO SHAME ?

NINE O'CLOCK !

DAMN --



-- I'LL BE
LATE FOR
CLASS !



I'LL LEAVE IT TO YOU TO RADIO
THE MASTER , DE WITT --

-- IF YOU GET
THE CHANCE,
PLEASE OFFER
HIM MY
THANKS .

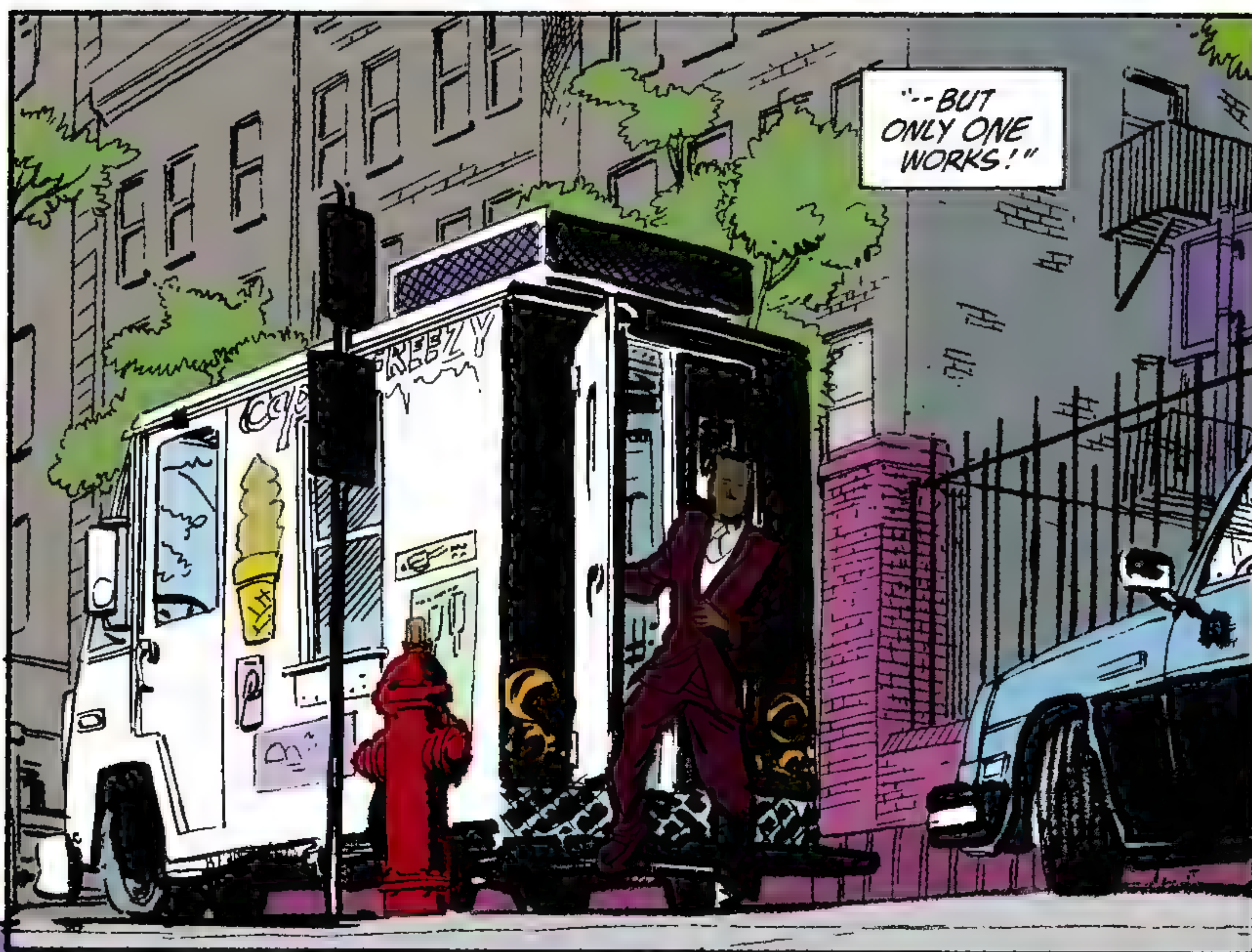
I TELL YA , BUDDY -- I AIN'T
IN THE BUSINESS OF DOIN' PERSONAL
FAVORS -- BUT THIS ONE'S A PLEASURE !



LOOKIT --
DEALIN' !
DOPE TO
KIDS --

-- THERE'S
GOTTA BE A
LAW !

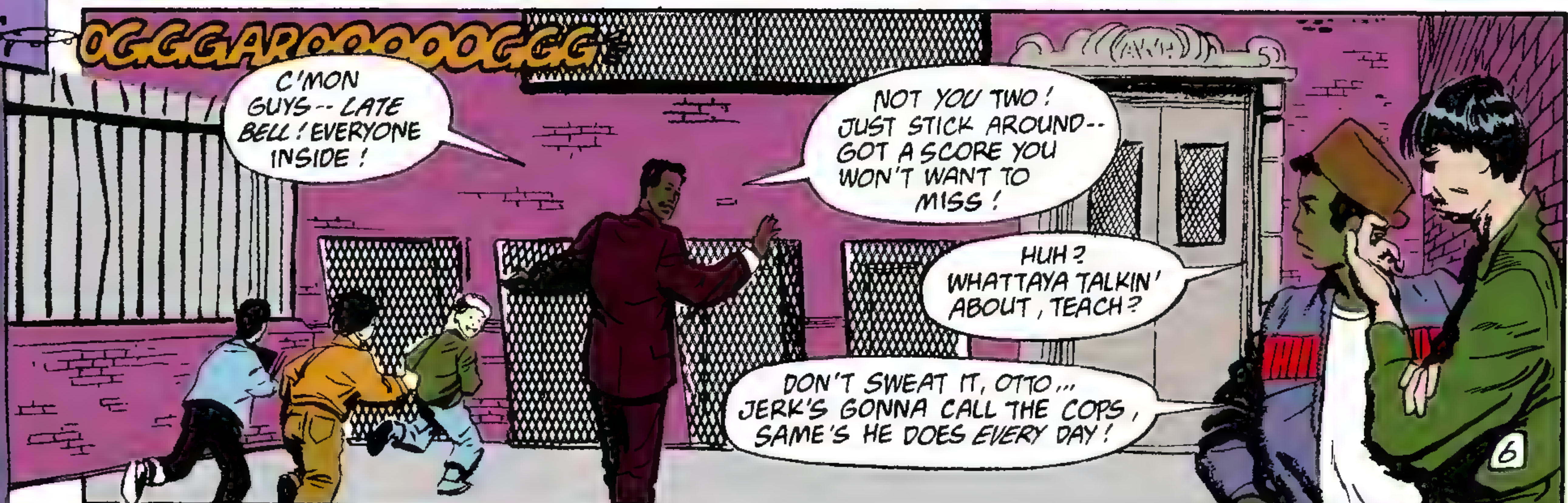
THERE'S A WHOLE BUNCH OF 'EM , DE WITT --



-- BUT
ONLY ONE
WORKS ! --



AROOOOOGGG



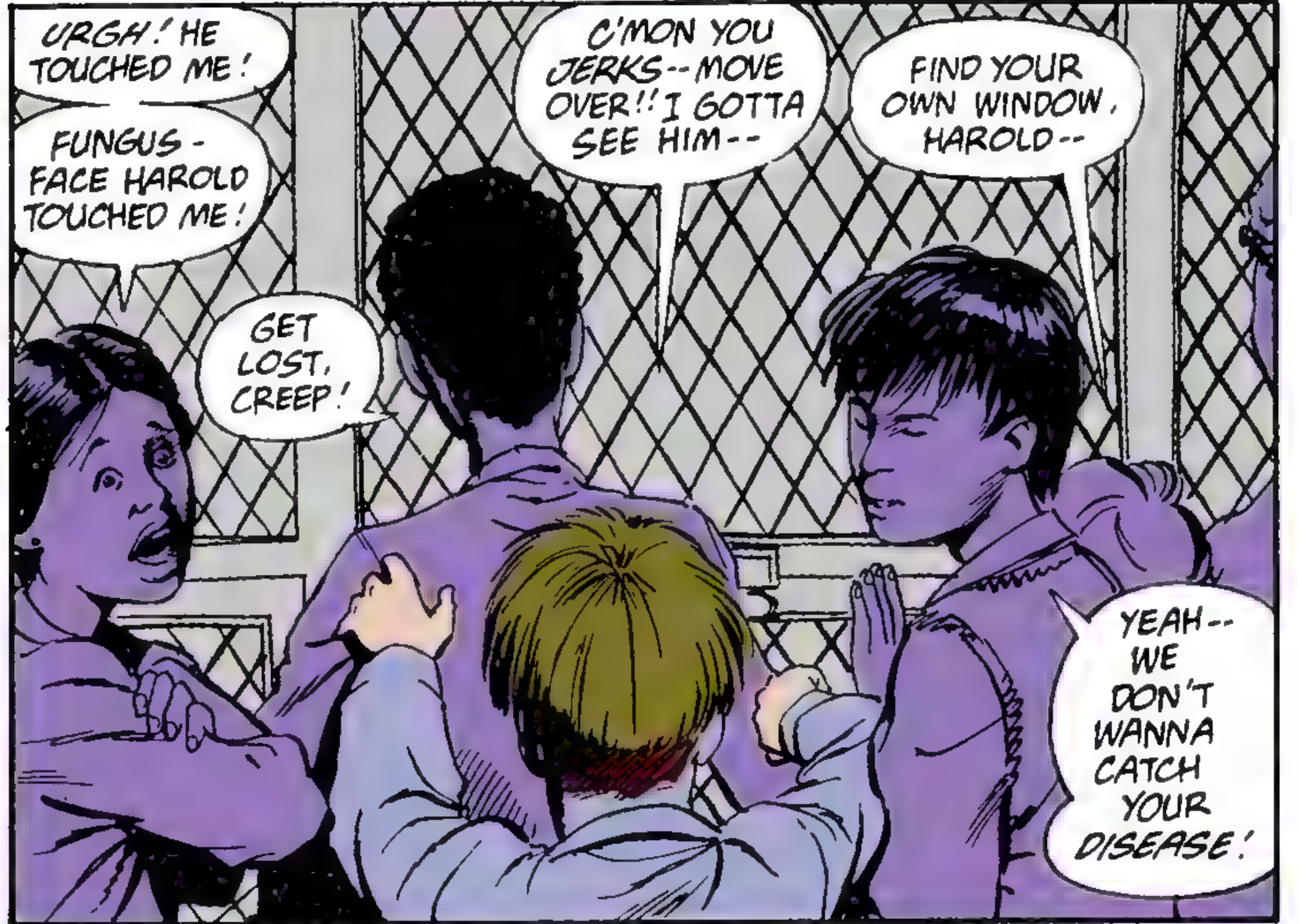
OGGGAROOOOOGGGG

C'MON
GUYS -- LATE
BELL ! EVERYONE
INSIDE !

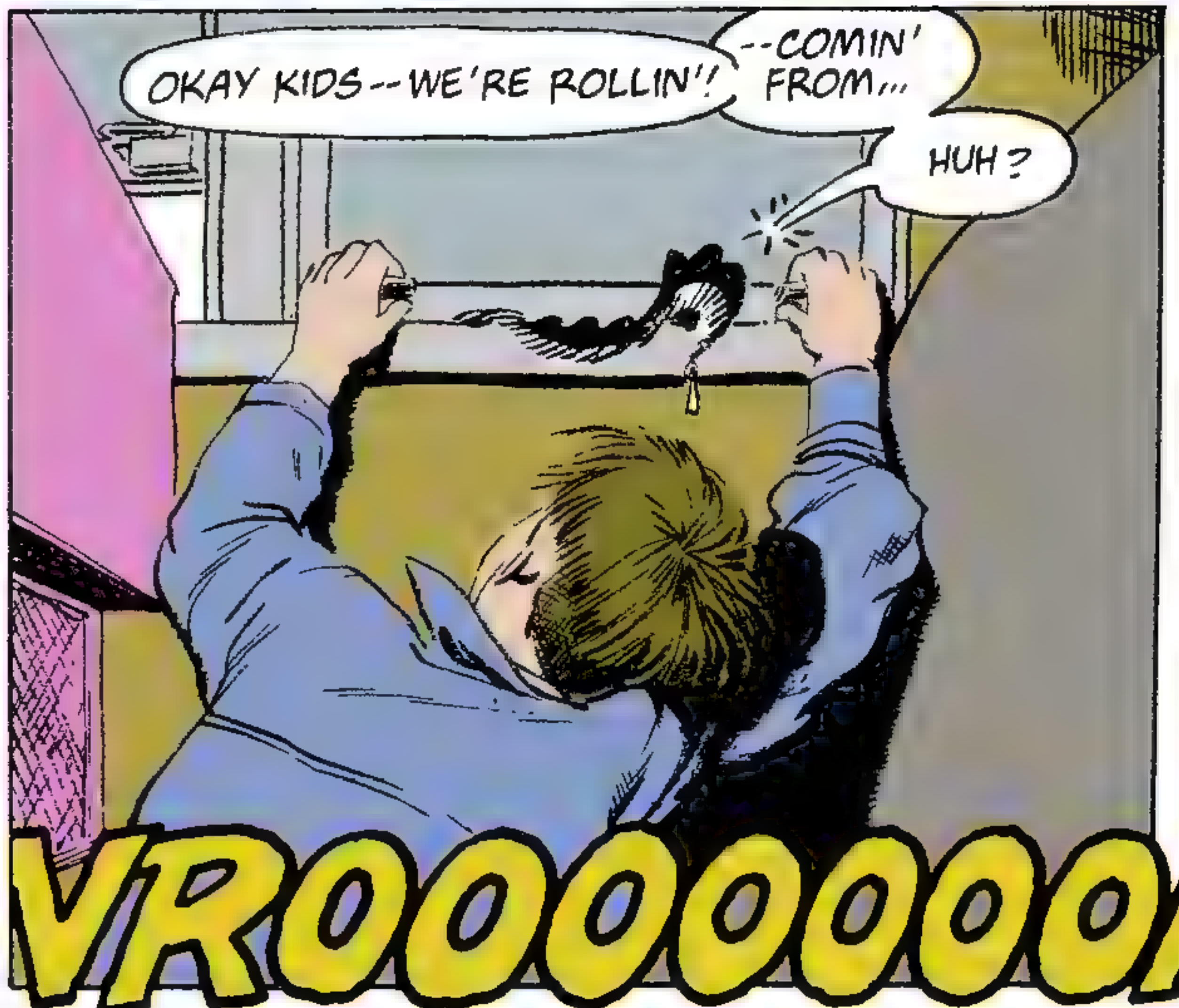
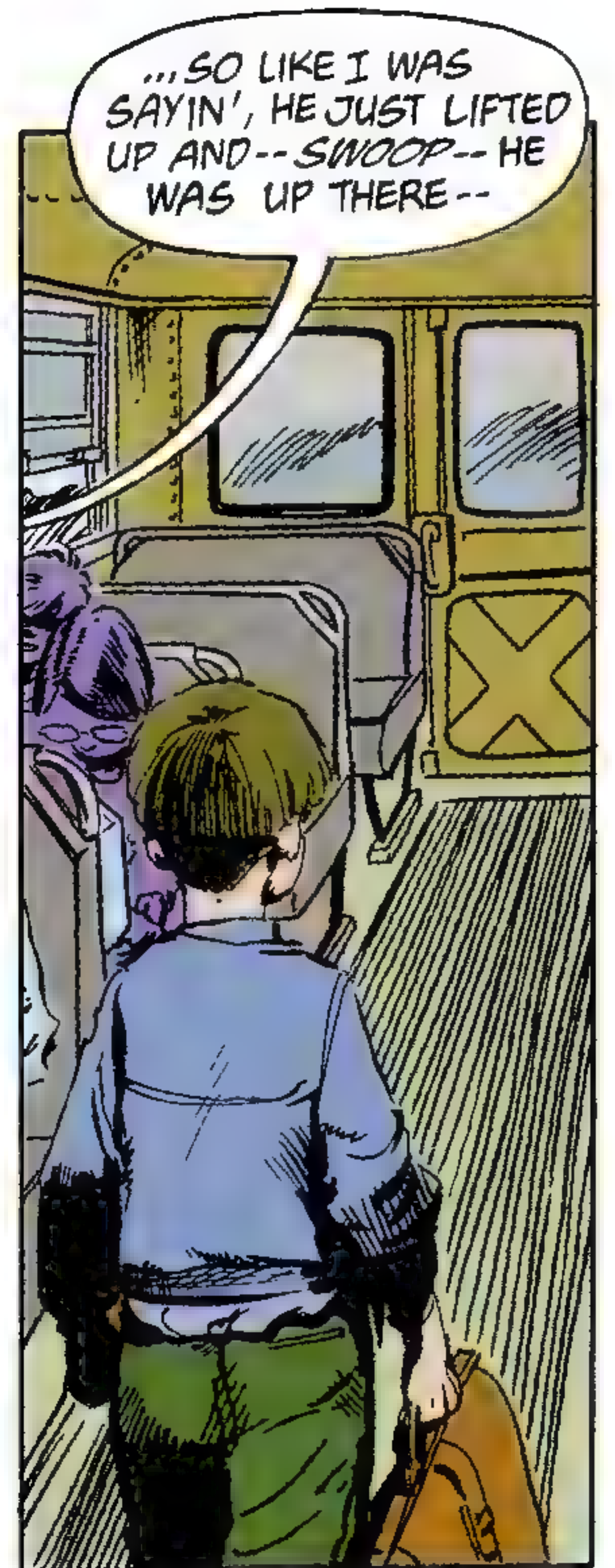
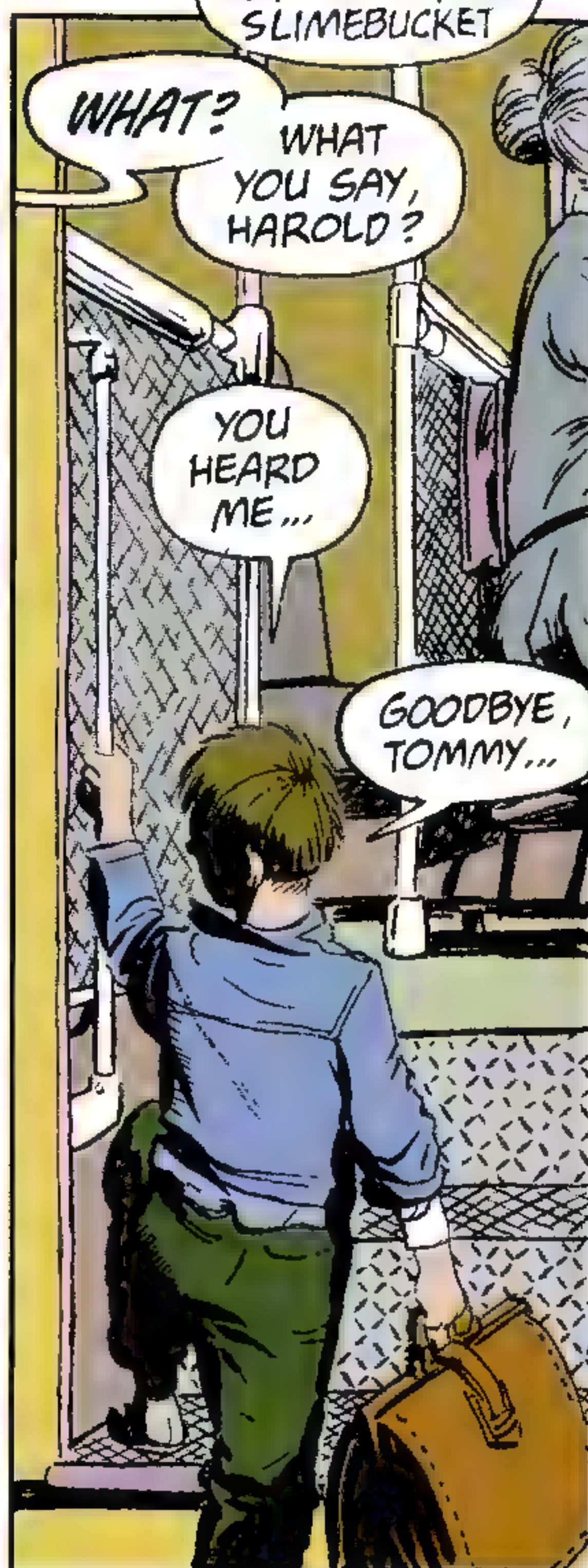
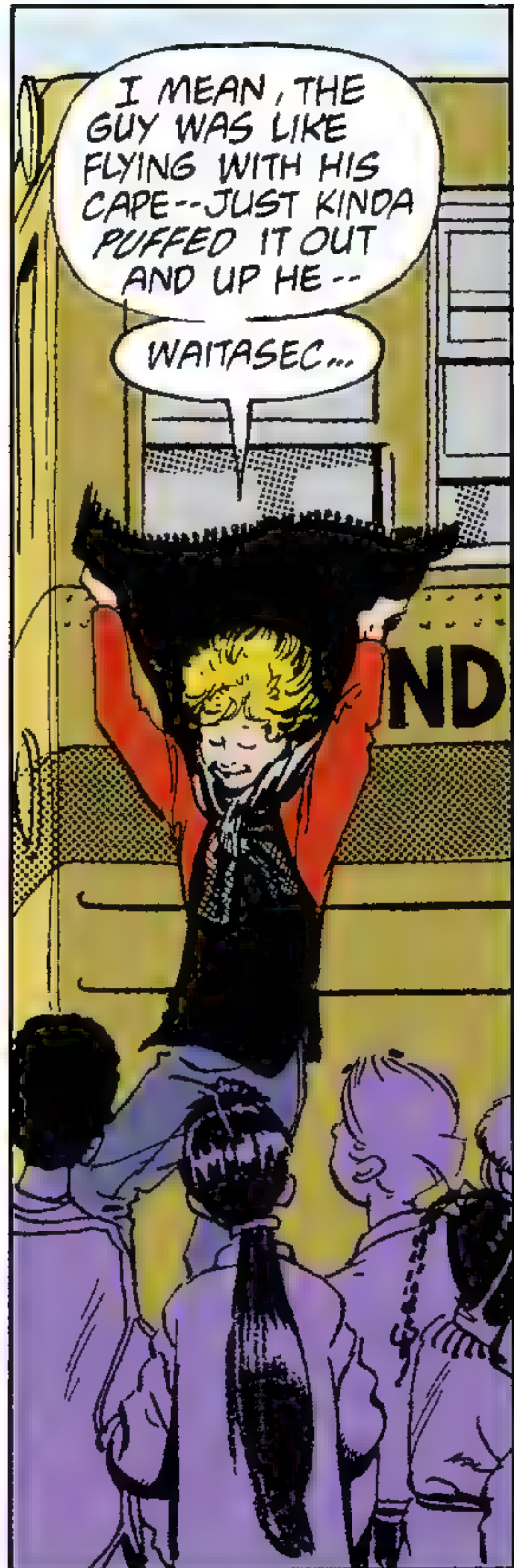
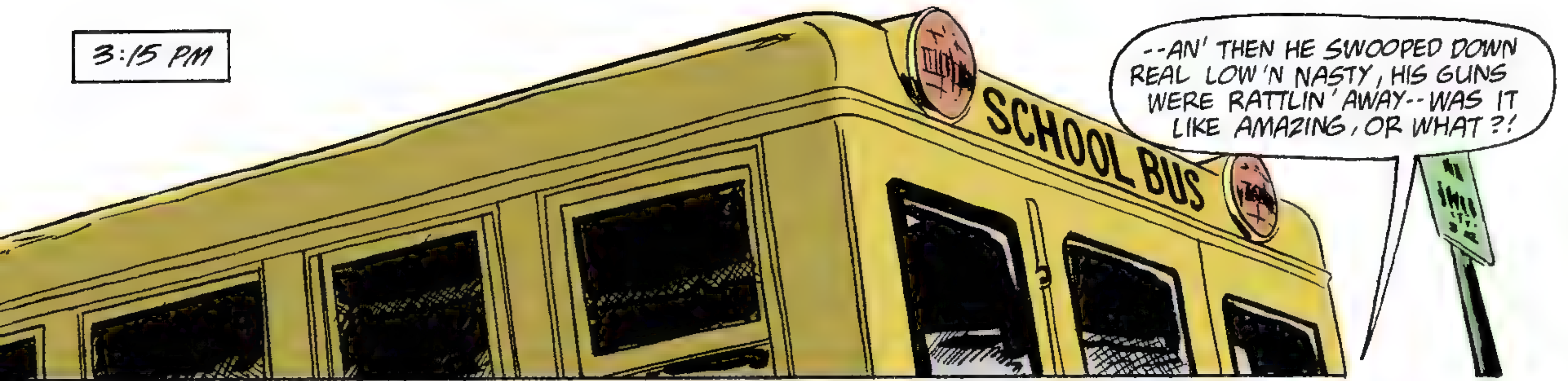
NOT YOU TWO !
JUST STICK AROUND --
GOT A SCORE YOU
WON'T WANT TO
MISS !

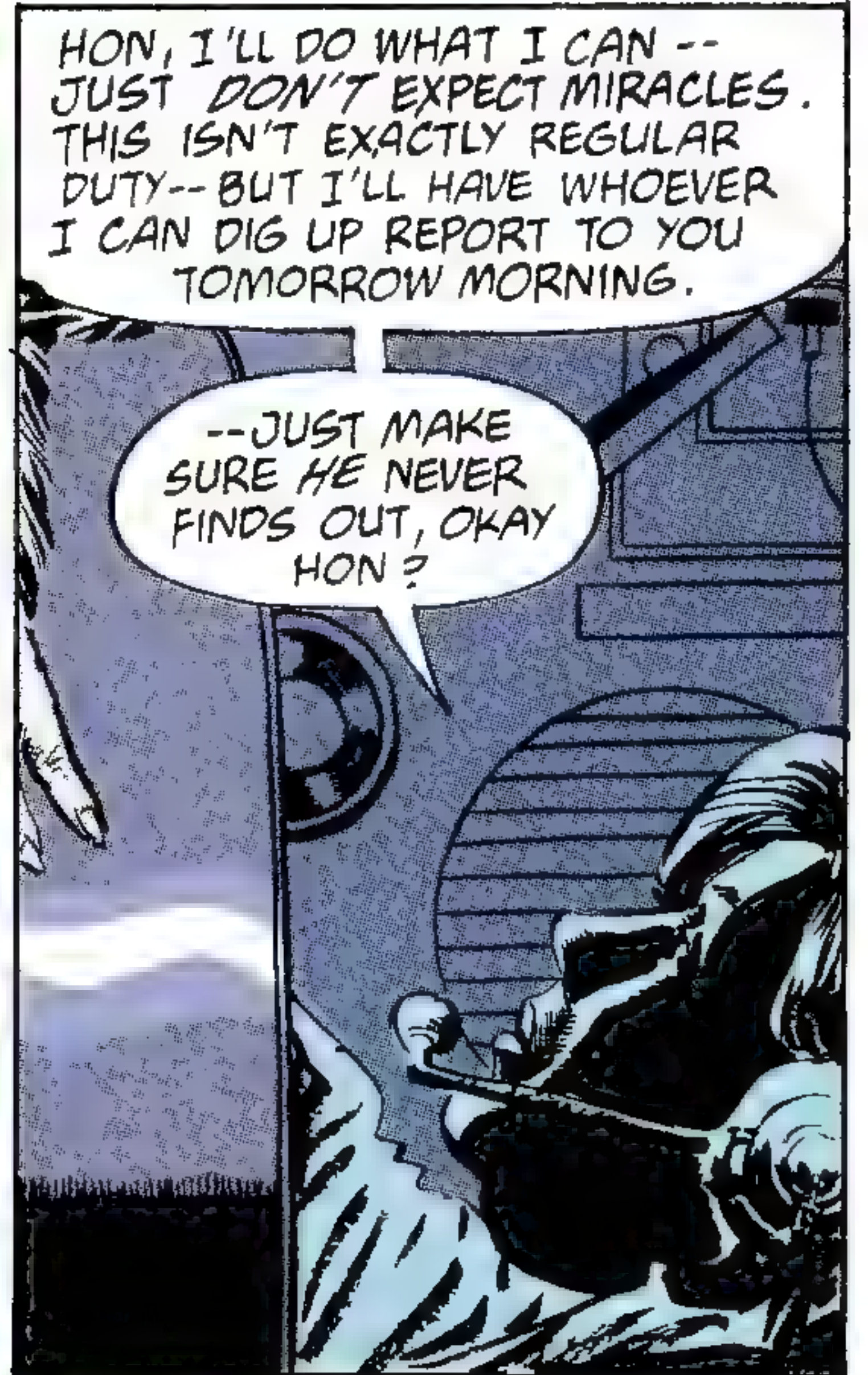
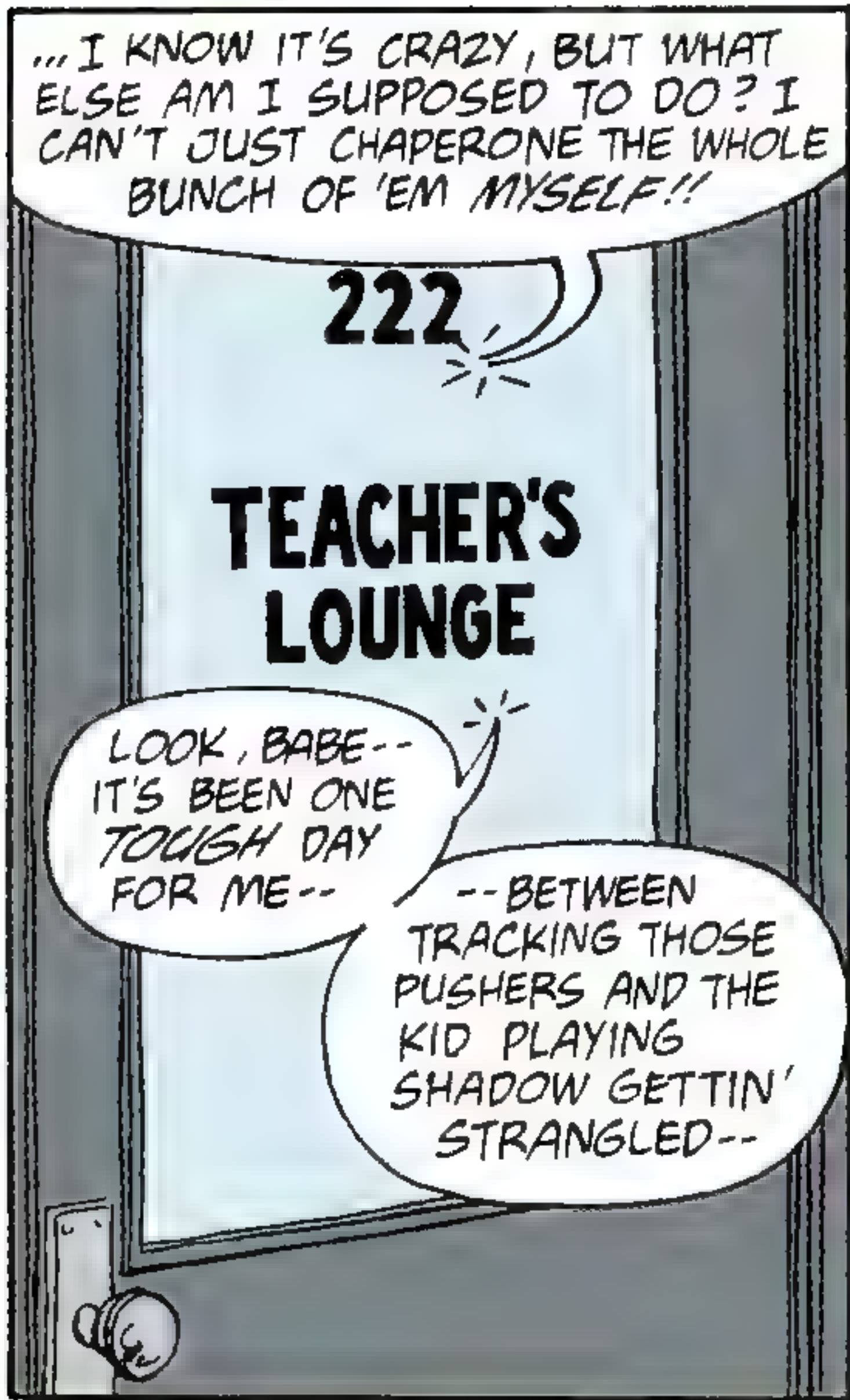
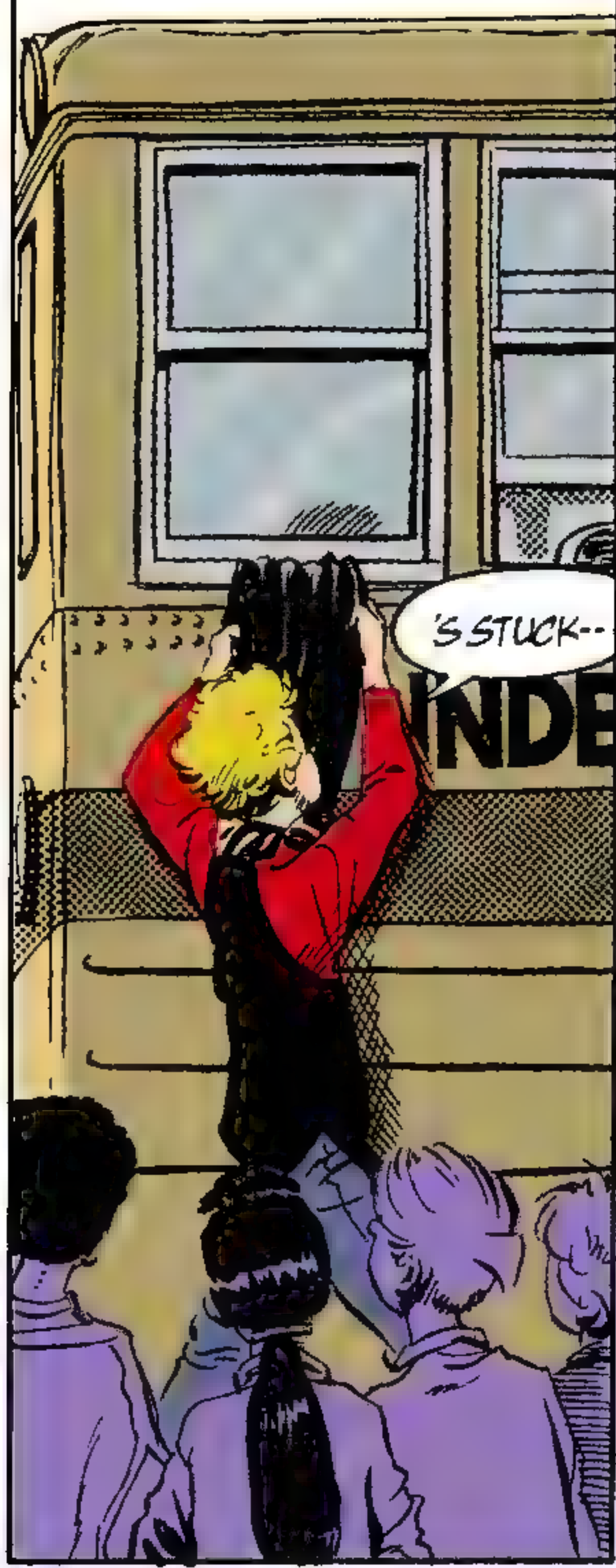
HUH ?
WHATTAYA TALKIN'
ABOUT , TEACH ?

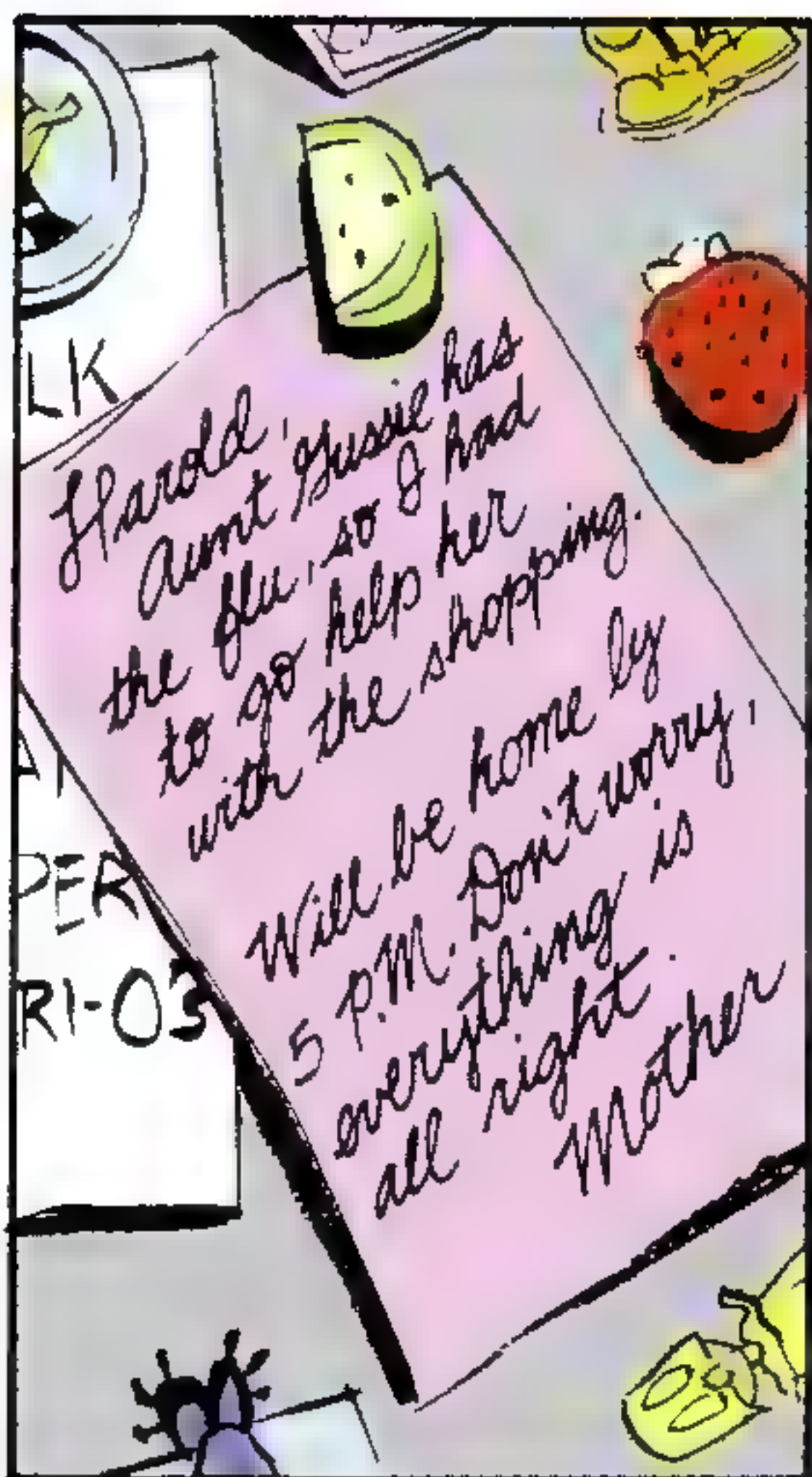
DON'T SWEAT IT , OTTO ...
JERK'S GONNA CALL THE 'COPS ,
SAME'S HE DOES EVERY DAY !



3:15 PM





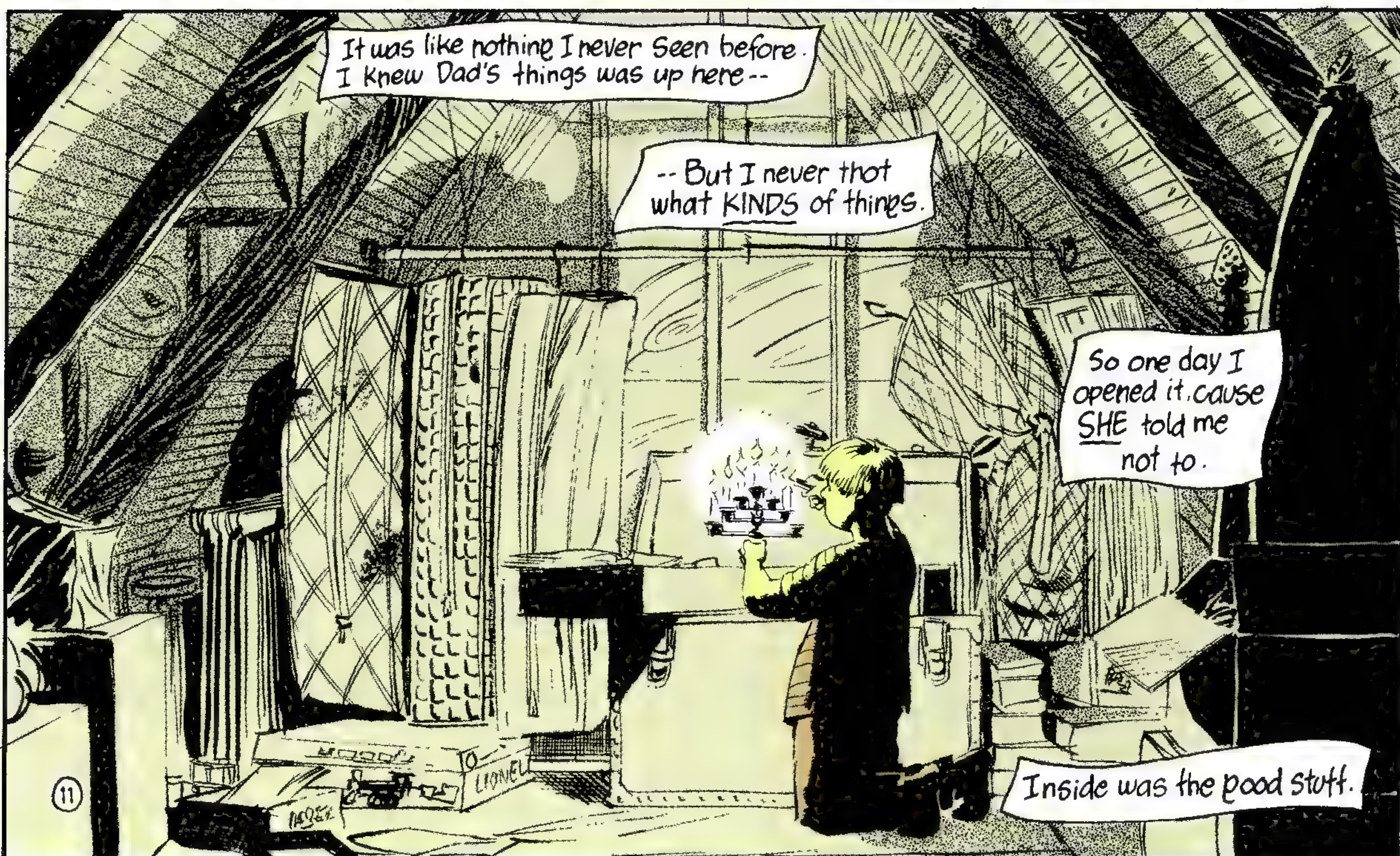


WAR DIARY

One day, people will want to know how it all begun.

People will rite books about me. But this will be the truth, cause I'm the one riting it.

It all begun with the box.



It was like nothing I never Seen before. I knew Dad's things was up here --

-- But I never thot what KINDS of things.

So one day I opened it, cause SHE told me not to.

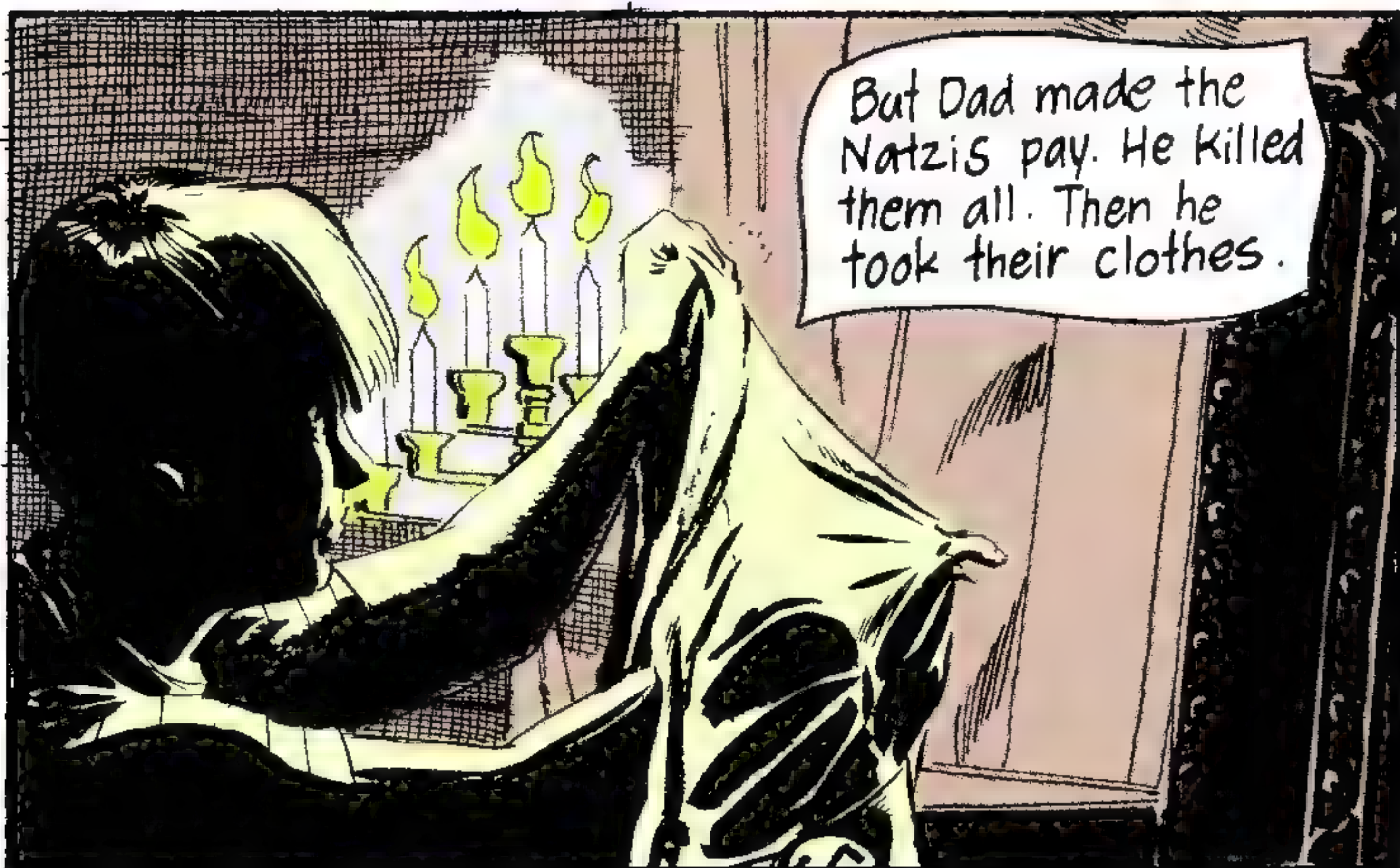
Inside was the pood stuff.



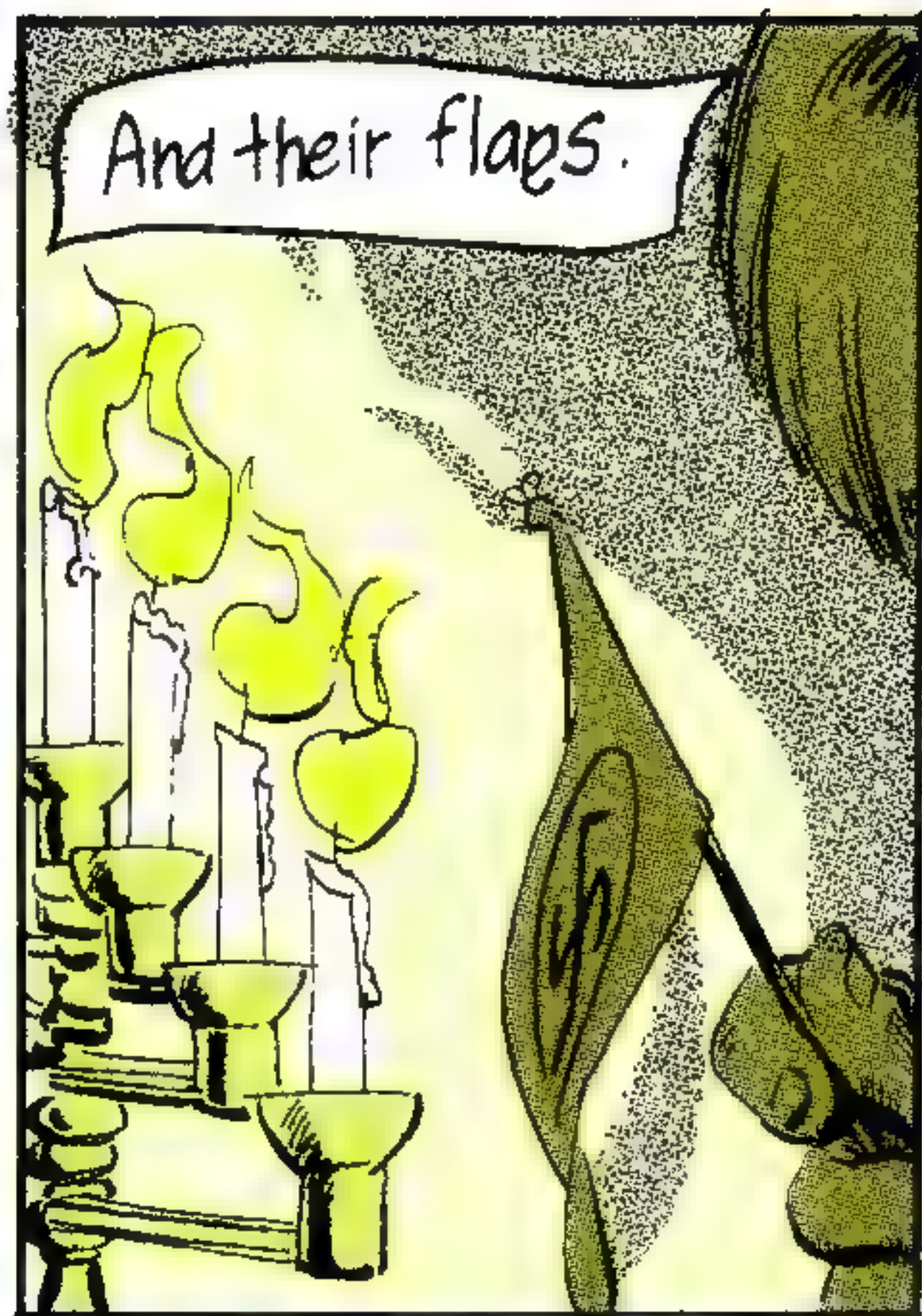
Dad was a hero. He flew in a plane that dropped bombs on people in a place called Germany.



I saw in a book where the Germanans did bad things to people. The Germanans called themselves Natzis back then.



But Dad made the Natzis pay. He killed them all. Then he took their clothes.



And their flags.



And their GUNS.



Everybody 'preciated Dad for what he did in the war. They gave him medals.

When I held them in my hand it made me feel warm, and I knew for Sure...



... that I wanted to be a hero too.

So I started thinking 'bout it

In social Studies we talk 'bout the President. Miss Somerhill said he was very 'portant. He kept the hole world peaceful. She said that without him, we could have a War that mite end the world.

I could fight in a war, if there was one. I could bet all the bad people BEFORE they ended the world. I could do it. I know I could.





I could be a hero.
People would
'preciate me.

So I had to kill the
President. Tomorrow.

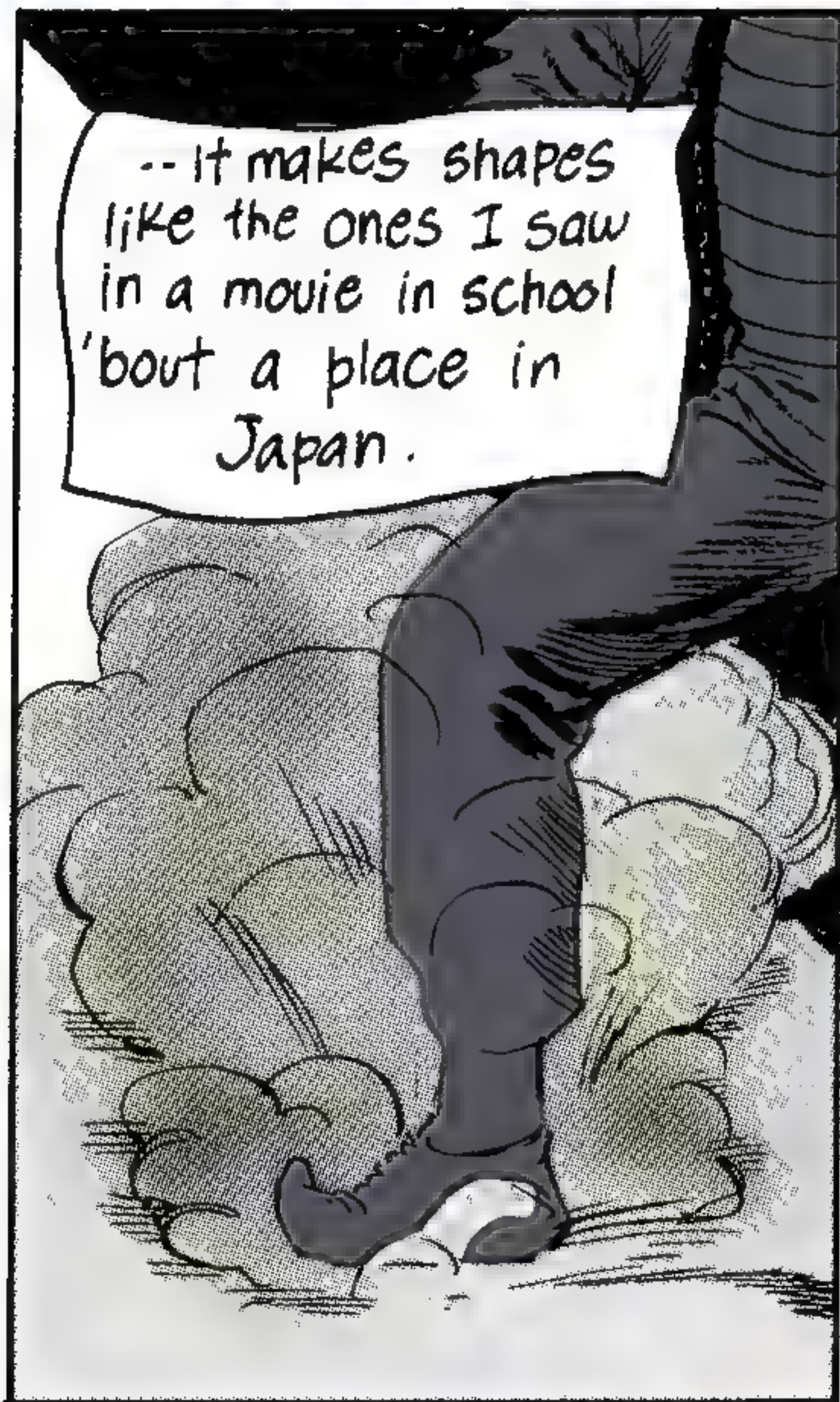
The gun still
works. I tried
it last week on
Mr. Johnsons
dog.



Snoopys starting to
smell bad, but it
doesn't matter now.



Sometimes
I open the
window, and
the light
comes in--



-- it makes shapes
like the ones I saw
in a movie in school
'bout a place in
Japan.



The shapes frightened
the other kids. But not me.

I like 'em.



So when they come,
I'll be ready for 'em.



I'll be a hero.
Love-
Harold.



THE DOOR--
IT'S 'BOUT TIME
THEY GOT HERE.

THE NEXT MORNING...

COME ON NOW, DON'T PUSH-- THERE'S SEATS FOR EVERYONE!

I NEED MY DRAMAMINE!

NO PROBLEM, KID-- I GOT PLENTY!

I WANNA WINDOW SEAT!

I WANNA SIT ONNA WHEEL!

99 BOTTLES OF BEER ONA WALL...

I FERGOT MY BARF BAG!

IF MISTER SHADOW DON'T KILL YOU FER DIS ONE, ELTON, YOU CAN BET YER BUTT I WILL!

AW, DE WITT-- YOU'VE JUST GOT A BAD ATTITUDE! REALLY! THEY'RE NOT ANIMALS-- TALK TO THEM... ACT NATURAL!

OBOYOBOY!

THIS IS GONNA BE GREAT! I LOVE BUS TRIPS!

C'MON KIDS--

-- LET'S PARTEE!!



UROOOM

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, AMY. WHEN I WAS LITTLE, I WAS UGLY TOO.

THAT'S GOOD...

...I GUESS...

YOU, UH, FOLLOW THE HORSES, KID?

GET LOST FATS.

RIGHT.

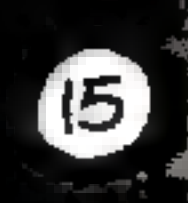
TWITCH! DID YOU--?

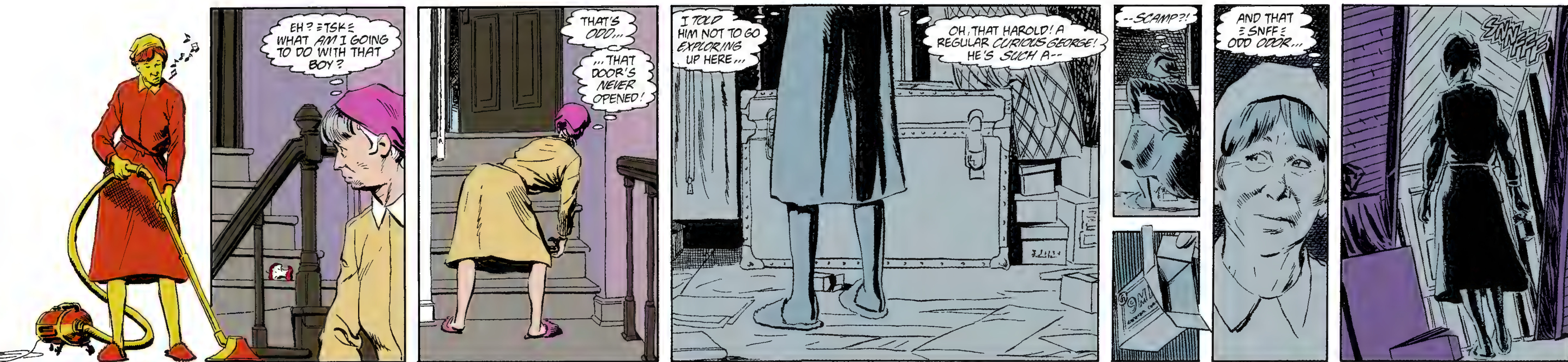
NO-- HONEST! HE DID IT ALL BY HIMSELF!

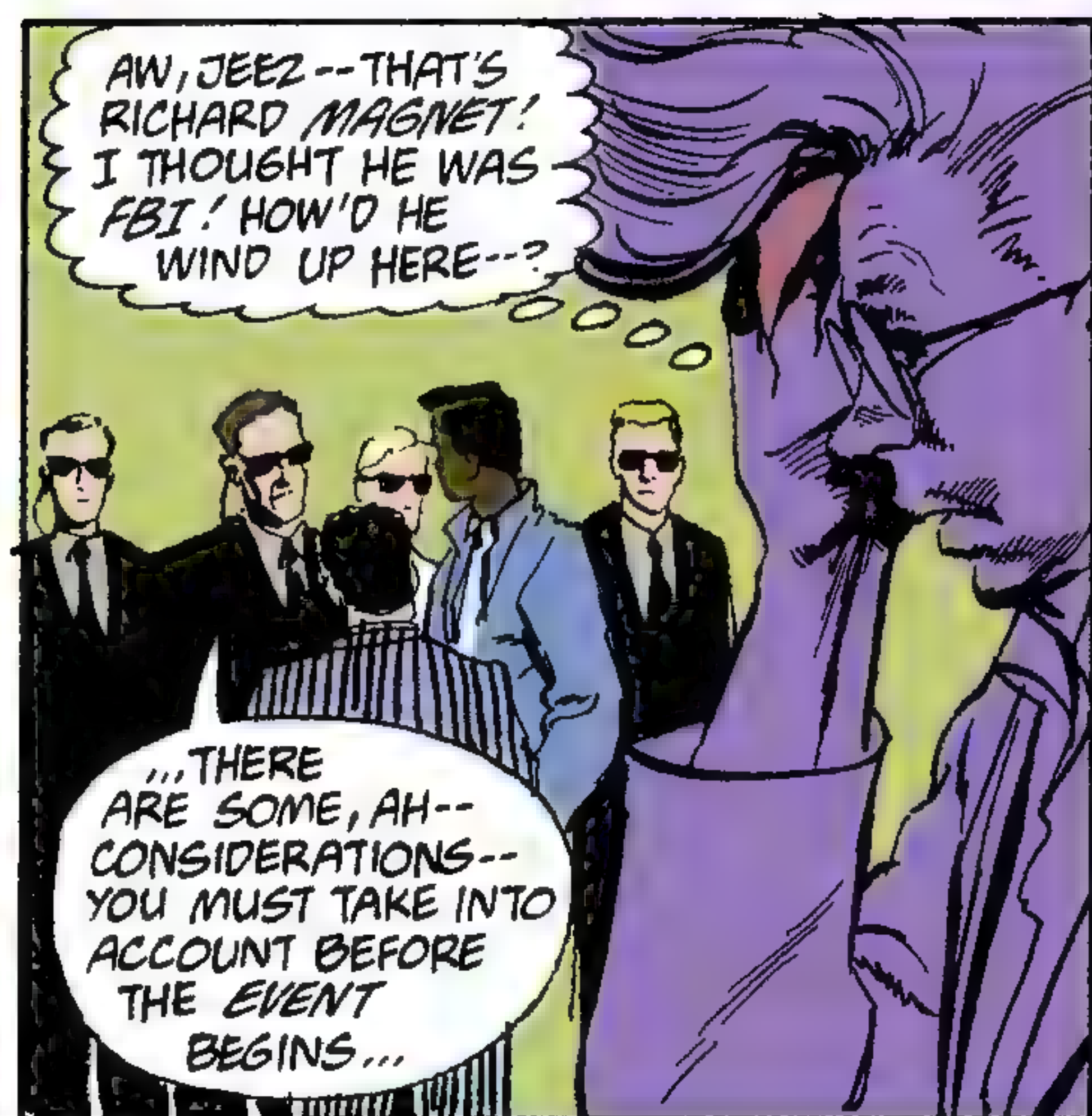
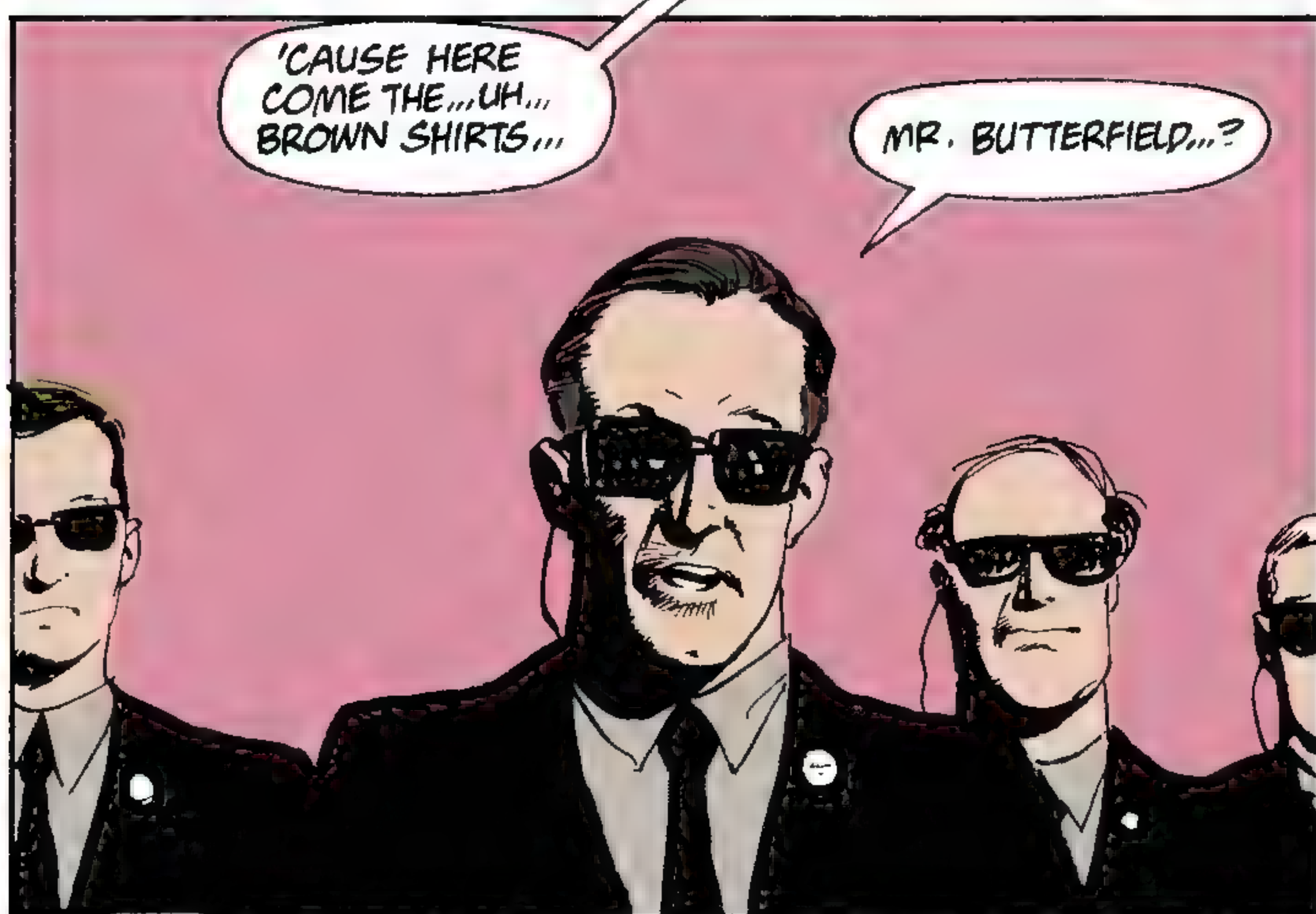
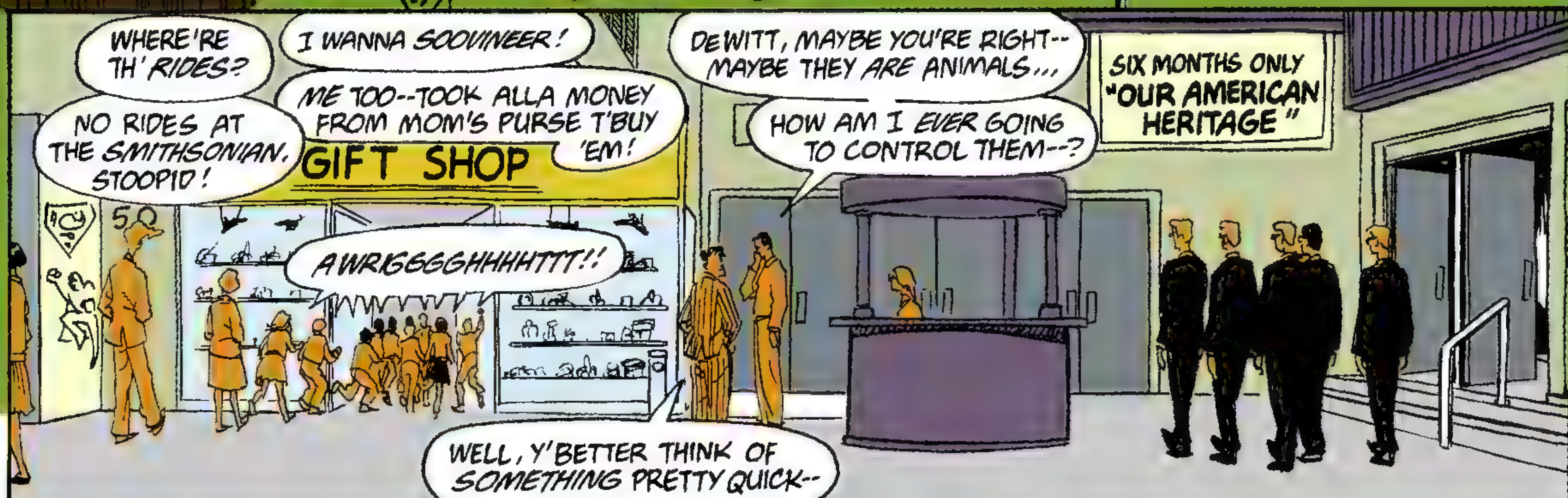
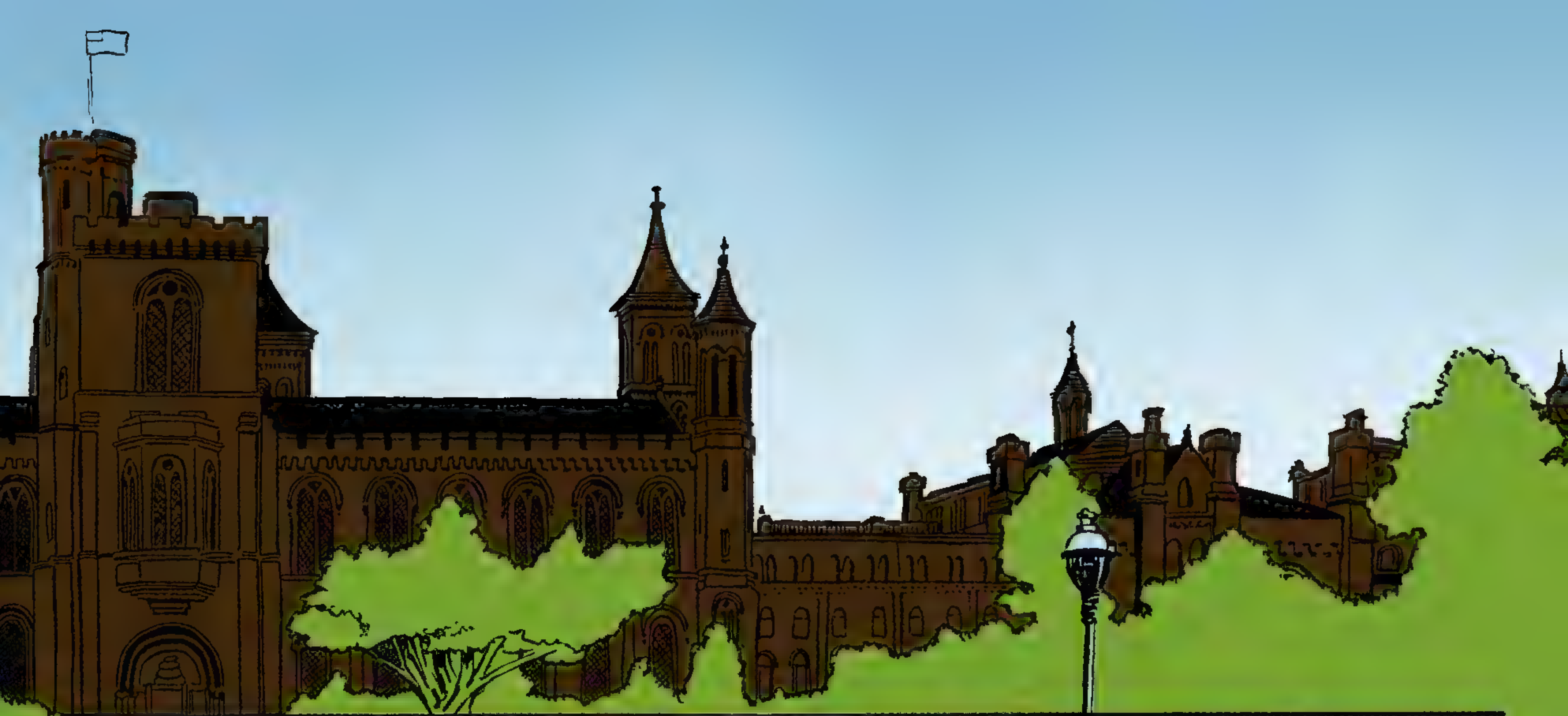
HEY ELTON-- IF WE COME BACK ONE SHORT, THINK ANYONE'LL NOTICE.

NOT NOW, DE WITT-- I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL--

ONLY IF HE HAD A BIG BREAKFAST...





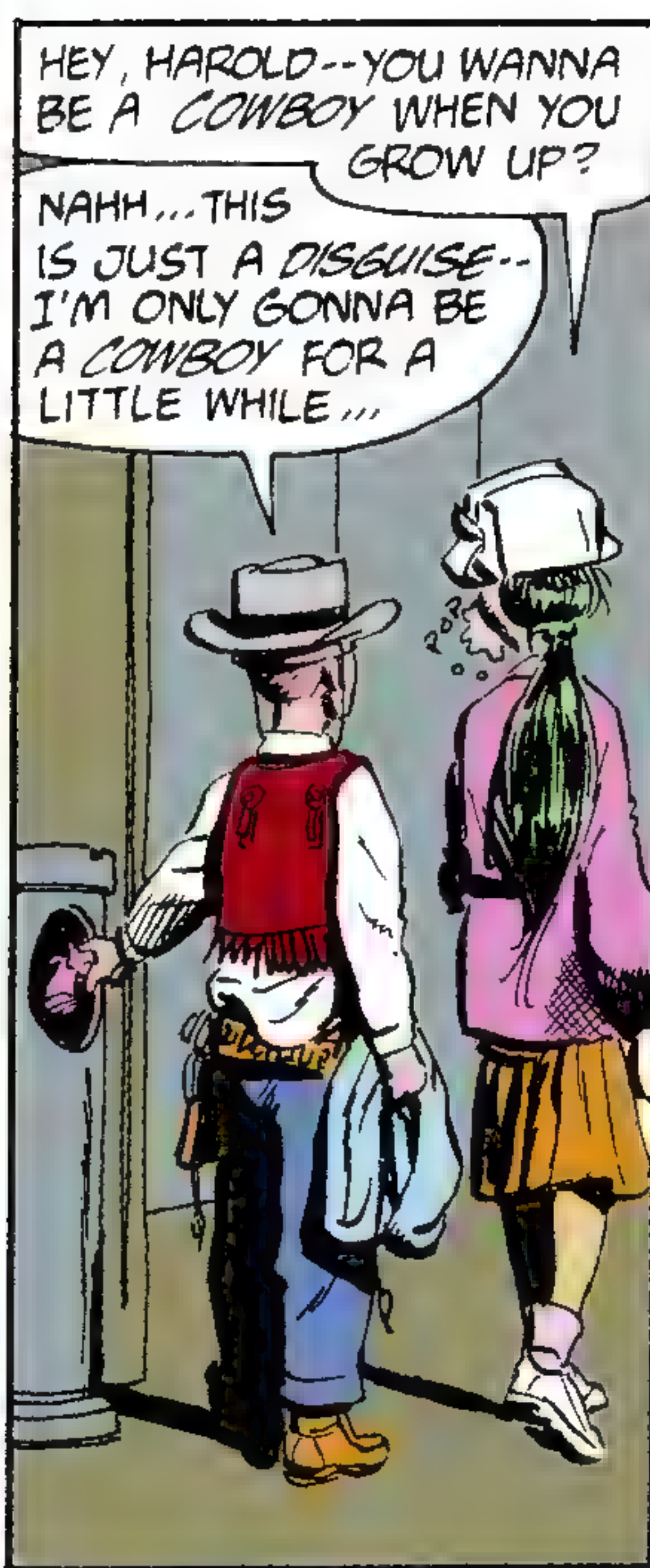




GEE, HAROLD... YOU BOUGHT A WHOLE COSTUME!

YEAH... PRETTY FANCY, EH PENNY? COST ALOT'A MONEY, TOO!

DON'T RUN, CHILDREN...



HEY, HAROLD--YOU WANNA BE A COWBOY WHEN YOU GROW UP?

NAHH... THIS IS JUST A DISGUISE-- I'M ONLY GONNA BE A COWBOY FOR A LITTLE WHILE...



.. THEN I'M GONNA BE A ARMY GUY...



LET'S GO, YOU TWO-- THEY'RE READY TO START--

PENNY--GET RID OF THAT GUM...

HUH?! HOW'S HE--

...OR AT LEAST, KEEP IT IN YOUR MOUTH...

OH... WHEN?

YES, SIR...



OUR CITIES: AN AMERICAN HERITAGE

WELL... ARE WE READY TO GO YET?

YES, MR. PRESIDENT. ALL SET. READY WHEN YOU ARE--

WEELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, PETE...

MY NOSE SEEMS A BIT... PATCHY...



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! MAGNET!

HE SEES ME IN THERE, I SHUDDER TO THINK OF THE POSSIBILITIES...



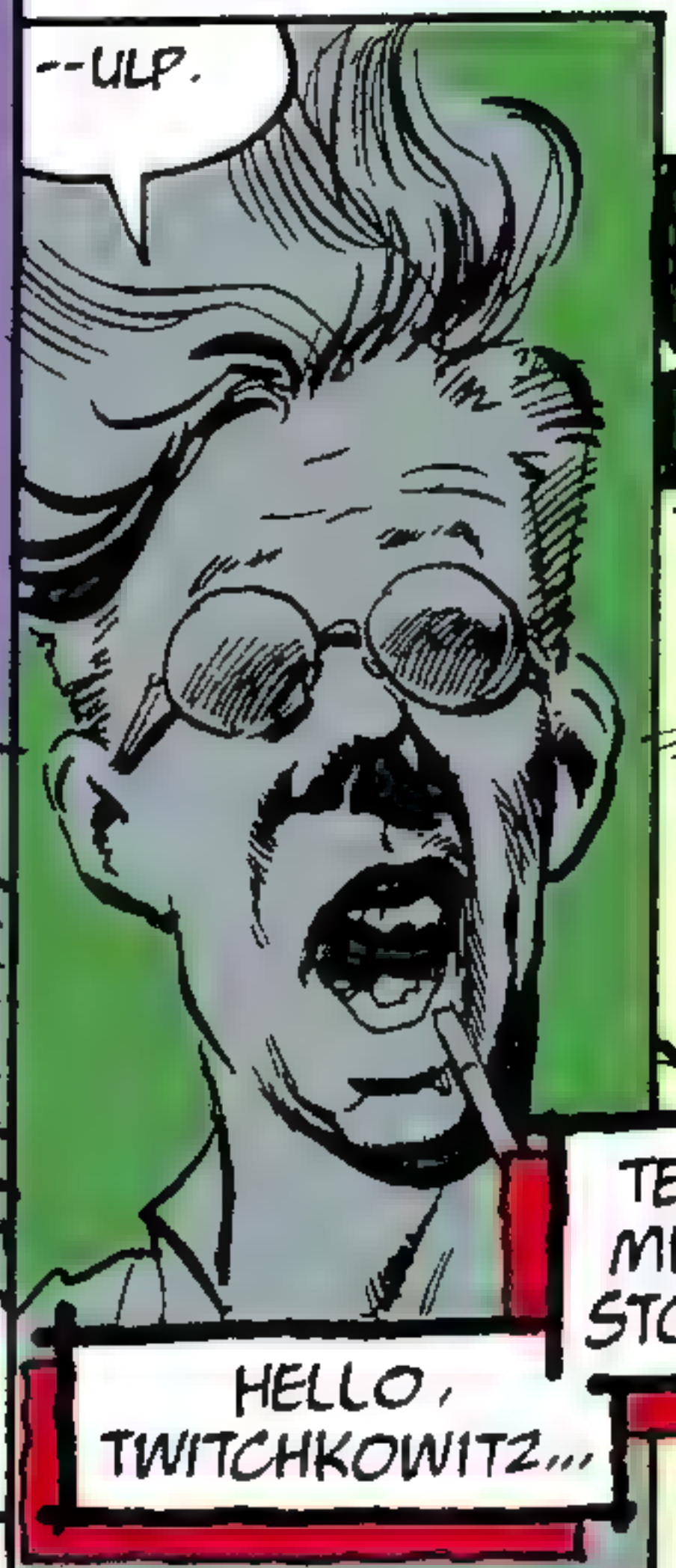
PERHAPS IT'S BEST I SIT THIS AUDIENCE OUT...

SIMPLY WAIT HERE PATIENTLY, WHILE...



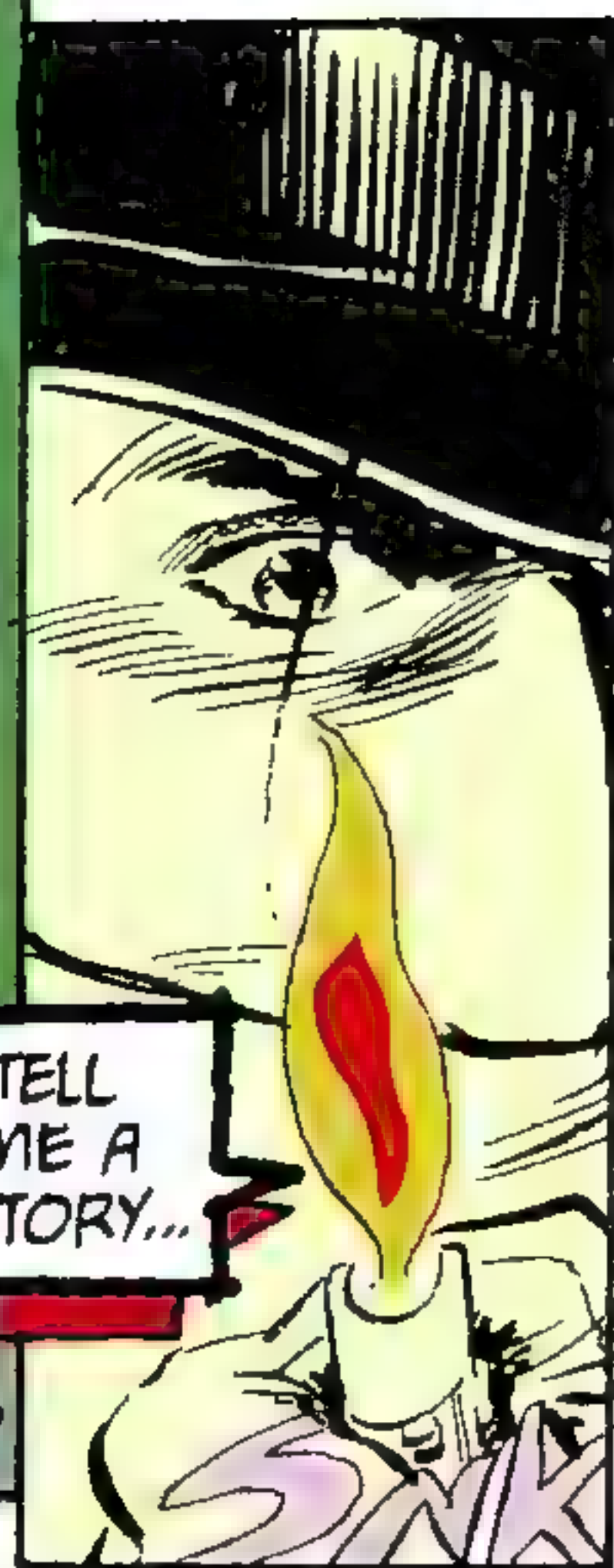
NO MATCHES--

-- FIGURES, JUST WHEN I COULD USE THE CALMING EFFECTS--

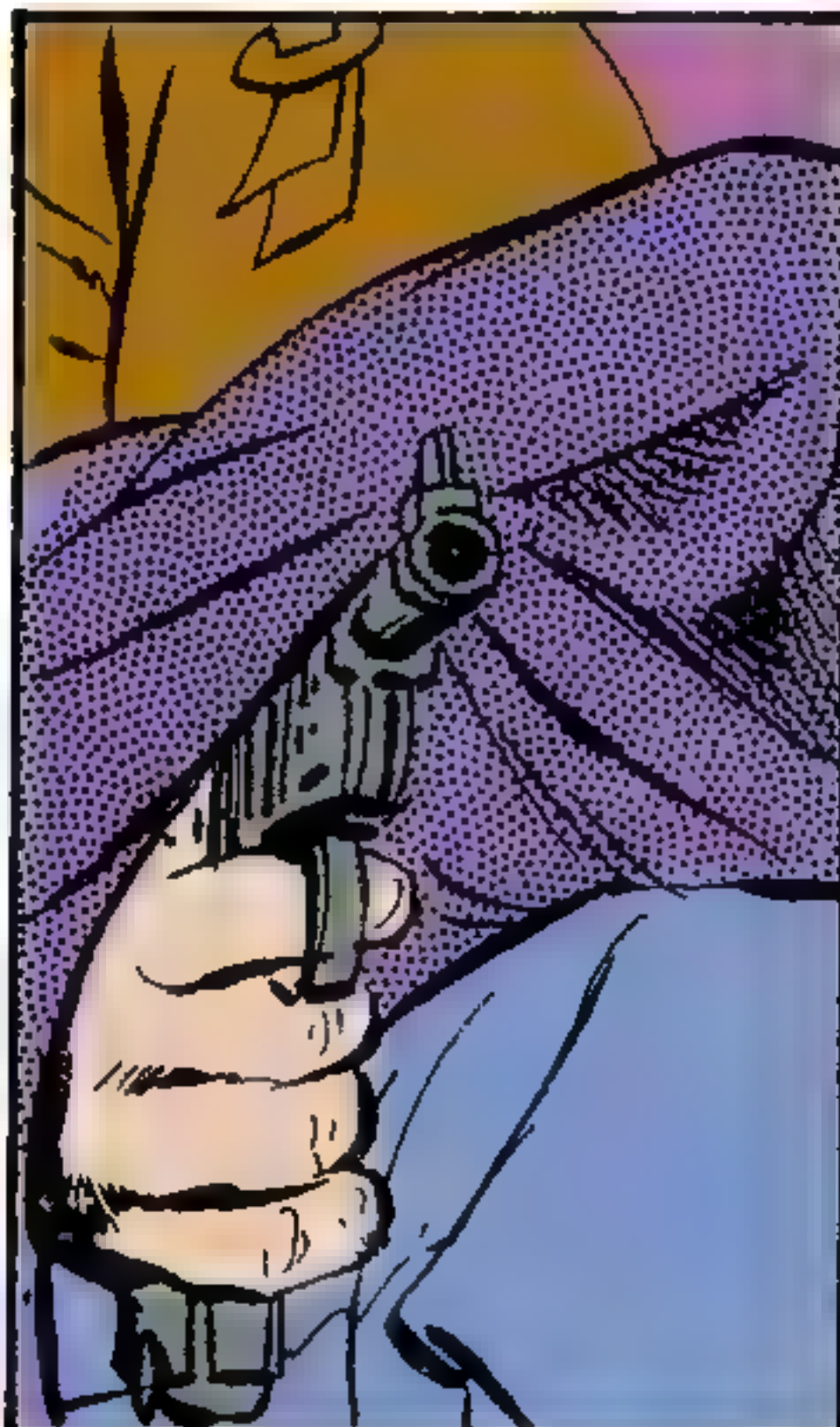
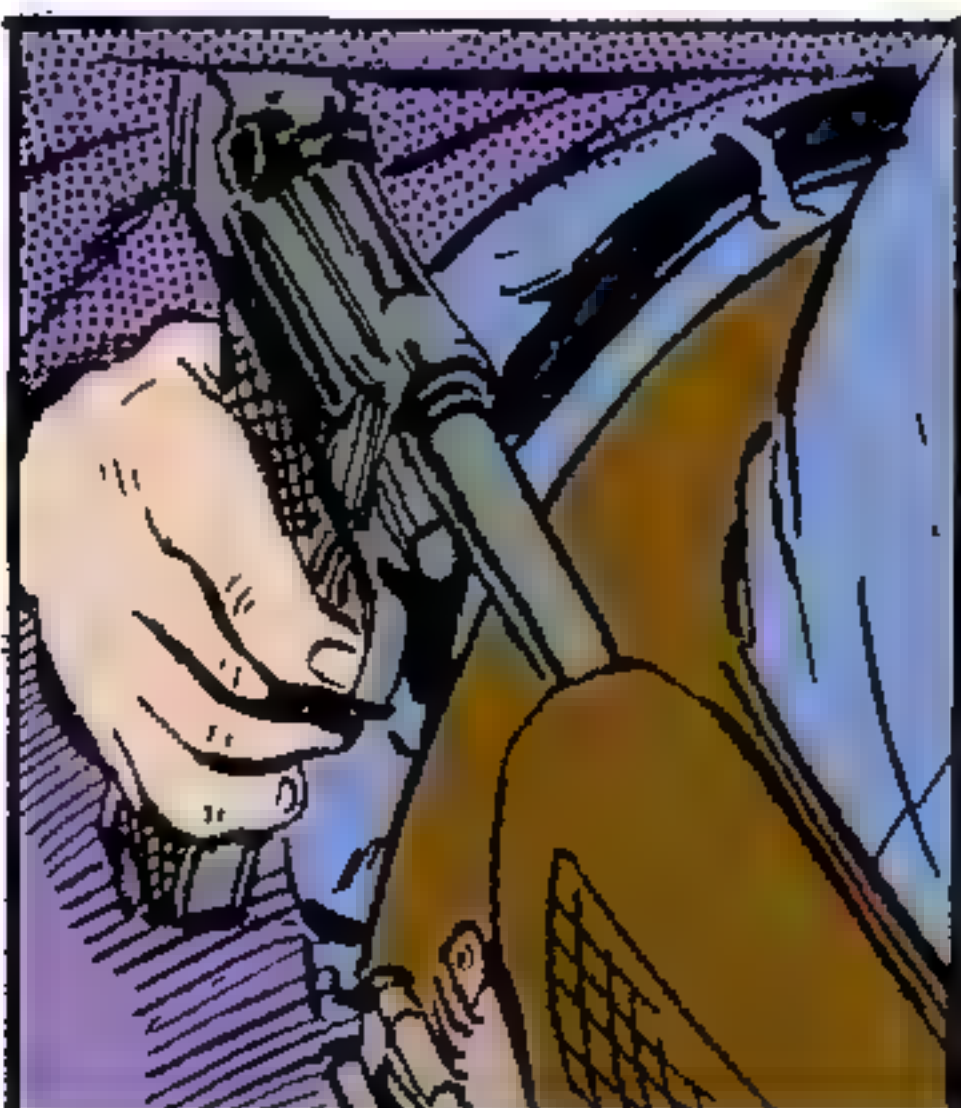
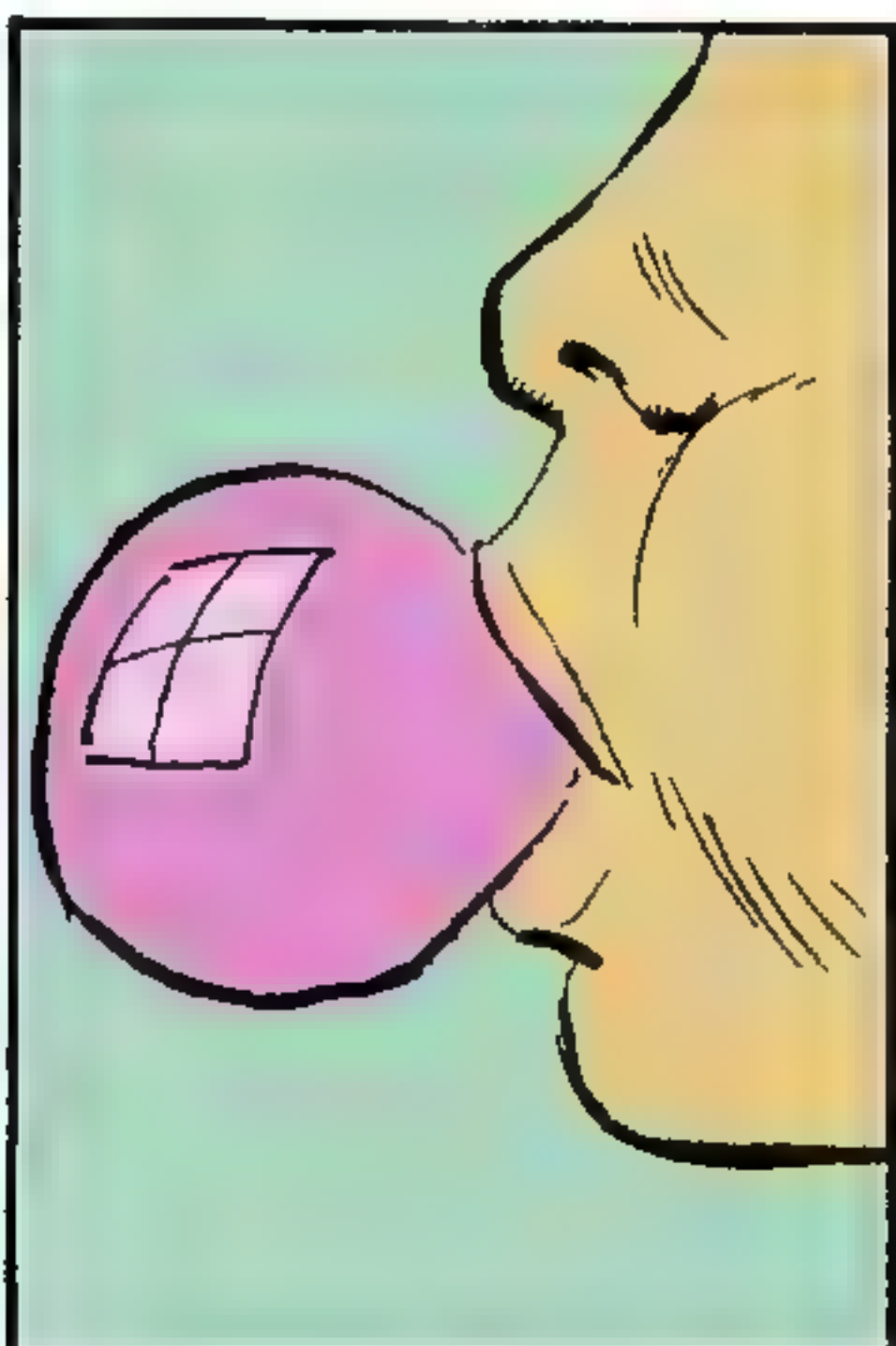
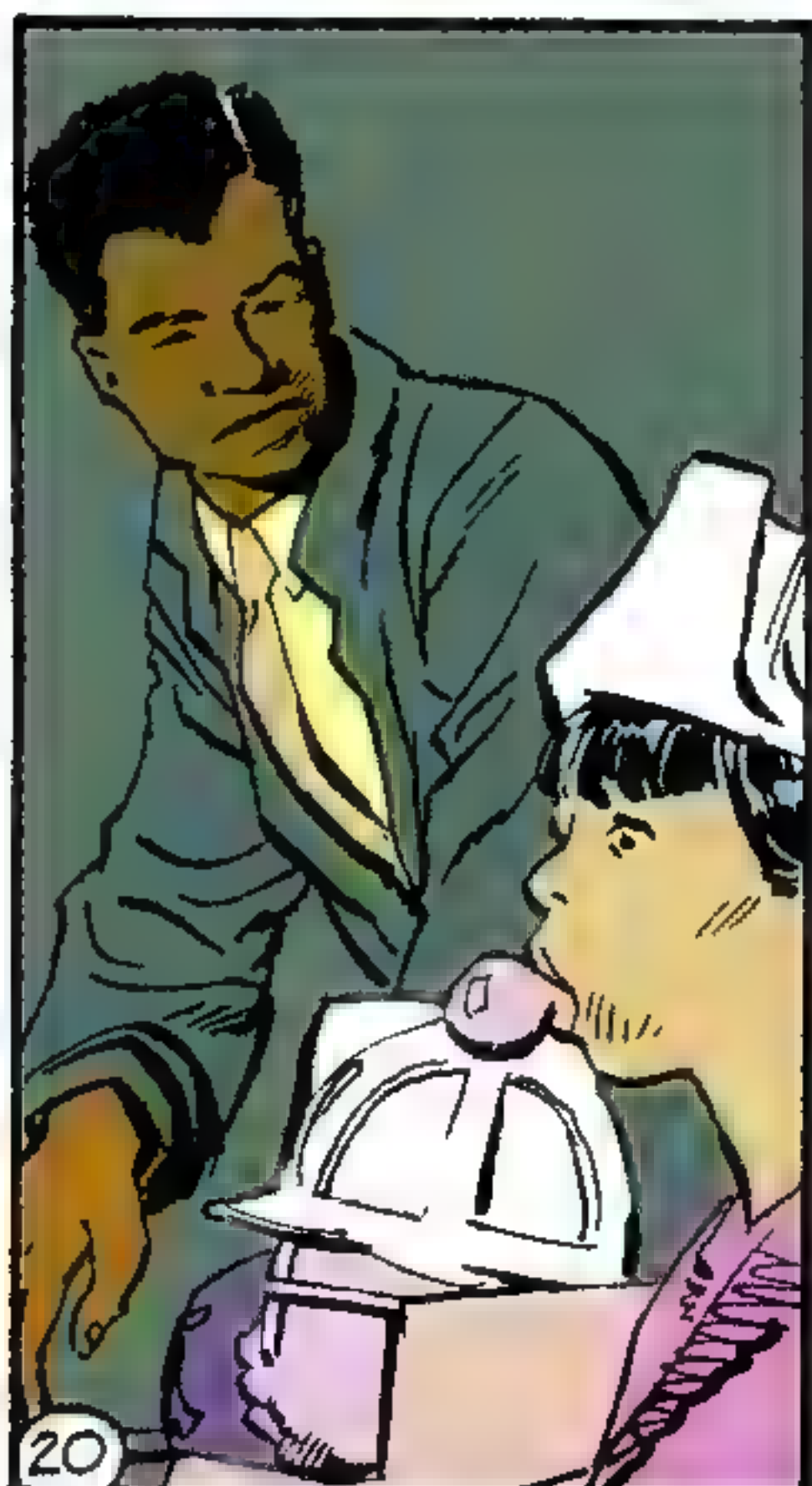
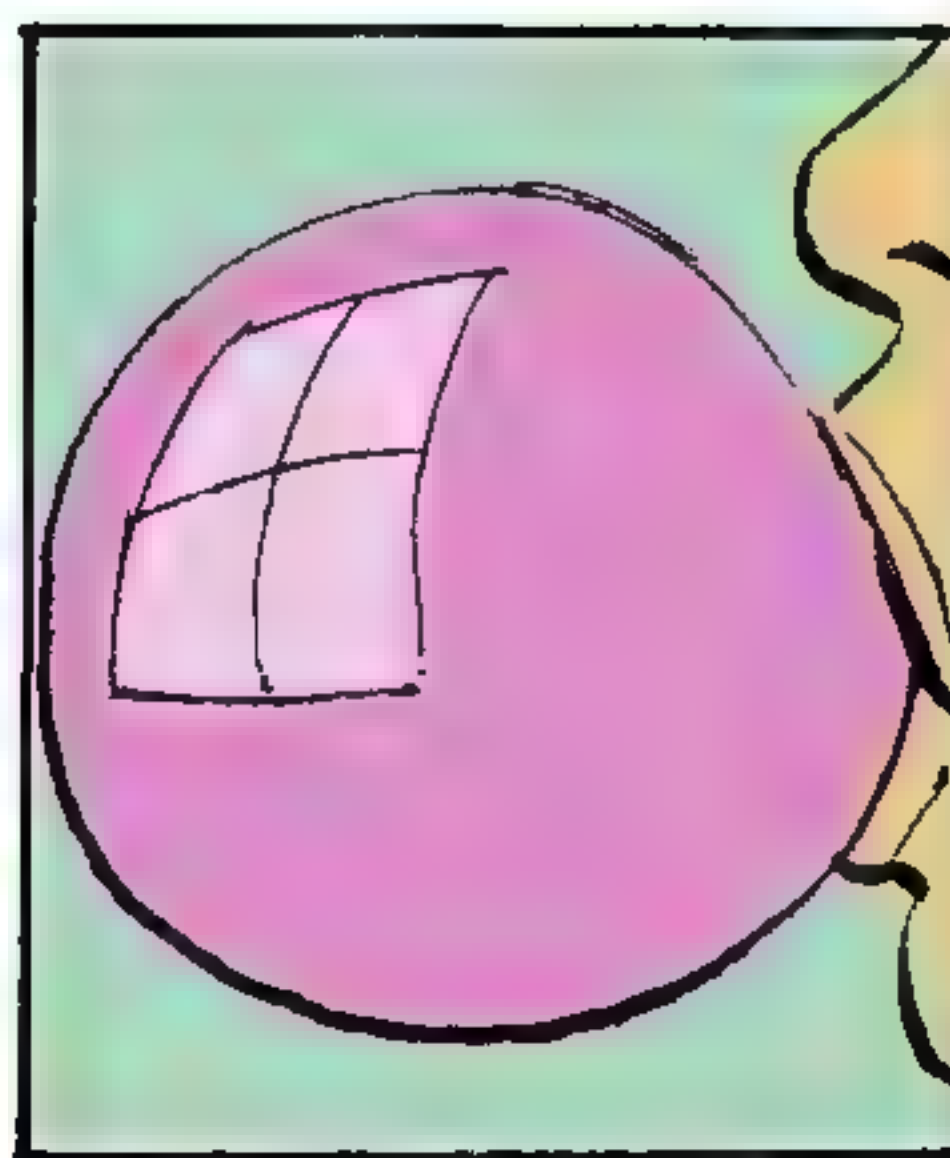
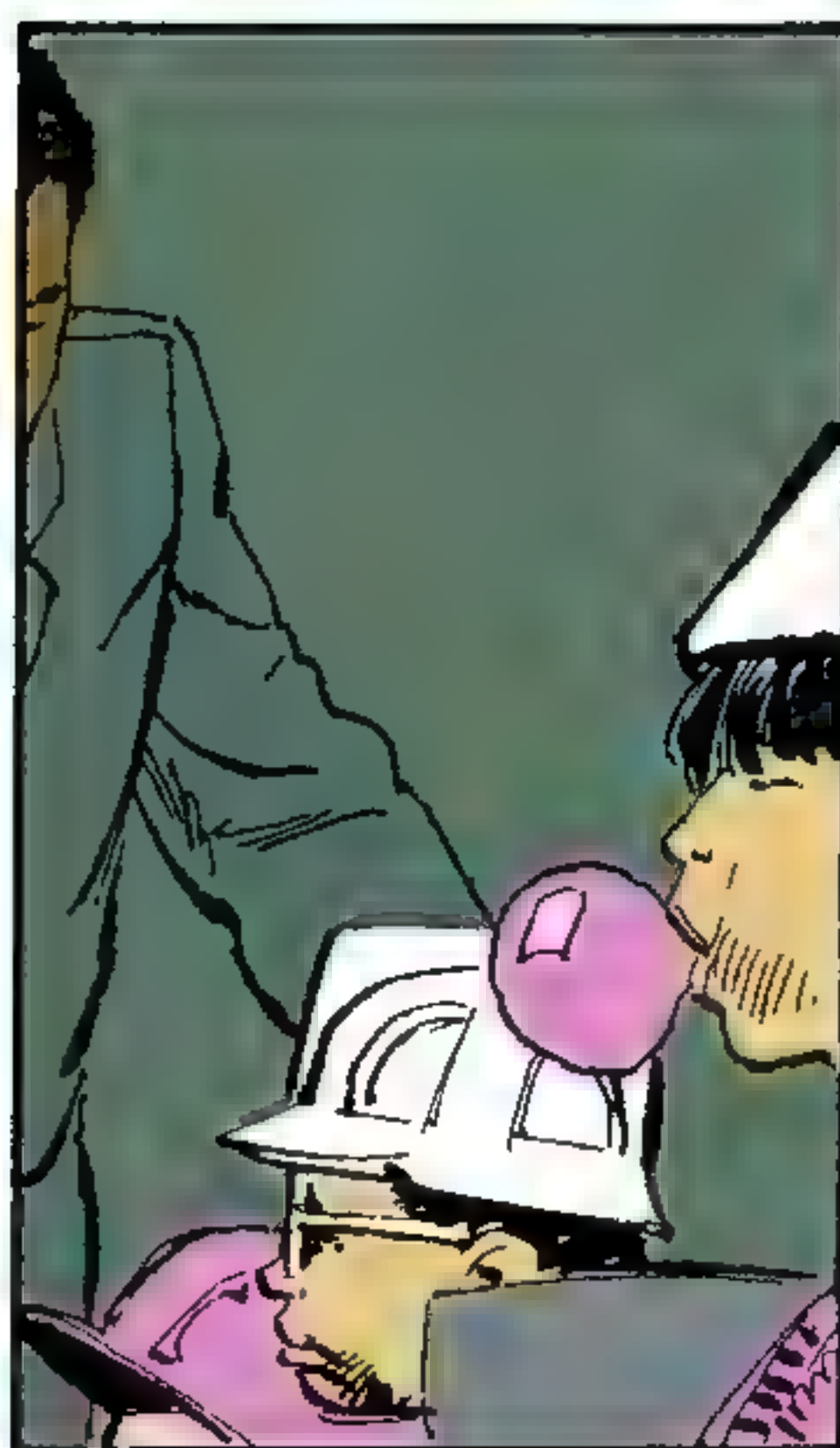
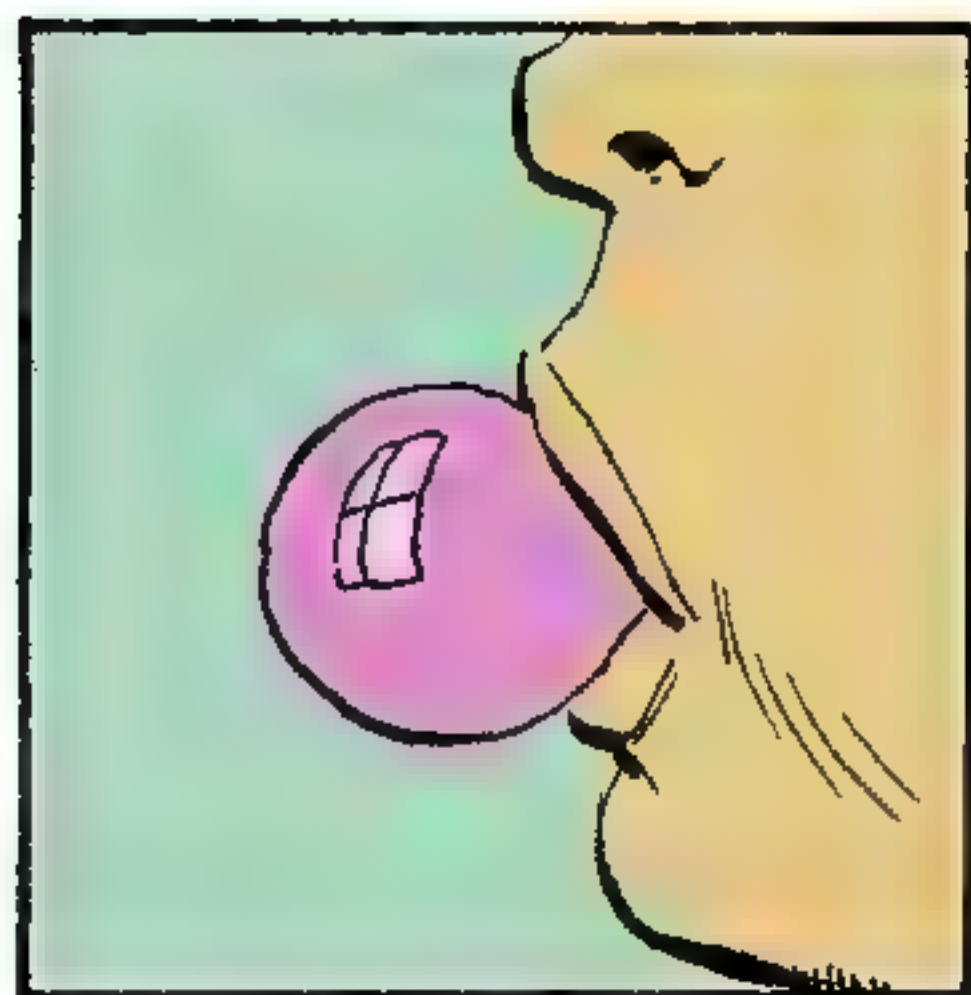
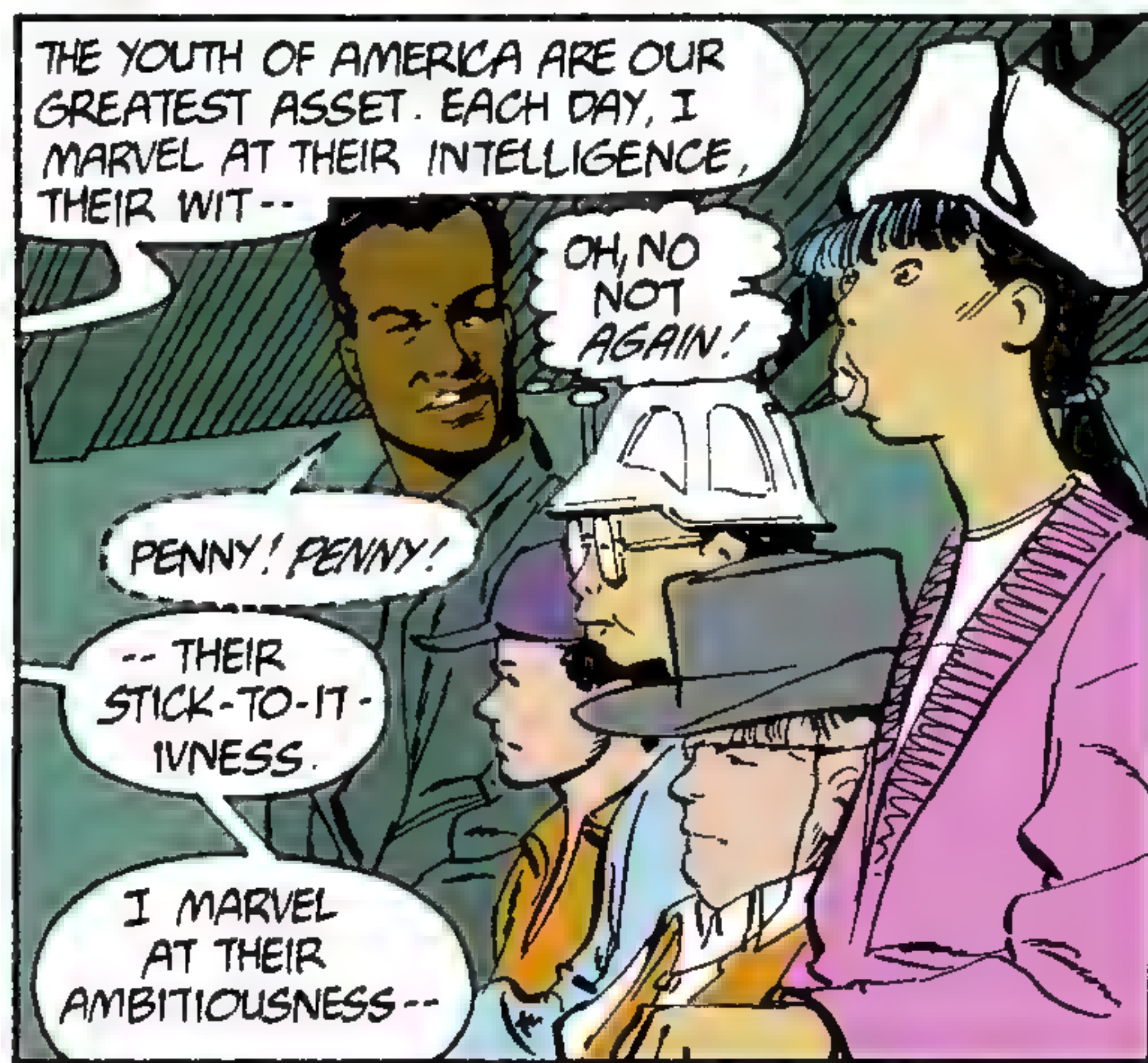
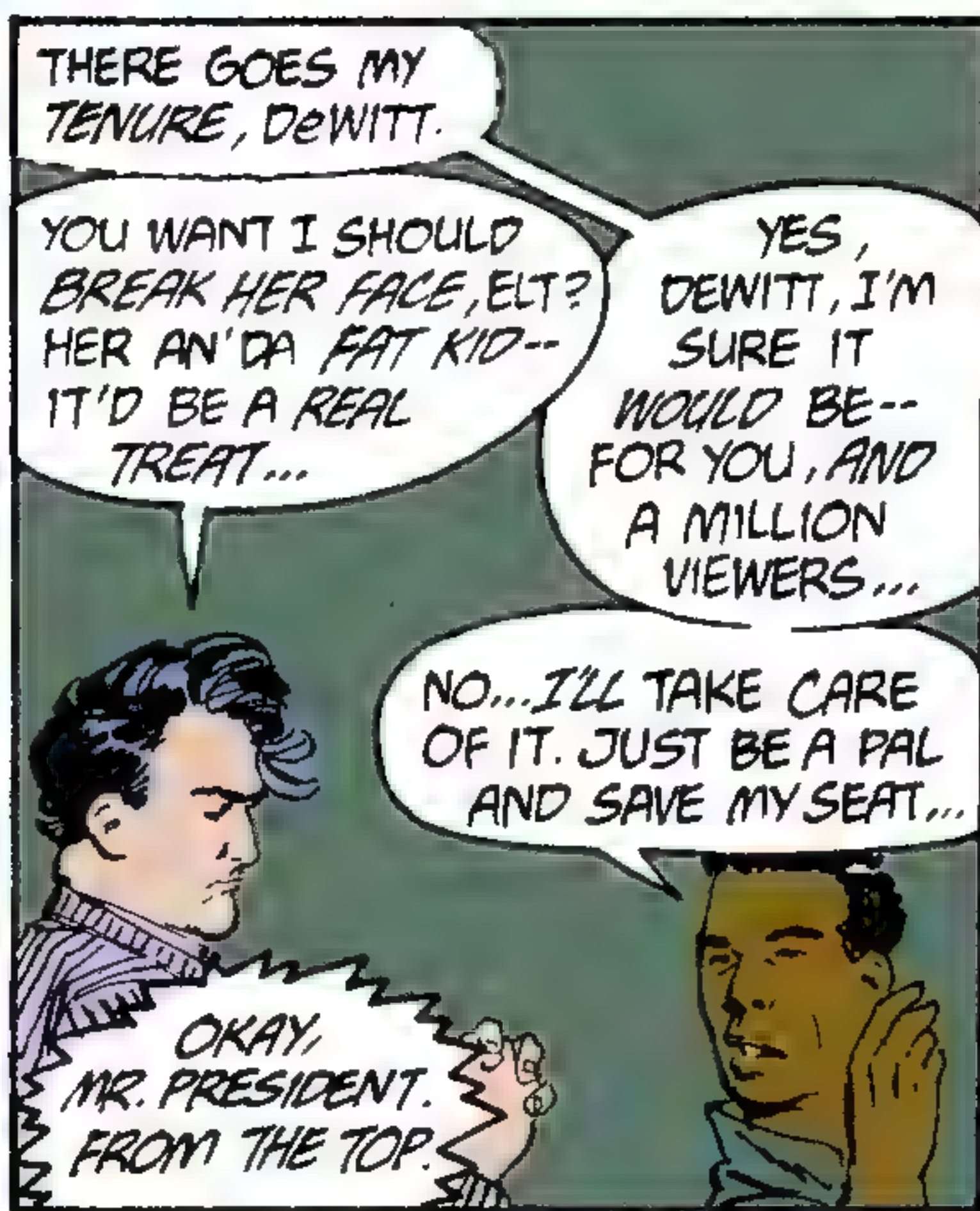


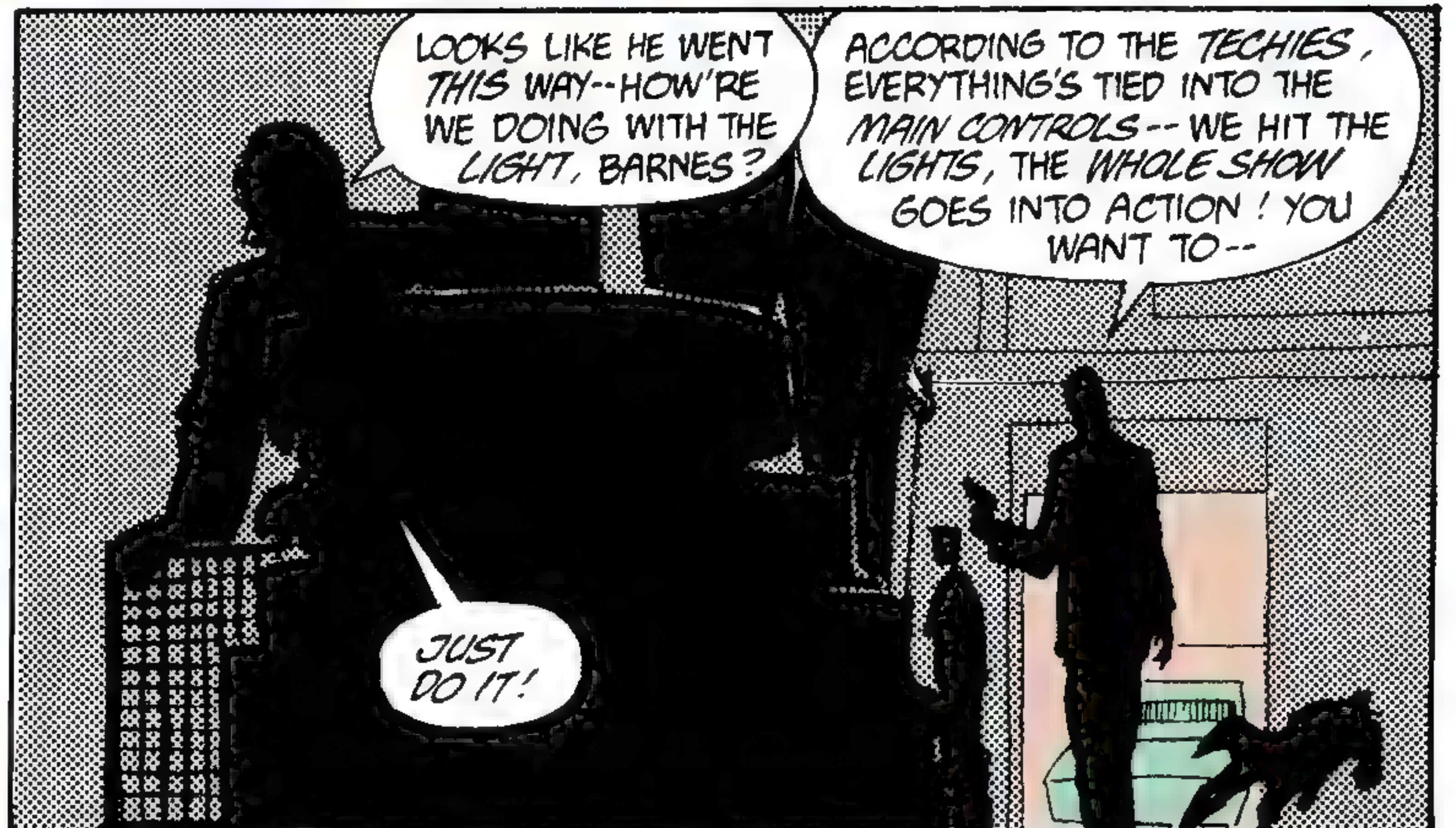
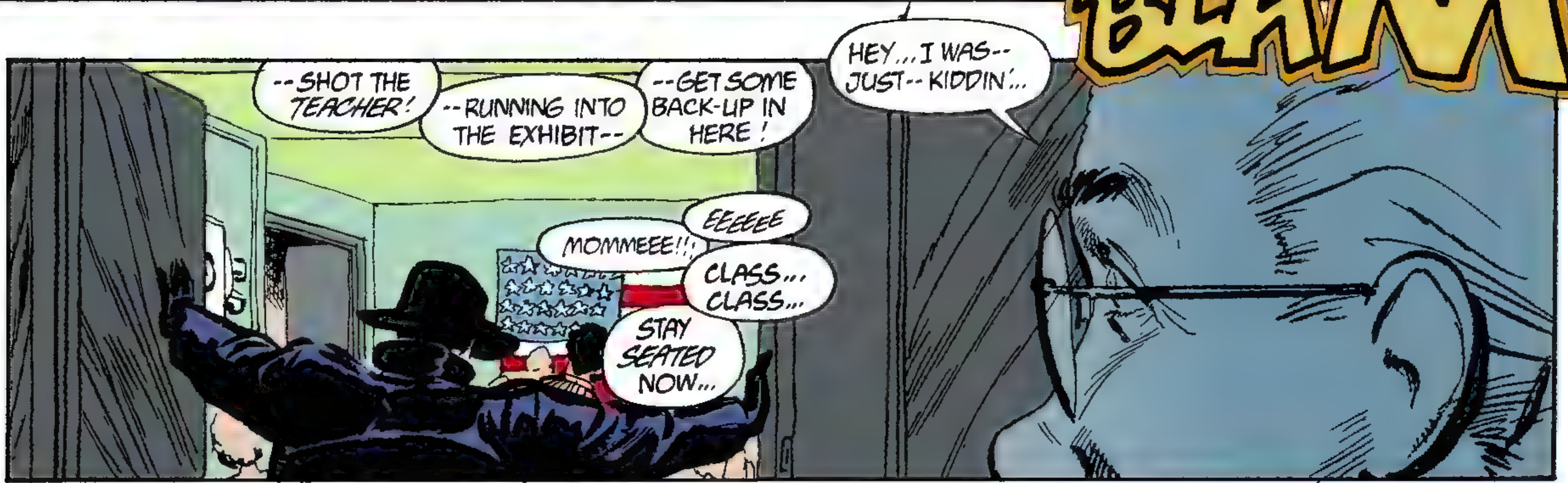
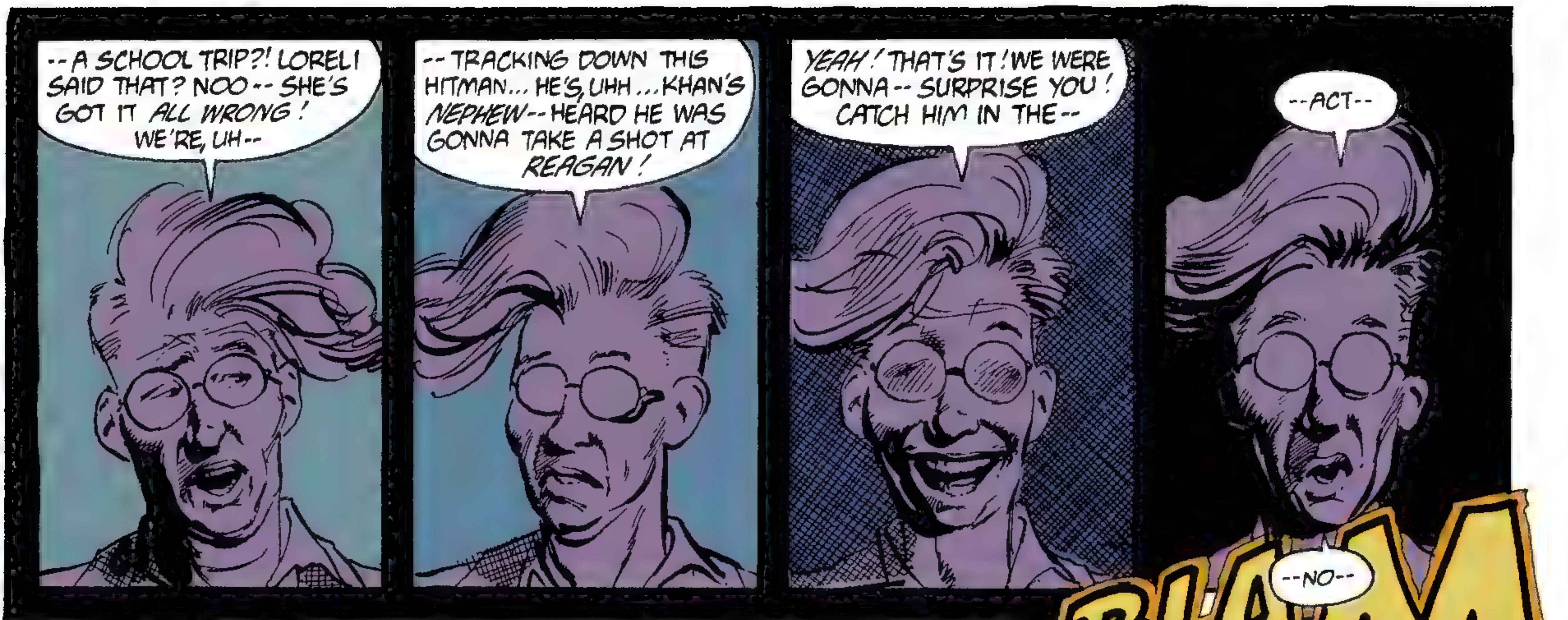
--ULP.

HELLO, TWITCHKOWITZ...



TELL ME A STORY...







DARN!! WAS SOO CLOSE--
BUT MISTER BUTTERFIELD
HADDA GET IN THE WAY!

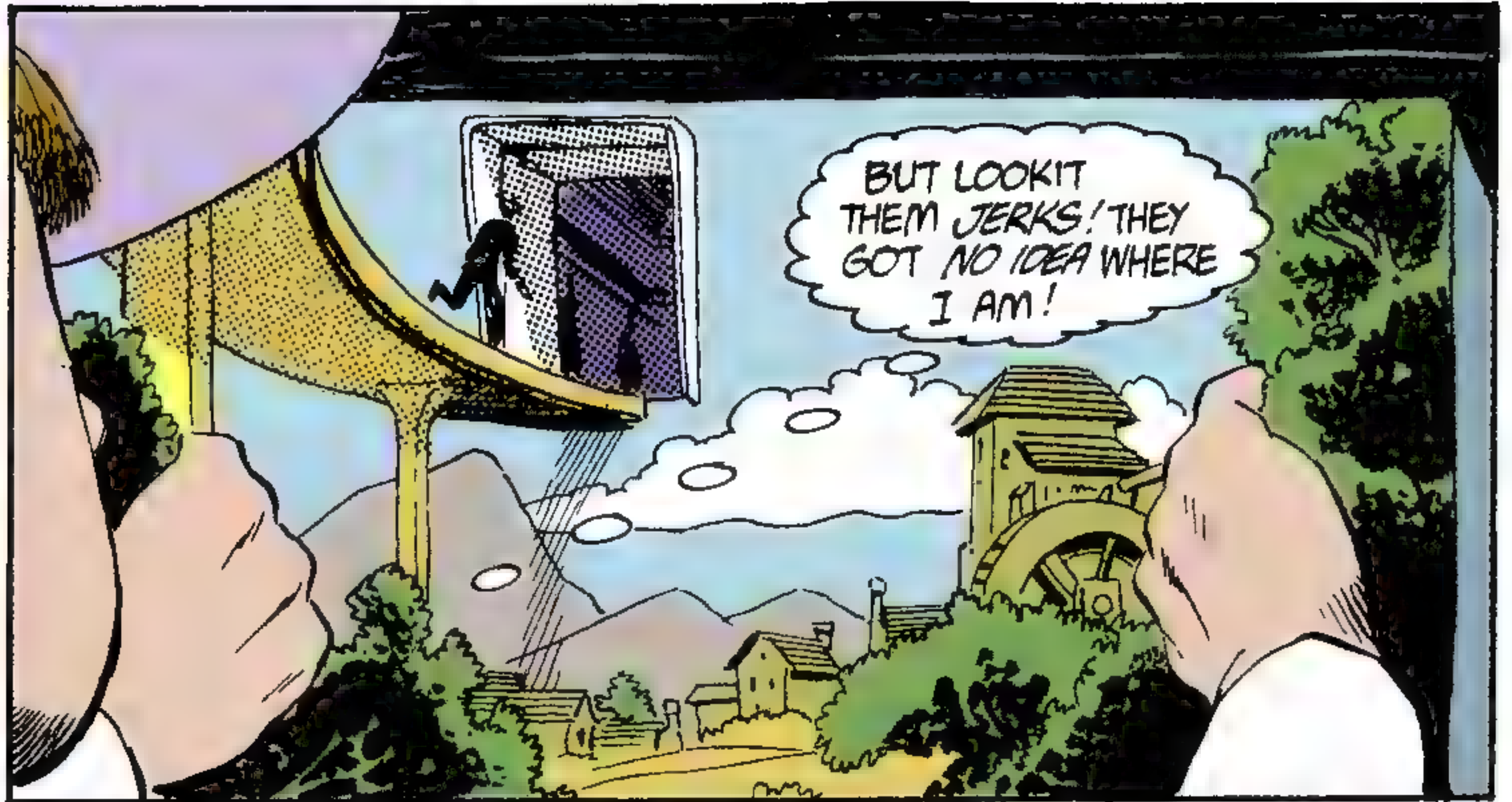
WHAT A CREEP!
I HOPE I SHOT
HIM GOOD--

--I HOPE HE'S
DEAD!

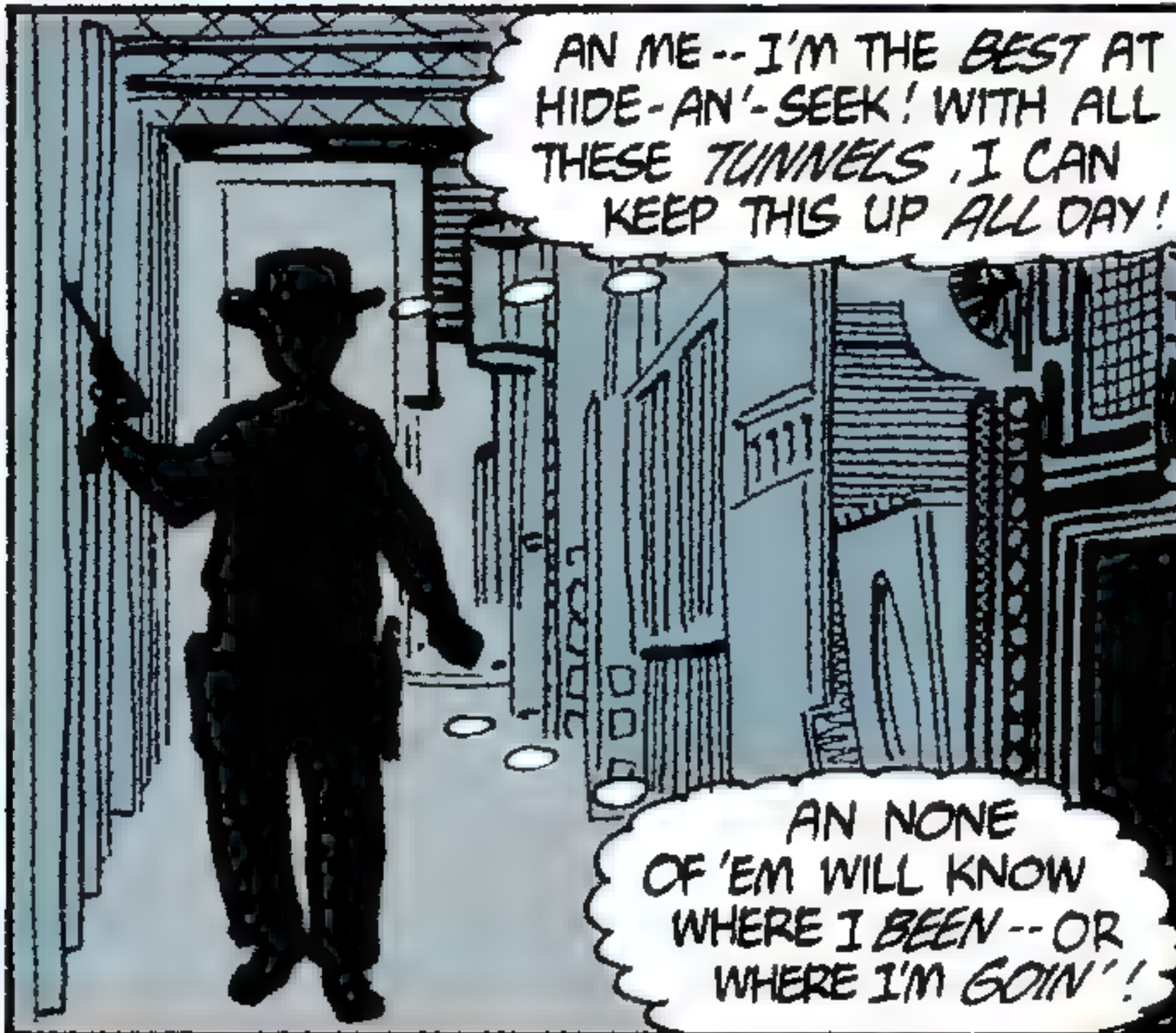
BUT SHOOTING A STUPID
TEACHER DOESN'T MEAN
SQUAT--
HEROES
NEVER
SHOOT
TEACHERS...

AND
NOW I GOT THOSE
MEN CHASING ME--
AN' THEY'RE MAD
AS HECK!

GUESS THEY
MUST LIKE THE
PRES'DENT...



BUT LOOKIT
THEM JERKS! THEY
GOT NO IDEA WHERE
I AM!

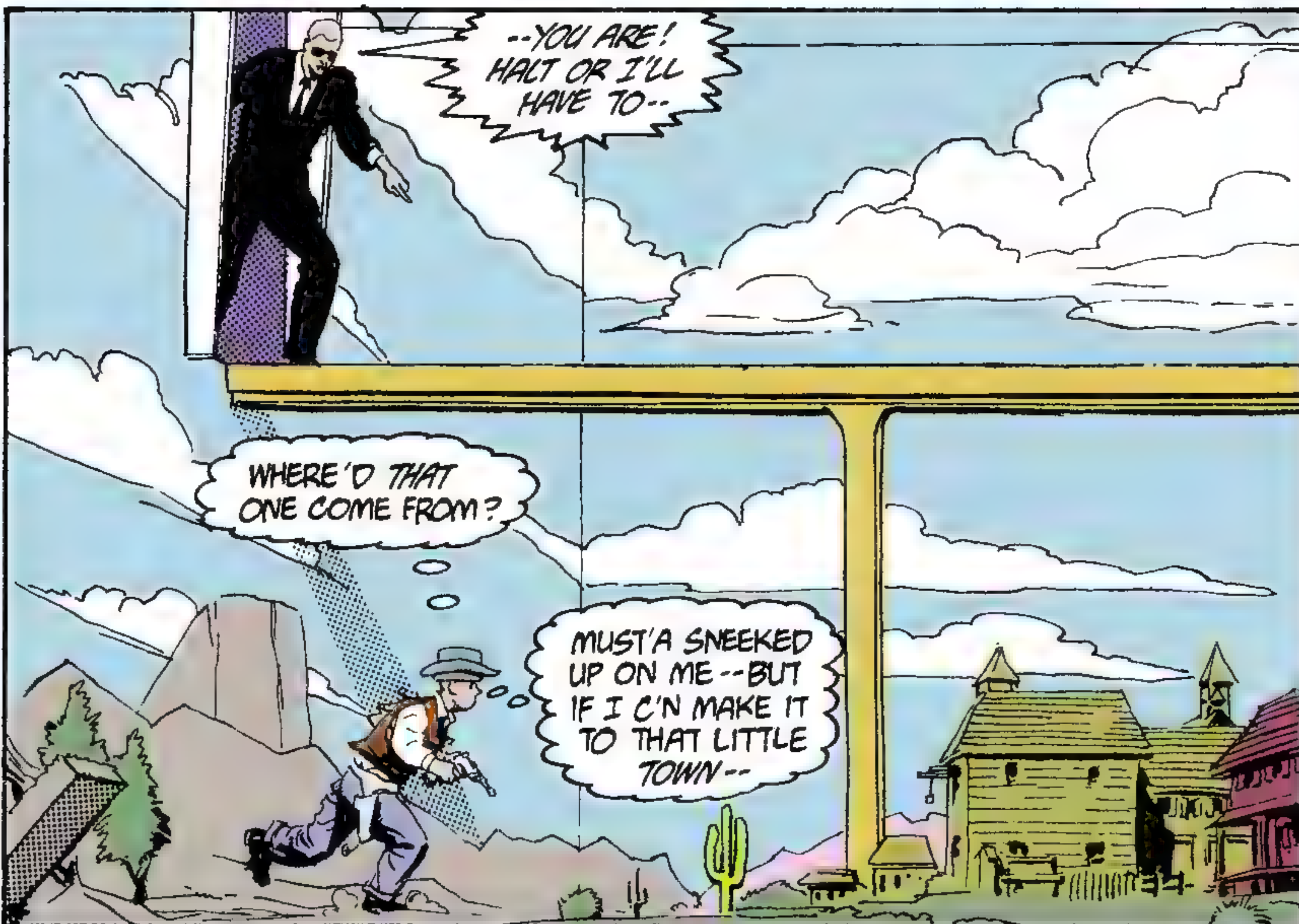


AN ME-- I'M THE BEST AT
HIDE-AN'-SEEK! WITH ALL
THESE TUNNELS, I CAN
KEEP THIS UP ALL DAY!

AN NONE
OF 'EM WILL KNOW
WHERE I BEEN-- OR
WHERE I'M GOIN'!



THERE--



--YOU ARE!
HALT OR I'LL
HAVE TO--

WHERE'D THAT
ONE COME FROM?

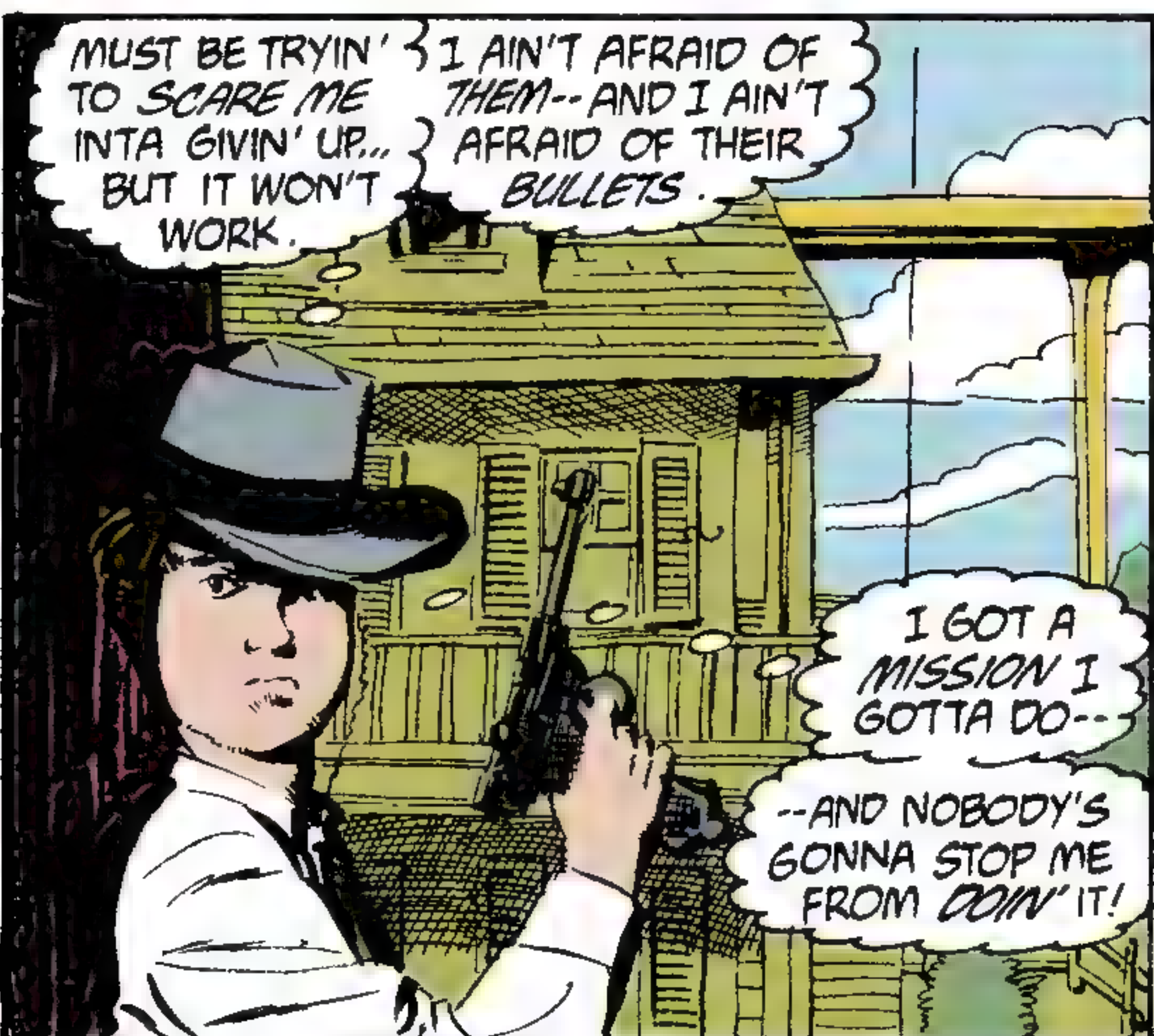
MUST'A SNEEKED
UP ON ME-- BUT
IF I C'N MAKE IT
TO THAT LITTLE
TOWN--



HEY! THEY'RE
SHOOTING! BUT
THEY CAN'T!!--
I'M JUST A KID!

PEOWWW

PEOWWW



MUST BE TRYIN'
TO SCARE ME
INTA GIVIN' UP...
BUT IT WON'T
WORK.

I AIN'T AFRAID OF
THEM-- AND I AIN'T
AFRAID OF THEIR
BULLETS.

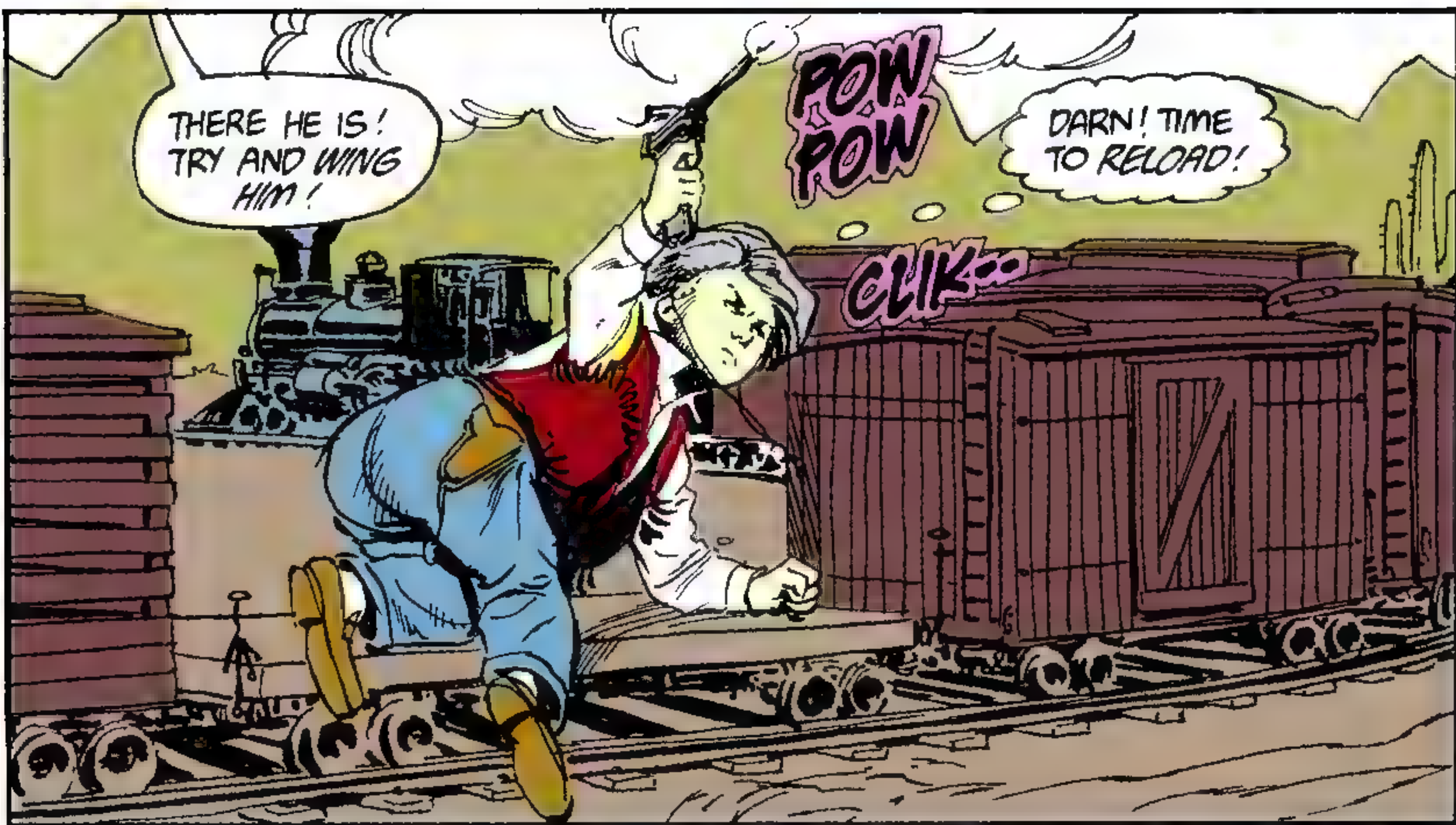
I GOT A
MISSION I
GOTTA DO--

--AND NOBODY'S
GONNA STOP ME
FROM DOIN' IT!



KA-POW
POW
POW

EAT LEAD,
YOU NATZI
CREEPS!

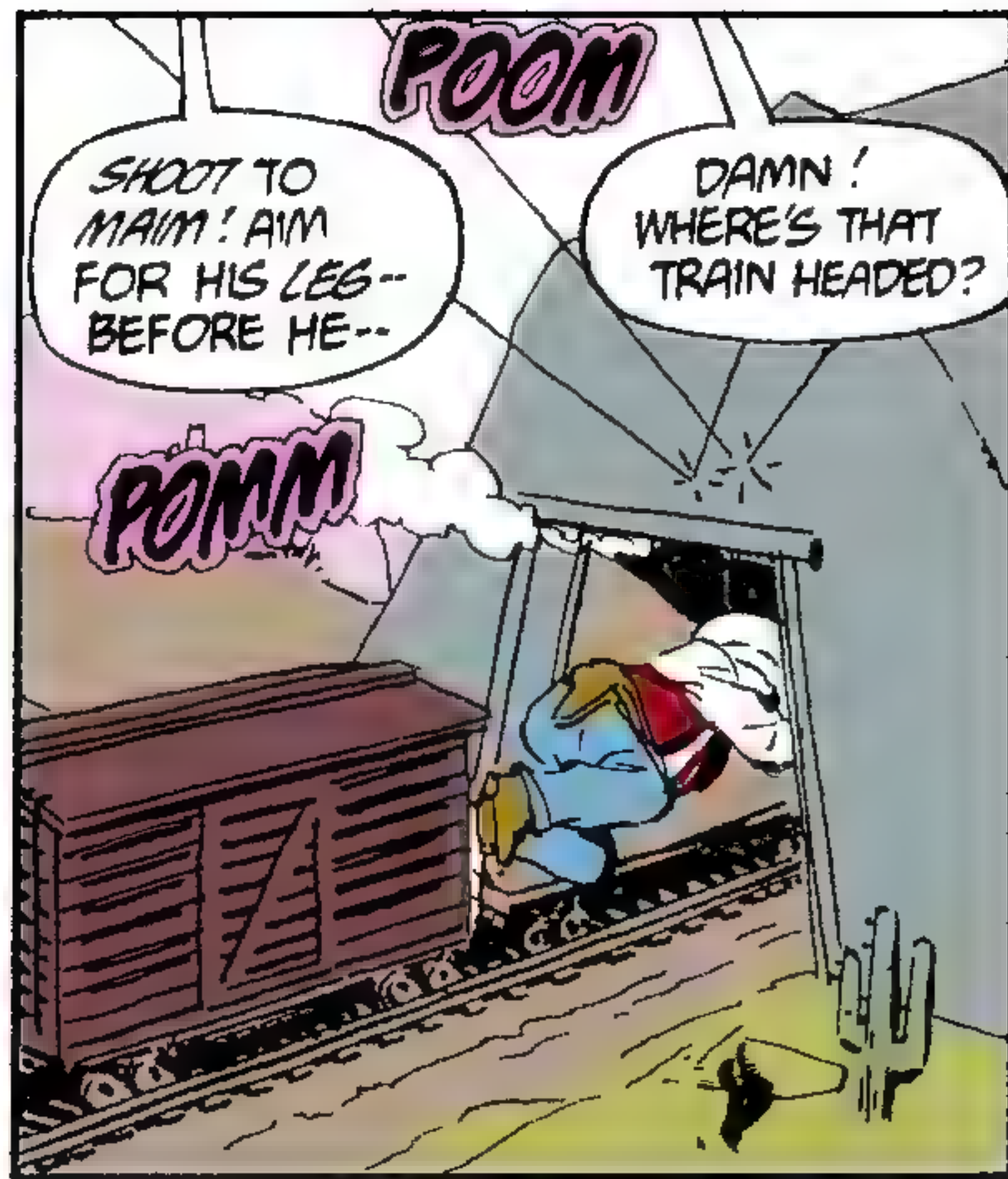


THERE HE IS!
TRY AND WING
HIM!

POW
POW

DARN! TIME
TO RELOAD!

CLIK...



POOM

SHOOT TO
MAIM! AIM
FOR HIS LEG--
BEFORE HE--

DAMN!
WHERE'S THAT
TRAIN HEADED?

POMM



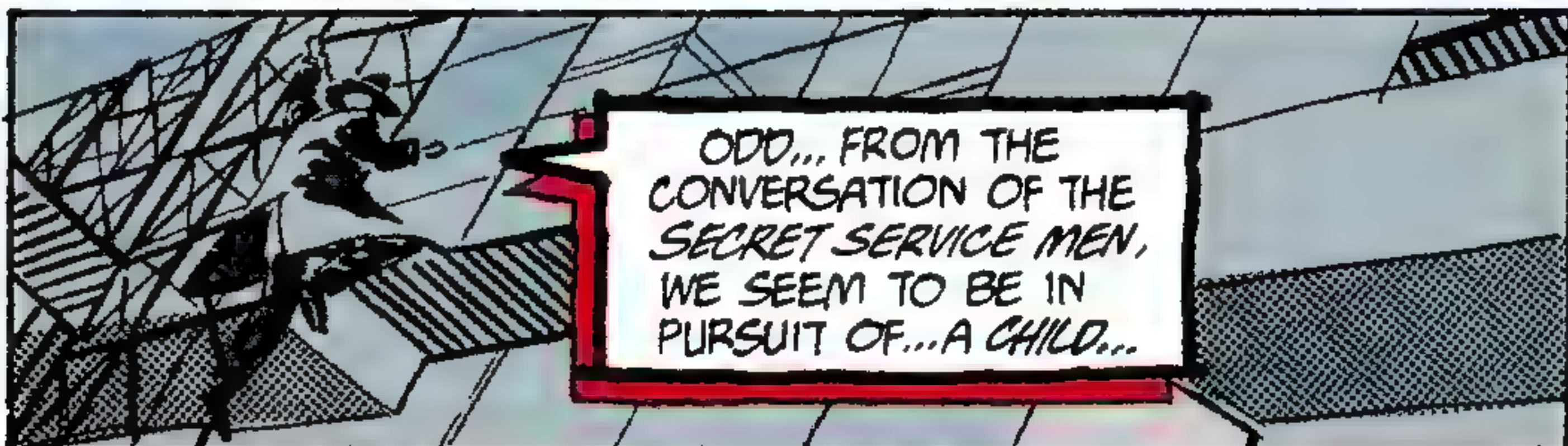
NOW I
KNOW WHAT
I GOTTA
DO.

GUESS I WAS
SCARED BEFORE...
MY HEAD WENT
ALL SCREWEY,
LIKE IT DOES WHEN
I CHOKE THE
CATS.

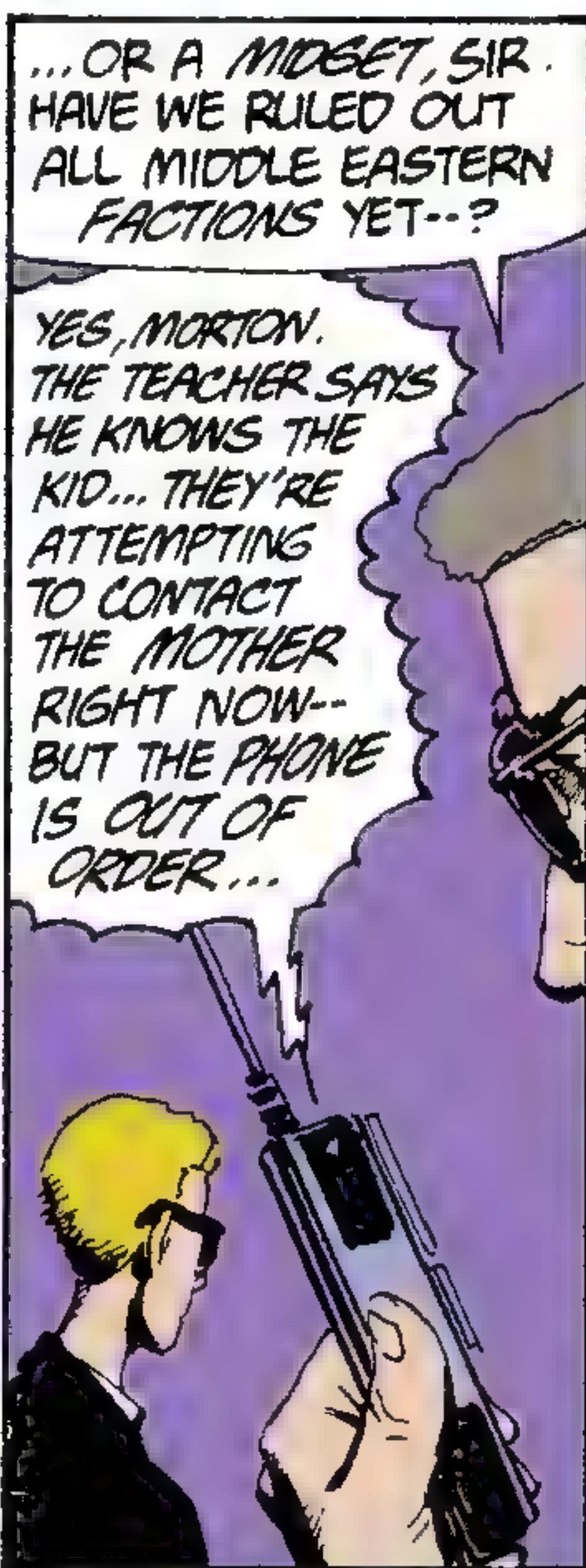
BUT IT'S
OVER NOW.
AN' IT'LL
NEVER
HAPPEN
AGAIN.

ALL I GOTTA DO IS
GO THROUGH THE WHOLE
RIDE--WHEN I COME
OUT, ALL THESE JERKS 'LL
STILL BE IN HERE
LOOKIN' FOR ME--

--AN' THE
PRES'DENT
WILL BE ALL
ALONE!

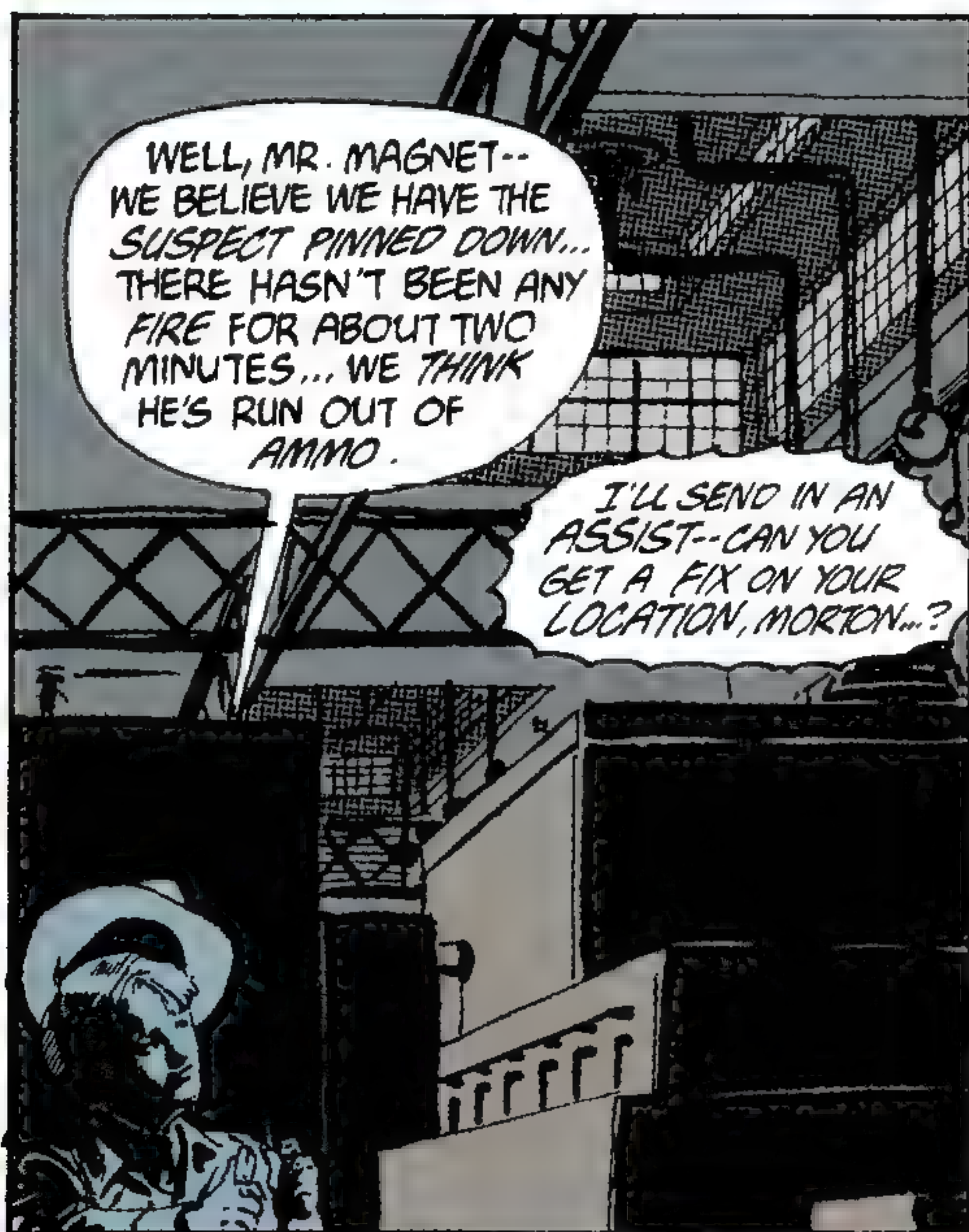


ODD... FROM THE
CONVERSATION OF THE
SECRET SERVICE MEN,
WE SEEM TO BE IN
PURSUIT OF... A CHILD...



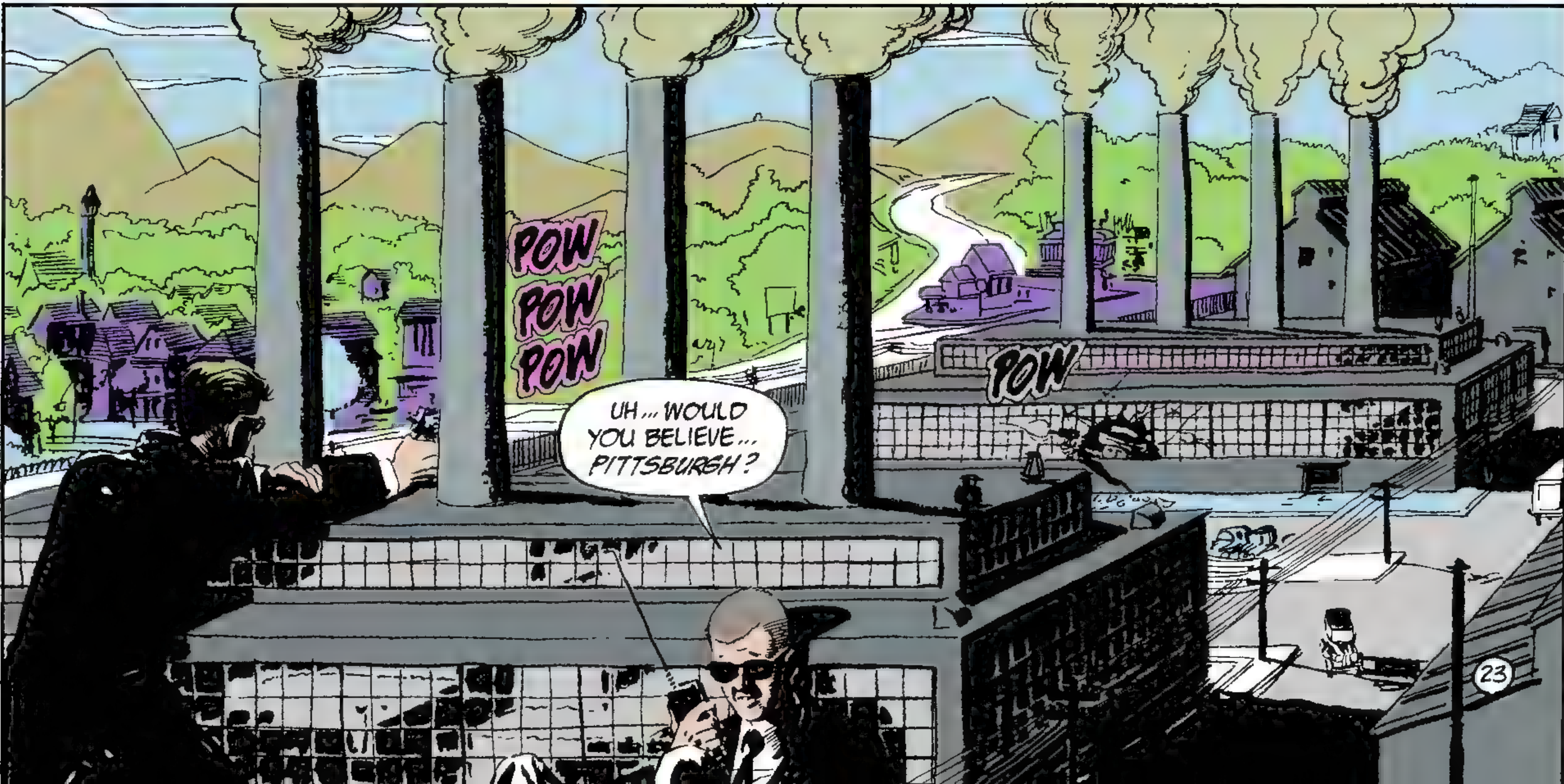
...OR A MIDGET, SIR.
HAVE WE RULED OUT
ALL MIDDLE EASTERN
FACTIONS YET--?

YES, MORTON.
THE TEACHER SAYS
HE KNOWS THE
KID... THEY'RE
ATTEMPTING
TO CONTACT
THE MOTHER
RIGHT NOW--
BUT THE PHONE
IS OUT OF
ORDER...



WELL, MR. MAGNET--
WE BELIEVE WE HAVE THE
SUSPECT PINNED DOWN...
THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY
FIRE FOR ABOUT TWO
MINUTES... WE THINK
HE'S RUN OUT OF
AMMO.

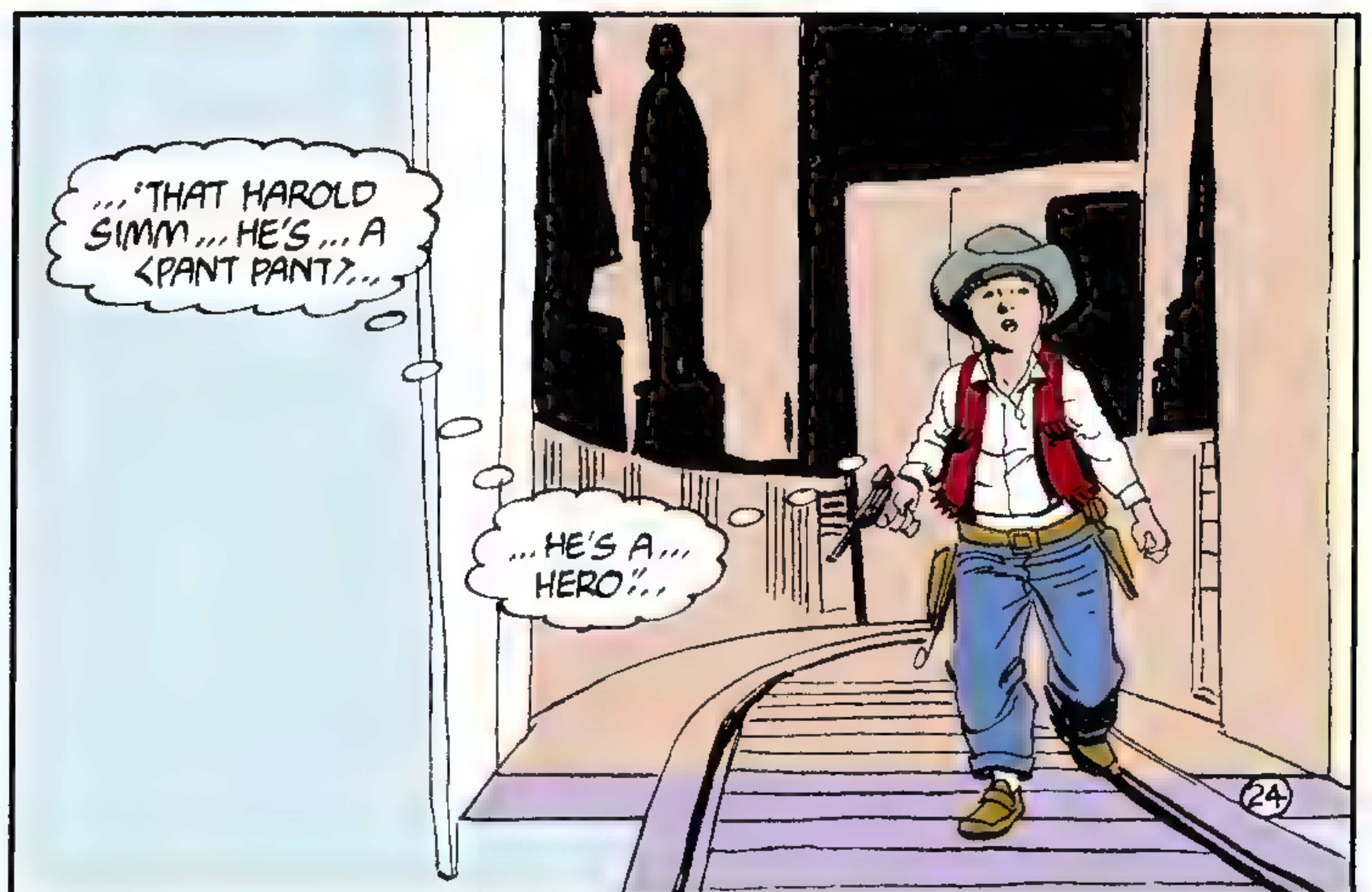
I'LL SEND IN AN
ASSIST--CAN YOU
GET A FIX ON YOUR
LOCATION, MORTON...?

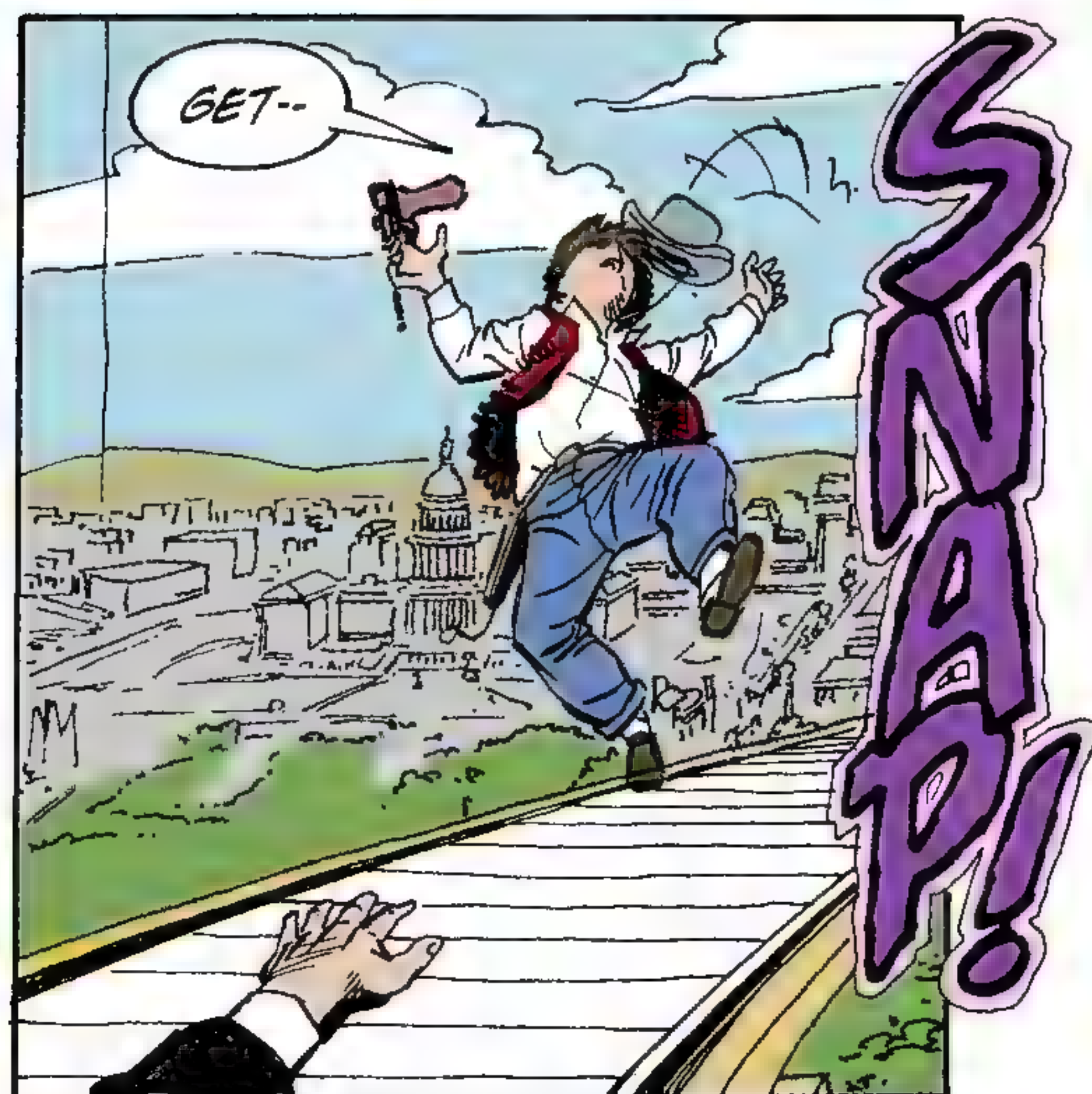
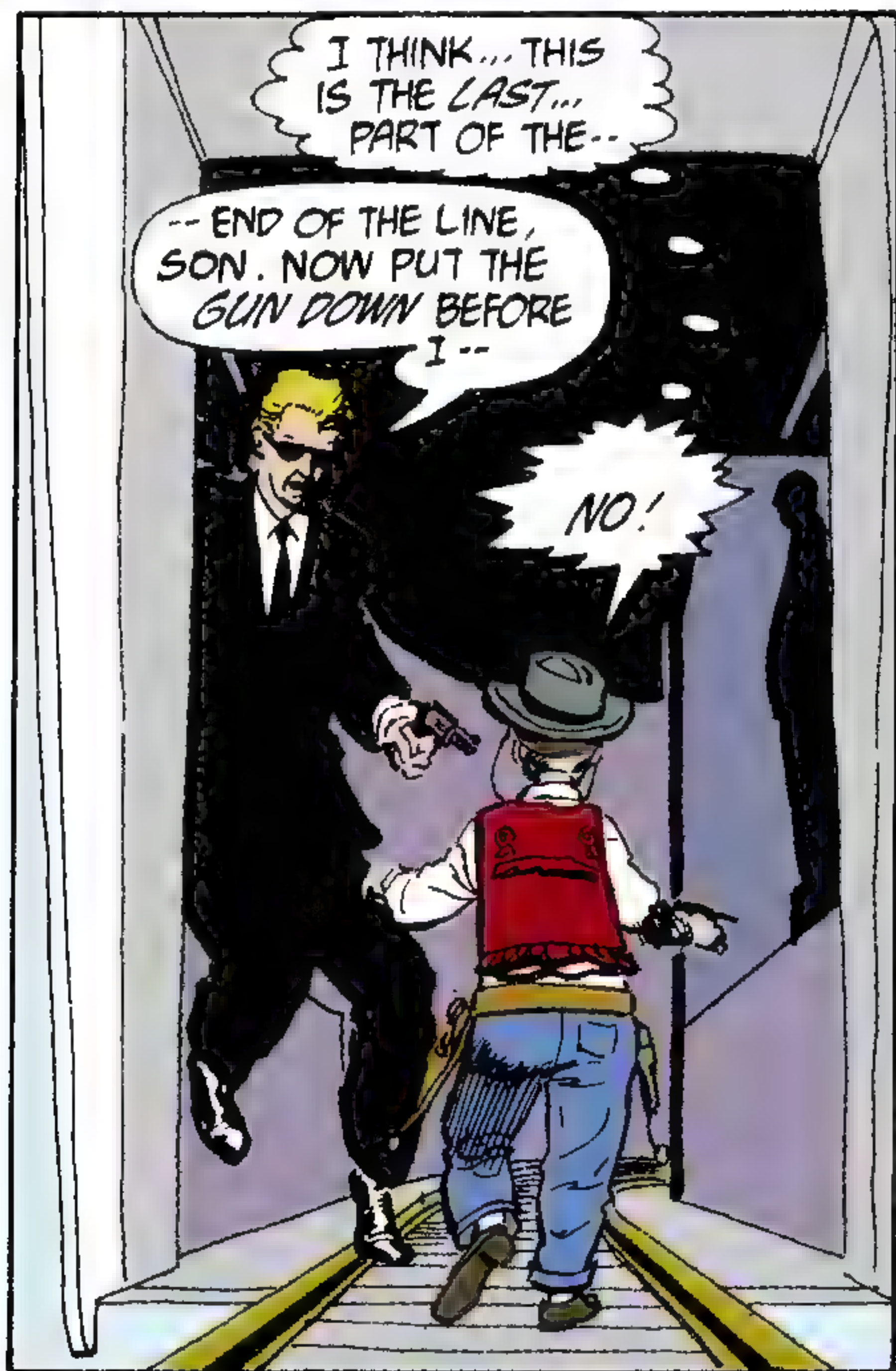
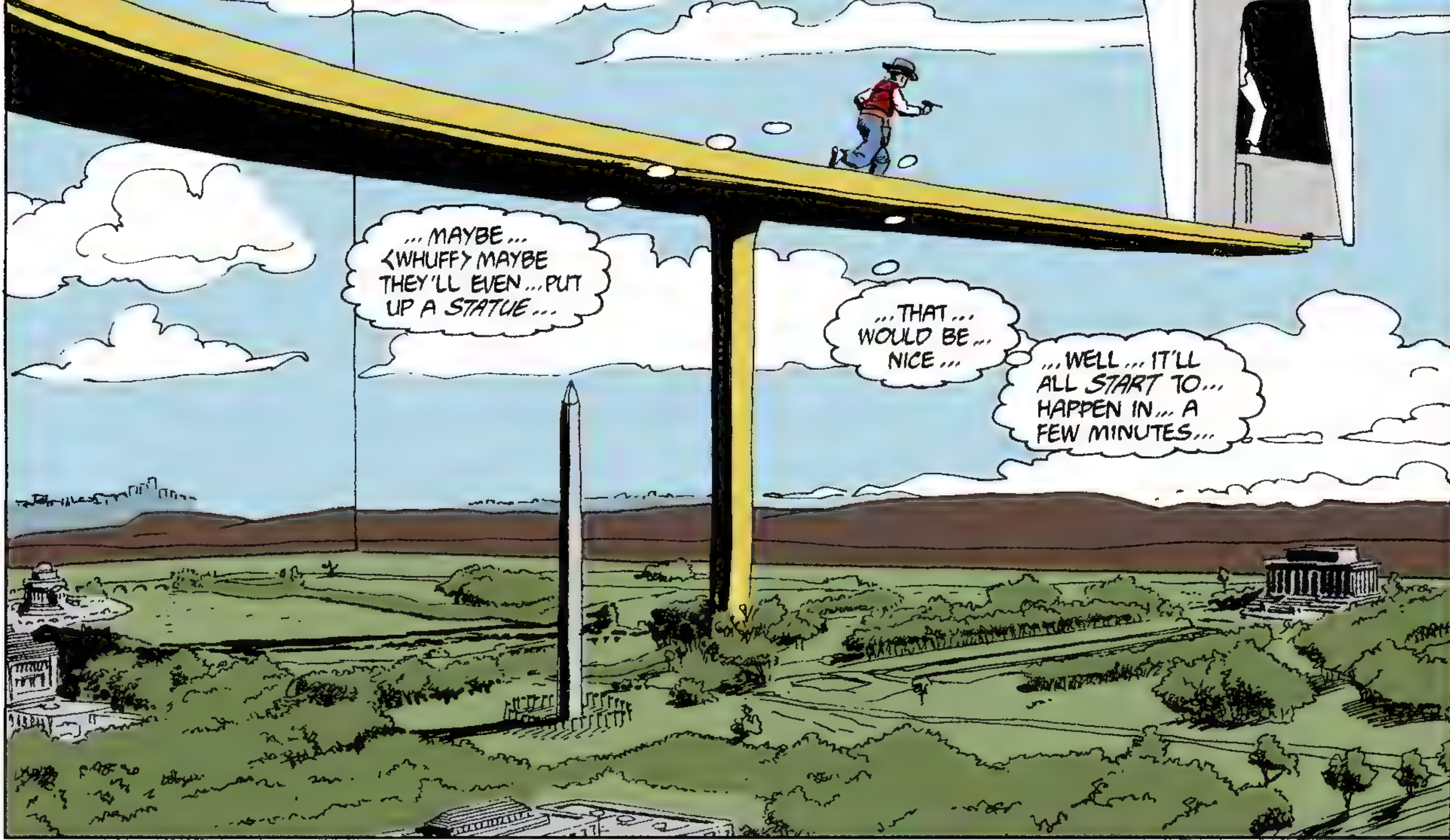


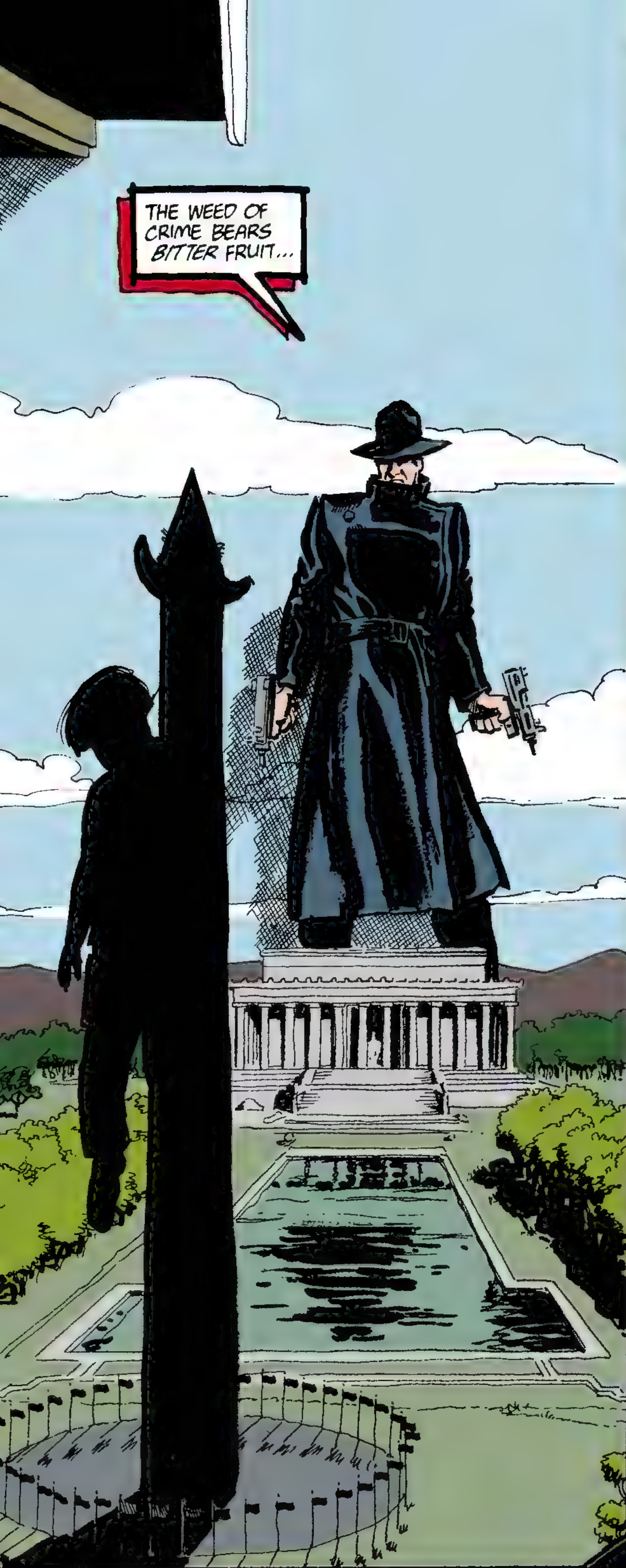
POW
POW
POW

UH... WOULD
YOU BELIEVE...
PITTSBURGH?

POW







THE WEED OF
CRIME BEARS
BITTER FRUIT...



WHAT THE
HELL'S GOING
ON HERE--?

WHO--?

AH. ELTON... DEWITT. I
AM HAPPY TO SEE YOU.

I'D COME TO WASHINGTON
TO... REPRIMAND YOU BOTH
FOR LEAVING NEW YORK
WITHOUT PETITIONING ME.

HOWEVER,
I FOUND
MYSELF...
PREOCCU-
PIED... WITH
BUSINESS
RIGHT
HERE...



GEEZ--I THOUGHT THE PUNK
WAS A PAIN... BUT I MIGHT'A
TRIED MAKIN' HIM STAY
AFTER SCHOOL FIRST...
MAYBE SPEND AN AFTER-
NOON CLEANIN' ERASERS
OR SOMETHIN'...



HOLEE--
THAT'S HAROLD--
DEAD!

MASTER--
YOU DIDN'T--?



NO, ELTON... DEWITT... I
WAS MERELY AN OBSERVER
IN THIS INSTANCE.

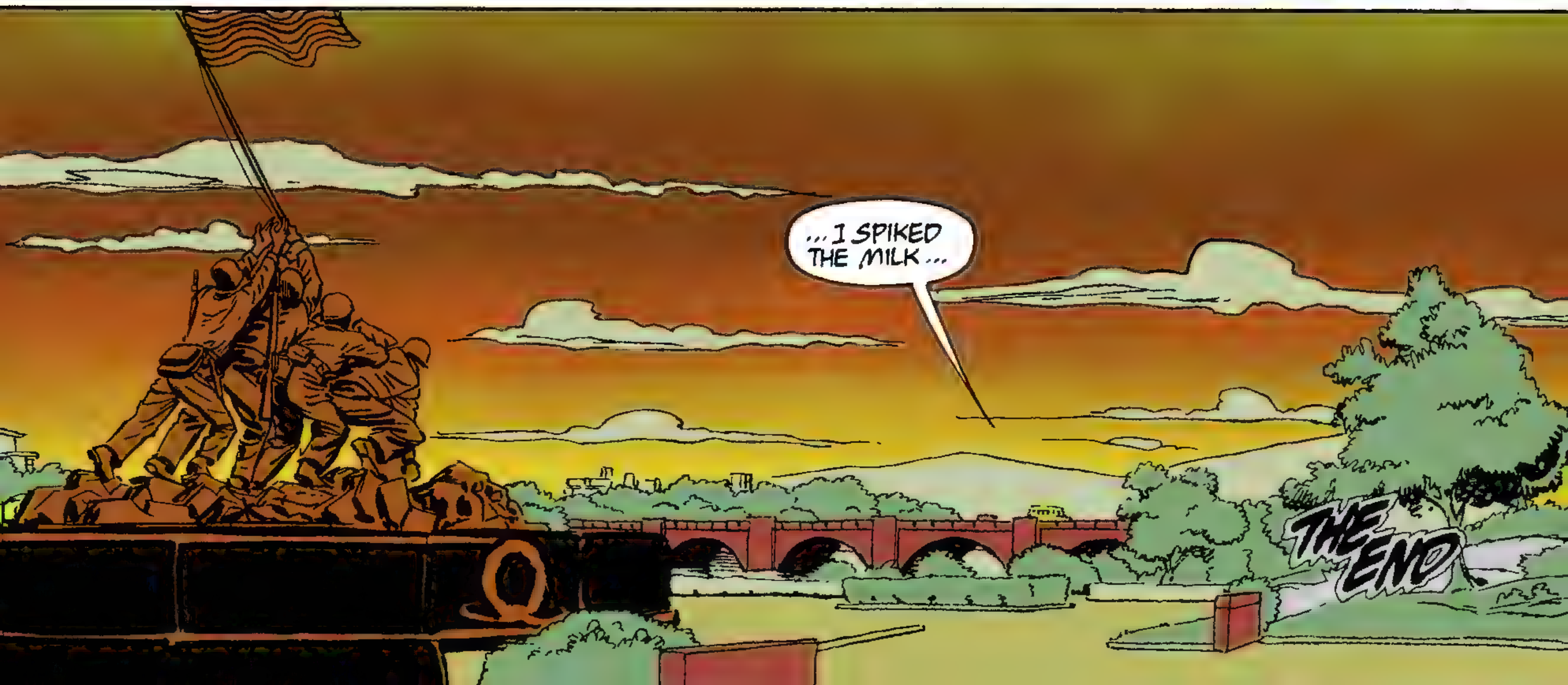
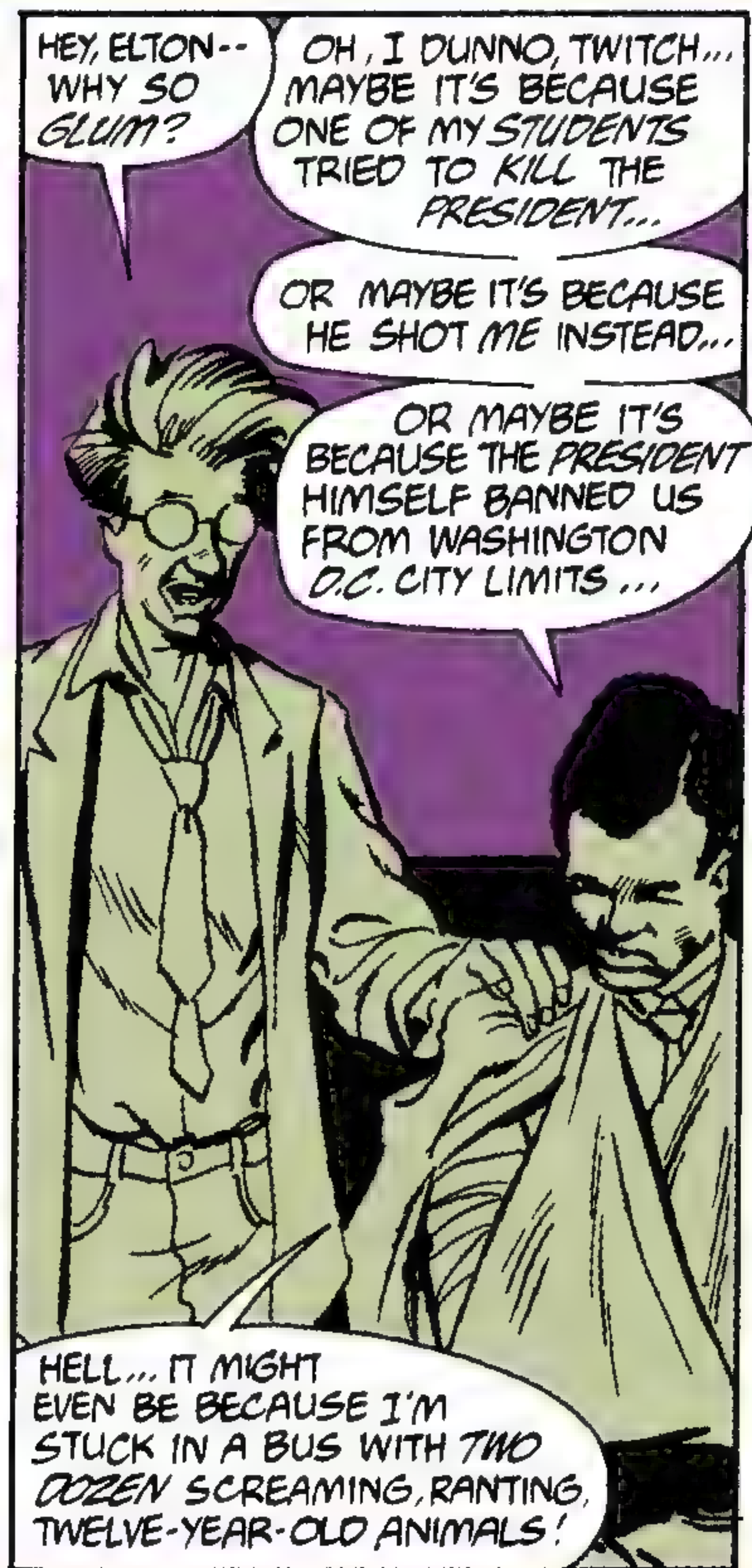
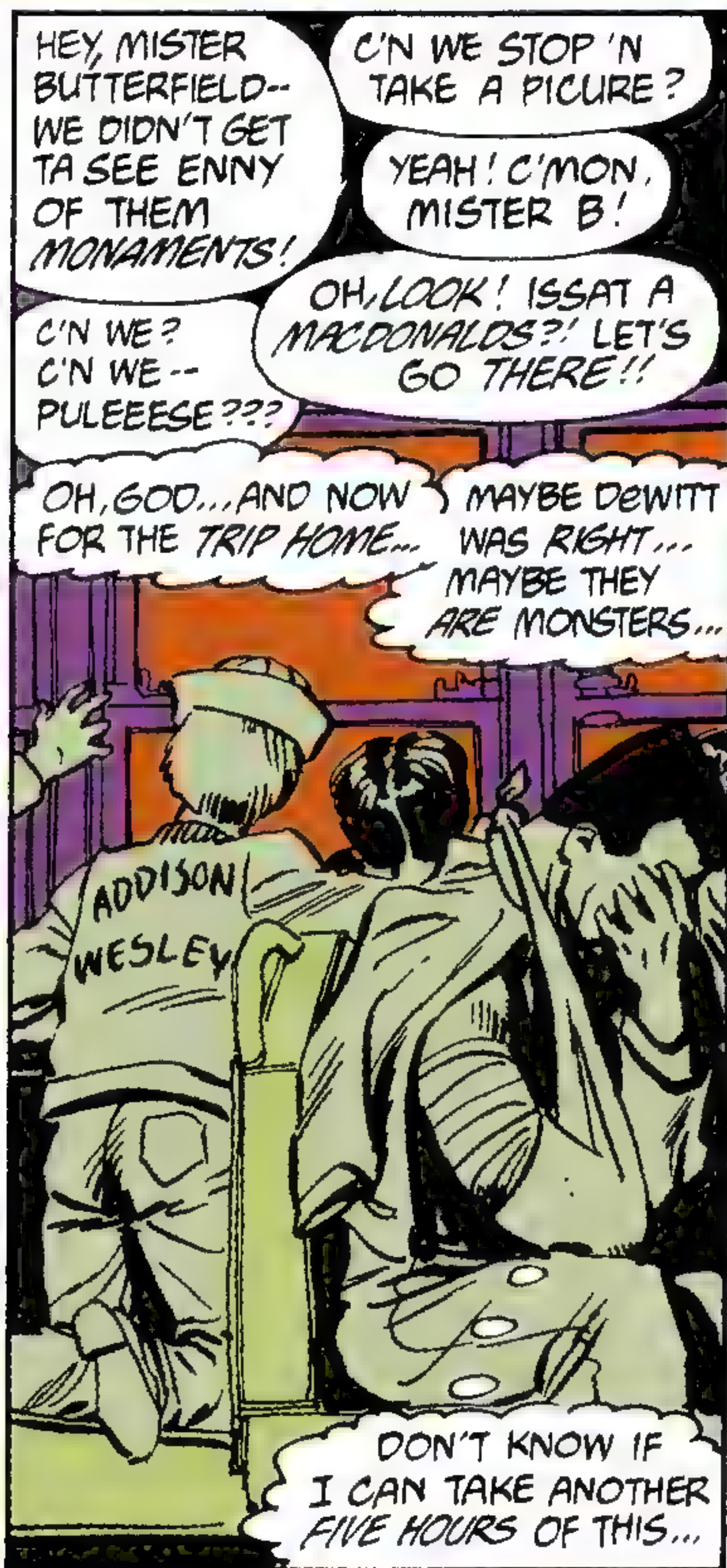
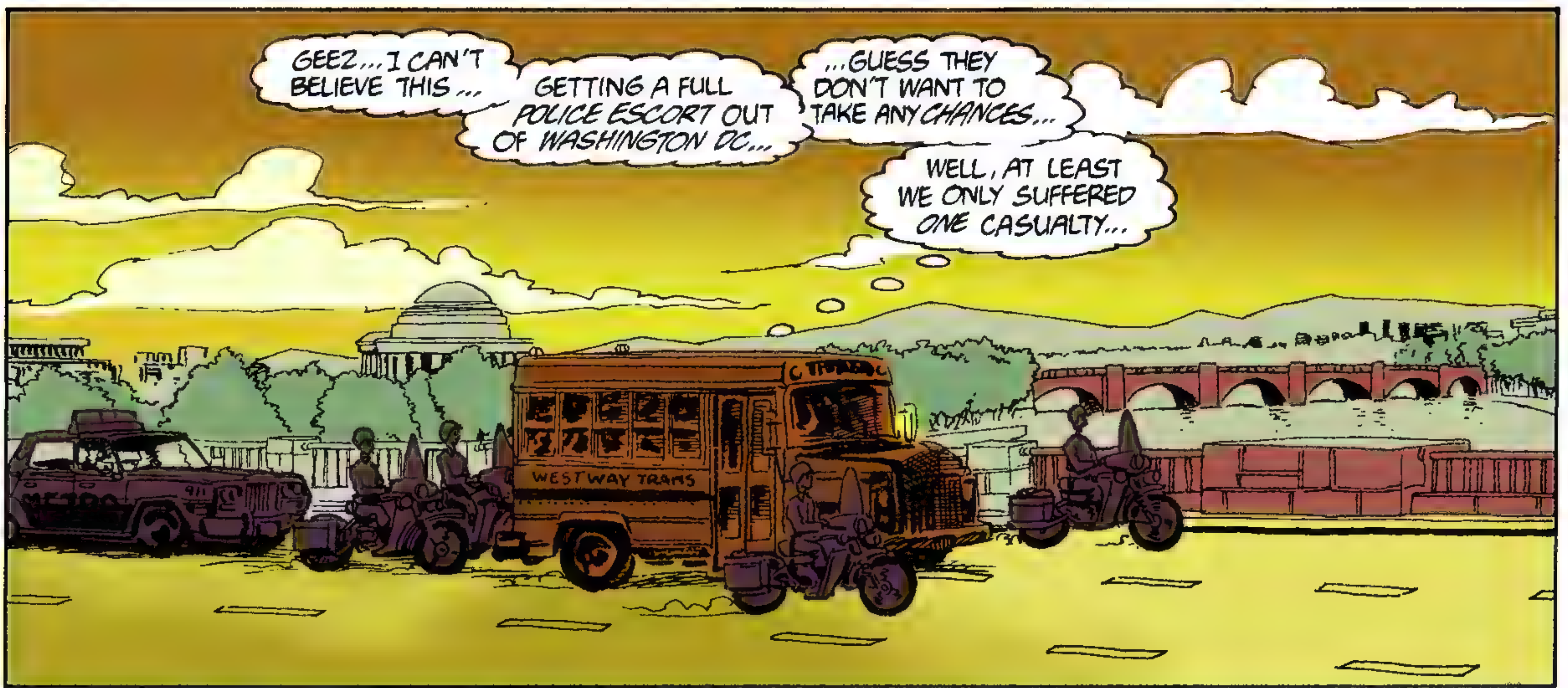
I SAW A CHILD--ONE MOMENT,
ENGAGED IN SOME PERVERSE
FANTASY GAME OF DEATH--

--THE NEXT, CONFRONTED WITH
THE REALITY OF THAT GAME.

I DO NOT CLAIM TO KNOW
WHAT HE EXPECTED TO
FIND WHEN HE CROSSED
THE THRESHOLD FROM
FANTASY INTO REALITY--

--BUT YOUNG
HAROLD SIMM GAZED
UPON THE TRUE FACE
OF DEATH--

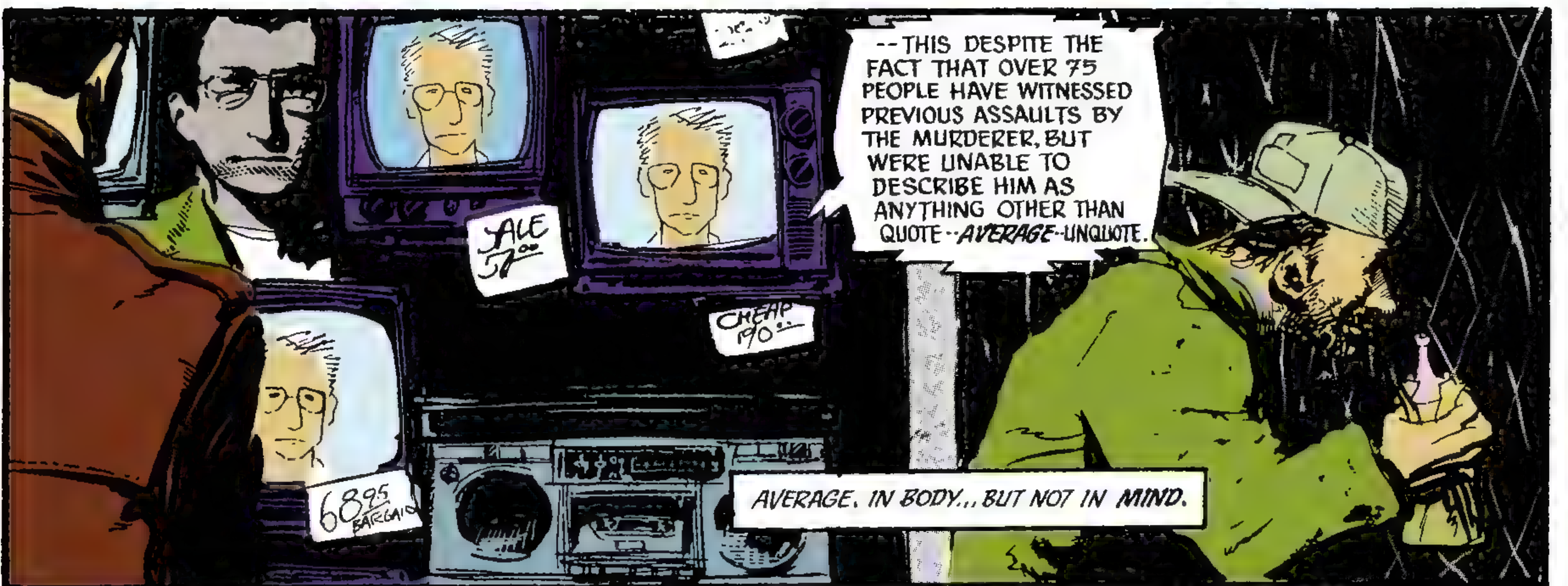
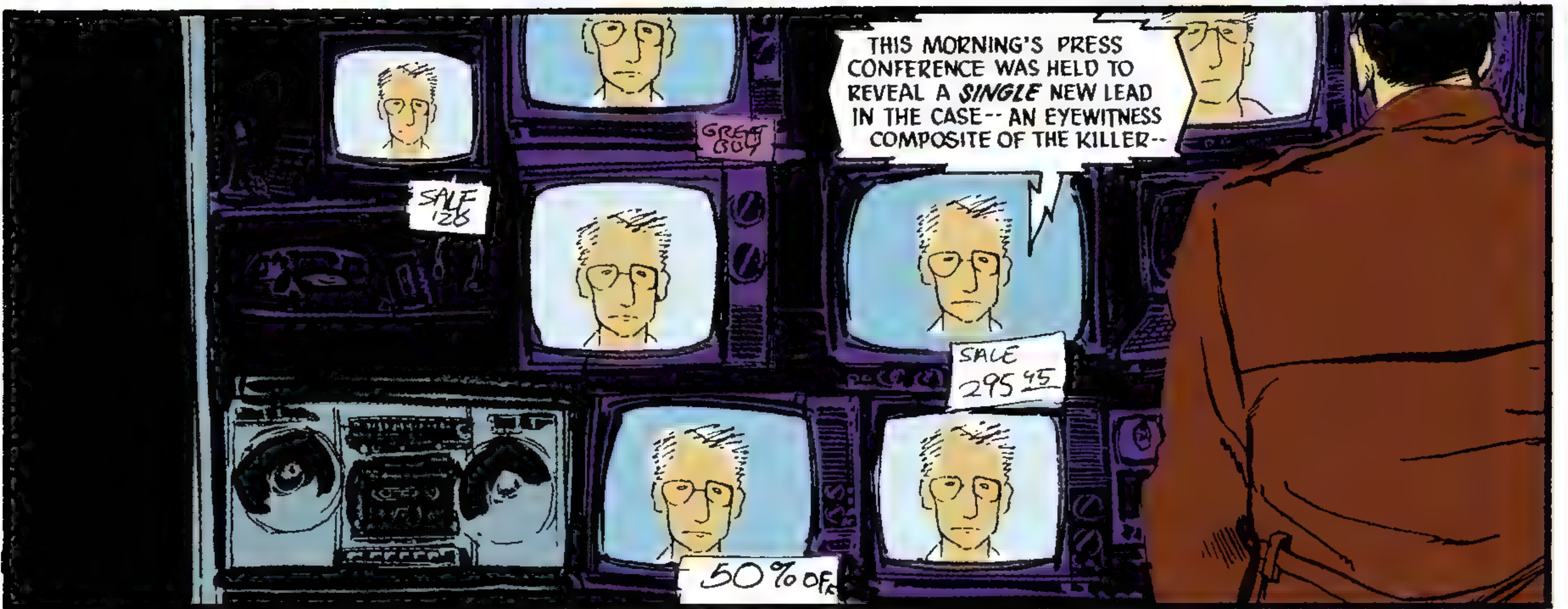
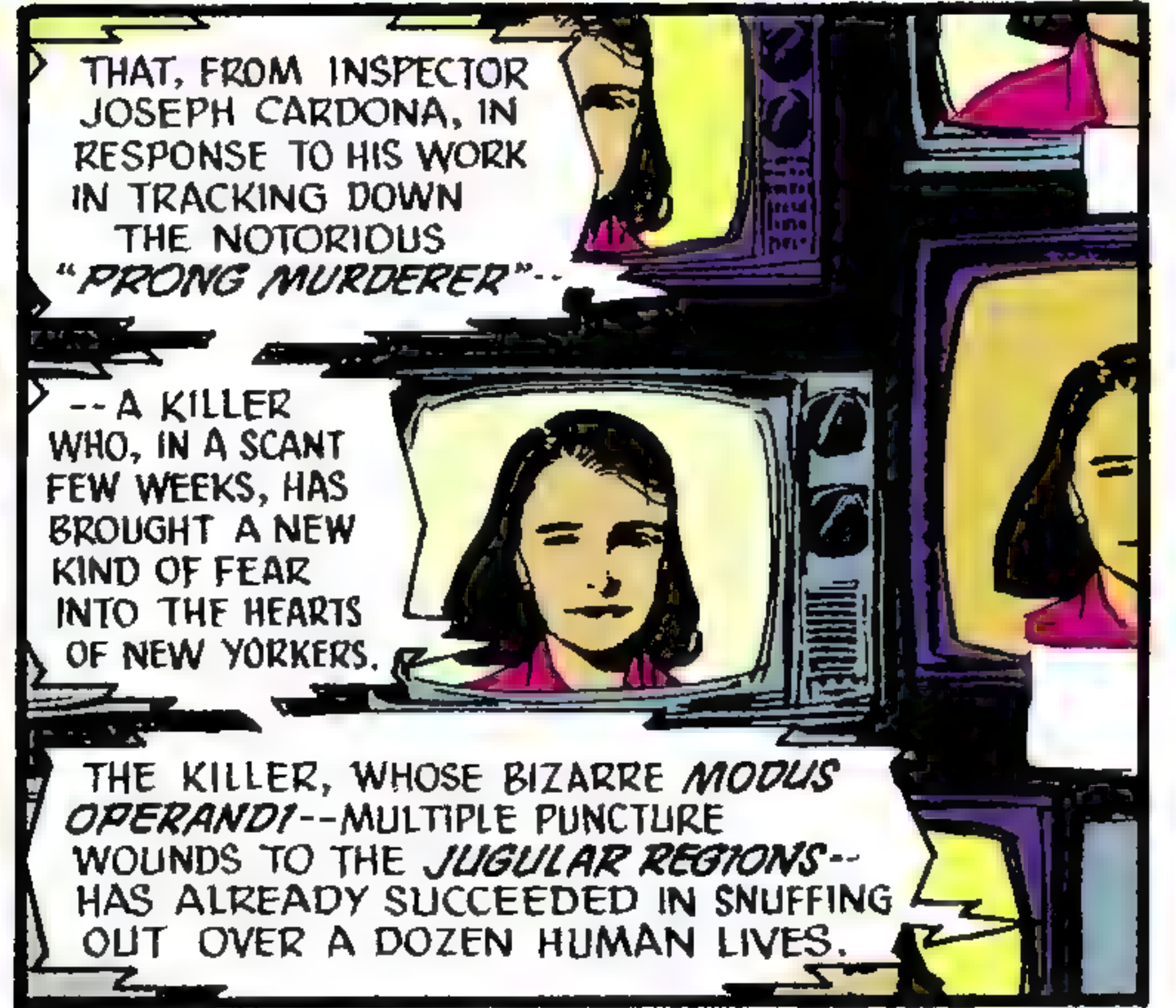
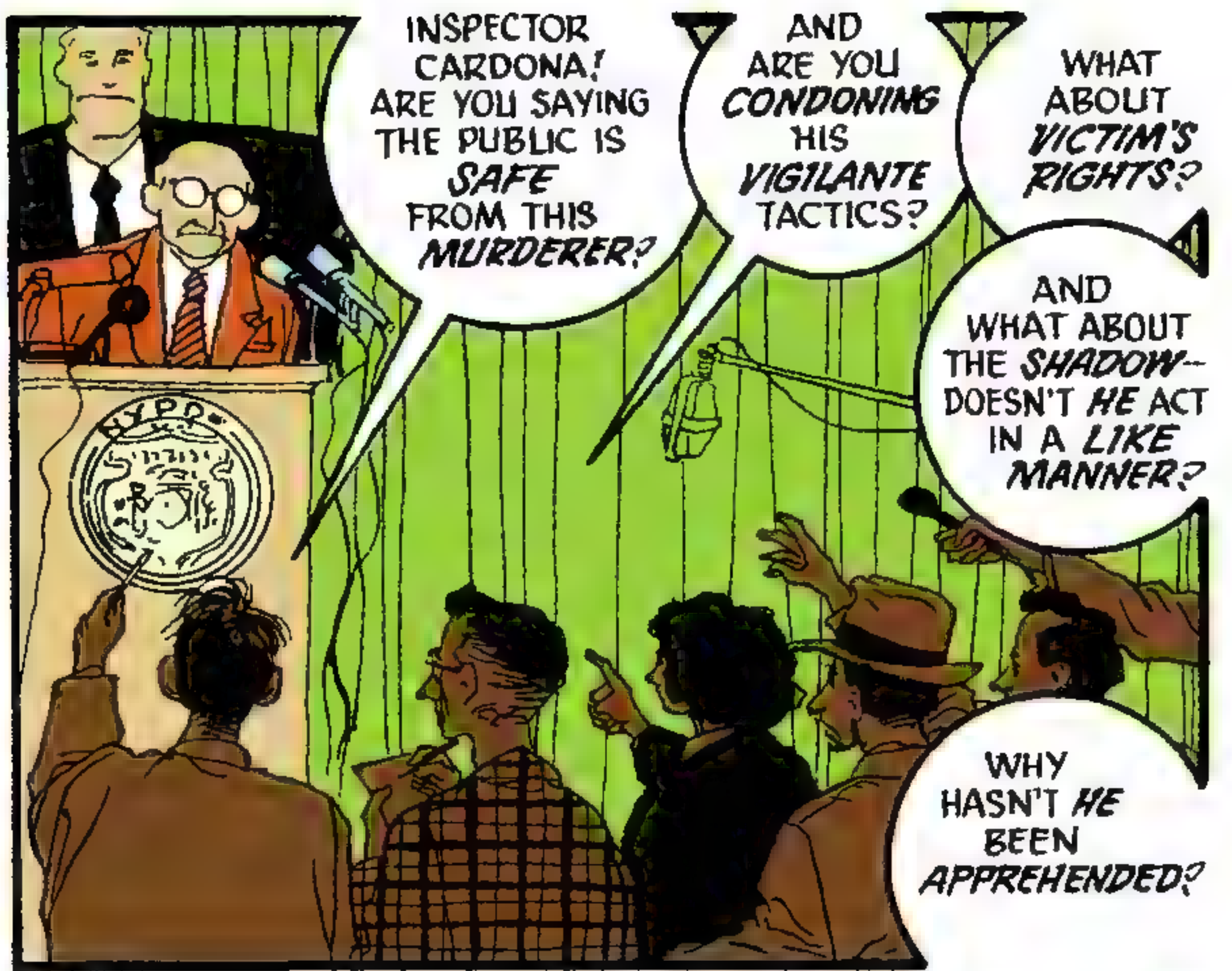
--AND
THE
HORROR
OF THAT
TRUTH
KILLED HIM.

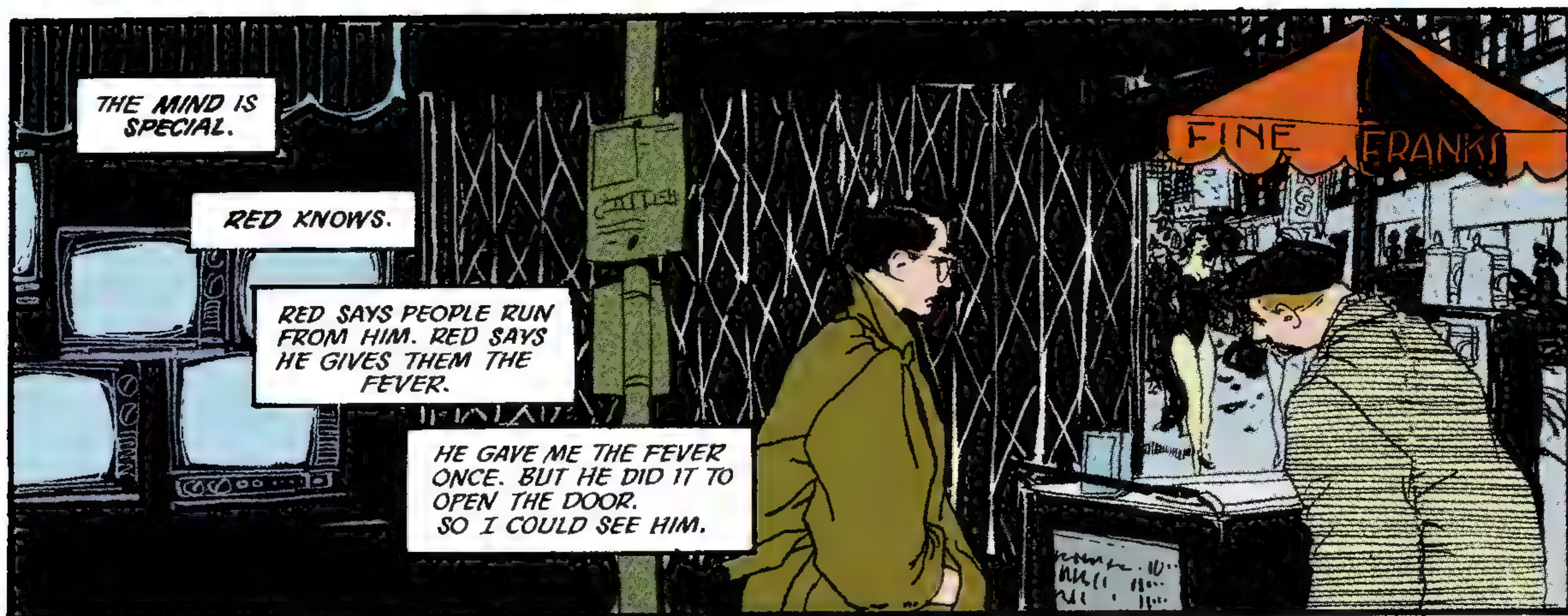




#8

cover art by KYLE BAKER



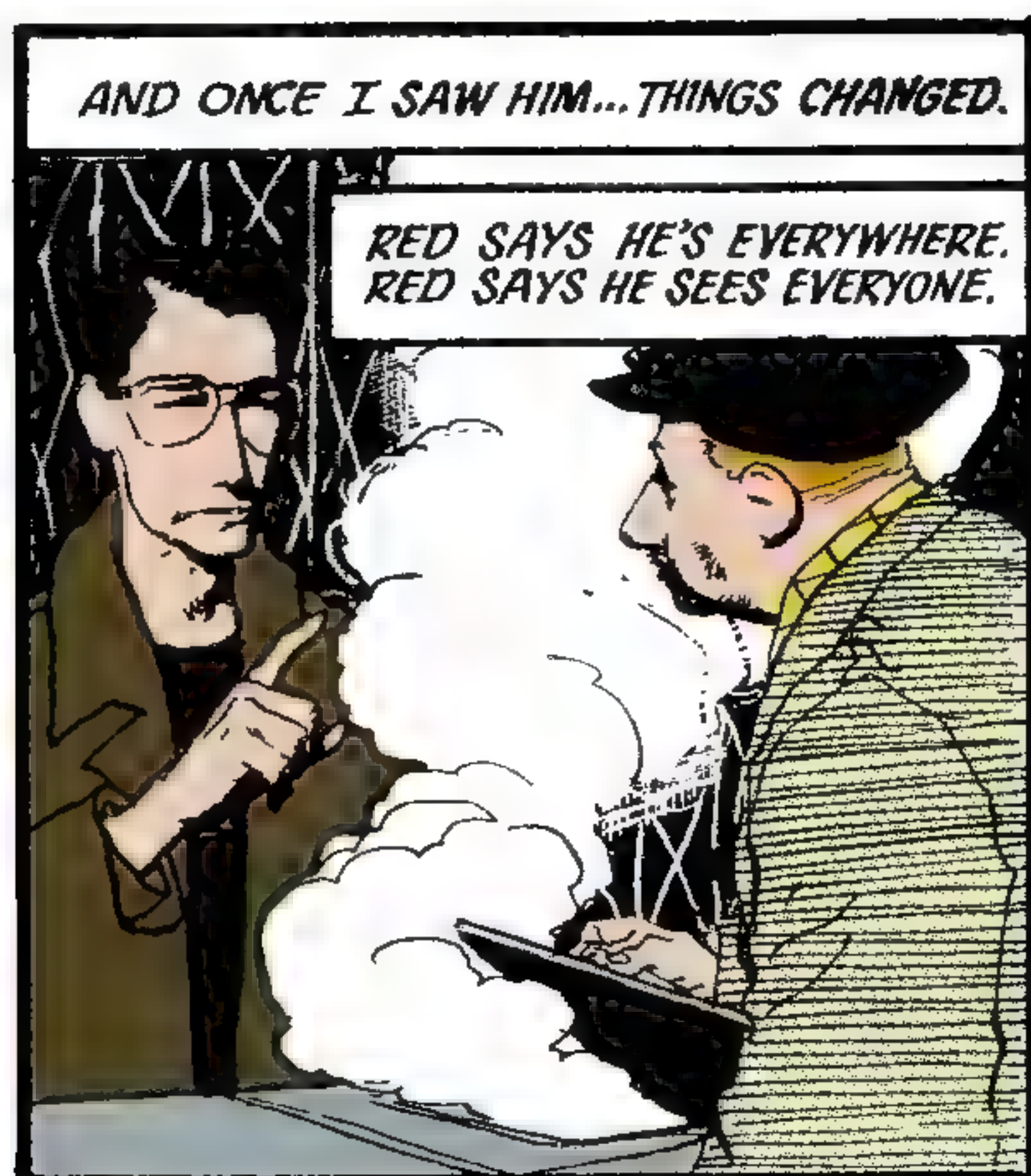


THE MIND IS SPECIAL.

RED KNOWS.

RED SAYS PEOPLE RUN FROM HIM. RED SAYS HE GIVES THEM THE FEVER.

HE GAVE ME THE FEVER ONCE. BUT HE DID IT TO OPEN THE DOOR. SO I COULD SEE HIM.



AND ONCE I SAW HIM... THINGS CHANGED.

RED SAYS HE'S EVERYWHERE. RED SAYS HE SEES EVERYONE.



AND I BELIEVE. BECAUSE ONCE, LONG AGO, I SAW HIM EVERYWHERE.

AT FIRST, HE WOULDN'T GO AWAY. AT HOME. IN THE CAR. ON THE TELEPHONE. EVEN IN THE BATHROOM.



NO PRIVACY. NO LIFE. JUST SEEING RED.

THEN WE MADE A DEAL.



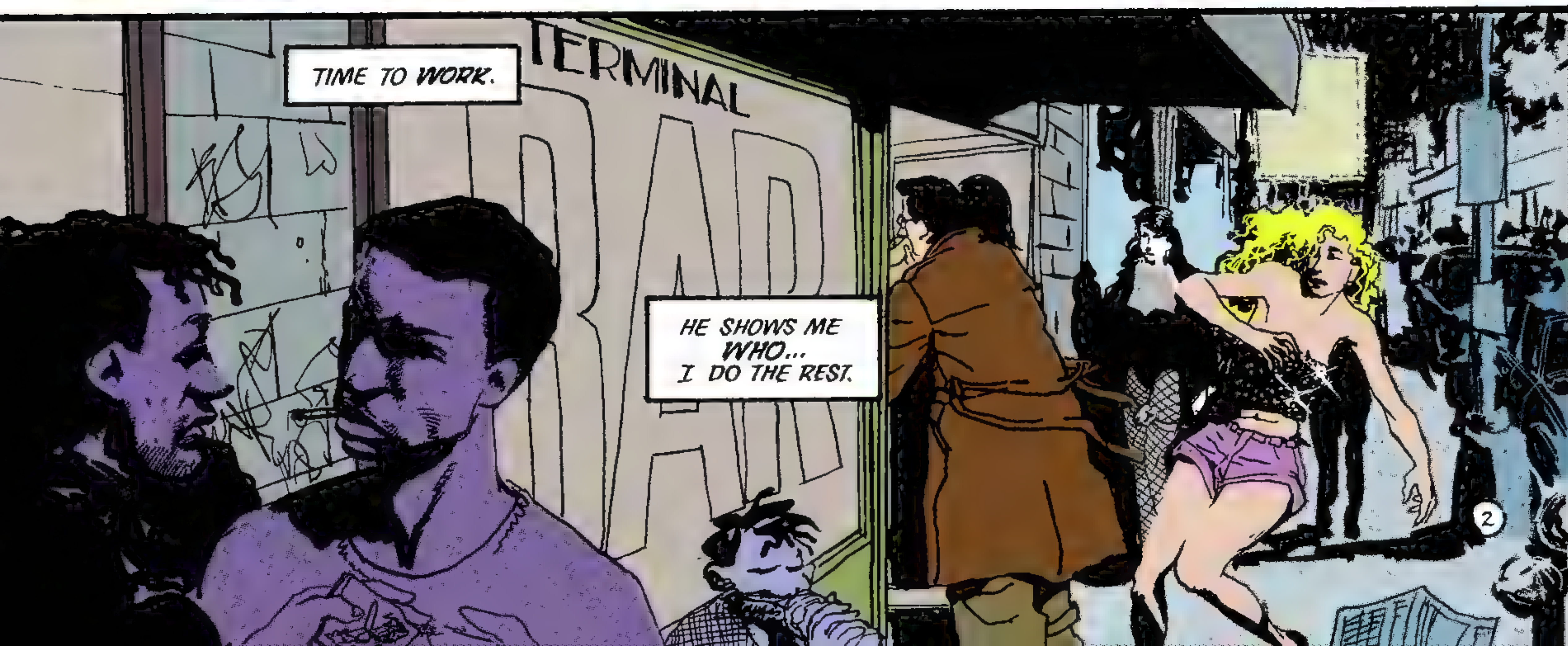
MOMMA SAID NEVER MAKE A DEAL WITH HIM... BUT WHAT ELSE COULD I DO?

"CALL ME RED," HE SAYS.

"CALL IT A BARGAIN," RED SAYS.

IT'S QUIET NOW MOSTLY. RED'S A BUSY LITTLE DEV... UMMM... RED.

BUT SOMETIMES, RED GIVES ME A SIGN TO TELL ME... IT'S TIME.



TIME TO WORK.

HE SHOWS ME WHO... I DO THE REST.

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FIND HIM.

LOOK, ELT--
I DONE MY
BEST FOR YA...
I MEAN, FER
CRIS'SAKES--

--THIS
IS A
CLASS
JOINT!

OH,
SURE IT IS--
TO A GUY WHO
THINKS MCDONALD'S
IS SCOTTISH
CUISINE!

IF YOU'D WATCHED
THOSE KIDS LIKE I
TOLD YOU TO, I
WOULDN'T HAVE
LOST MY
TEACHING
JOB!

HEY-- THE
MASTER PAYS
FOR EVERYTHING!
SO WHATT'A
YA KNOCKIN'
YERSELF OUT
FER?

MAYBE IT'S
FOR A SENSE OF
SELF-WORTH,
DEWITT--SOMETHING
YOU'D KNOW
NOTHING
ABOUT!

LOOK...
HOW MANY
TIMES I GOTTA
SAY I'M SORRY?
FIFTY? A HUNNERD?
HOW 'BOUT YOU GIMME
A BLACKBOARD
AND I'LL WRITE IT--

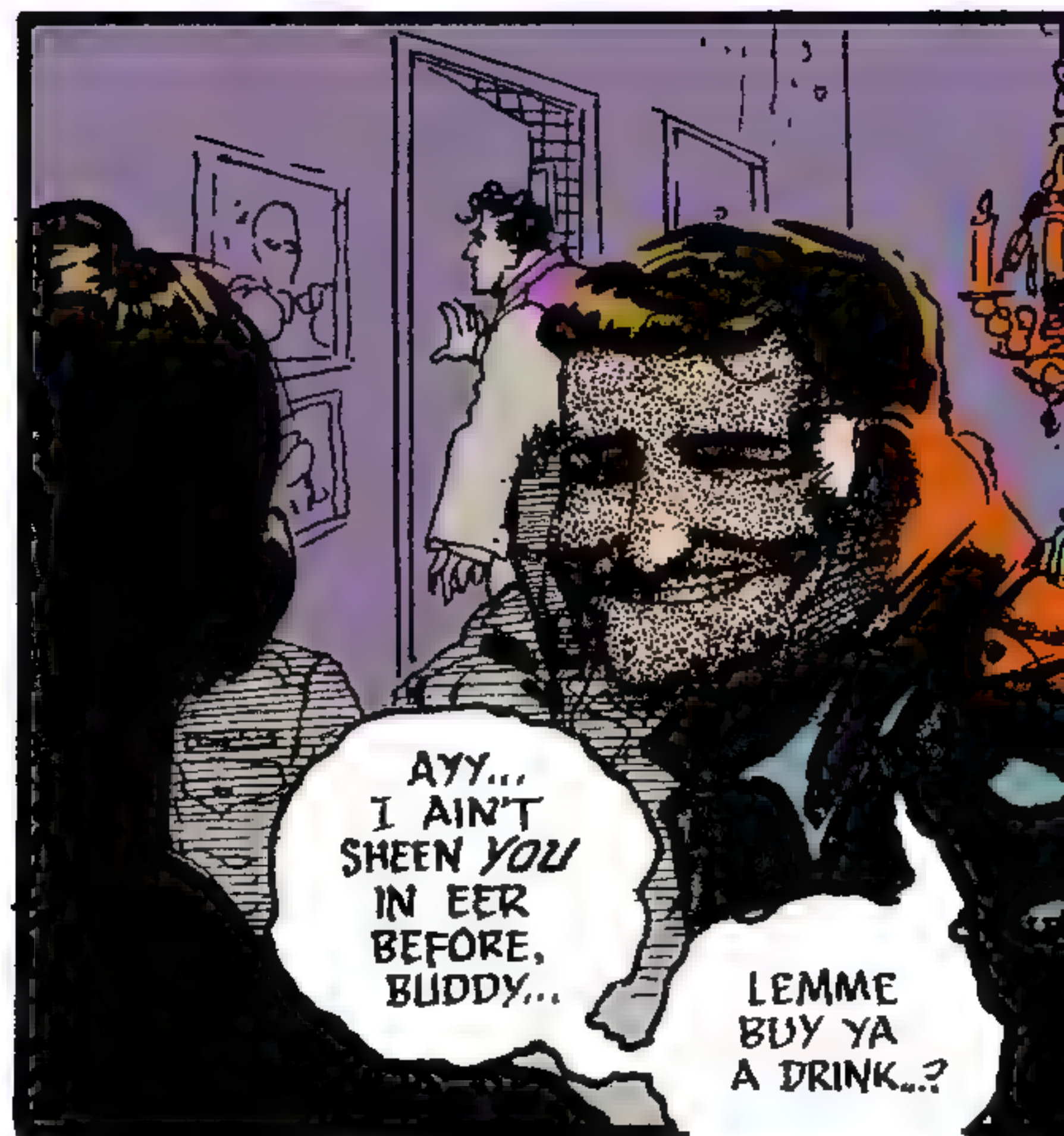
--DOWN...

HI...
WHAT'LL
IT BE,
MISTER?

FRIEND
OF YOURS,
DEWITT?



UH... I GOTTA
TAKE A WHIZZ.
SAVE MY STOOL,
WOULD'JA,
PALLY?



AYY...
I AIN'T
SHEEN YOU
IN EER
BEFORE,
BUDDY...

LEMME
BUY YA
A DRINK...?



HELLO,
RED.

NOD,
I'M
ERROL...



I'M NOT
SPEAKING
TO YOU...

AGGGKKKKKK!



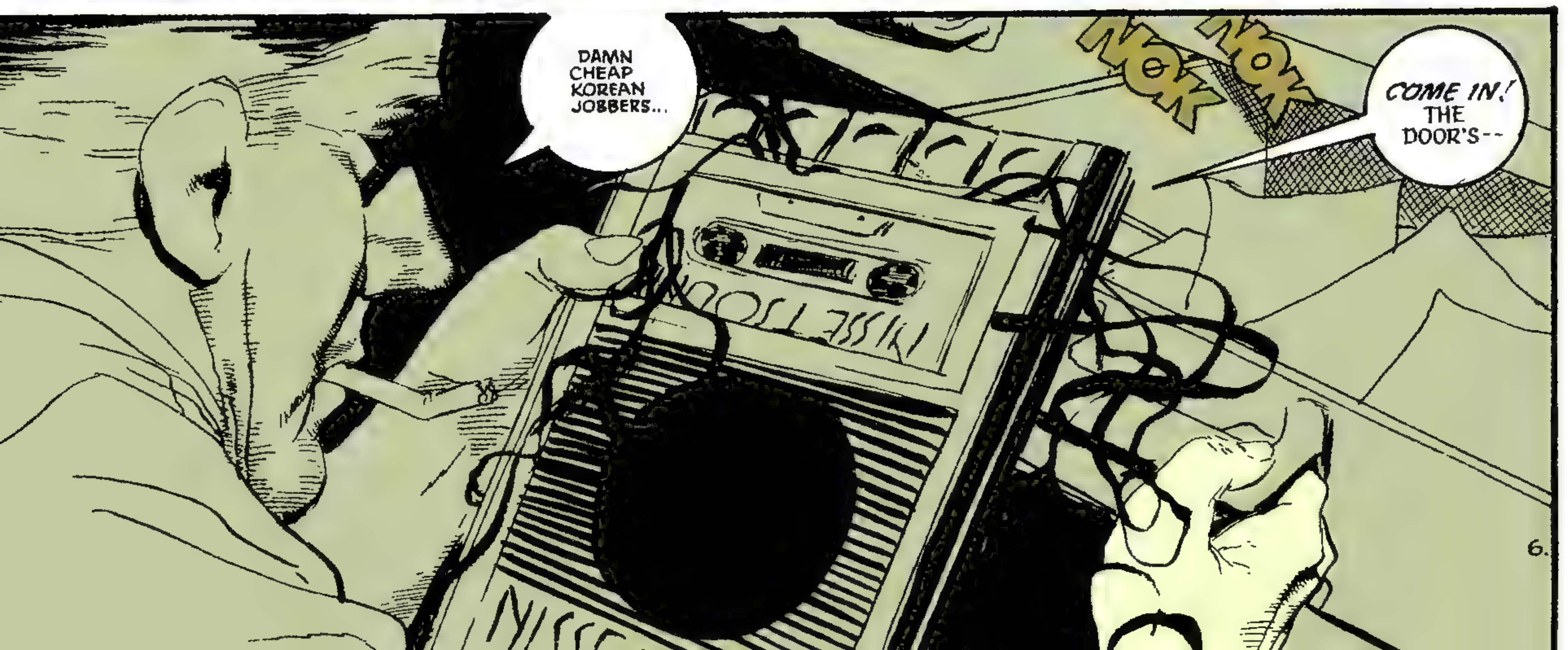
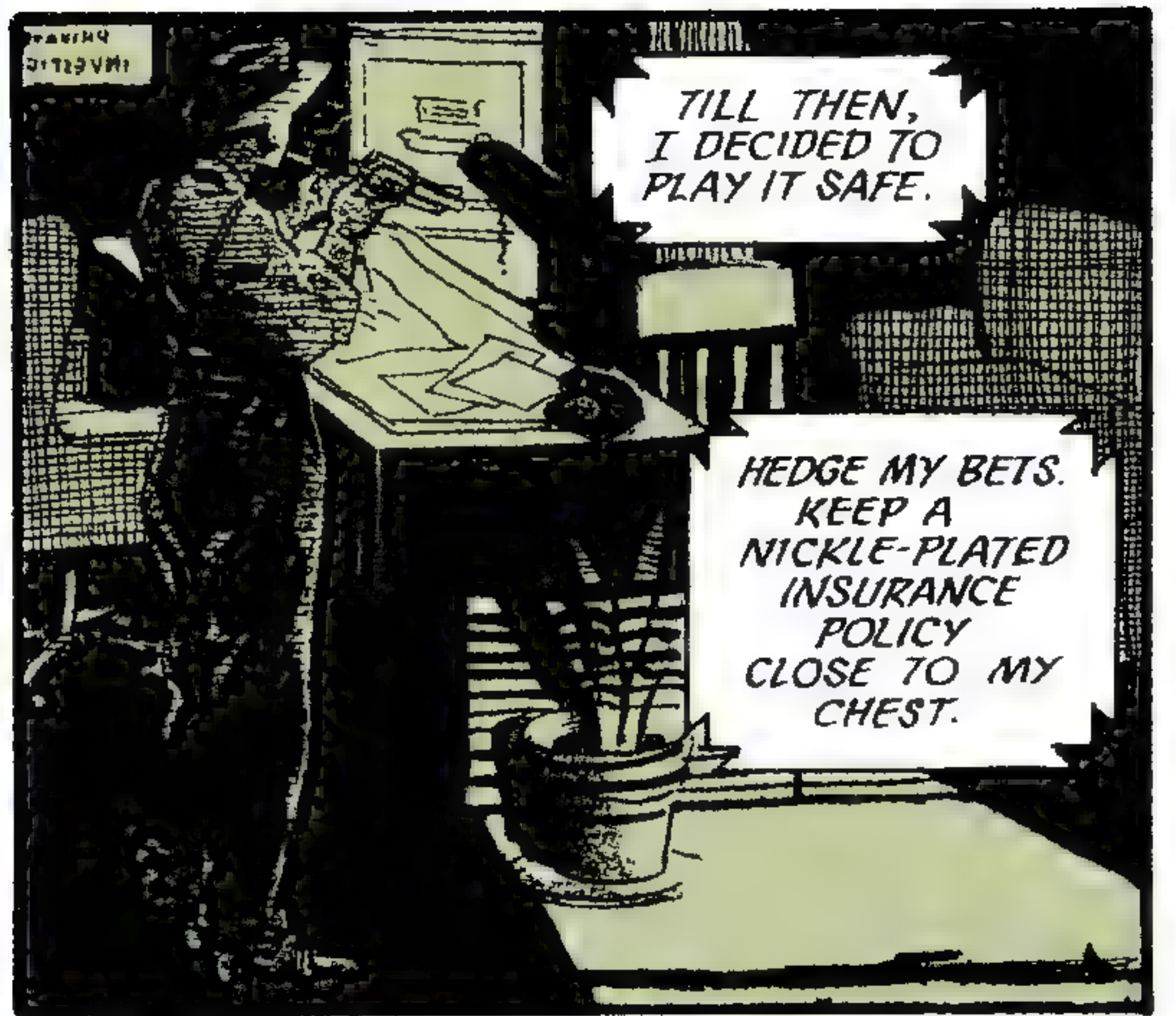
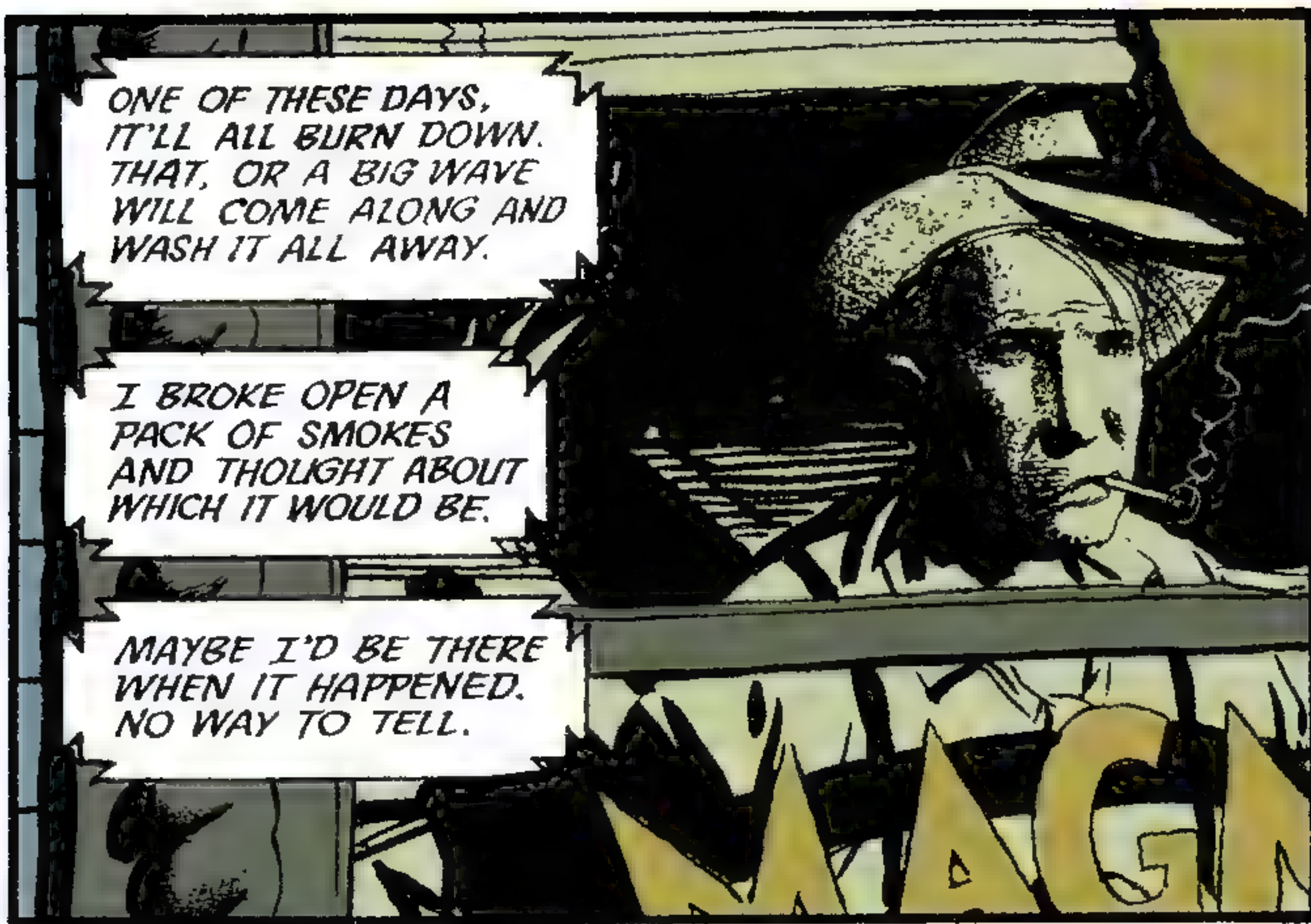
THE SHADOW

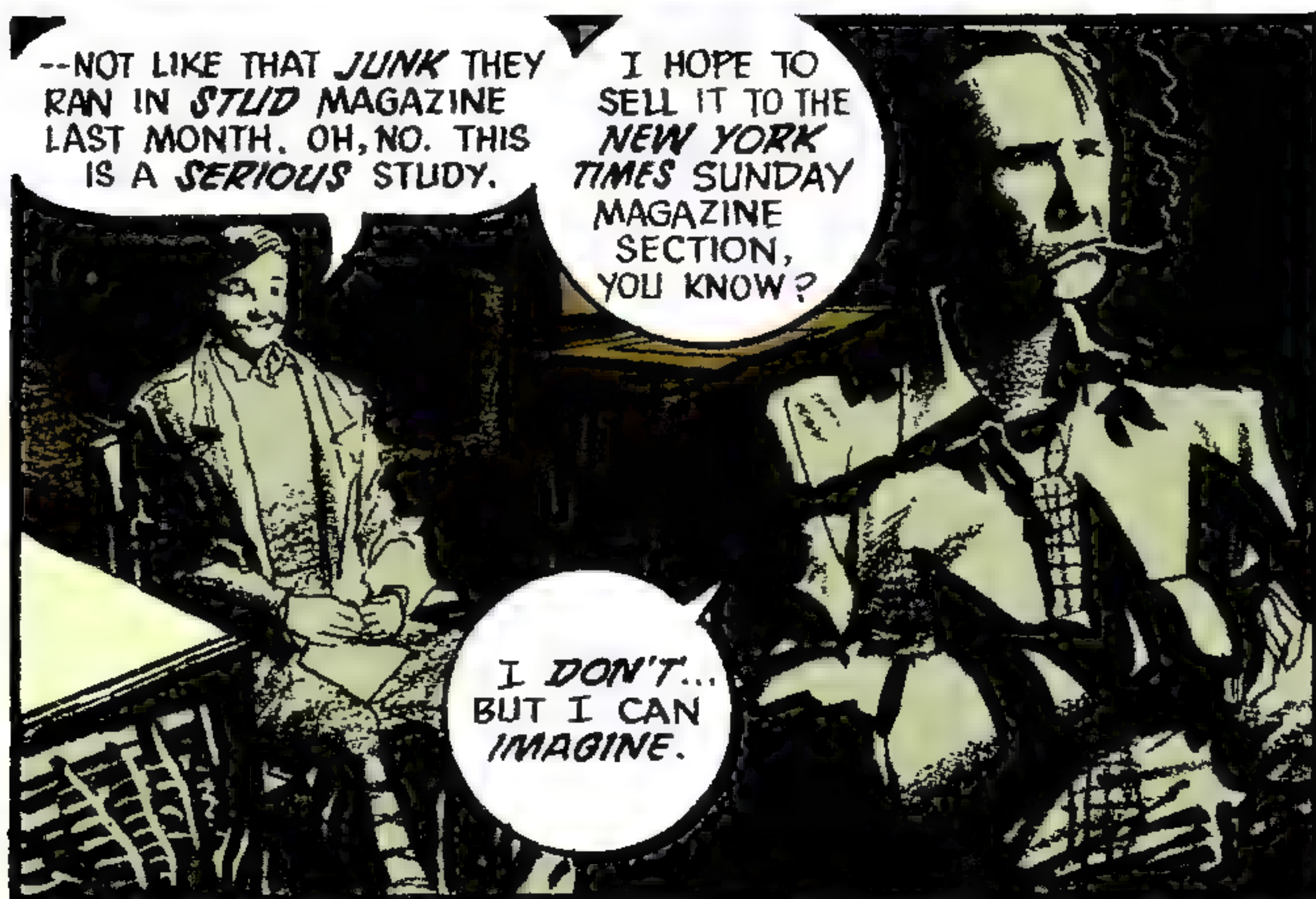
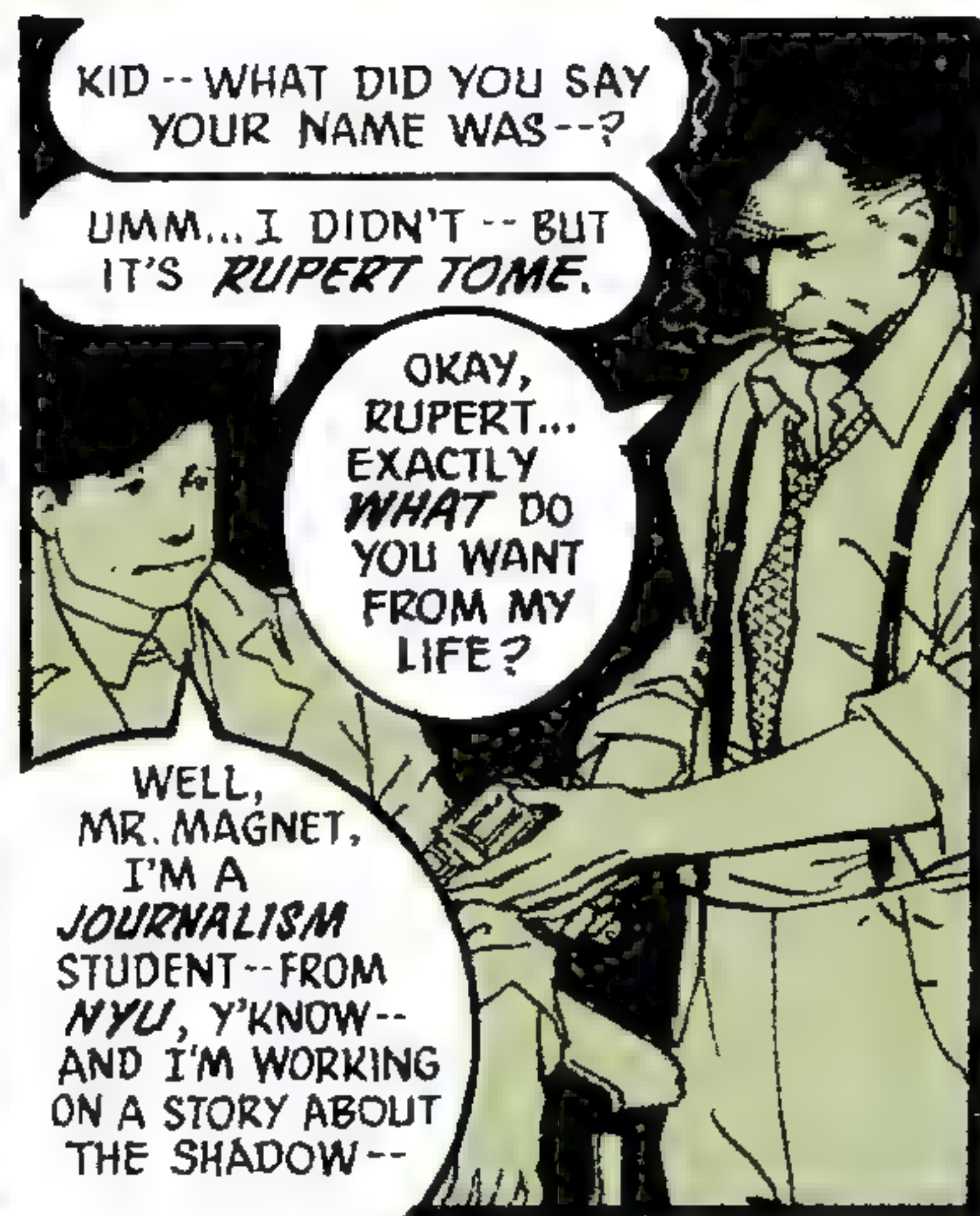
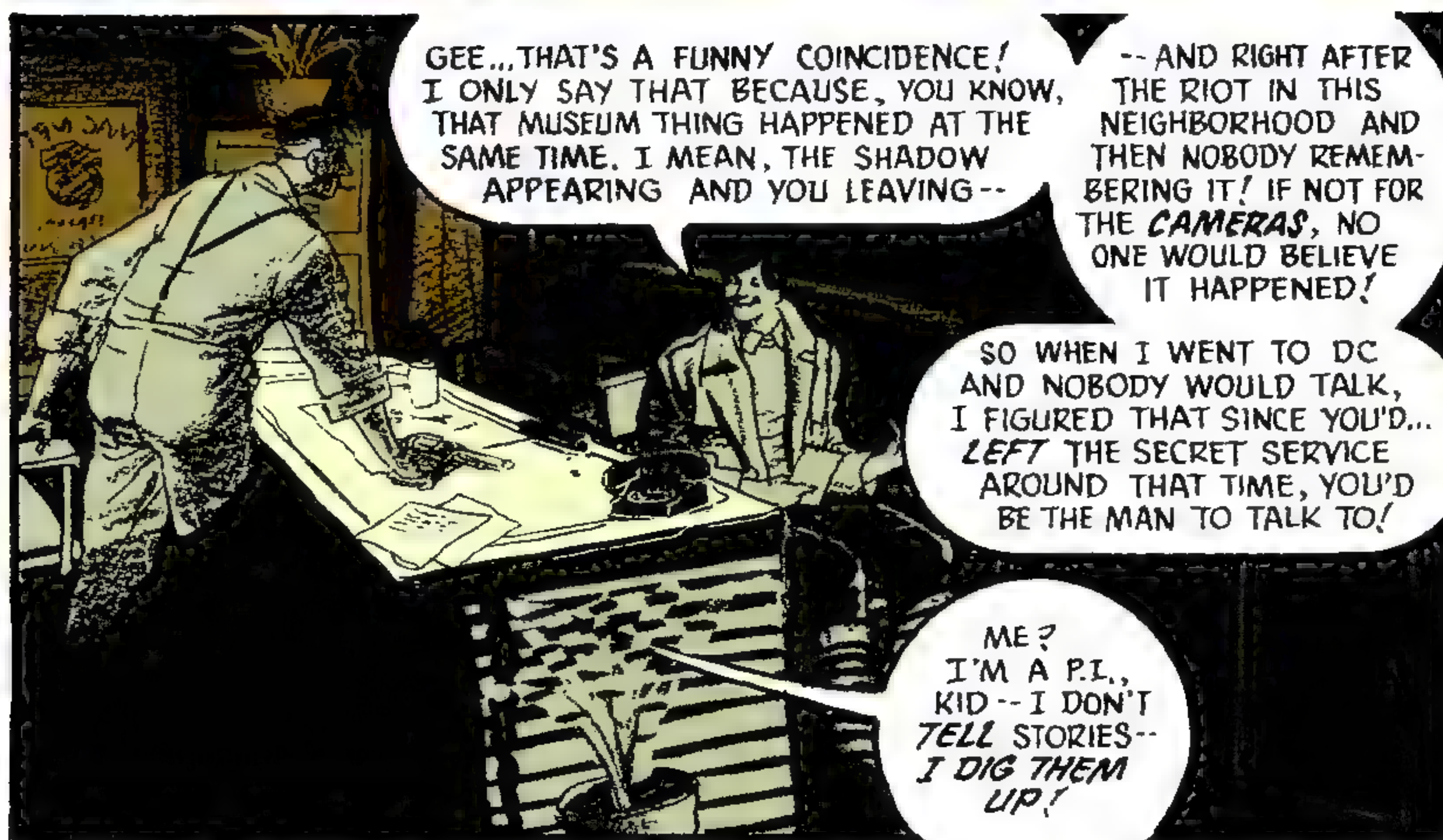
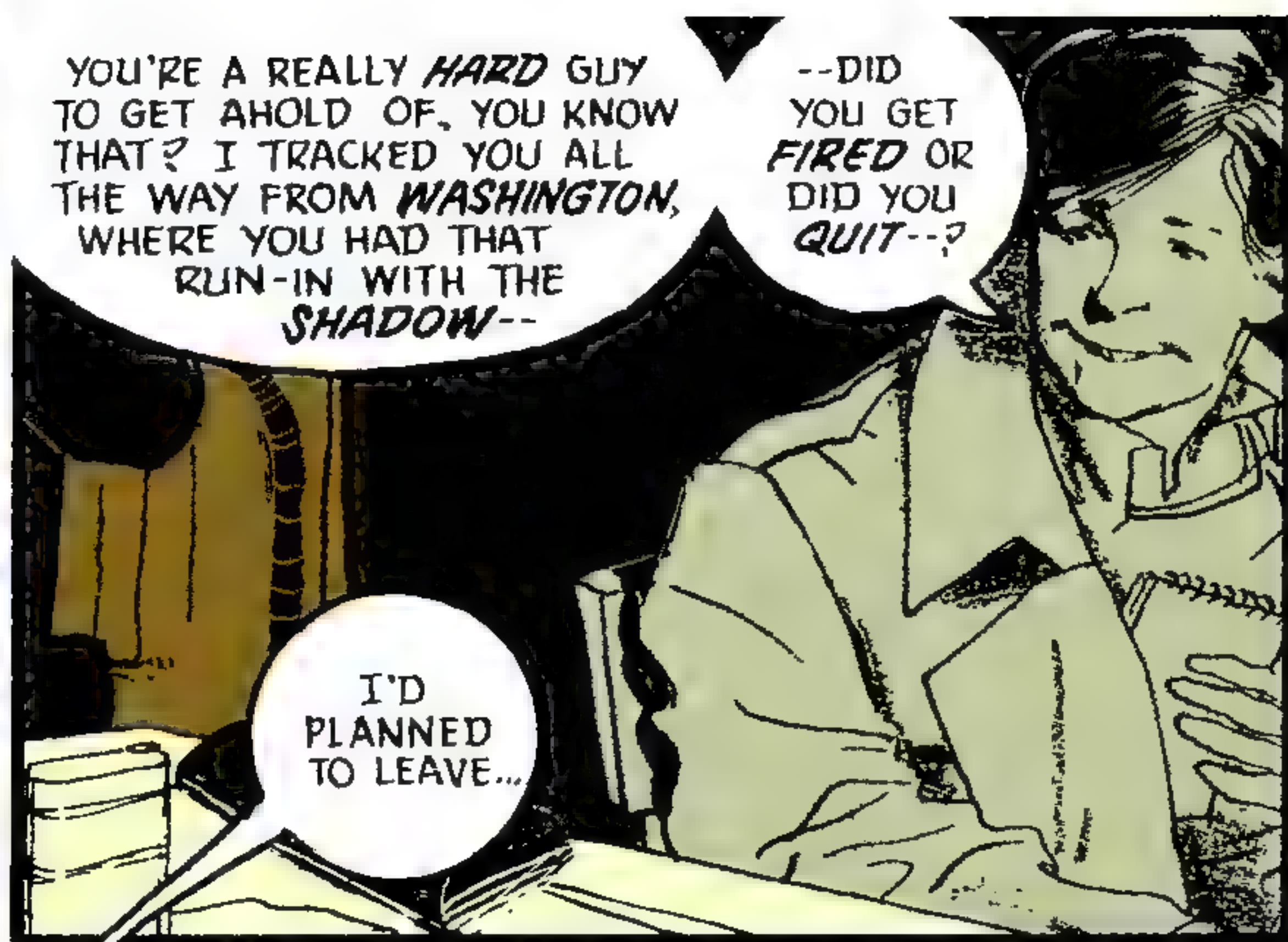
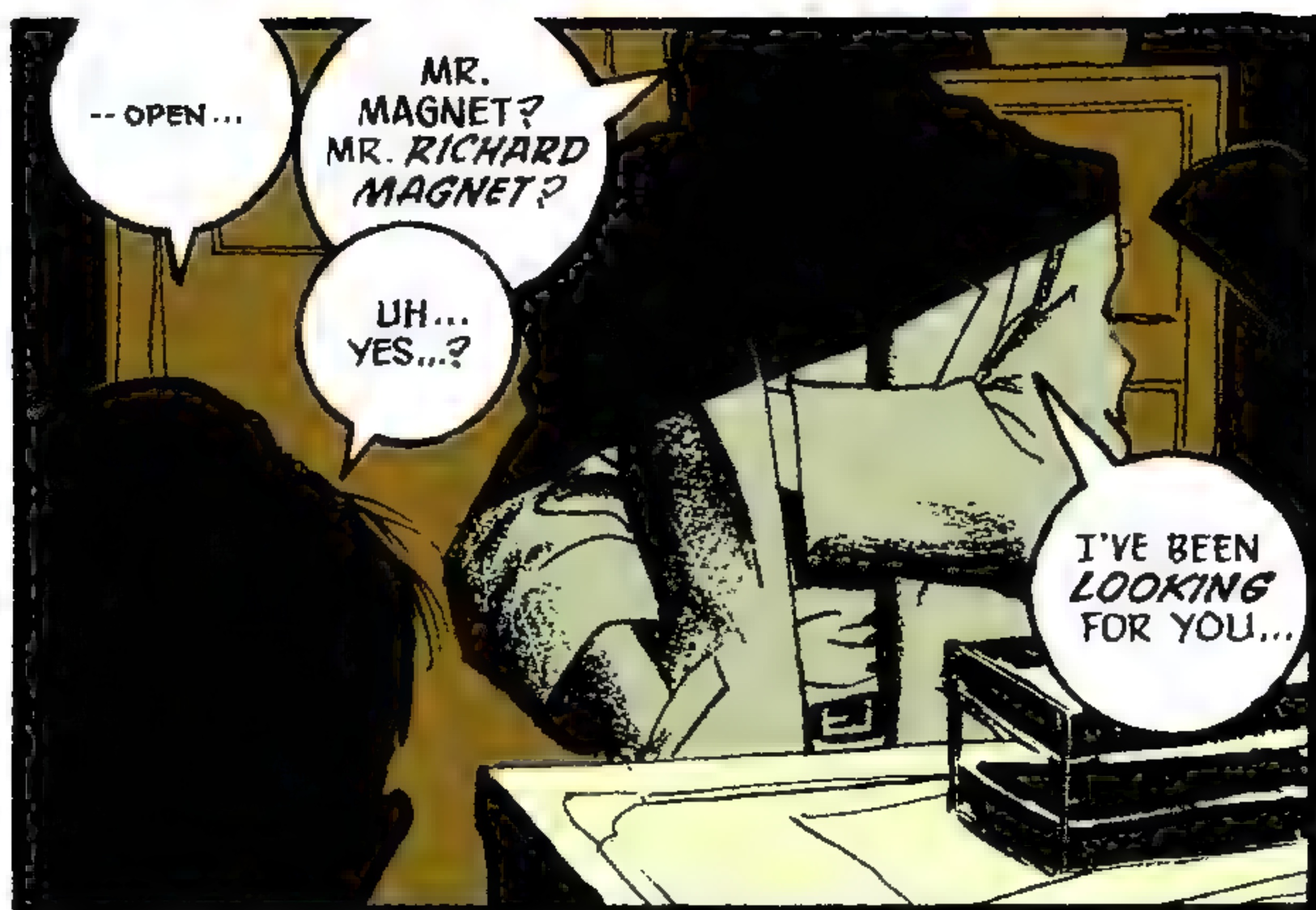
"SEVEN DEADLY FINNS" PART ONE

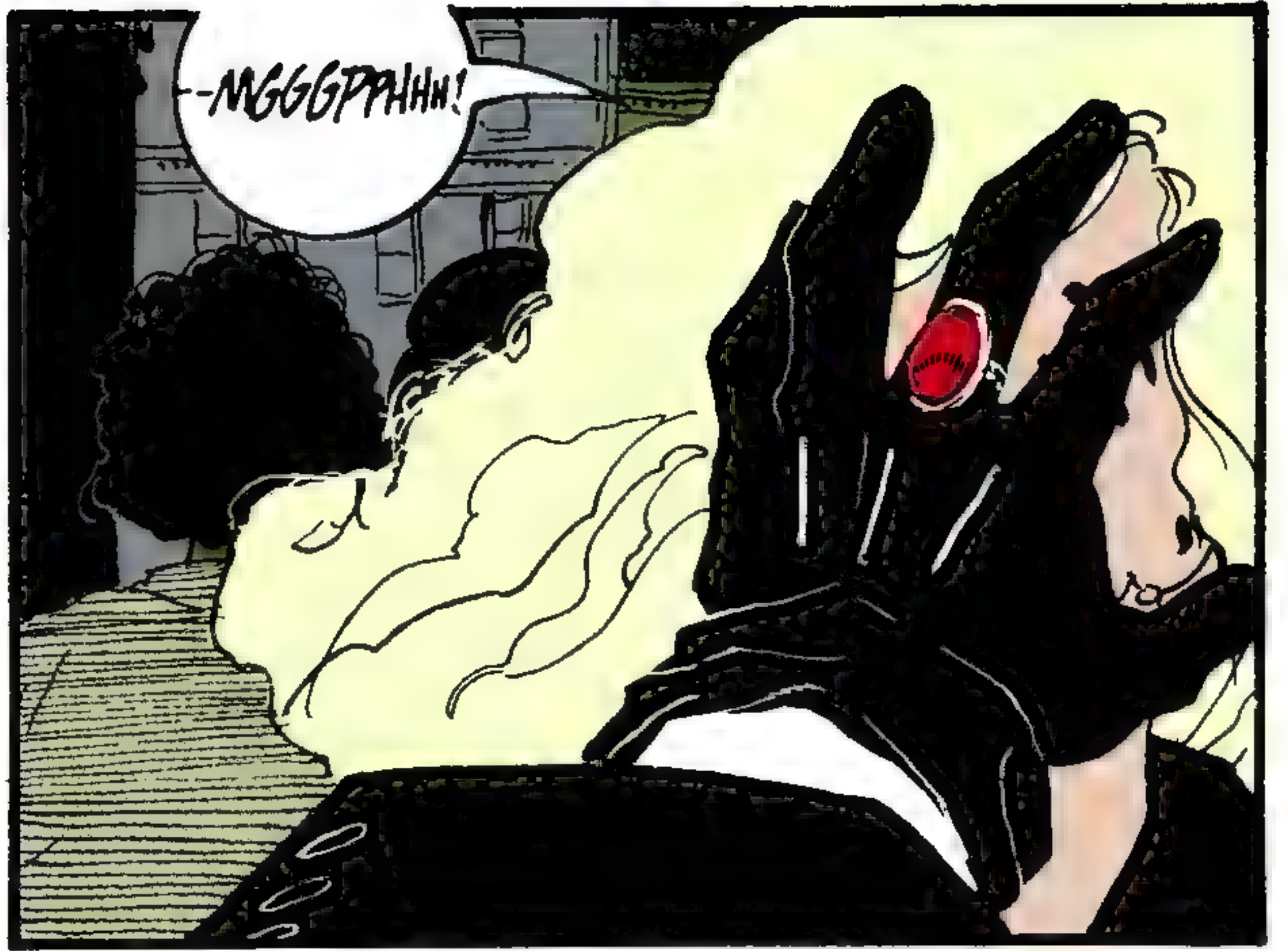
SEEING RED

BROUGHT TO YOU WITH MANIC FEROCITY BY
ANDREW HELFER - WRITER BOB LAPPAN - LETTERER
TOM ZIUKO - COLORIST MIKE CARLIN - EDITOR
AND A HEALTHY DOSE OF PERVERSE ENTHUSIASM BY
BRAND-NEW ARTIST
KYLE BAKER











OH MAN.



AIN'T GOT **NOTHIN'** FOR YOU, MAN! AIN'T GOT **NOTHIN'!!!**



OOOHHH SHEEE--



--GOTTA GET 'BACK O' THE WALL, MAN-- GOTTA GET--



HEY, MAN-- WAIT YOUR TURN--

LINE STARTS BACK HERE, YOU MO--

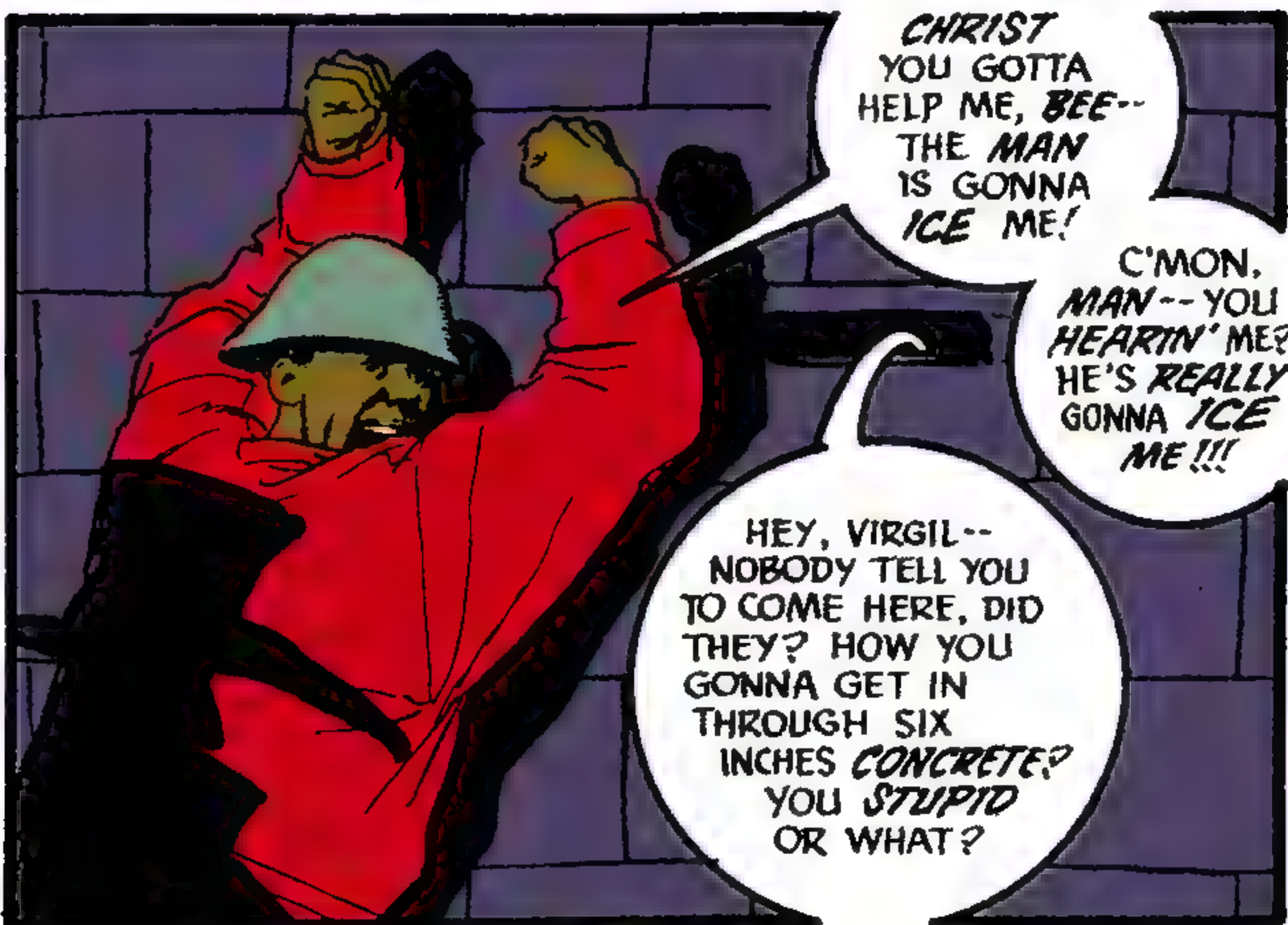
WHO THE HELL--?

--OUTTA MY WAY!!



CLEAR OUT!!!

RAIDDD!!!



CHRIST YOU GOTTA HELP ME, BEE-- THE MAN IS GONNA ICE ME!

C'MON. MAN-- YOU HEARIN' ME? HE'S REALLY GONNA ICE ME!!!

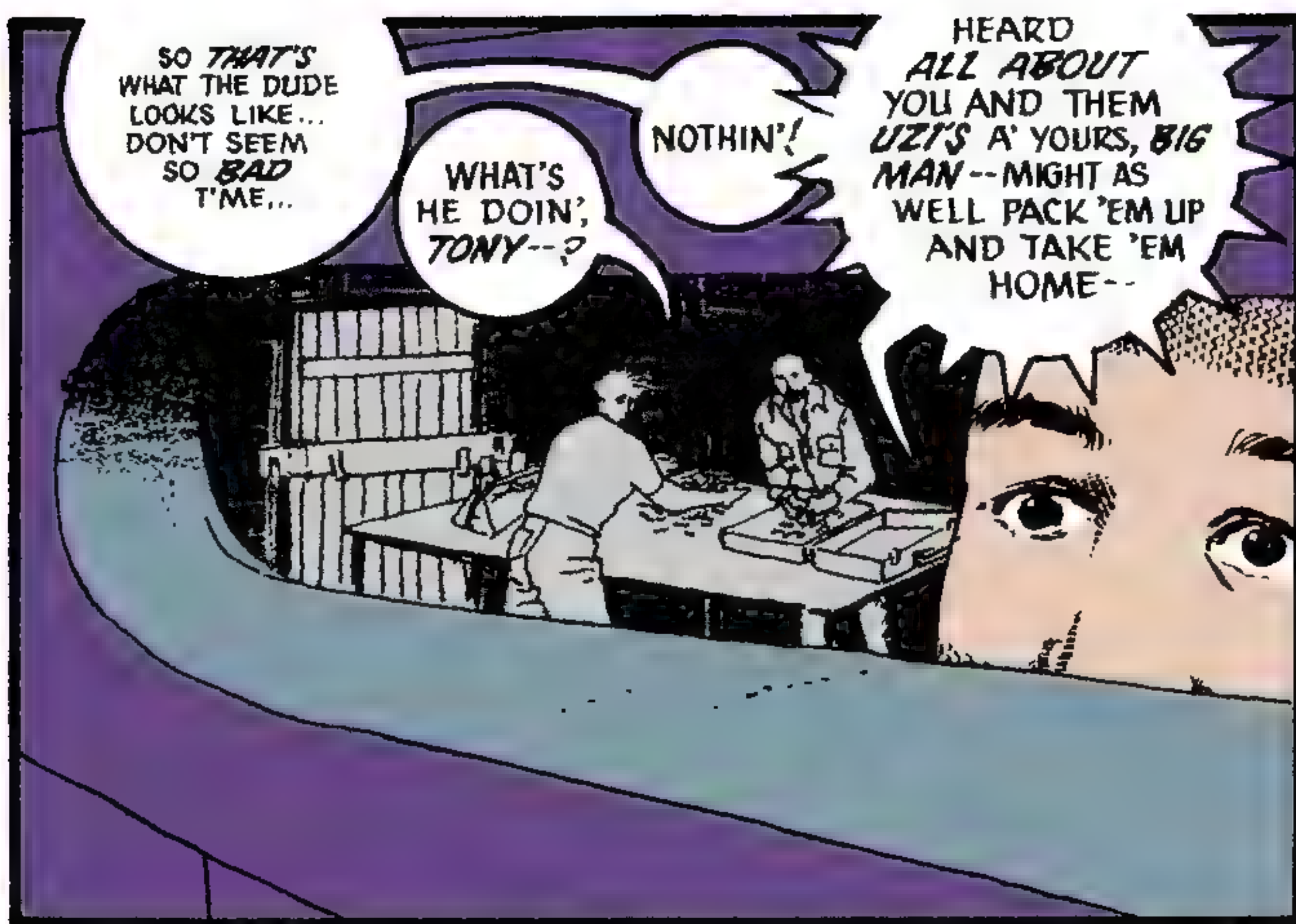
HEY, VIRGIL-- NOBODY TELL YOU TO COME HERE, DID THEY? HOW YOU GONNA GET IN THROUGH SIX INCHES CONCRETE? YOU STUPID OR WHAT?



DIN'T HAVE NO TIME TO THINK! H-HE JUST SNEAKED UP IN FRONT' ME--

SORRY, VIRGIL-- WISH WE COULD HELP.

YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.

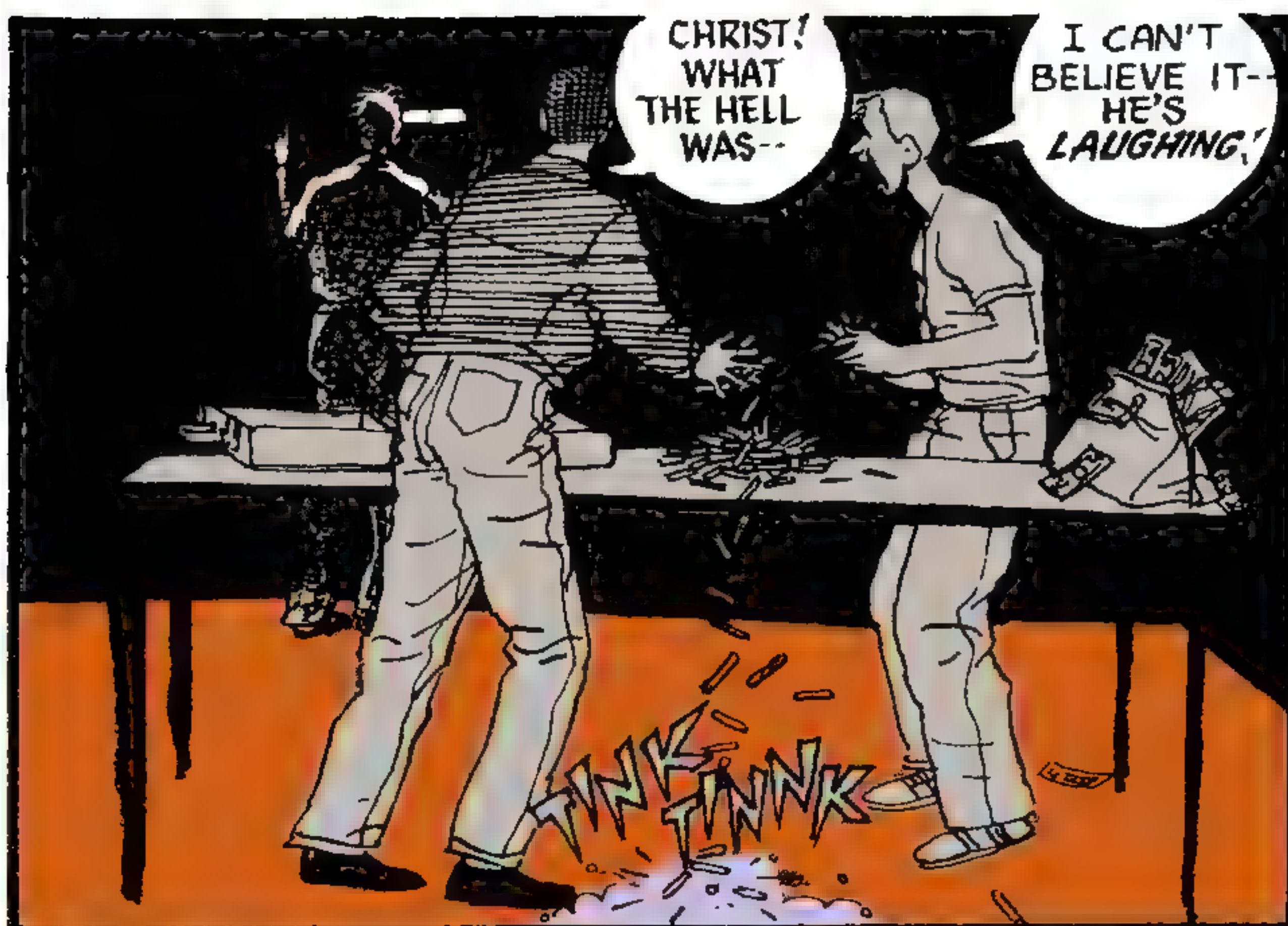


SO *THAT'S* WHAT THE DUDE LOOKS LIKE... DON'T SEEM SO *BAD* T'ME...

WHAT'S HE DOIN', TONY--?

NOTHIN'!

HEARD ALL ABOUT YOU AND THEM *UZI'S* A' YOURS, *BIG MAN*--MIGHT AS WELL PACK 'EM UP AND TAKE 'EM HOME--



CHRIST! WHAT THE HELL WAS--

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT-- HE'S *LAUGHING*!

HEY! WATCH WHAT YOU DOIN'!

THAT STUFF *COSTS*!

WE COME BACK *SHORT*, THE MAN'S GONNA THINK WE'RE *SKIMMIN'* OFF THE *TOP*--

--AN' YOU *KNOW* THE BOSS DON'T HIRE *CRACK-HEADS*!



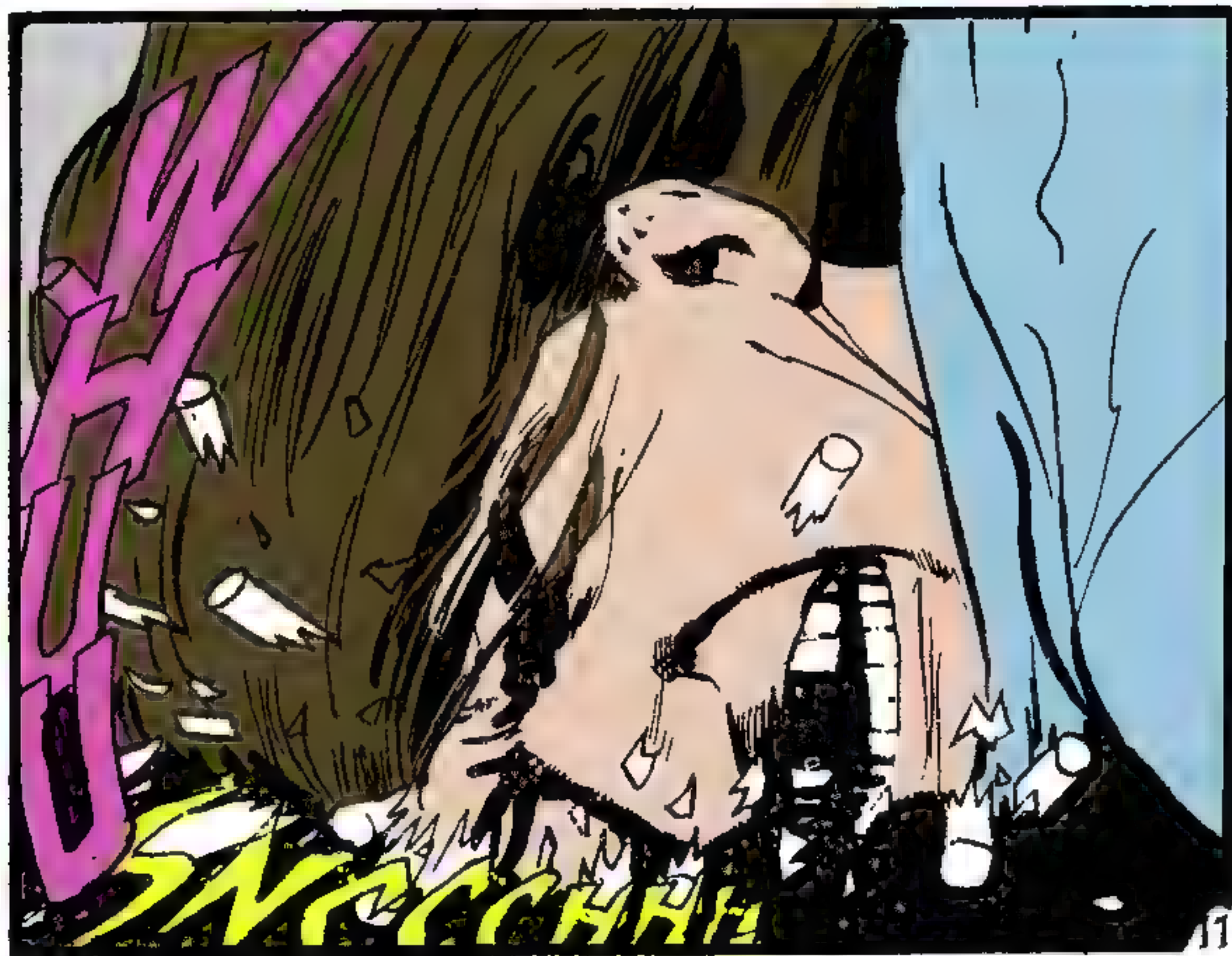
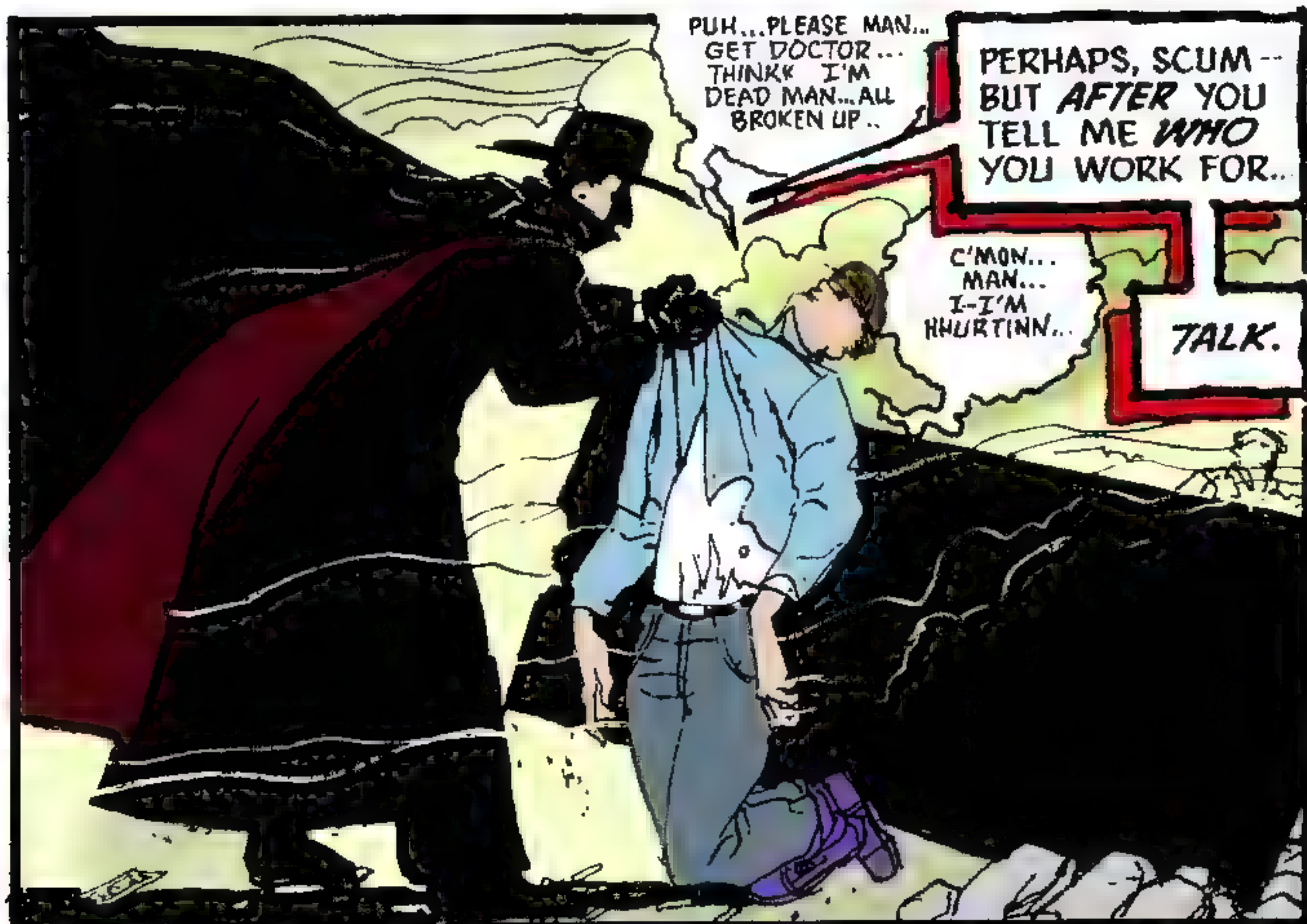
'SIDES-- THERE AIN'T *NOTHIN'* TO WORRY ABOUT--

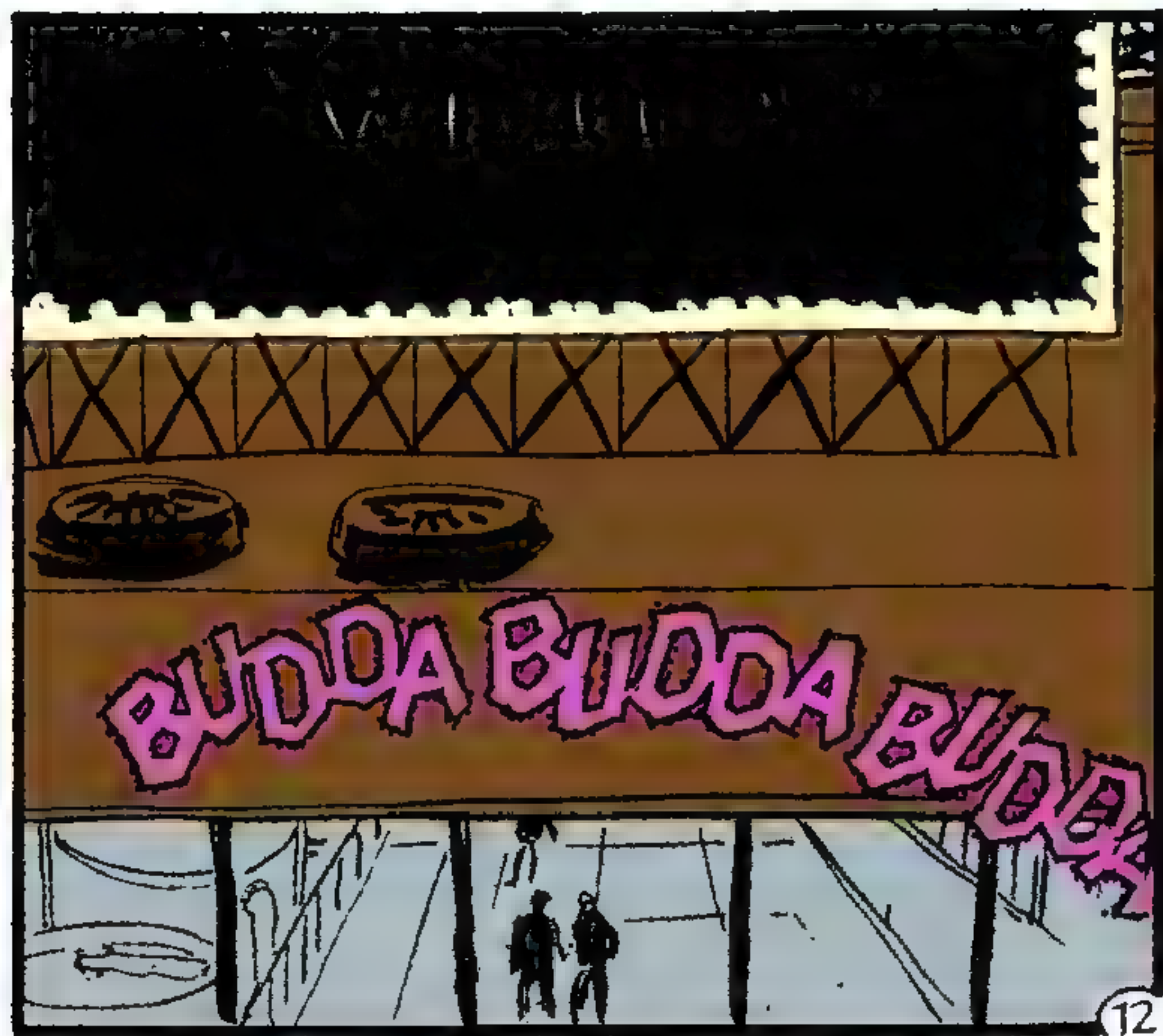
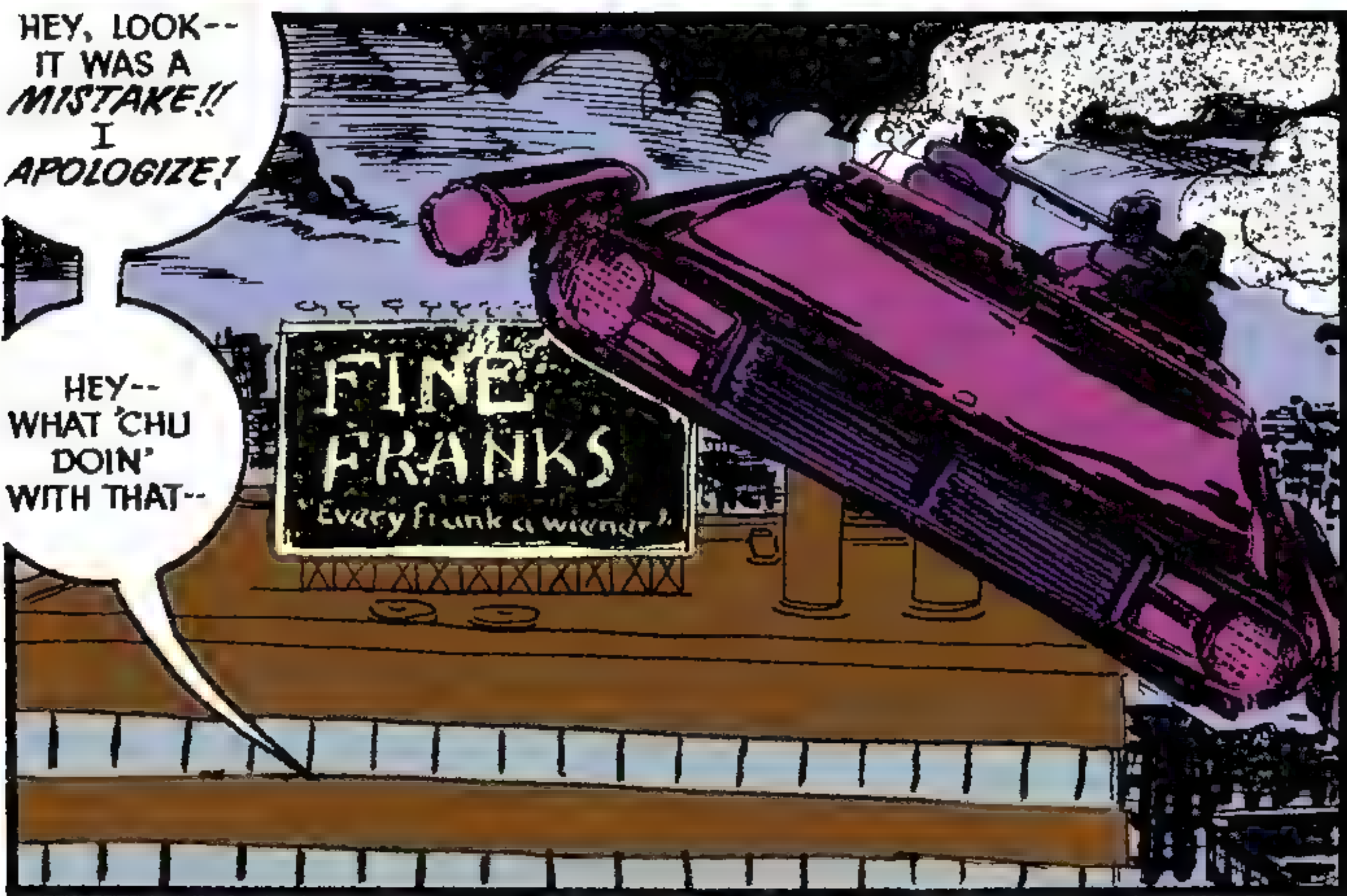
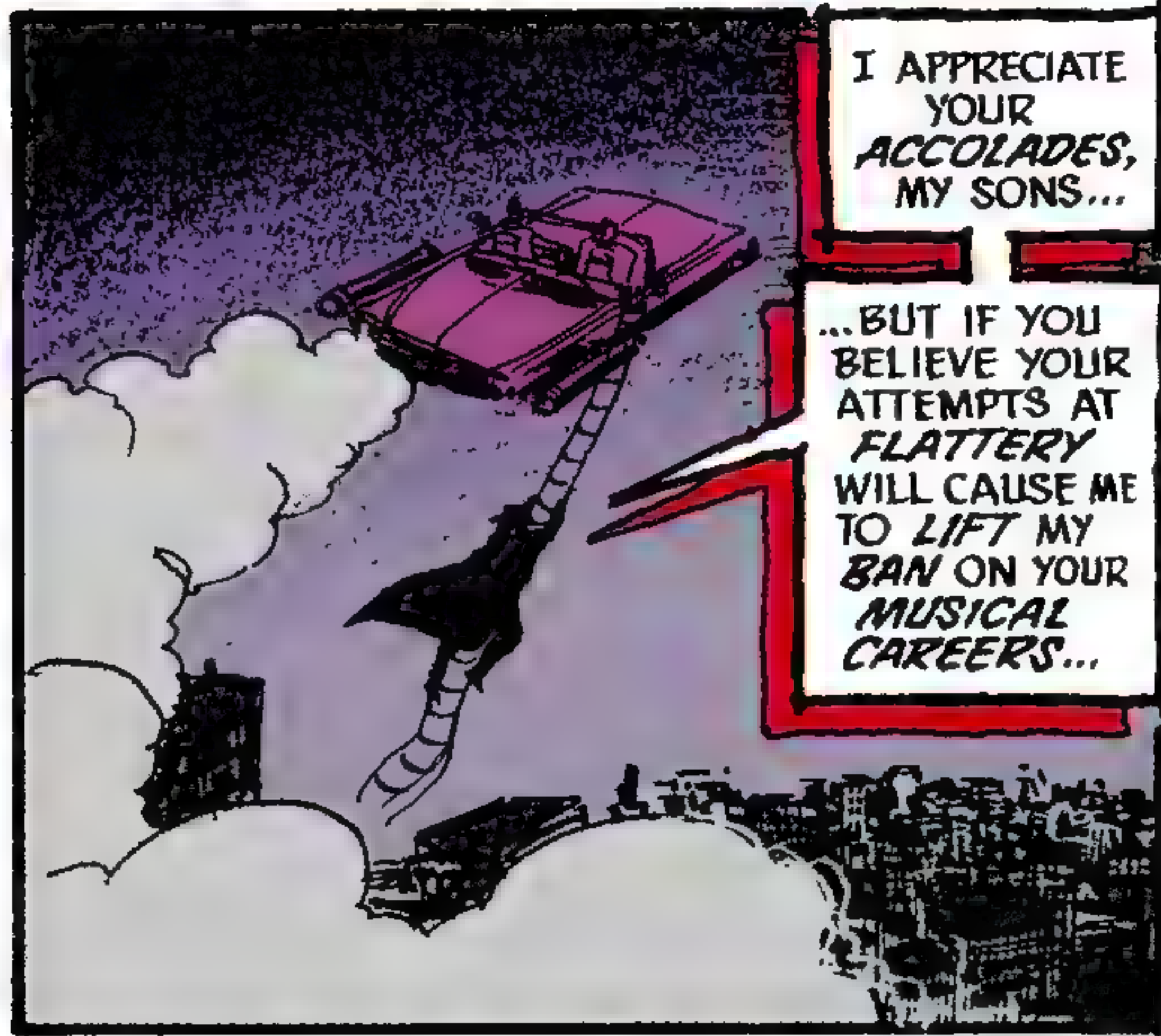
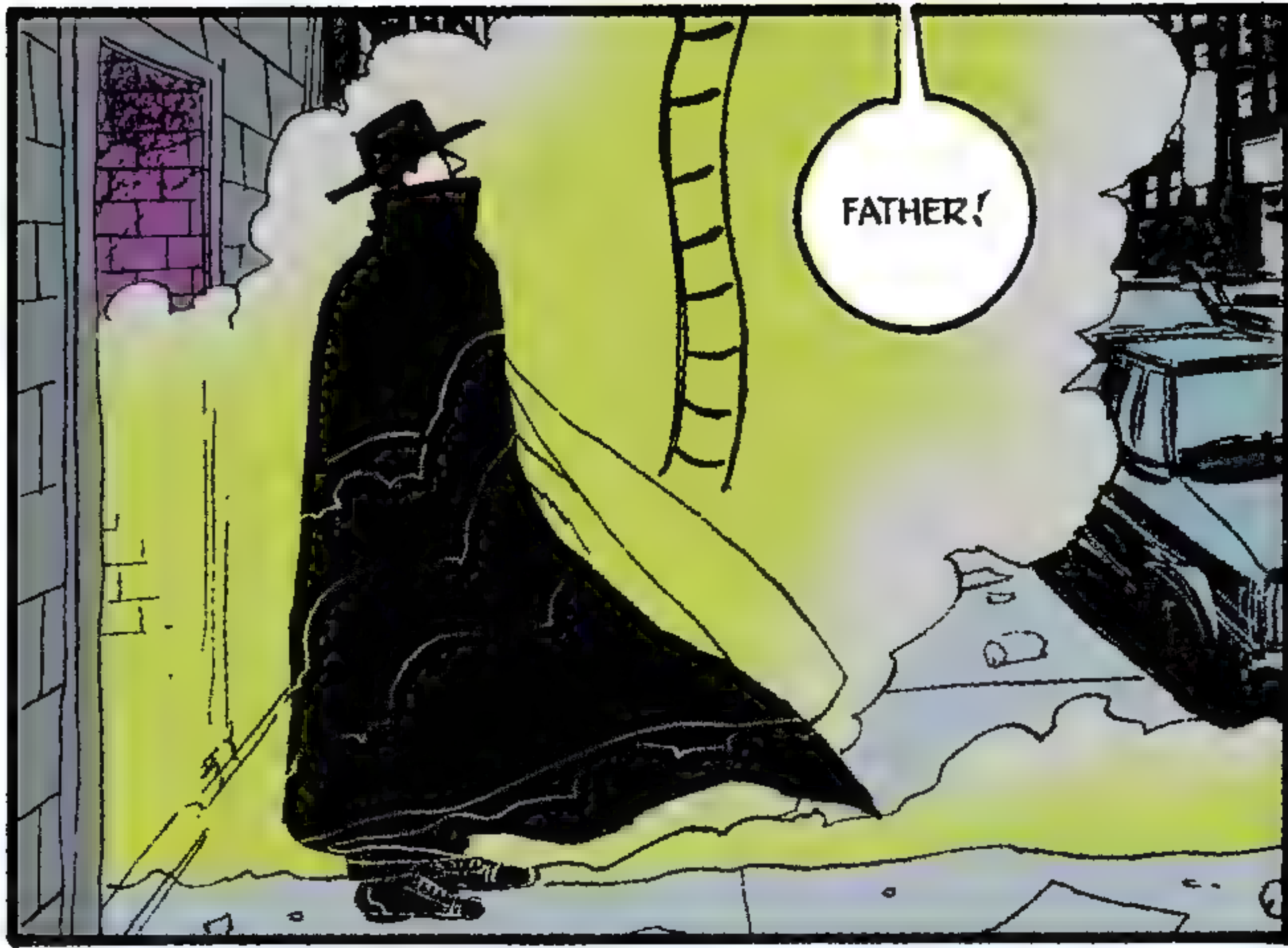
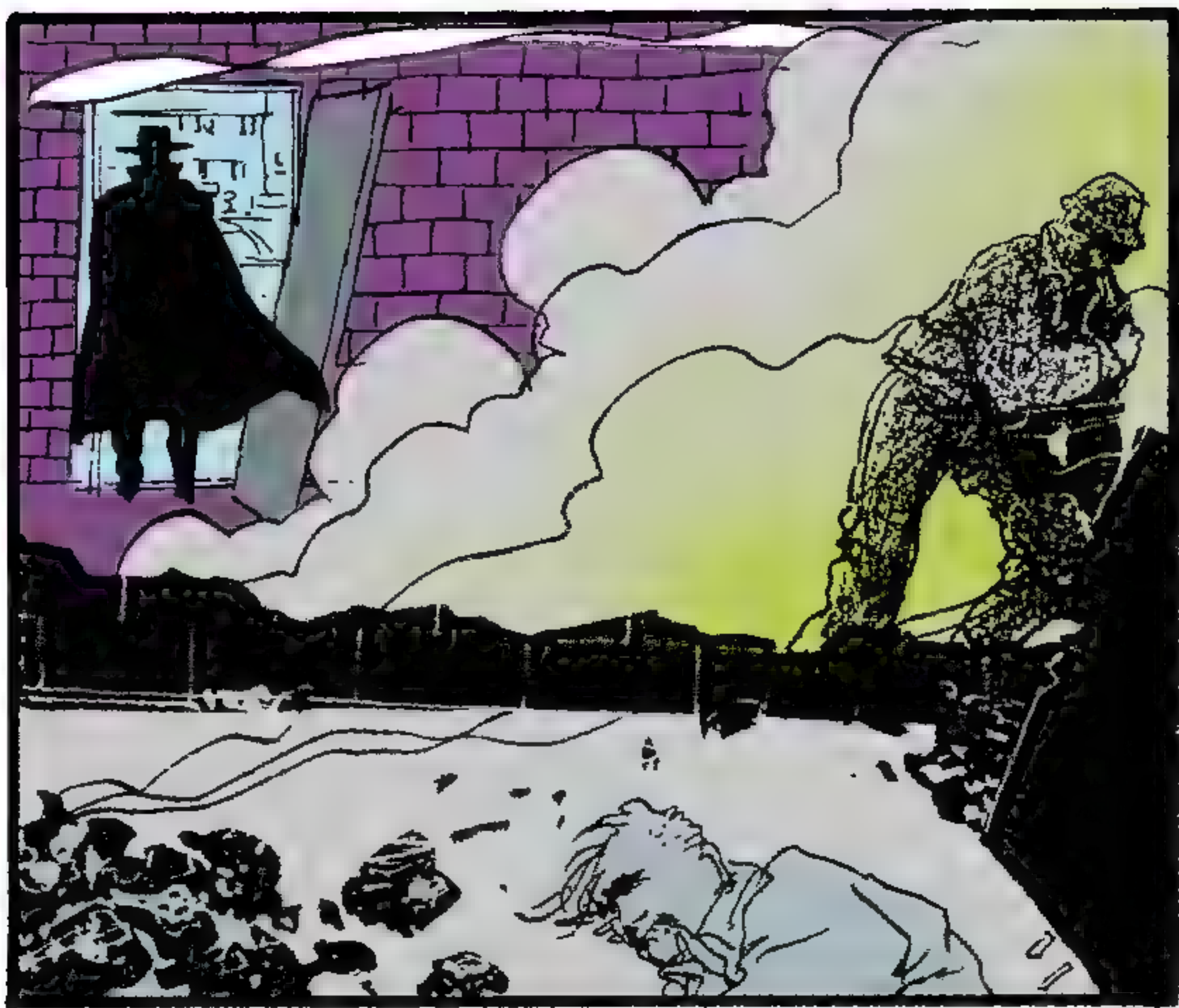
--NO WAY EVEN A *MACHINE GUN* GONNA MAKE A *DENT* IN THESE WALLS...

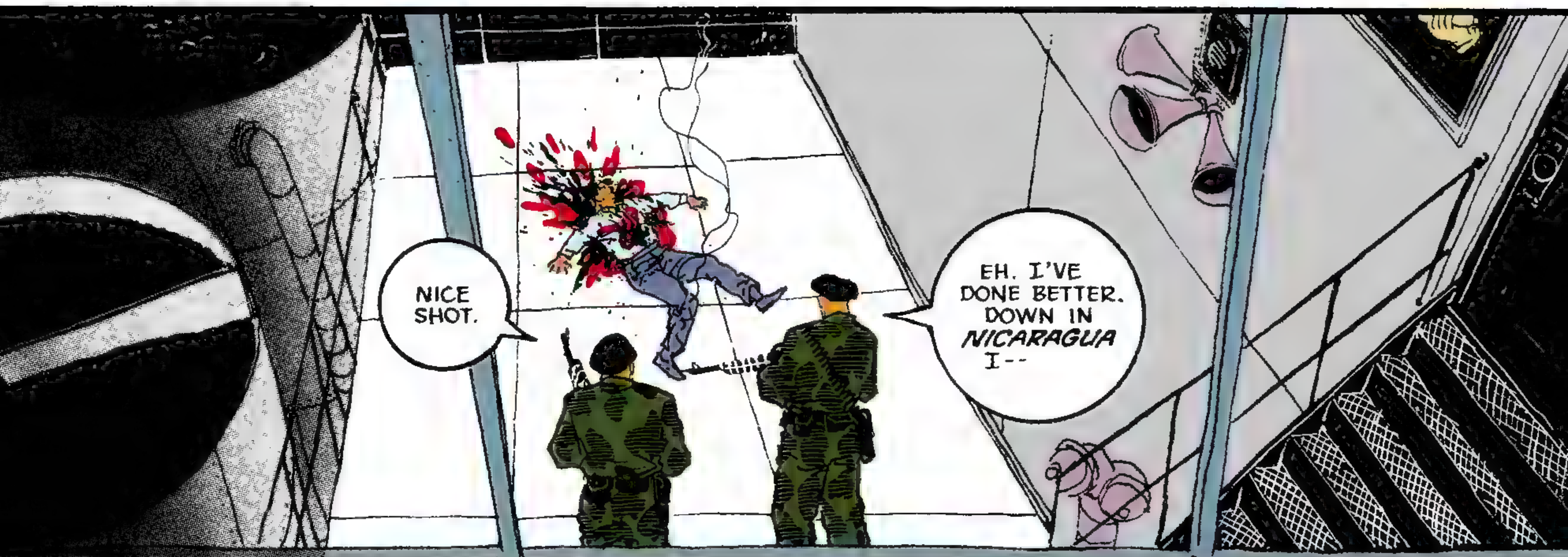


YO, DANNY--

--LOOKS LIKE I AIN'T DYIN' *ALONE* T'NIGHT!

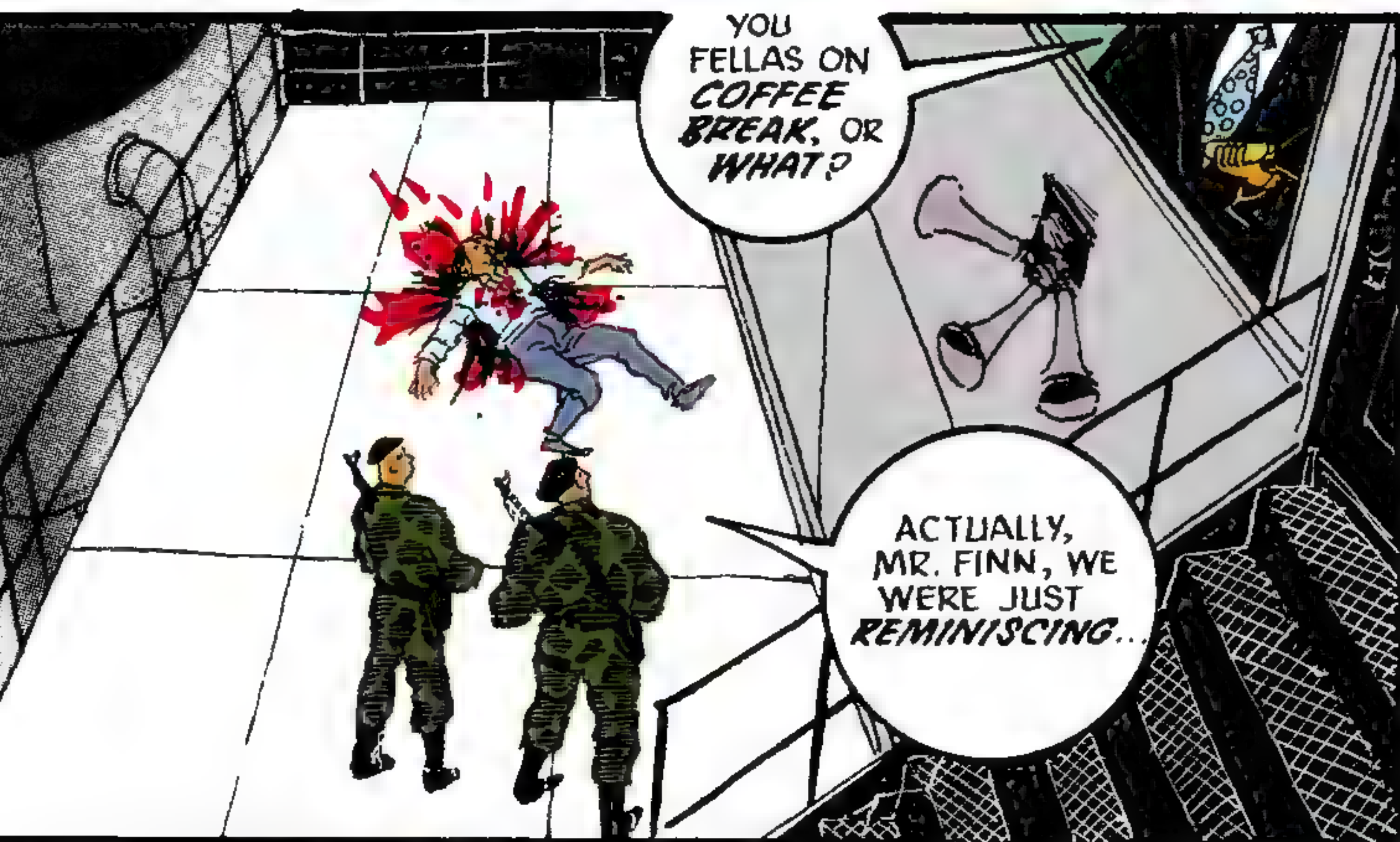






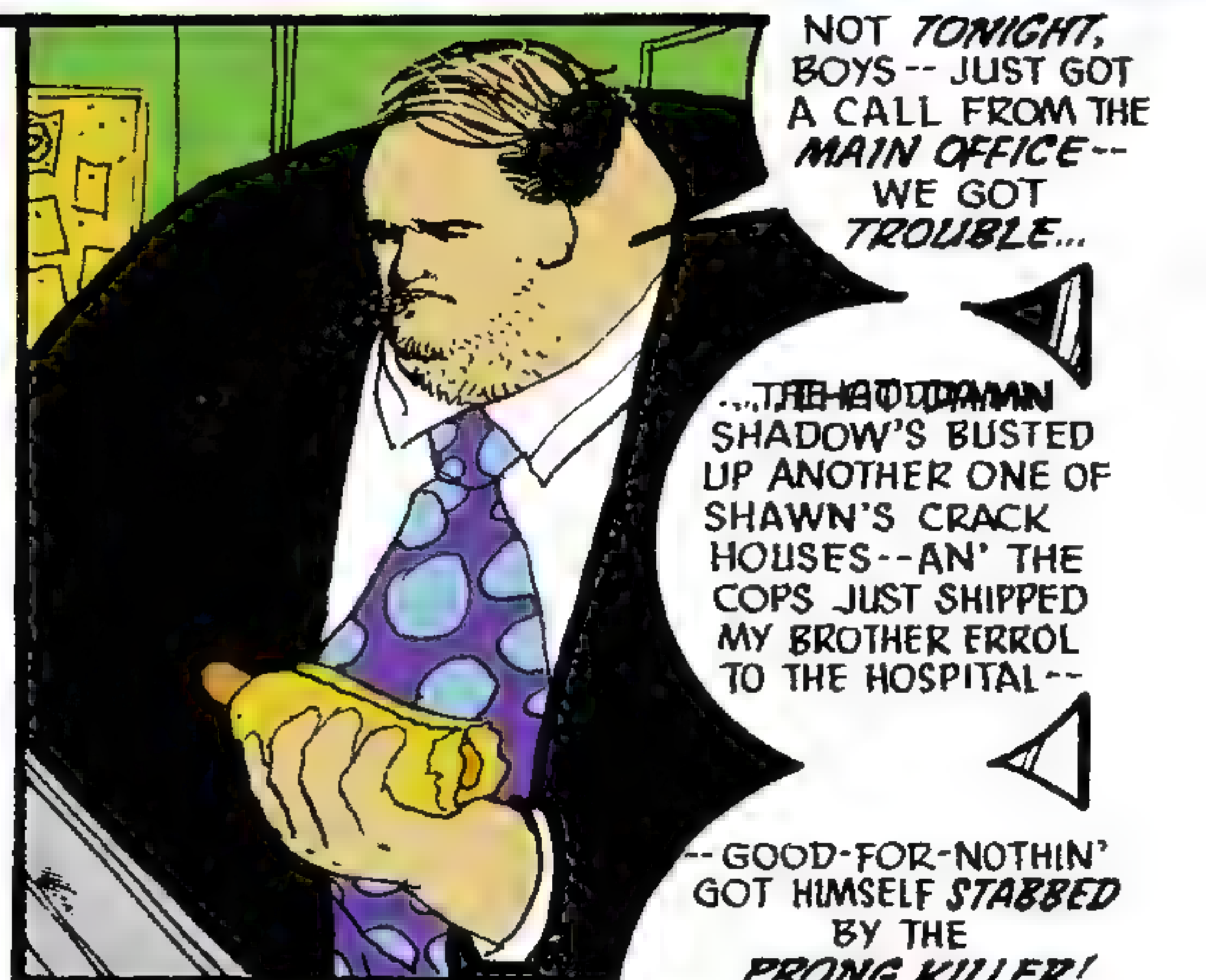
NICE SHOT.

EH. I'VE DONE BETTER. DOWN IN NICARAGUA I--



YOU FELLAS ON COFFEE BREAK, OR WHAT?

ACTUALLY, MR. FINN, WE WERE JUST REMINISCING...



NOT TONIGHT, BOYS-- JUST GOT A CALL FROM THE MAIN OFFICE-- WE GOT TROUBLE...

...THE HAD DAMN SHADOW'S BUSTED UP ANOTHER ONE OF SHAWN'S CRACK HOUSES--AN' THE COPS JUST SHIPPED MY BROTHER ERROL TO THE HOSPITAL--

--GOOD-FOR-NOTHIN' GOT HIMSELF STABBED BY THE PRONG KILLER!

THE FAMILY CALLED AN EMERGENCY MEETING IN AN HOUR--SO I'M CLOSIN' UP SHOP FOR THE NIGHT.

NOW, I AIN'T GOT TIME TO SUPERVISE YOU GUYS-- BUT BROTHER ART TELLS ME YOU TWO ARE THE VERY MODEL OF EFFICIENCY!

SO WHAT SAY YOU GET DOWN TO BUSINESS-- AND MAKE US SOME MEAT?!

YESSIR, MISTER FINN...



WISH I'D THOUGHT OF THIS ON THE HOFFA JOB...BUT, YA GOTTA MAKE DO...

MAN... LEAVE IT TO THE BOSS TO FIGURE OUT THE PERFECT DISPOSAL SYSTEM!

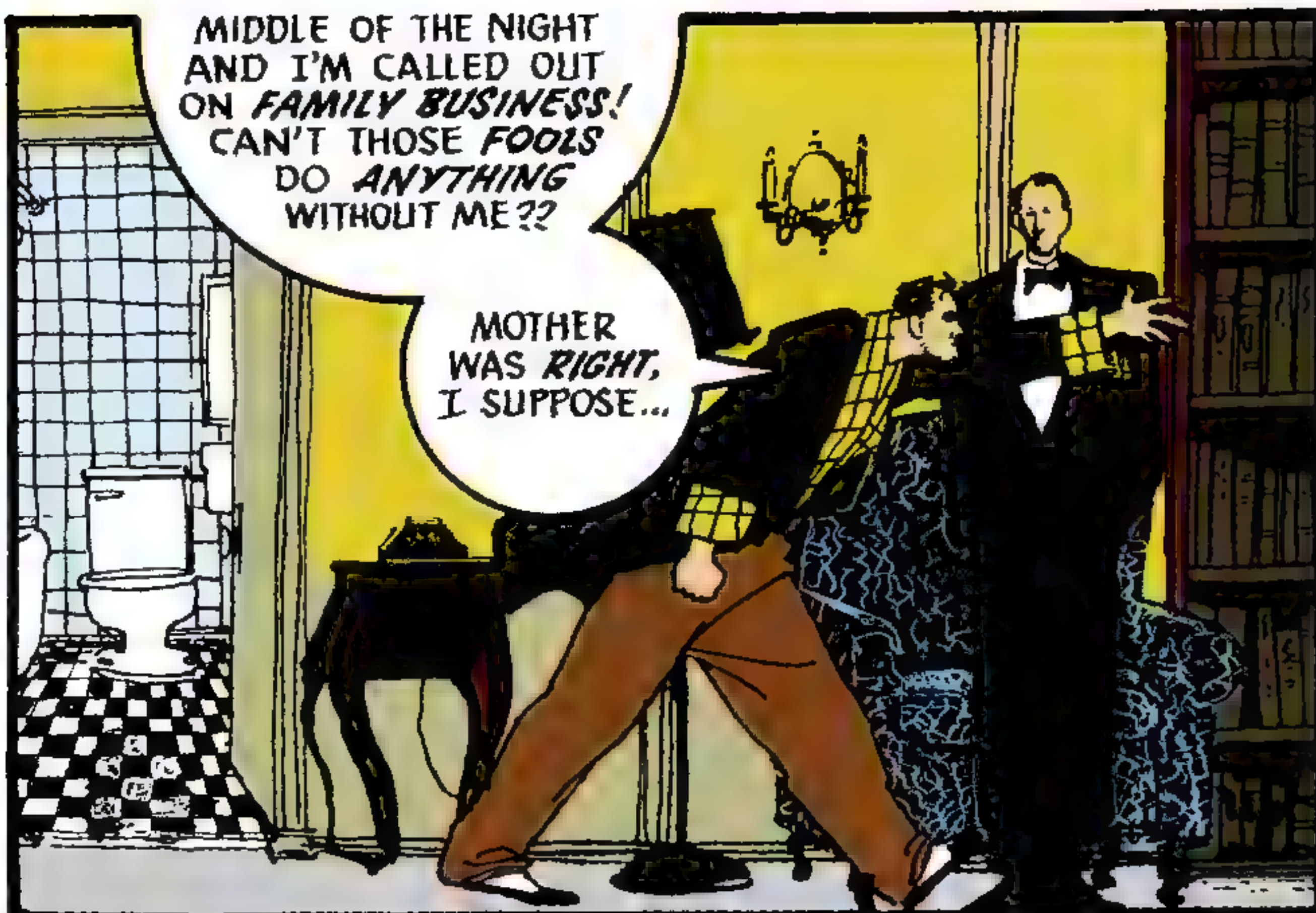
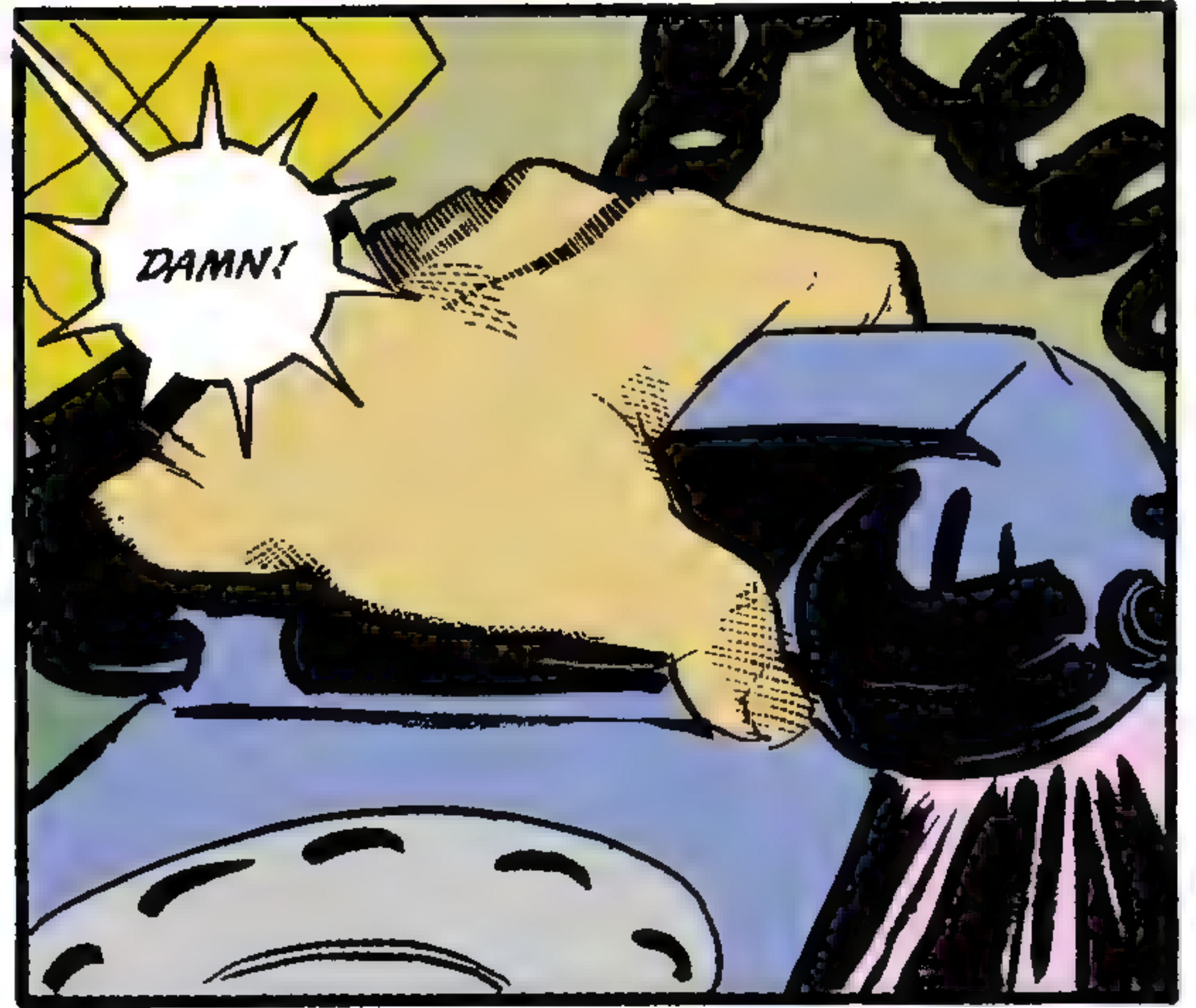
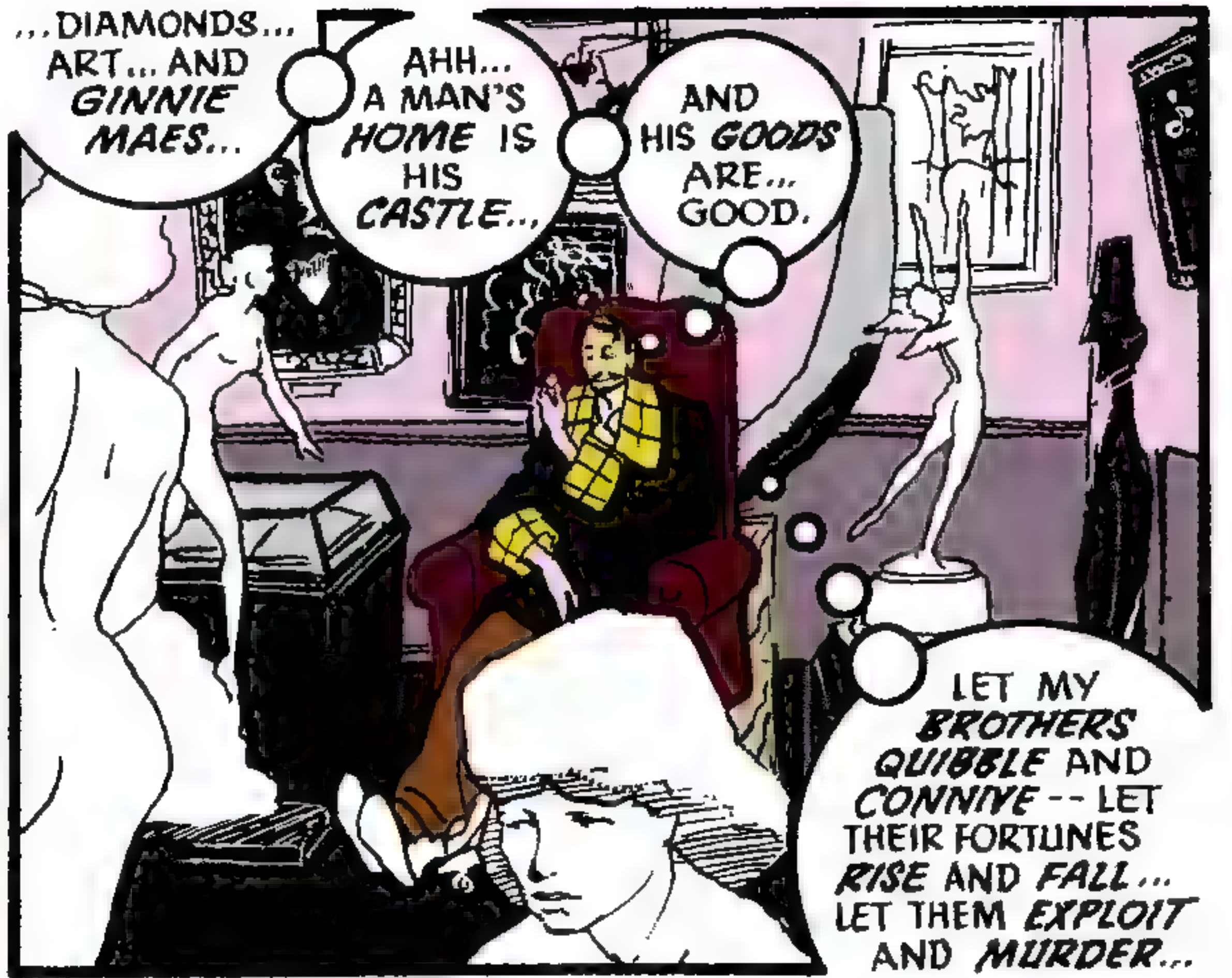
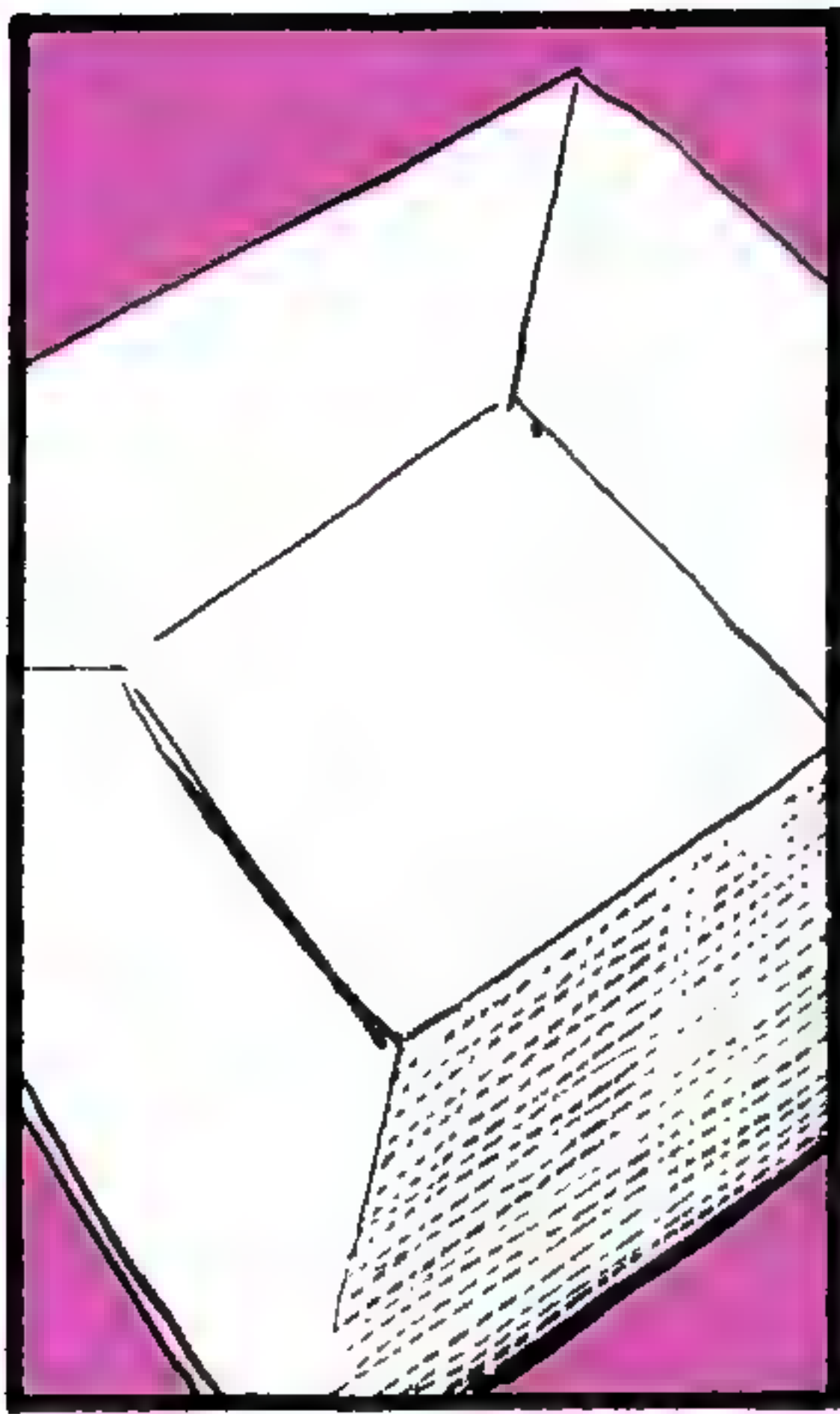


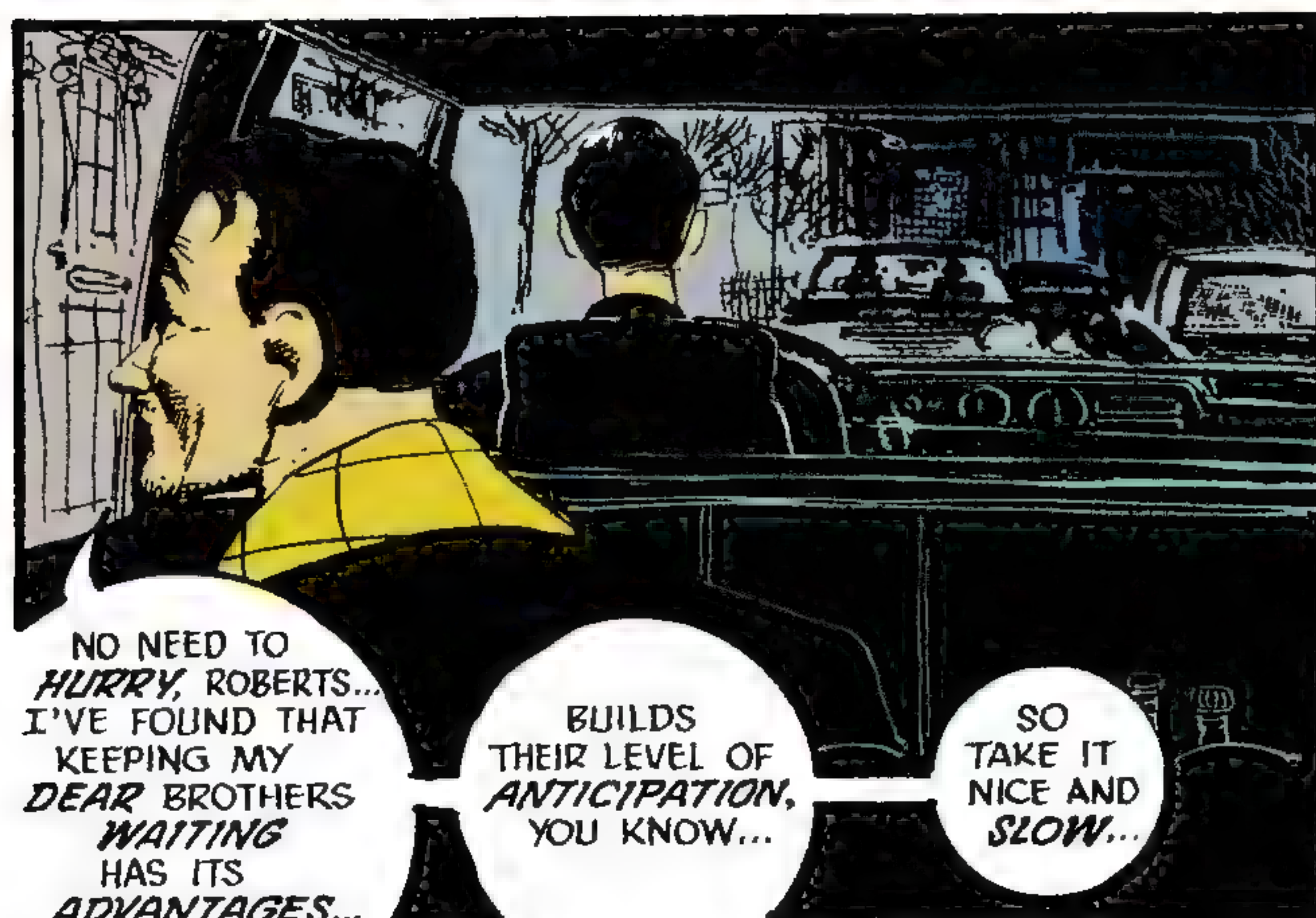
JUST STRIP 'EM DOWN AND DUMP 'EM IN HIS BROTHER'S WIENER MIX-- NO MUSS, NO FUSS--



--AND NO CORPUS DELICTI...







NO NEED TO *HURRY*, ROBERTS... I'VE FOUND THAT KEEPING MY *DEAR BROTHERS WAITING* HAS ITS *ADVANTAGES*...

BUILDS THEIR LEVEL OF *ANTICIPATION*, YOU KNOW...

SO TAKE IT NICE AND *SLOW*...



I'VE GOT *PLENTY* TO AMUSE MYSELF WITH BACK HERE...



SORRY, MISTER FINN-- BUT IT'S ONLY A COUPLE BLOCKS TO THE OFFICE...

YOU WANT ME TO CIRCLE THE BLOCK A COUPLE DOZEN TIMES?

NO, NO... IT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT...



MIGHT AS WELL GET THIS *OVER* WITH AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE...



THE DISCUSSION IS *CLOSED*, HSIU-TEI.



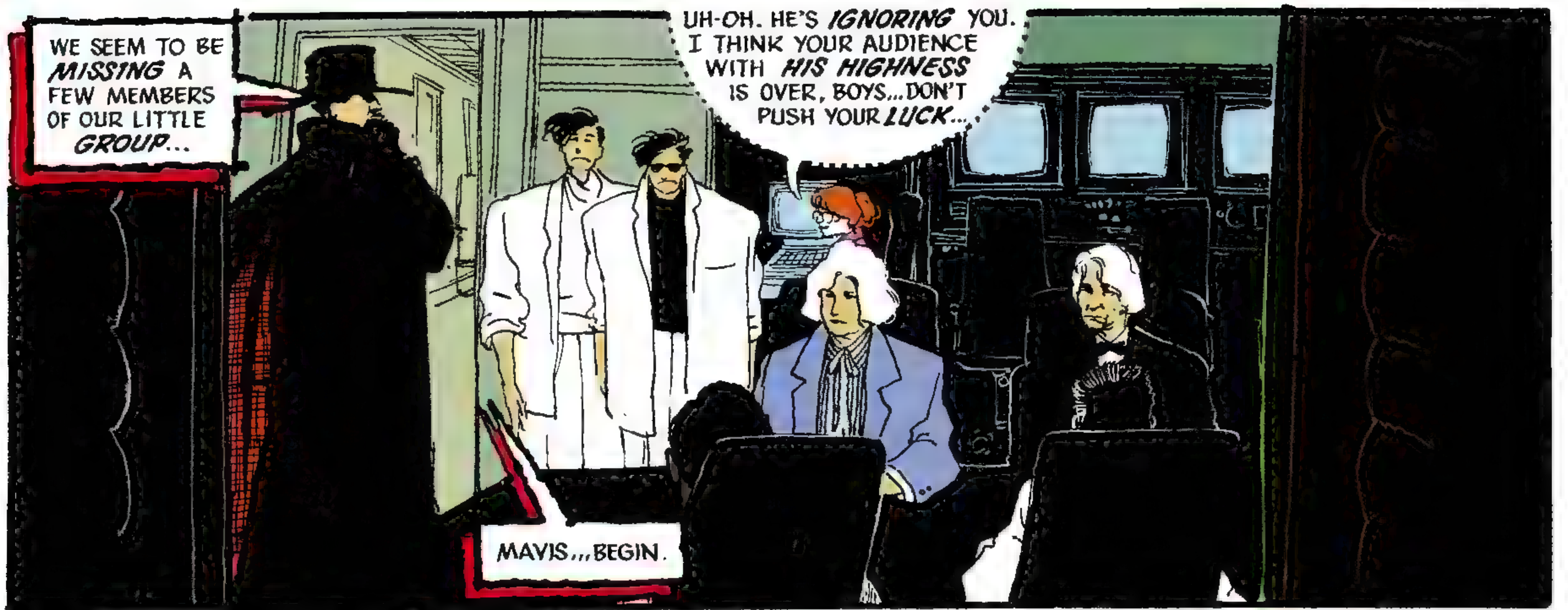
PLEASE RECONSIDER, FATHER--

WE ASSURE YOU WE ARE NOT *NEARLY* AS *DEGENERATE* AS BEFORE!



OUR MUSIC HAS TAKEN ON A *BOLD NEW DIRECTION*--

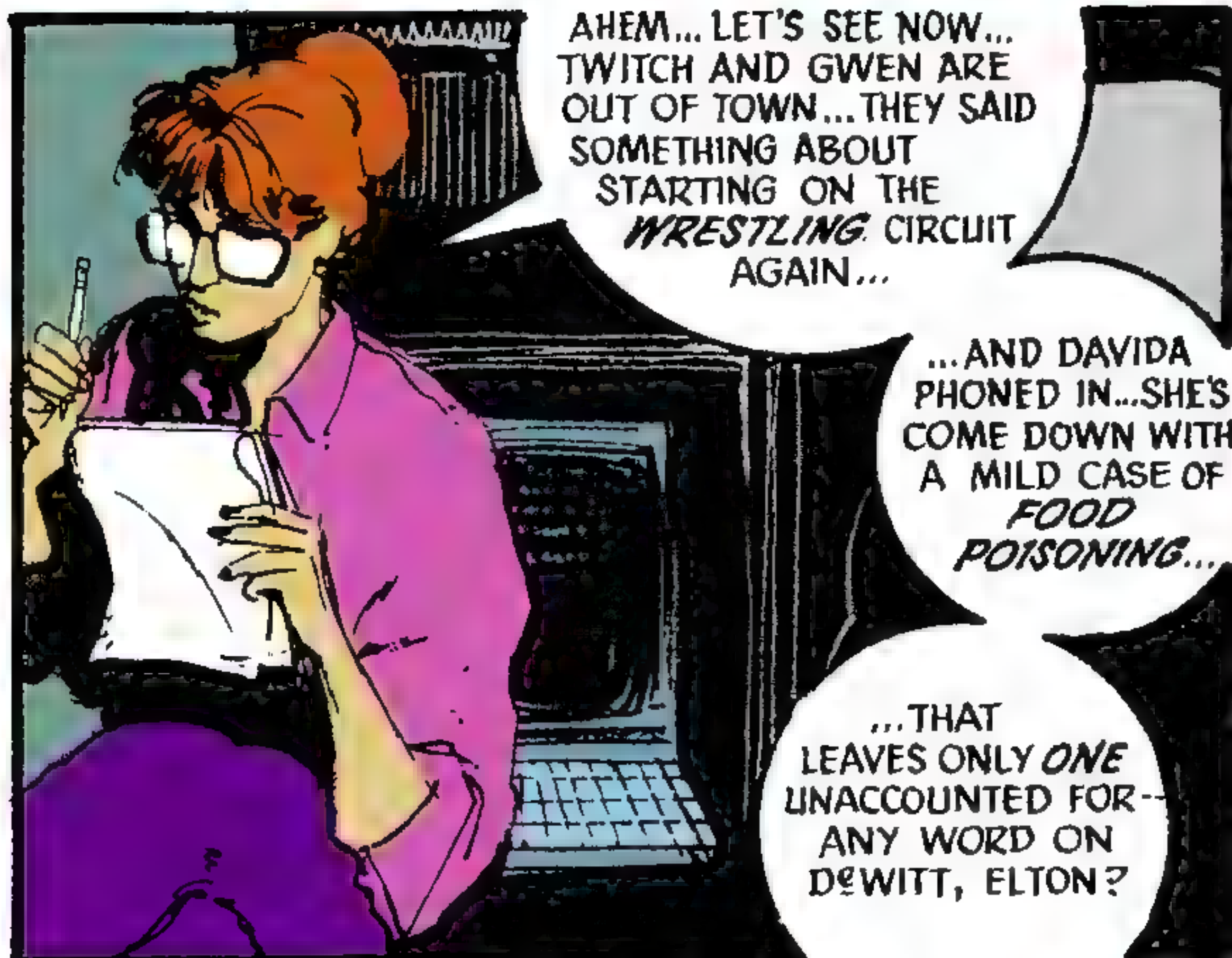
-- AND WE HAVE OBTAINED A *STYLISH NEW LOOK*!



WE SEEM TO BE MISSING A FEW MEMBERS OF OUR LITTLE GROUP...

UH-OH. HE'S *IGNORING* YOU. I THINK YOUR AUDIENCE WITH *HIS HIGHNESS* IS OVER, BOYS...DON'T PUSH YOUR *LUCK*...

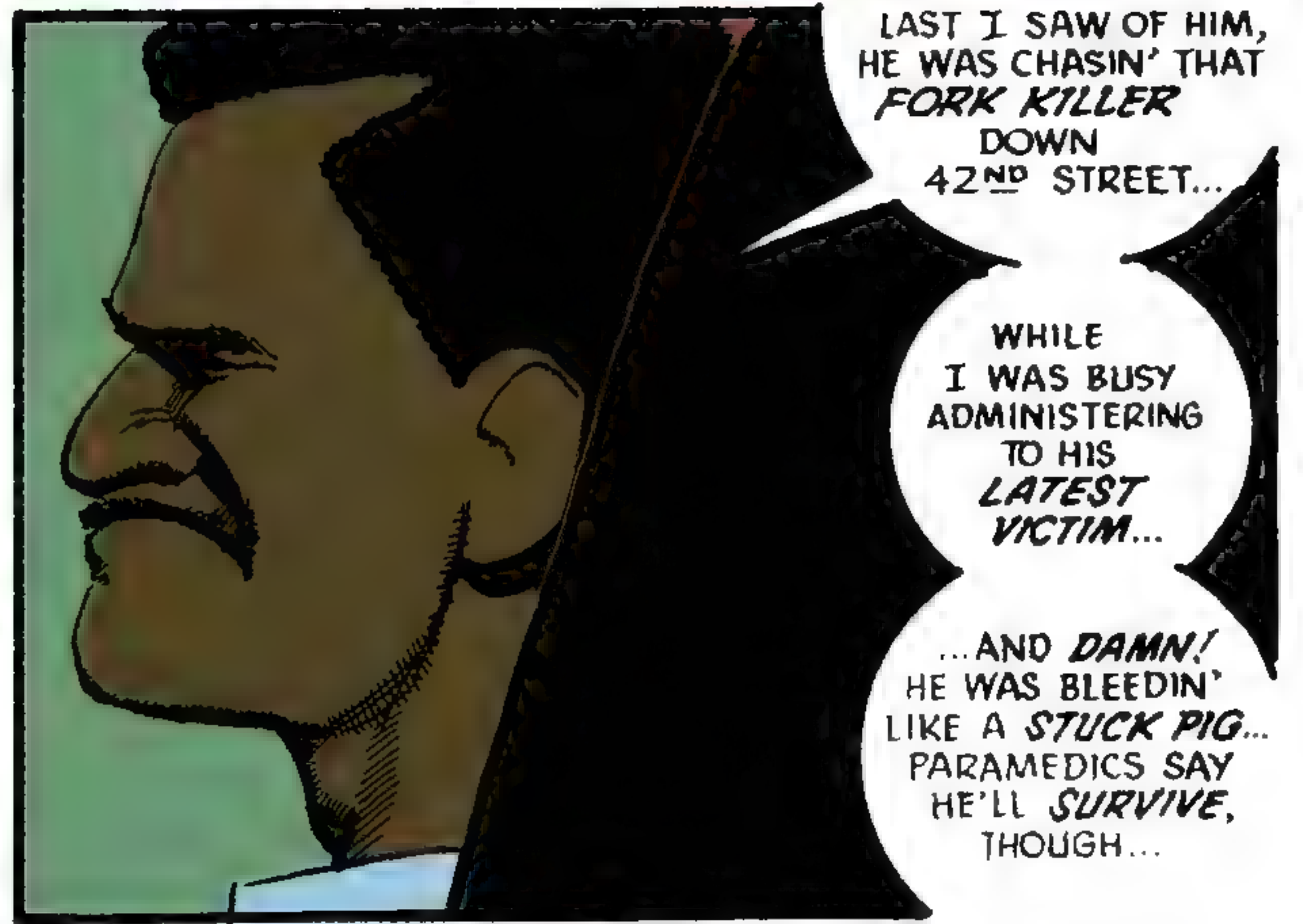
MAVIS...BEGIN.



AHEM... LET'S SEE NOW... TWITCH AND GWEN ARE OUT OF TOWN... THEY SAID SOMETHING ABOUT STARTING ON THE *WRESTLING* CIRCUIT AGAIN...

...AND DAVIDA PHONED IN... SHE'S COME DOWN WITH A MILD CASE OF *FOOD POISONING*...

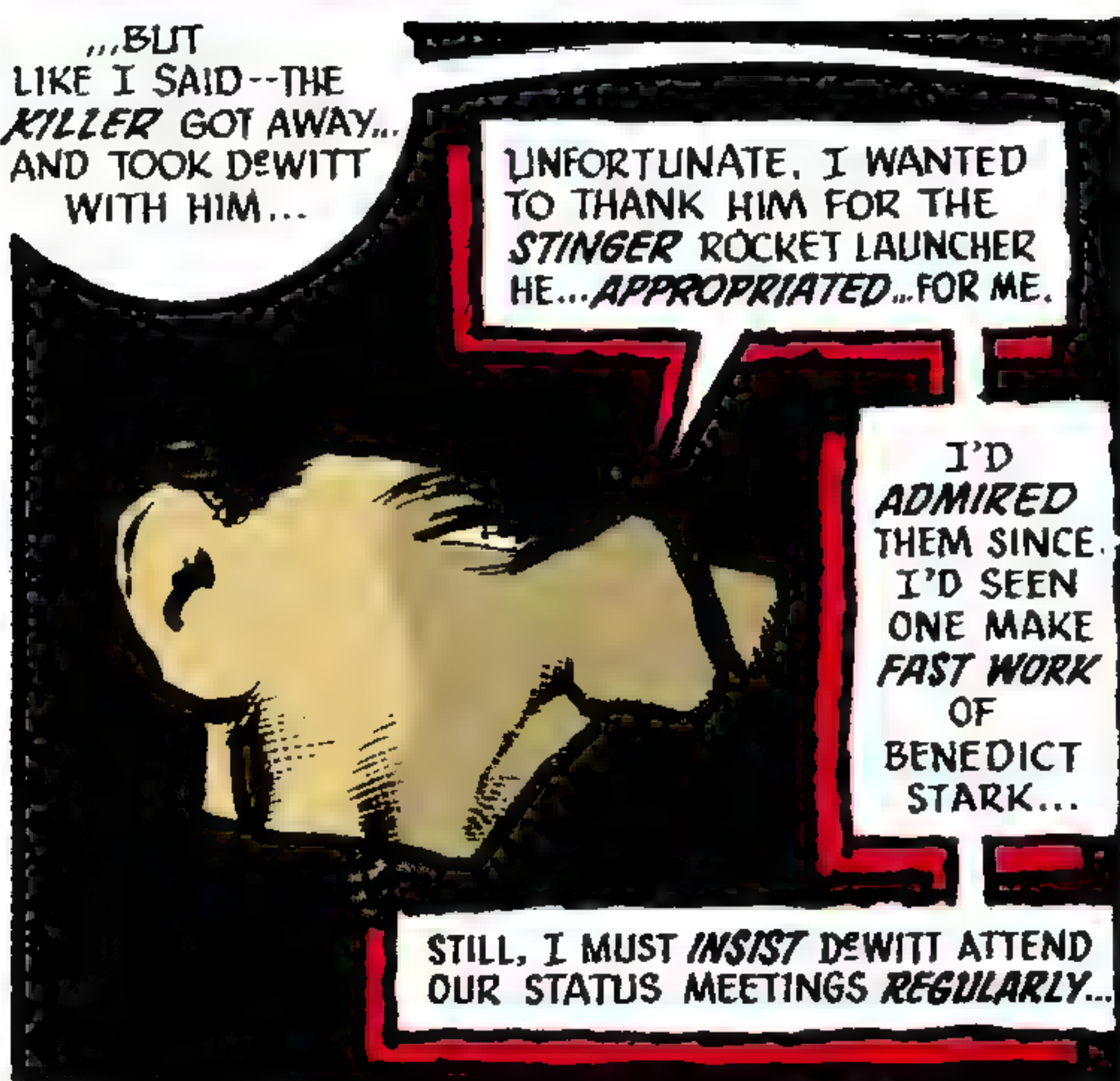
...THAT LEAVES ONLY *ONE* UNACCOUNTED FOR-- ANY WORD ON DEWITT, ELTON?



LAST I SAW OF HIM, HE WAS CHASIN' THAT *FORK KILLER* DOWN 42ND STREET...

WHILE I WAS BUSY ADMINISTERING TO HIS *LATEST VICTIM*...

...AND *DAMN!* HE WAS BLEEDIN' LIKE A *STUCK PIG*... PARAMEDICS SAY HE'LL *SURVIVE*, THOUGH...



...BUT LIKE I SAID--THE *KILLER* GOT AWAY... AND TOOK DEWITT WITH HIM...

UNFORTUNATE. I WANTED TO THANK HIM FOR THE *STINGER* ROCKET LAUNCHER HE... *APPROPRIATED*... FOR ME.

I'D *ADMIRED* THEM SINCE I'D SEEN ONE MAKE *FAST WORK* OF BENEDICT STARK...

STILL, I MUST *INSIST* DEWITT ATTEND OUR STATUS MEETINGS *REGULARLY*...



MAVIS-- REMIND ME TO *INFORM* BOTH HIM AND TWITCH THAT WE HAVE *PRIORITIES* HERE...

TELL HIM, HARRY-- BEFORE I DO!

BUT MARGO, LOVE OF MY LIFE-- HAVEN'T YOU HEARD A *WORD* HE'S SAID?

WE TRY TO *BEG OFF* OUR COMMITMENTS NOW--HE'LL HAVE OUR *HEADS!*



YOUR COMMITMENTS, HARRY VINCENT-- I NEVER MADE A *ONE!*

AND IF YOU'RE NOT WILLING TO *TAKE A RISK* FOR *ME*, THEN I'LL JUST--

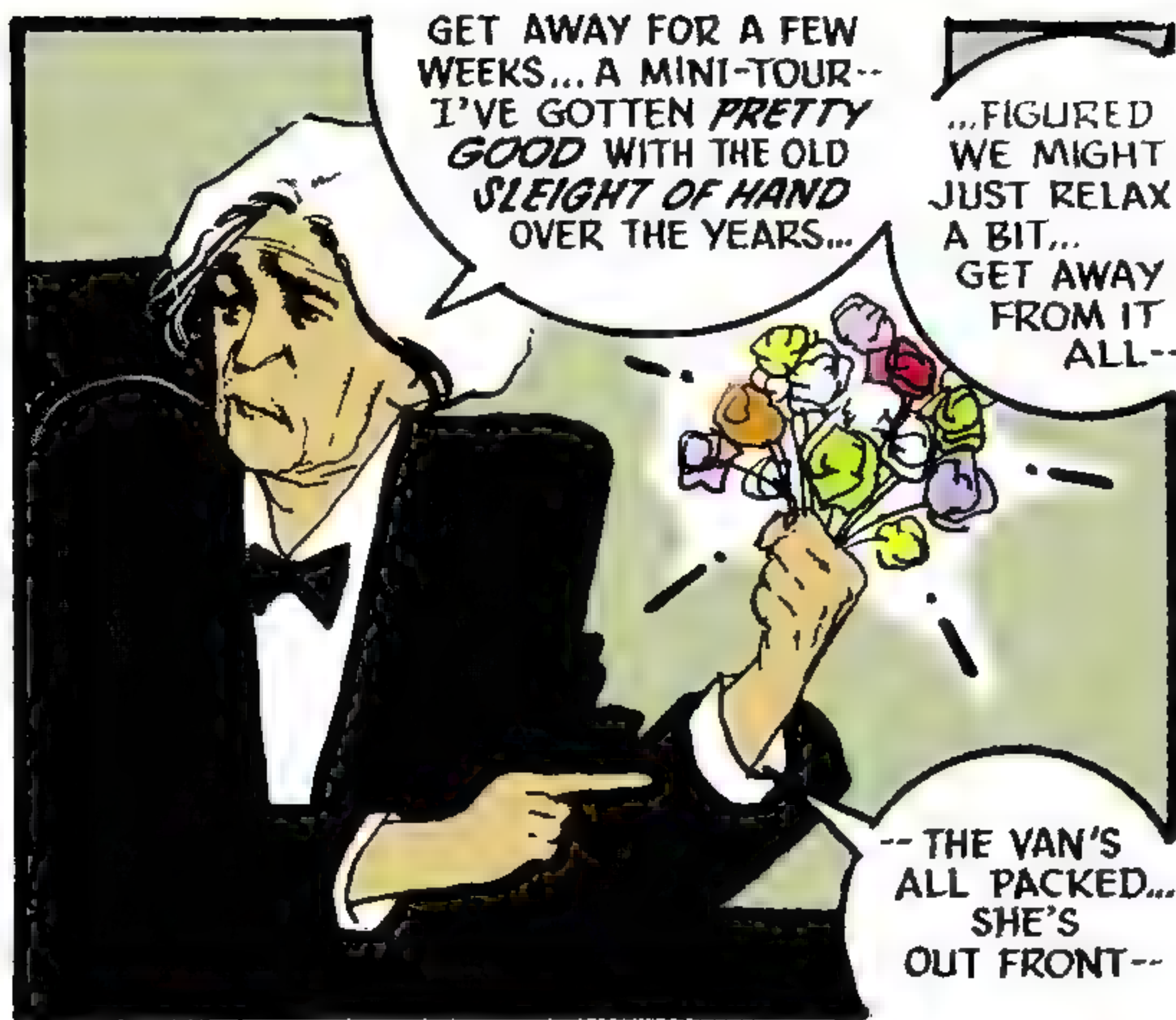


WHAT IS IT, HARRY...?



UMNN...UH...WELL,
YOU SEE, M-MASTER...
MARGO FEELS I'M GETTING
A LITTLE...UH... *OLD*
FOR THIS KIND
OF WORK...

...AND SHE...
THAT IS, *WE*...
WERE THINKING
ABOUT...UMMM...
TAKING MY LITTLE
MAGIC SHOW
ON THE, UH...
ROAD...



GET AWAY FOR A FEW
WEEKS... A MINI-TOUR--
I'VE GOTTEN *PRETTY*
GOOD WITH THE OLD
SLEIGHT OF HAND
OVER THE YEARS...

...FIGURED
WE MIGHT
JUST RELAX
A BIT...
GET AWAY
FROM IT
ALL--

-- THE VAN'S
ALL PACKED...
SHE'S
OUT FRONT--

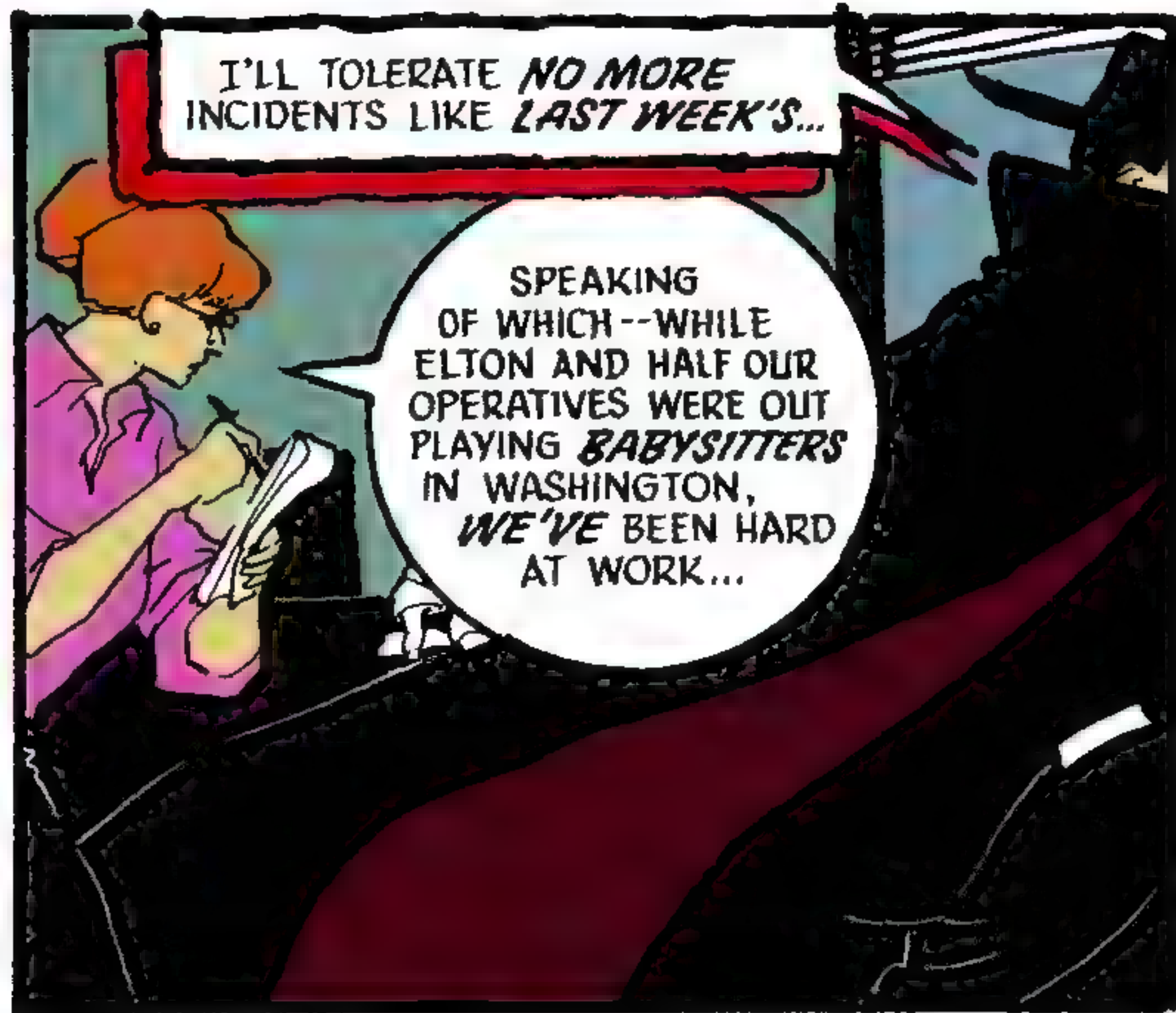


NO.

I NEED YOU HERE, HARRY. ESPECIALLY
SINCE THE MEMBERS OF THE *SHADOWNET*
ARE OPERATING UNDER THE ASSUMPTION
THAT *YOU* ARE IN FACT THE SHADOW.

IT'S UP TO *YOU* TO KEEP THEM *CONTROLLED*
UNTIL I FIND A *USE* FOR THEIR SERVICES.

YOU MAY PURSUE THIS ENDEAVOR--
BUT REMAIN WITHIN THE CONFINES
OF THE CITY AT ALL TIMES.



I'LL TOLERATE *NO MORE*
INCIDENTS LIKE *LAST WEEK'S*...

SPEAKING
OF WHICH--WHILE
ELTON AND HALF OUR
OPERATIVES WERE OUT
PLAYING *BABYSITTERS*
IN WASHINGTON,
WE'VE BEEN HARD
AT WORK...



WE'VE COME UP WITH
A *COMMON THREAD*
RUNNING THROUGH
HALF THE *ORGANIZED*
CRIME ACTIVITIES
IN THE CITY...



YES.



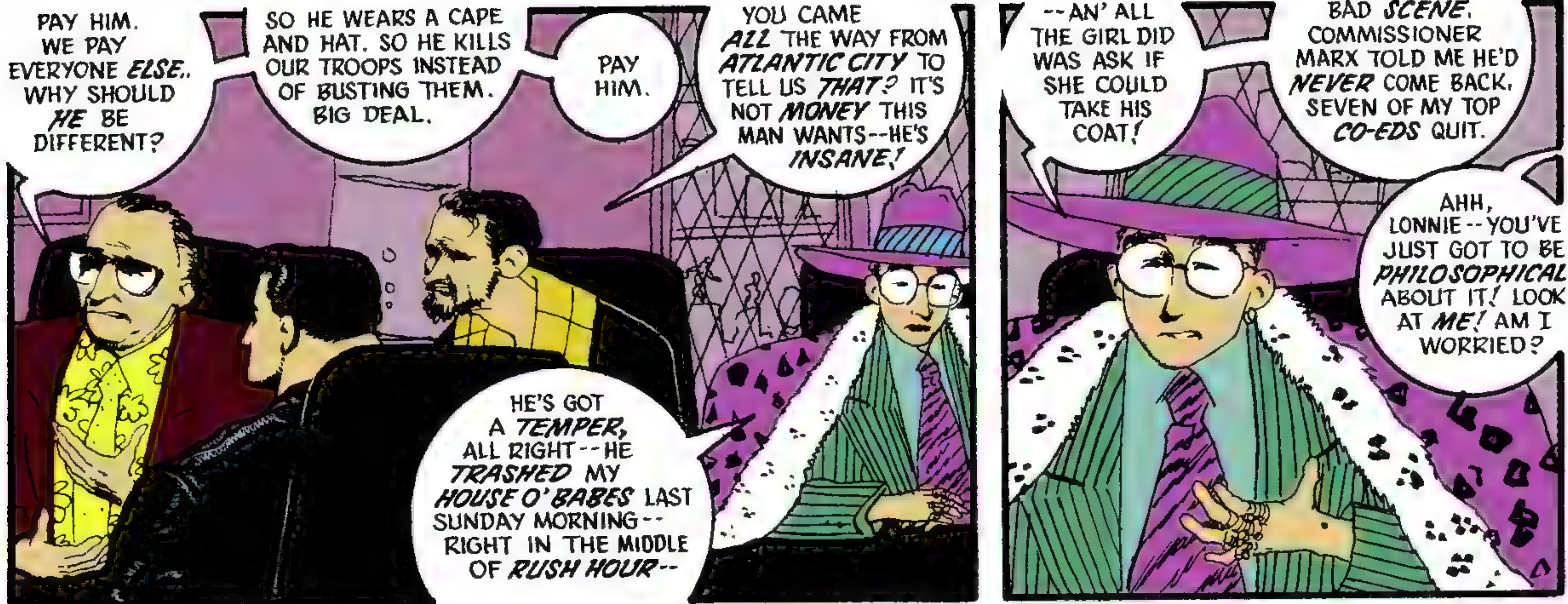
FINN...

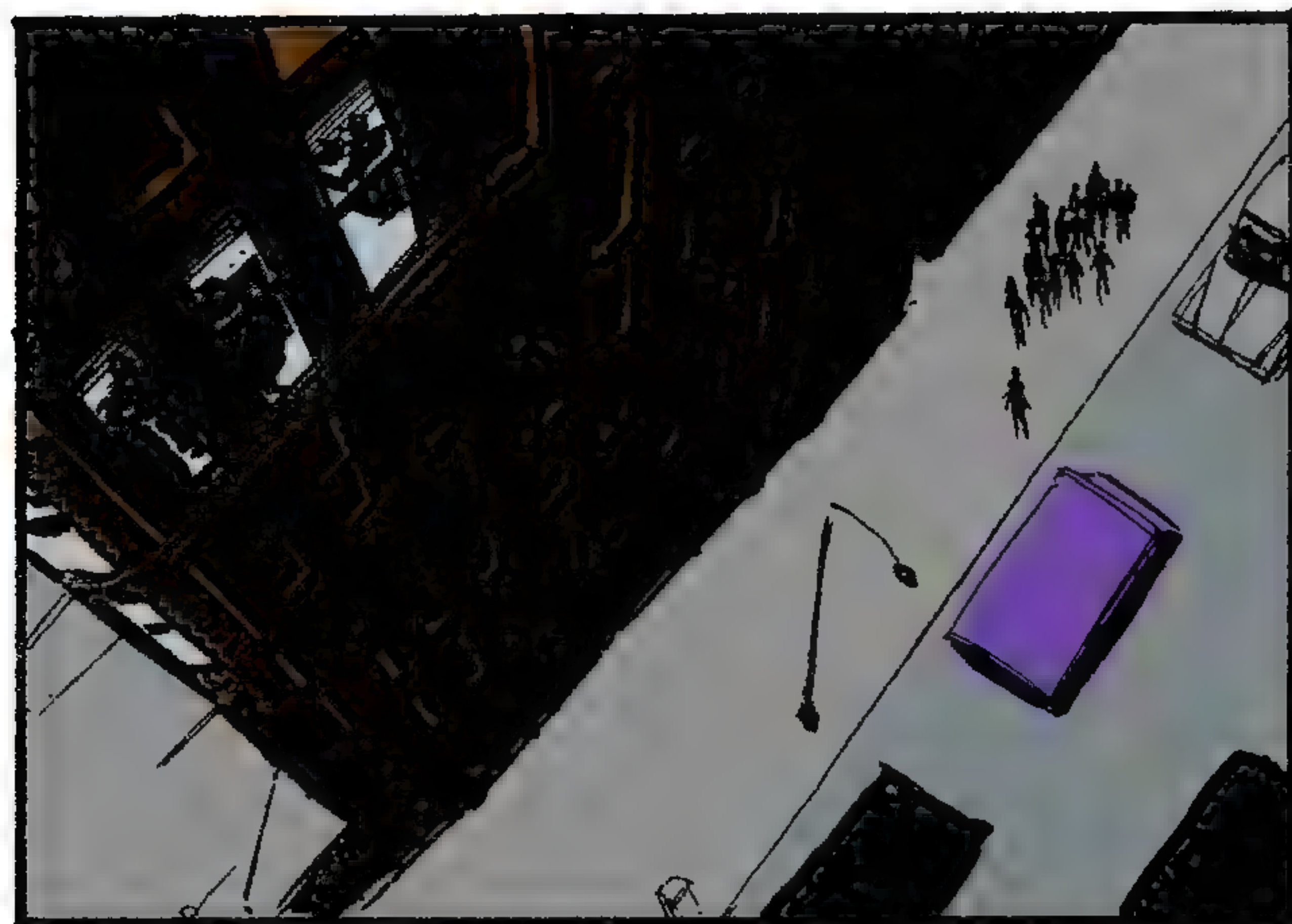
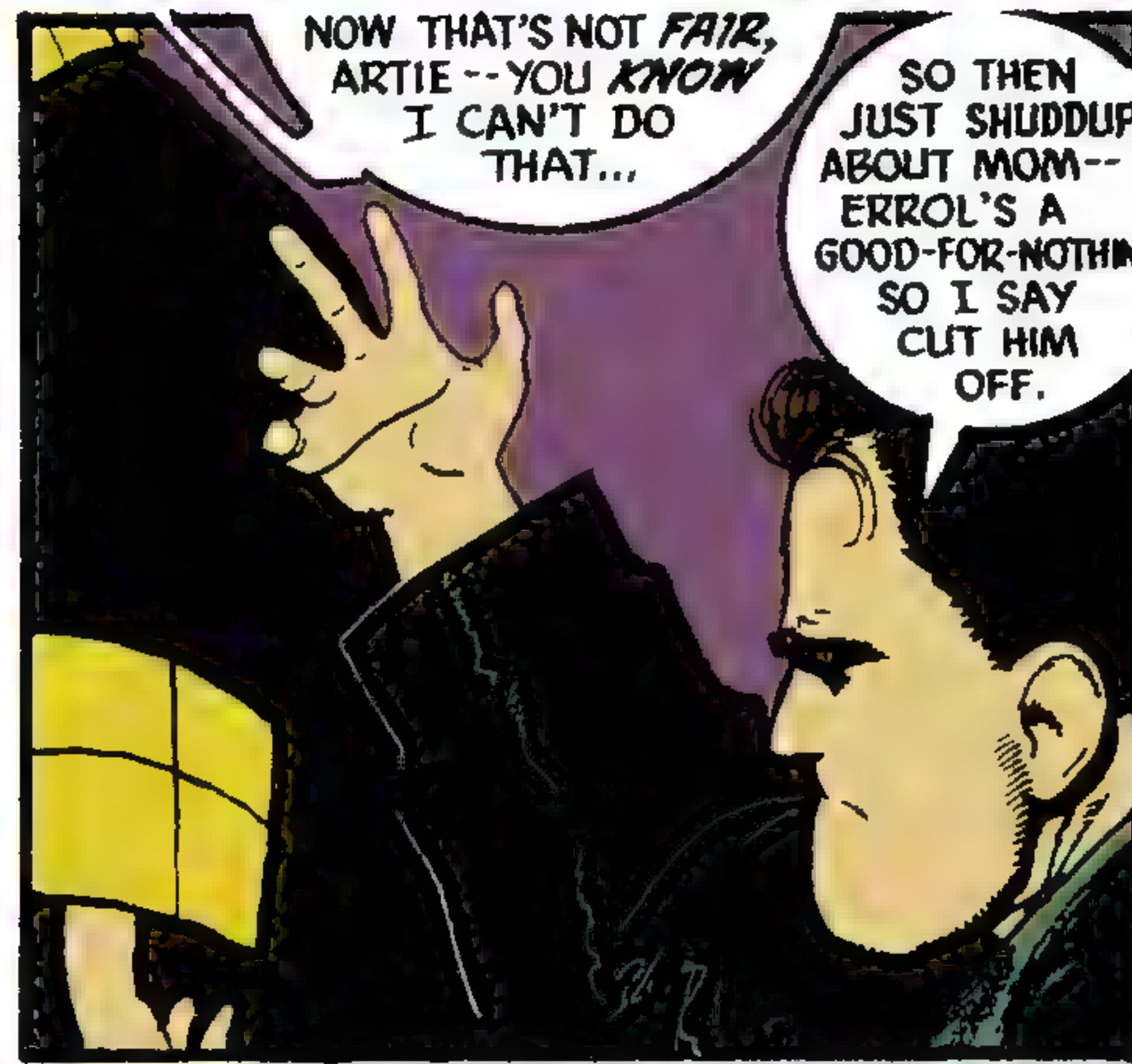
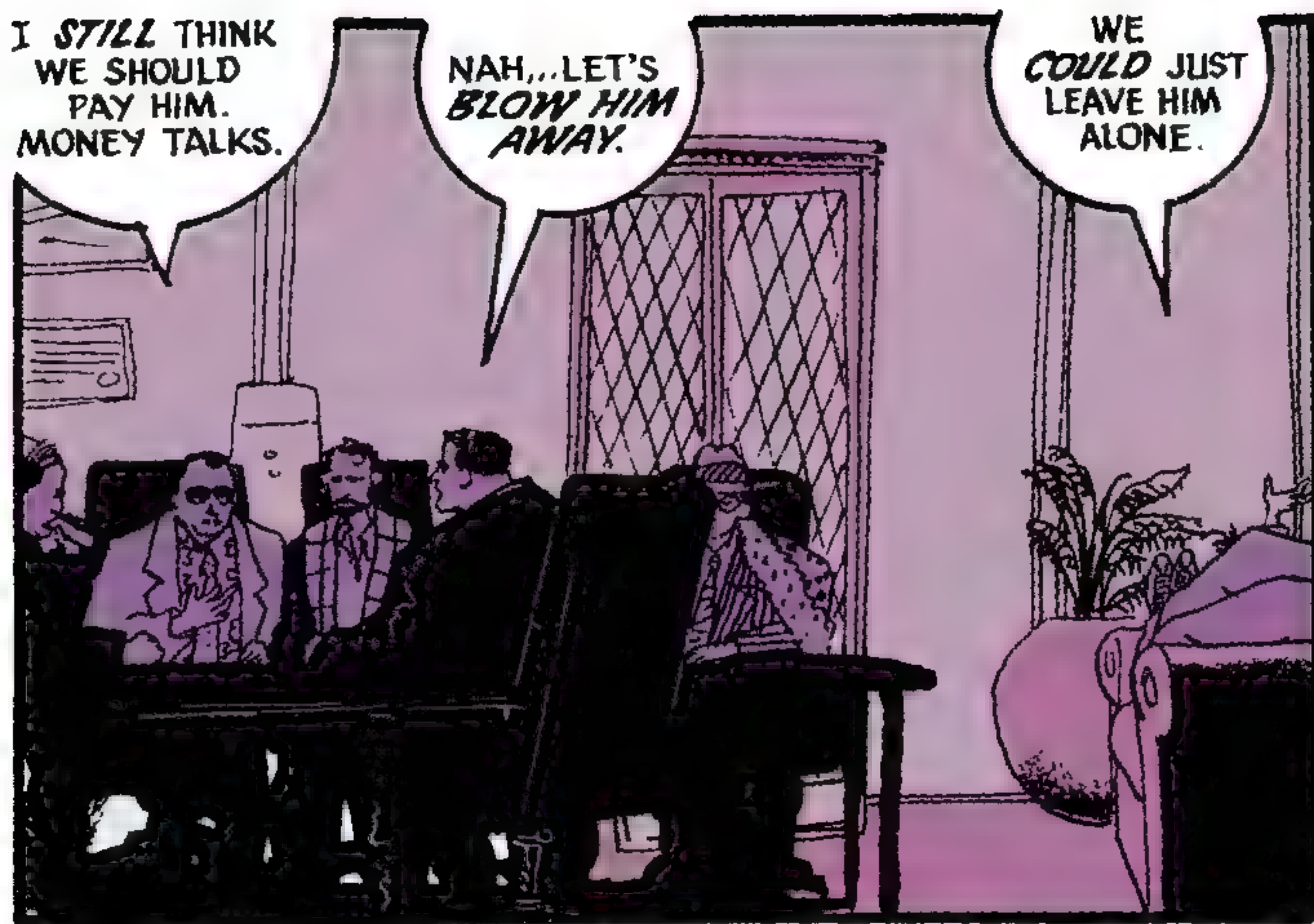
SHADOW...

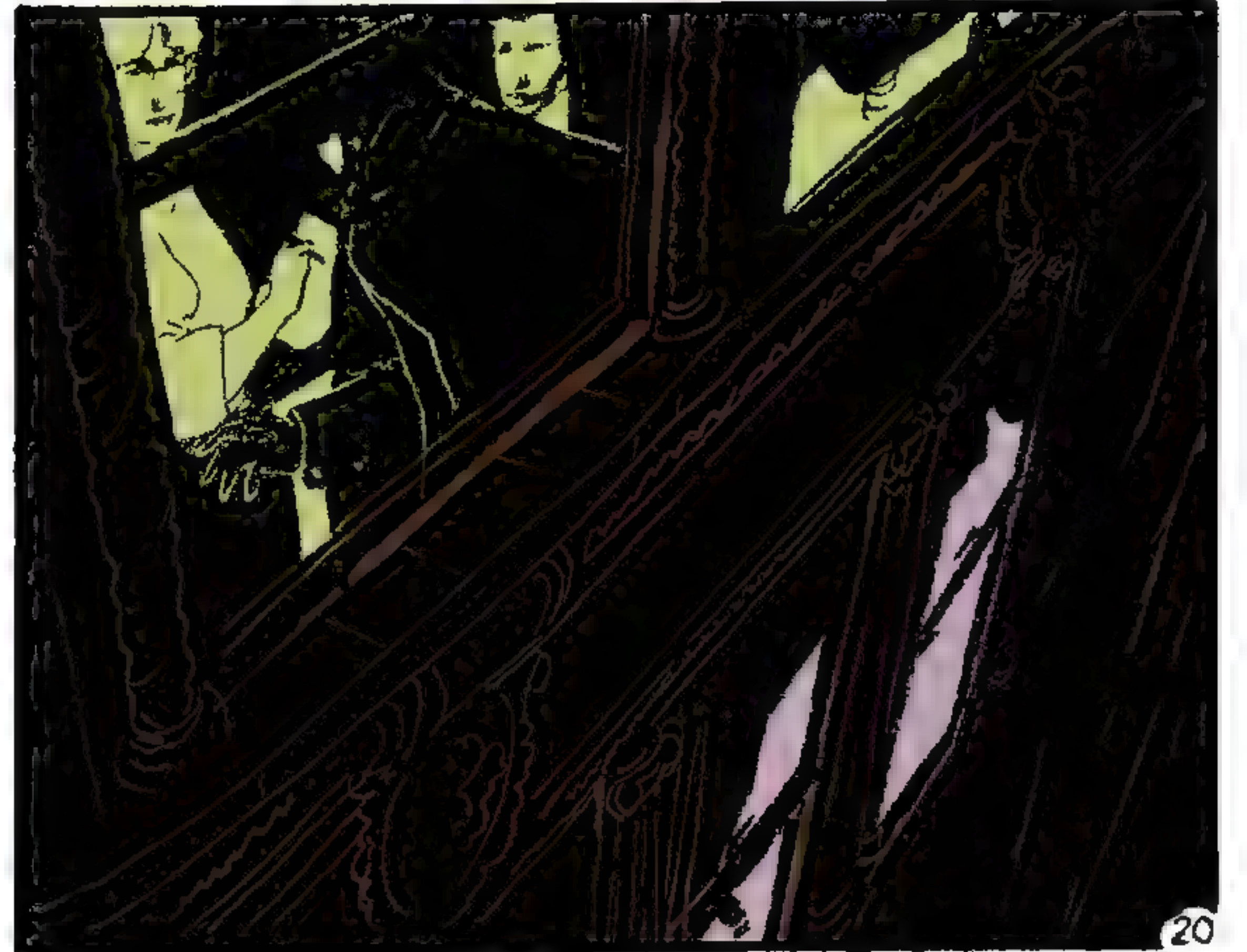


HE'S RESPONSIBLE
FOR 98% OF OUR
LOSSES IN THE PAST
TWO WEEKS--

-- AND *THEY'VE*
ALREADY *EXCEEDED*
OUR *TOTAL* LOSSES
FOR *ALL* OF LAST
YEAR!!







AH-- 'TIS
GETTIN' HOT
'ROUND HEAH,
BRUDDAH!

TIME TA
SPLEET!

THE
AMAZING
VINCENT!

FALL UP
Y'LOW

SWEET SOUR SALT LIQUID
TRICKLES DOWN MY HEAD.

MY BRAIN AND HEAD, THEY
PULSE WITH RED'S RED MUSIC.

THE AIR IS HOT IN MY THROAT.
MY EYES BURN.

IT DOESN'T MATTER.

THE FAT MAN CHASED ME
FOR MILES, I THINK.

I WANTED TO STOP,
OH SO MANY TIMES... BUT
RED SAYS NEVER STOP.

SO I LISTEN TO RED.
AND I KEEP ON RUNNING.

I THINK THE FAT MAN IS GONE NOW. I WONDER
WHY HE CHASED ME. WHAT DID I DO?

ONLY WHAT RED
TOLD ME TO.

IF RED TOLD HIM,
I KNOW HE'D DO IT,
TOO.

RED'S LIKE THAT.

HE KNOWS.
HE SEES.

AND HE
NEVER TAKES NO
FOR AN ANSWER.

BUT A DEAL'S A DEAL. I DONE MY JOB--
FILLED MY QUOTA.

RED'S GONE FOR NOW.
BUT HE'LL BE BACK.

"TOMORROW'S
ANOTHER DAY,"
RED ALWAYS SAYS.

AND I BELIEVE HIM.

I CAN GO HOME NOW. BACK
TO QUEENS. BACK TO RED.

BACK TO SLEEP--

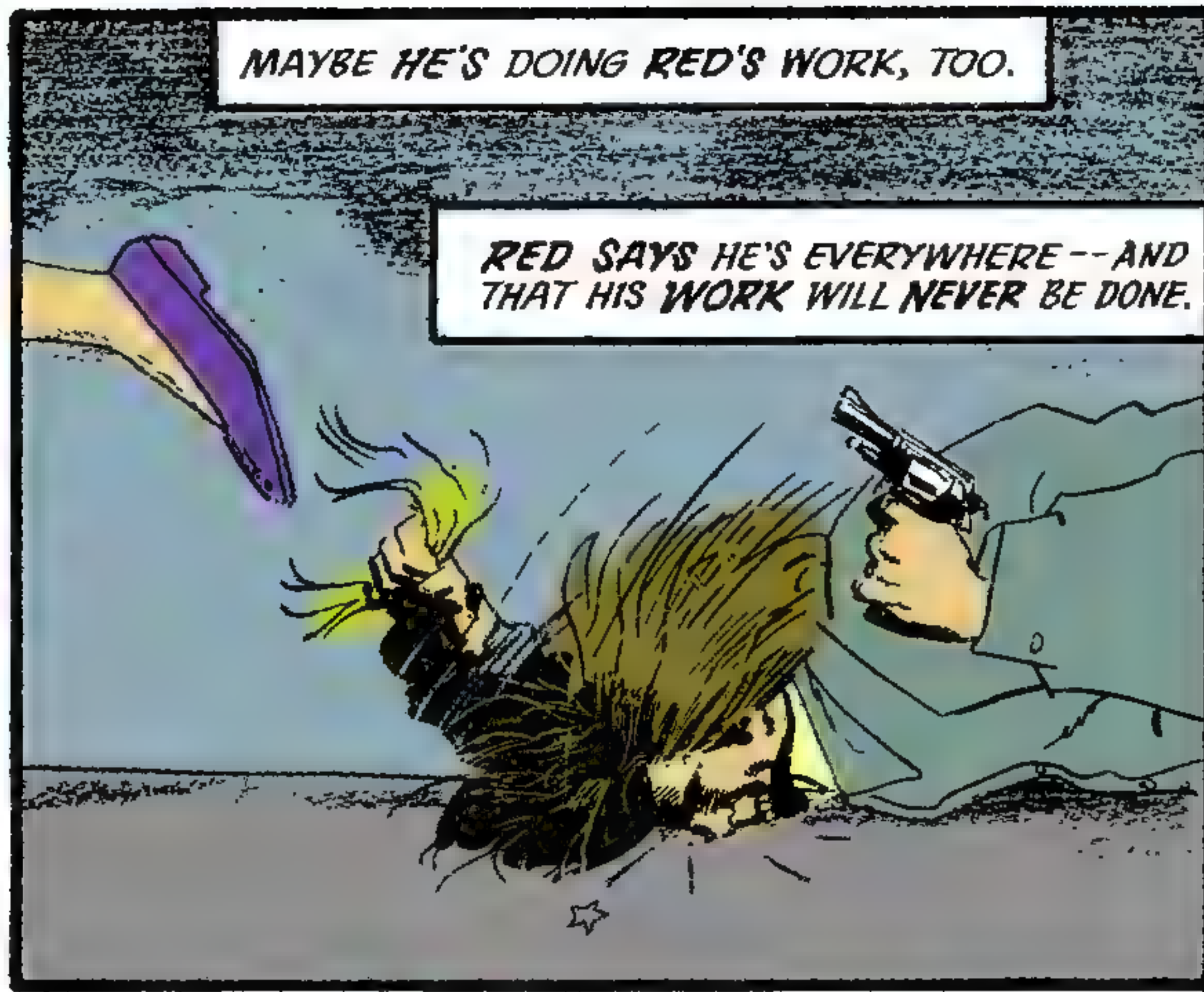
NOOOO!!!!

RED?



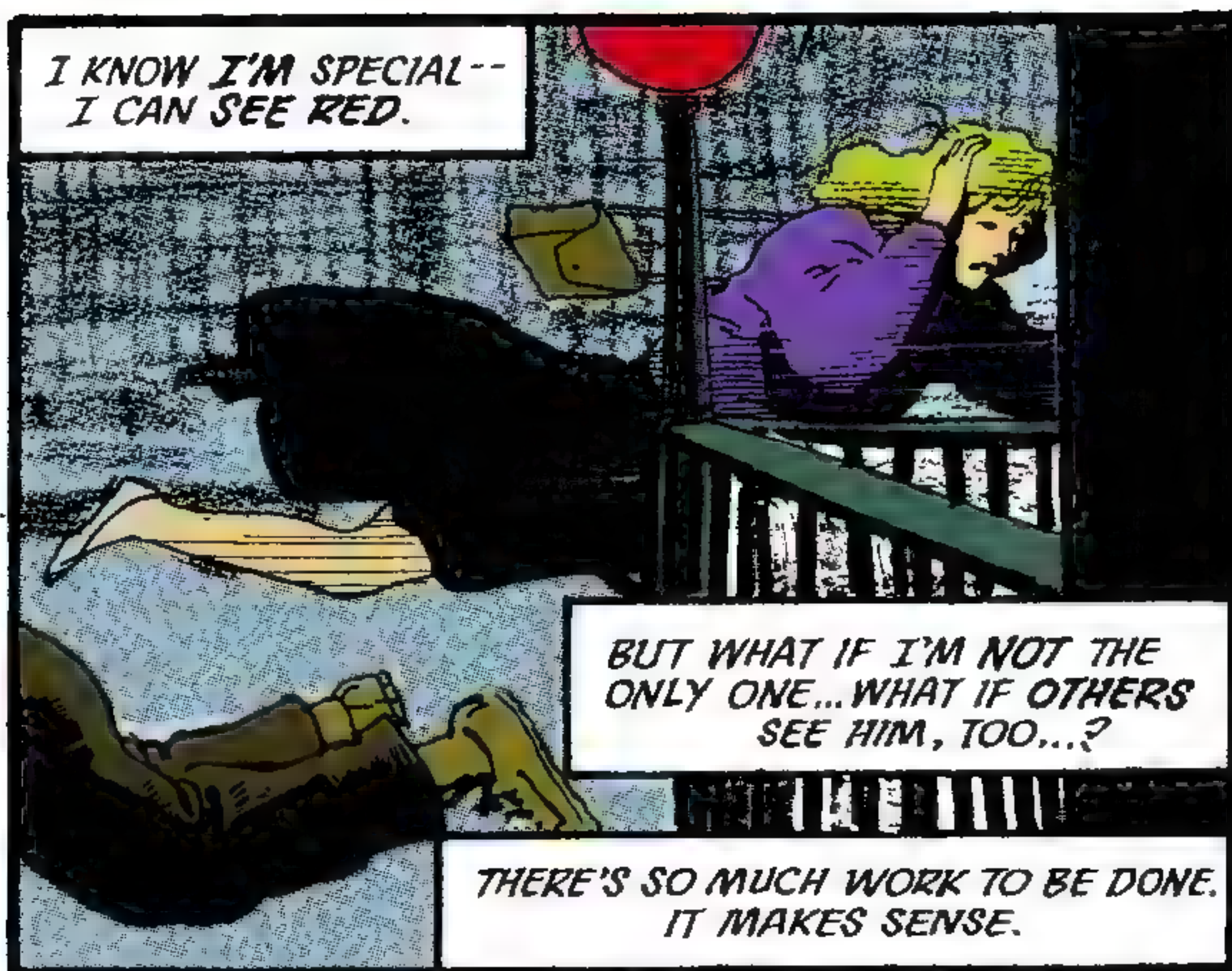
NO...NOT RED.
JUST A MAN.

A WORKING MAN.



MAYBE HE'S DOING RED'S WORK, TOO.

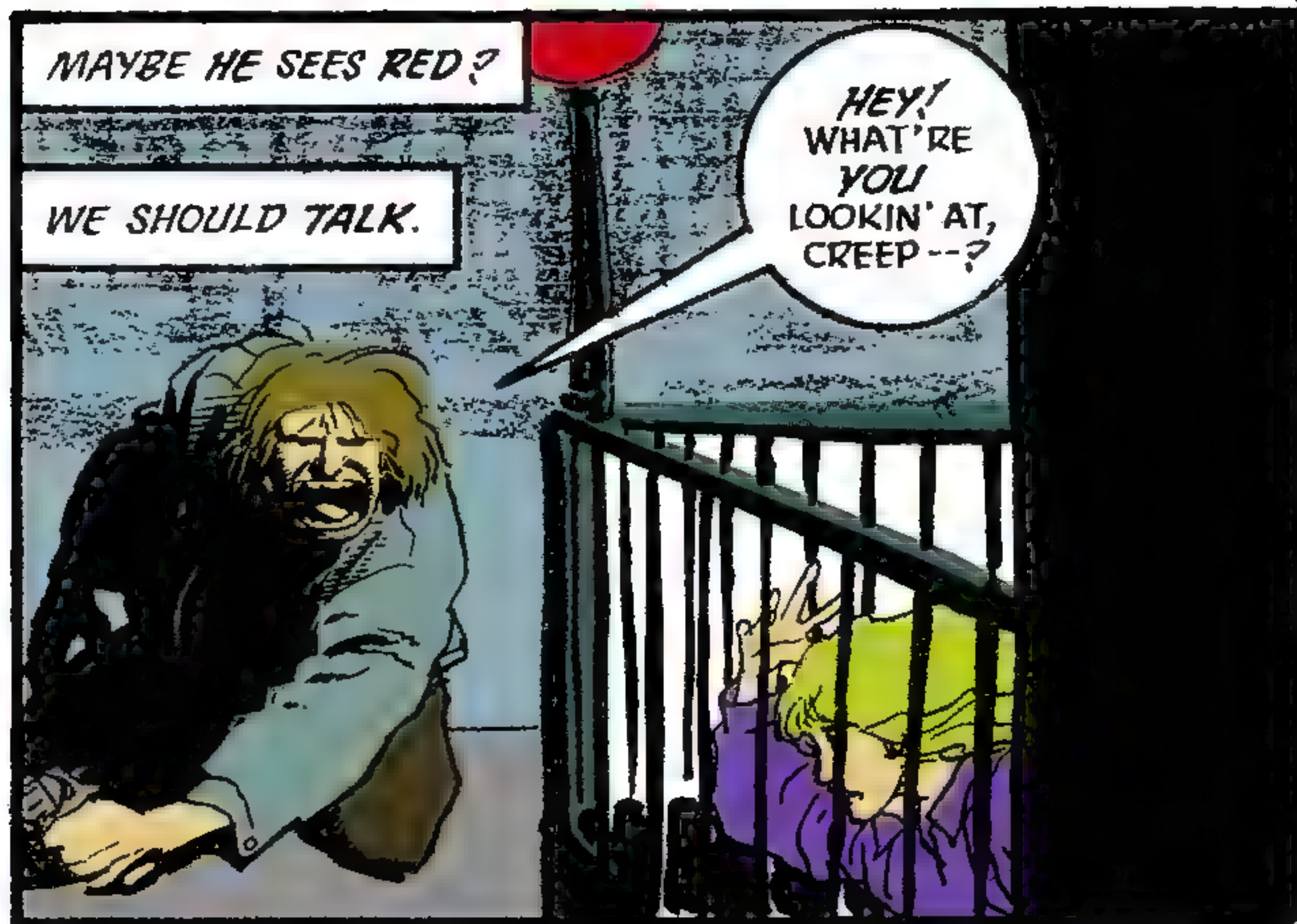
RED SAYS HE'S EVERYWHERE-- AND
THAT HIS WORK WILL NEVER BE DONE.



I KNOW I'M SPECIAL--
I CAN SEE RED.

BUT WHAT IF I'M NOT THE
ONLY ONE...WHAT IF OTHERS
SEE HIM, TOO...?

THERE'S SO MUCH WORK TO BE DONE.
IT MAKES SENSE.



MAYBE HE SEES RED?

WE SHOULD TALK.

HEY!
WHAT'RE
YOU
LOOKIN' AT,
CREEP--?



MAYBE EVEN
START A CLUB.



I'M SURE RED WOULD APPROVE.

YOU SMART, YOU
GET THE HELL OUT
OF HERE AND
FORGET YOU EVER
SAW THIS--

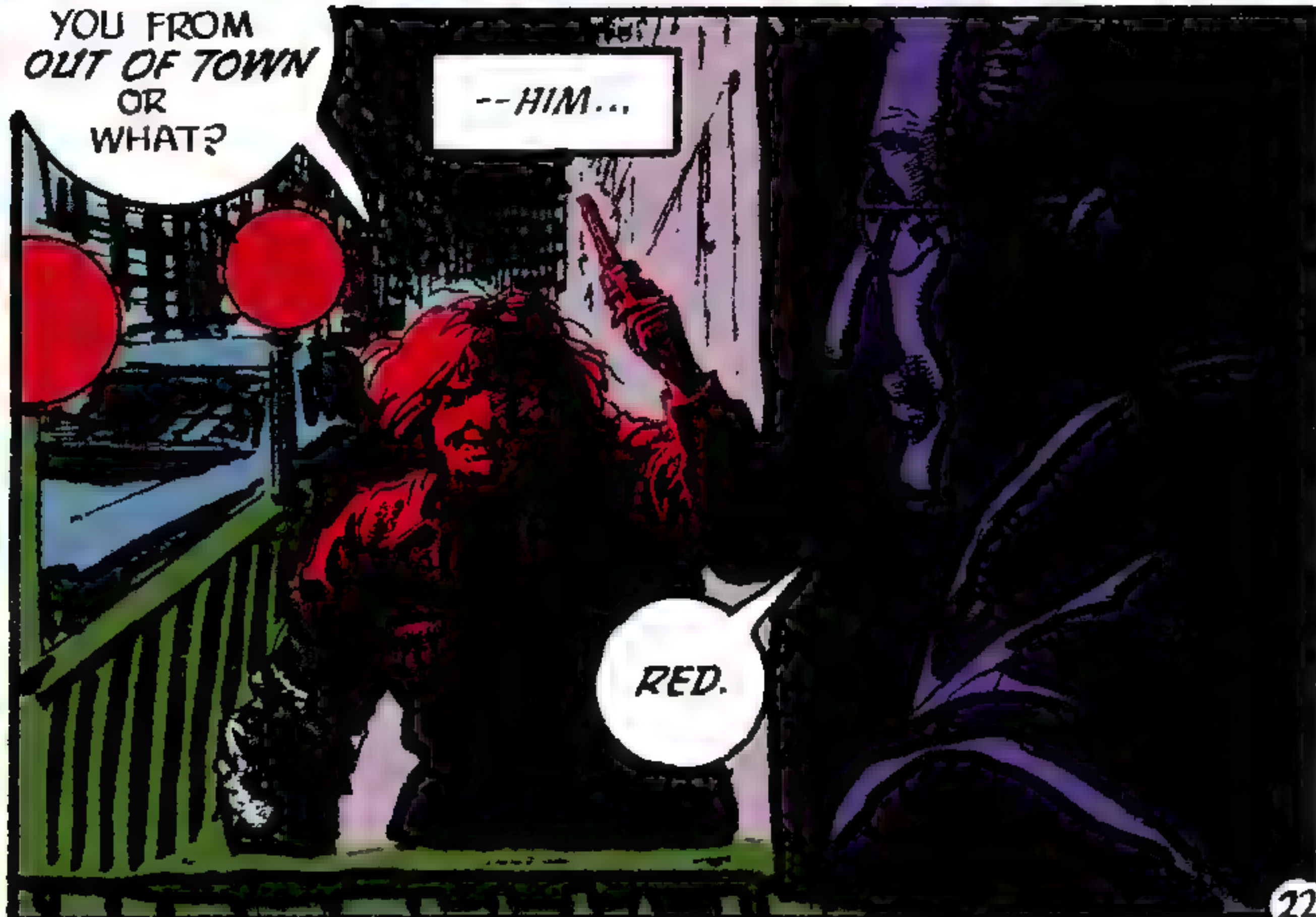
-- 'CAUSE
ONCE I'M
FINISHED
WITH HER--
I'M COMIN'
FOR YOU!



IF HE WERE HERE, I COULD ASK--

RED LIGHTS,
BABE--MEANS
THIS STATION'S
CLOSED FOR
THE NIGHT!

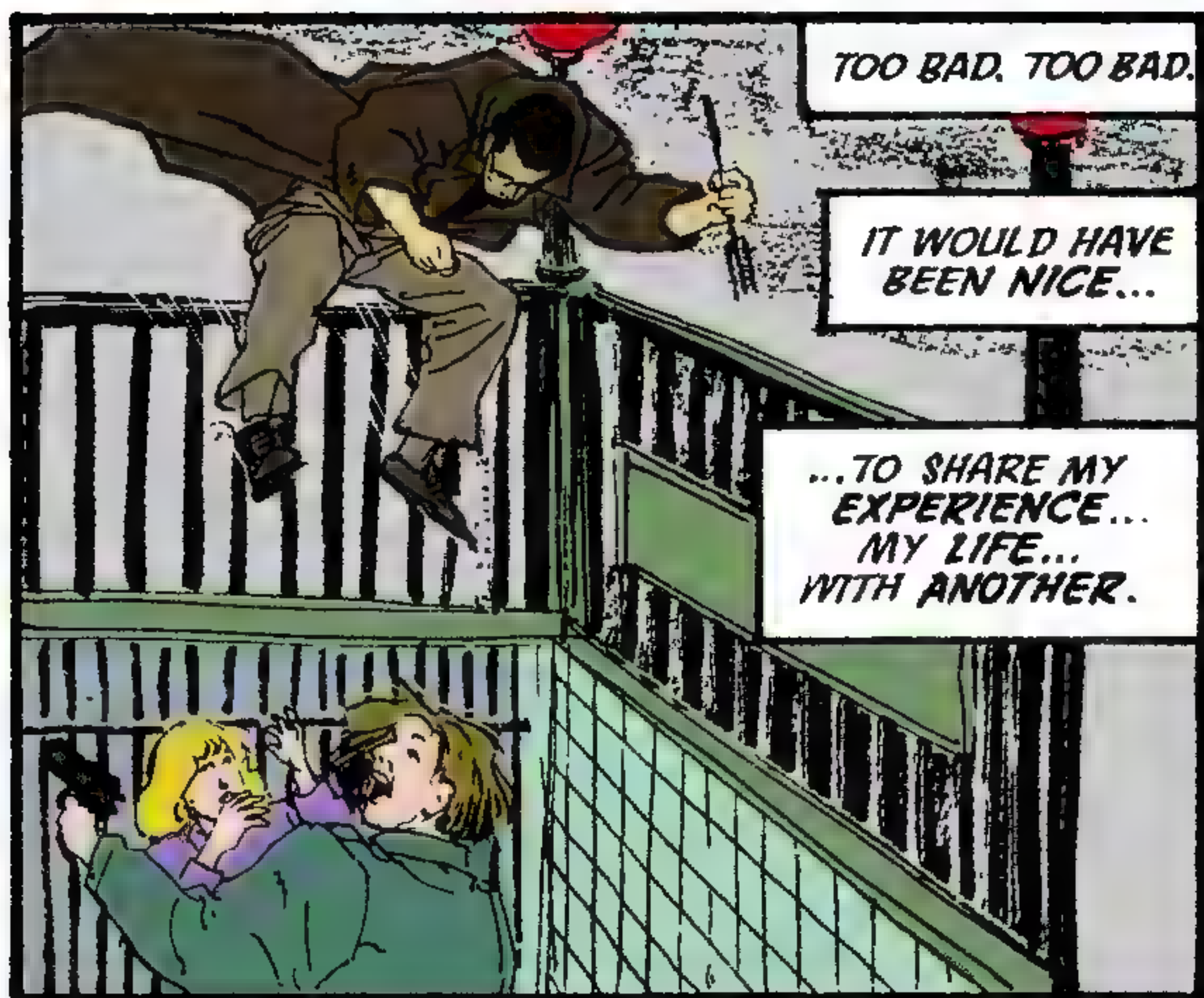
MEANS
THIS IS THE
END OF THE
ROAD FOR
YOU!



YOU FROM
OUT OF TOWN
OR
WHAT?

-- HIM...

RED.



TOO BAD. TOO BAD.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE...

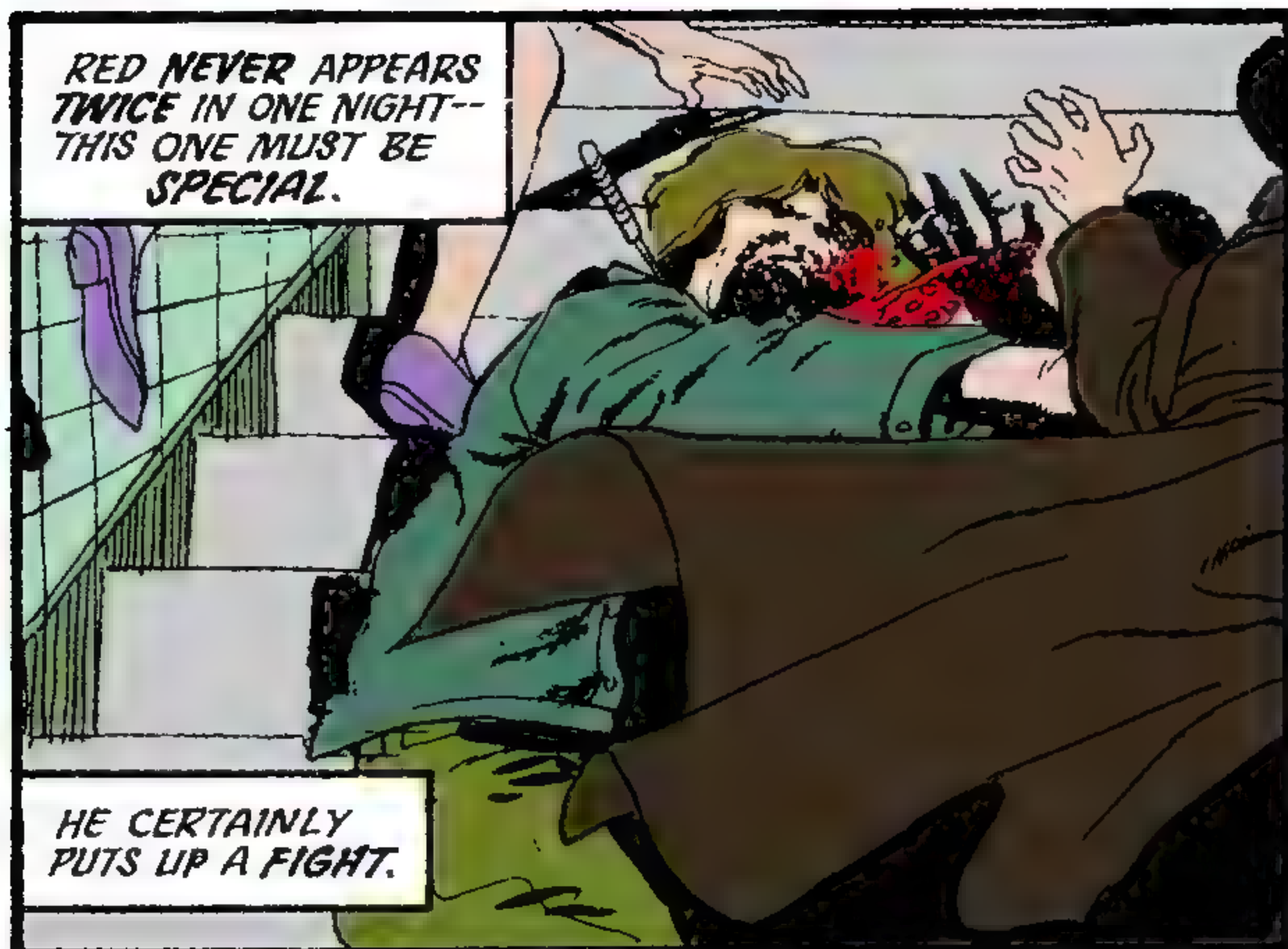
...TO SHARE MY EXPERIENCE...
MY LIFE...
WITH ANOTHER.



SEEING RED
CAN BE SUCH
LONELY WORK.

HARD WORK.

SLIPPERY WORK.



RED NEVER APPEARS
TWICE IN ONE NIGHT--
THIS ONE MUST BE
SPECIAL.

HE CERTAINLY
PUTS UP A FIGHT.



BUT HE DIDN'T DO
RED'S WORK.
NOT LIKE ME.

HE DIDN'T SEE RED.

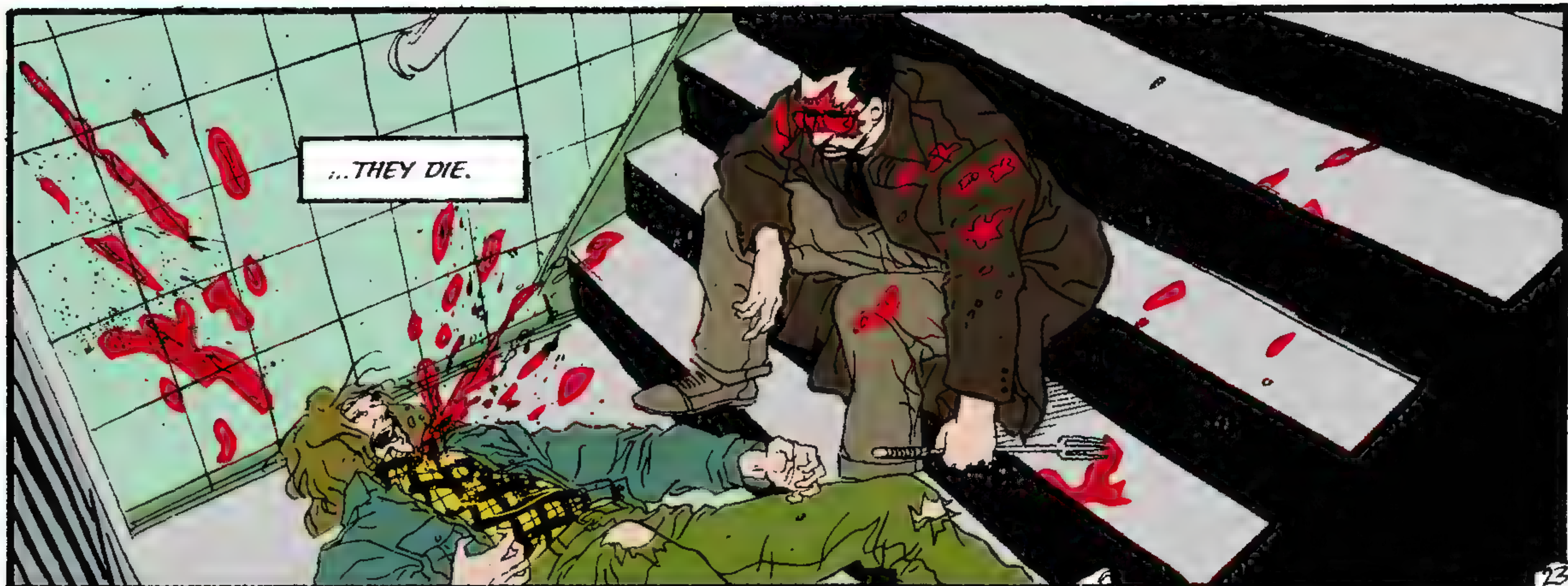


BUT HE
WILL.

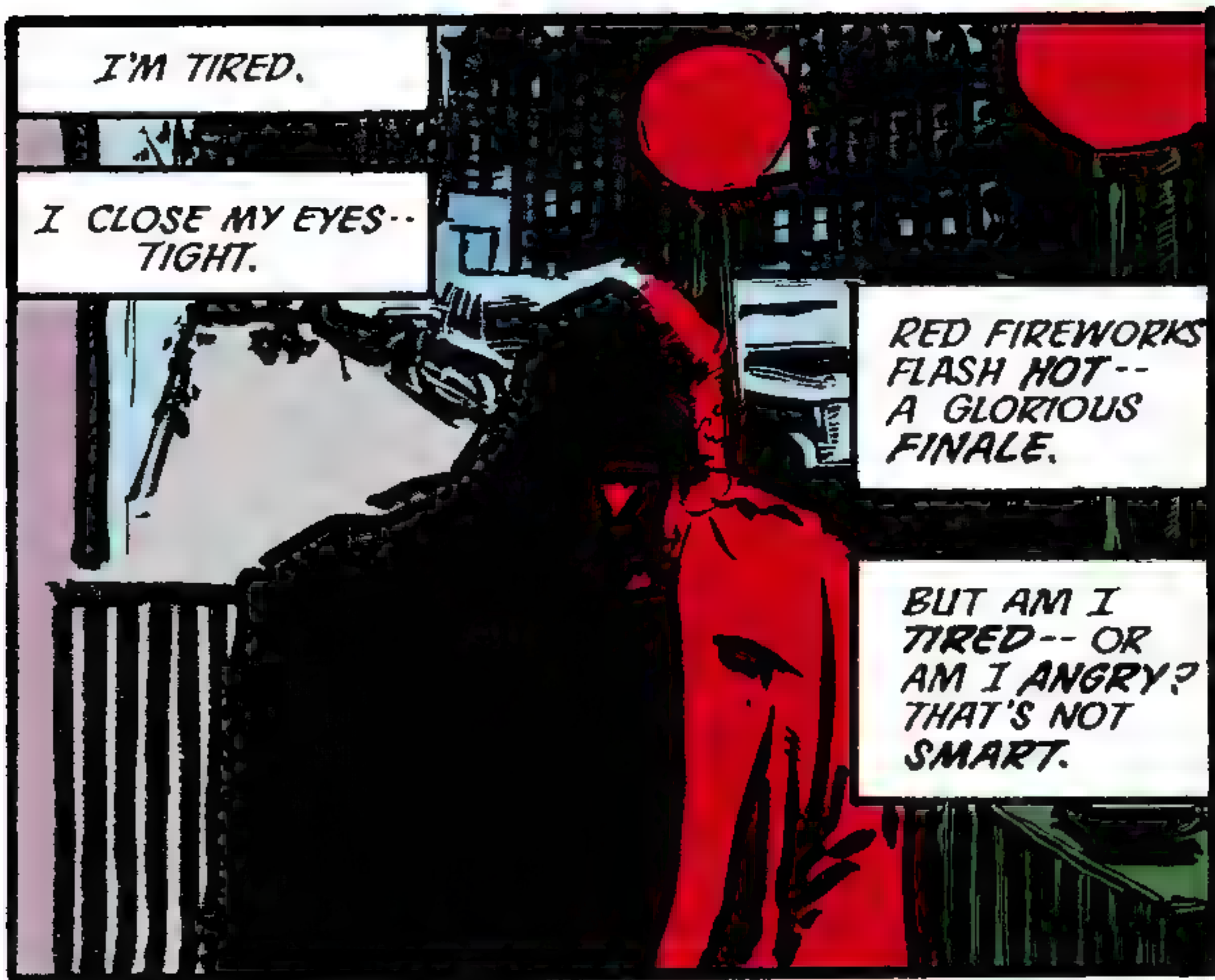


SOONER OR LATER,
THEY ALL DO.

AND
THEN...



...THEY DIE.

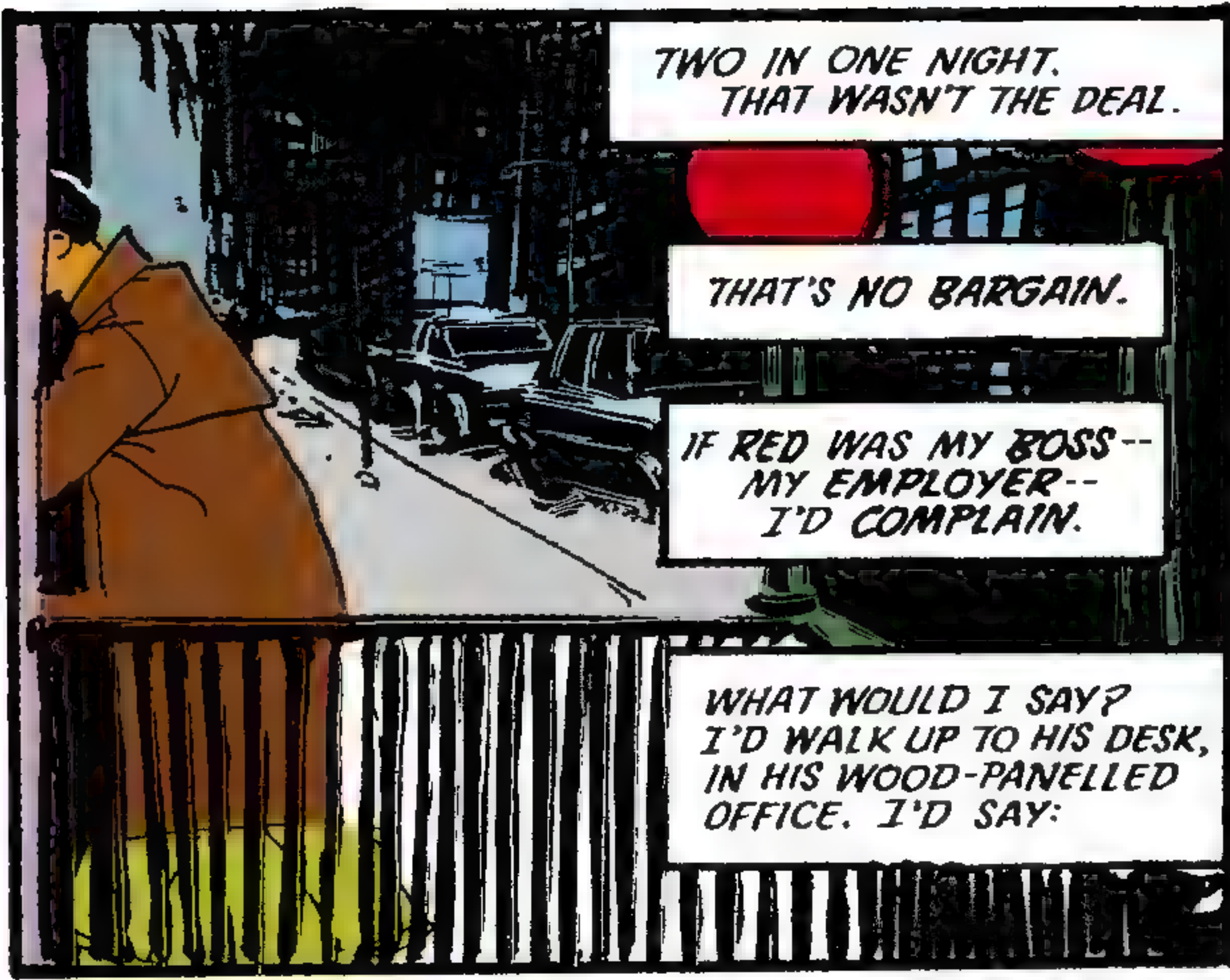


I'M TIRED.

I CLOSE MY EYES--
TIGHT.

RED FIREWORKS
FLASH HOT--
A GLORIOUS
FINALE.

BUT AM I
TIRED-- OR
AM I ANGRY?
THAT'S NOT
SMART.



TWO IN ONE NIGHT.
THAT WASN'T THE DEAL.

THAT'S NO BARGAIN.

IF RED WAS MY BOSS--
MY EMPLOYER--
I'D COMPLAIN.

WHAT WOULD I SAY?
I'D WALK UP TO HIS DESK,
IN HIS WOOD-PANELLED
OFFICE. I'D SAY:



MR. RED, YOU'RE
WORKING ME
TOO DAMN
HARD!

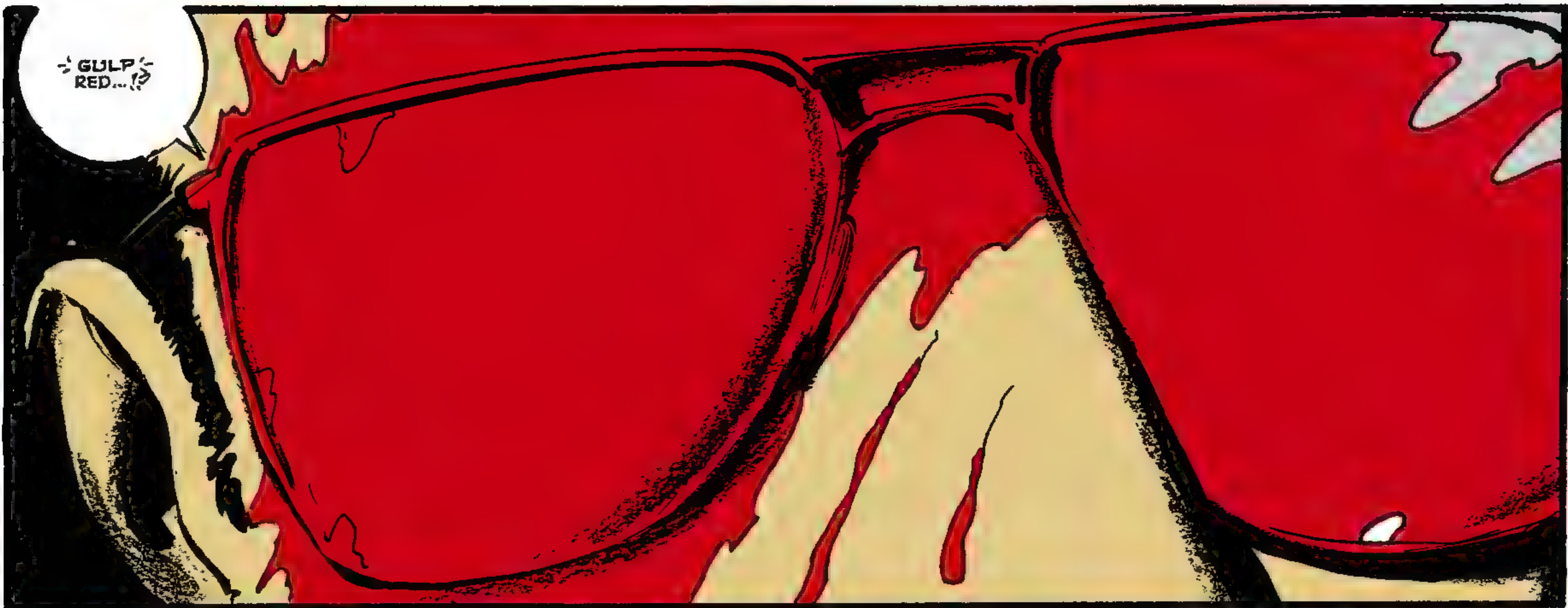
BUT RED
HAS NO DESK.

RED HAS NO OFFICE.



RED IS--

HAHAHAHAHA



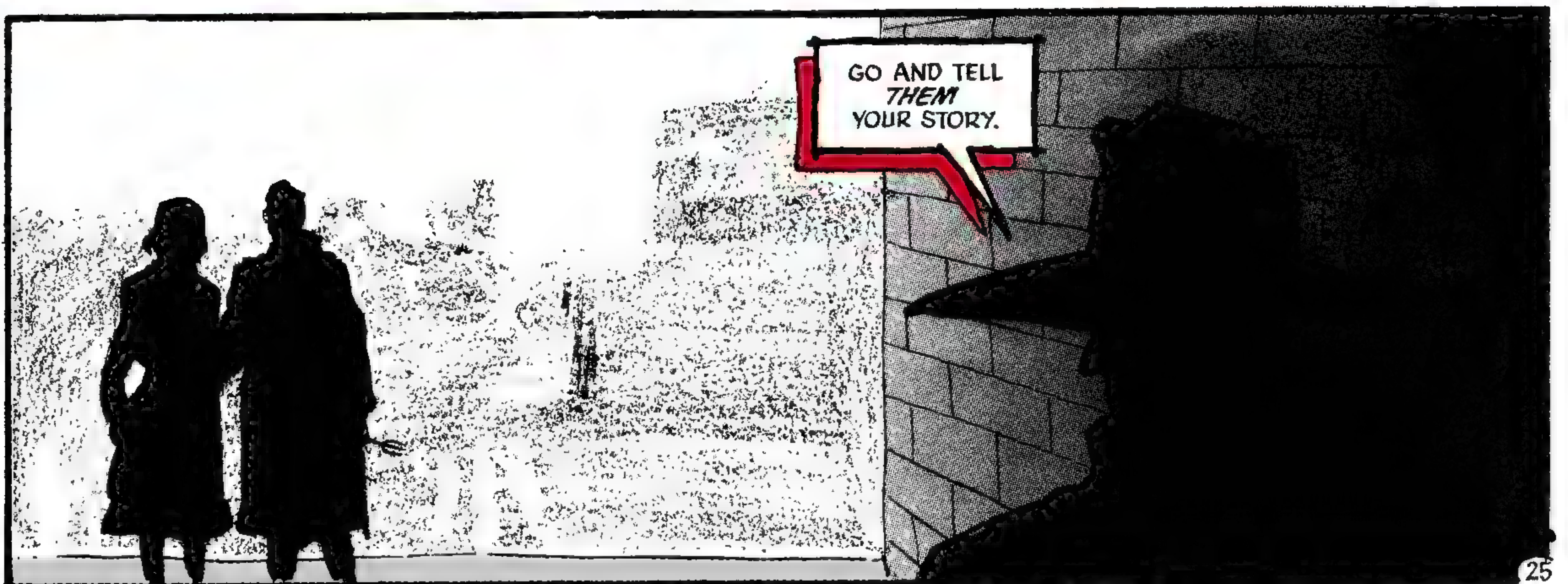
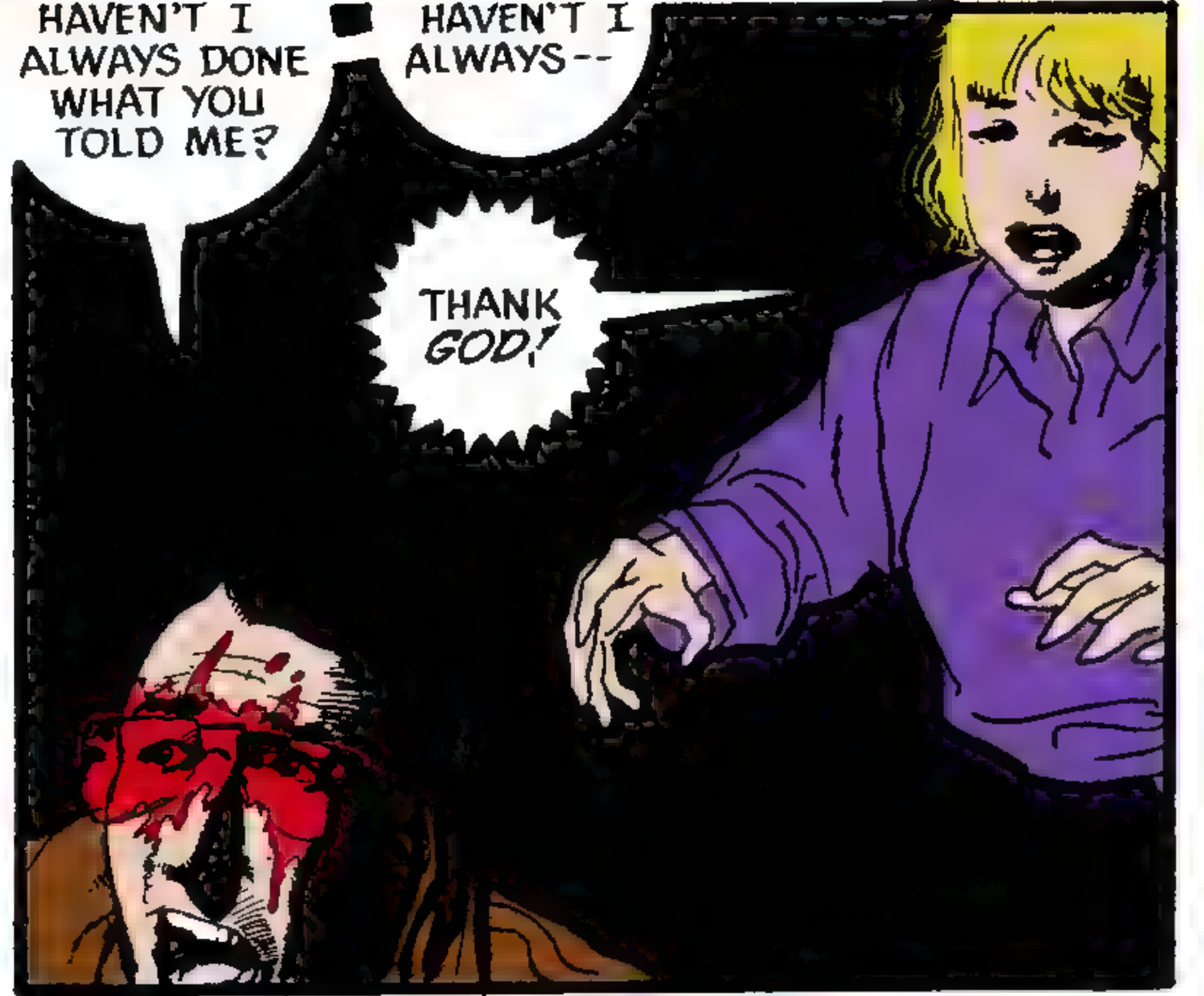
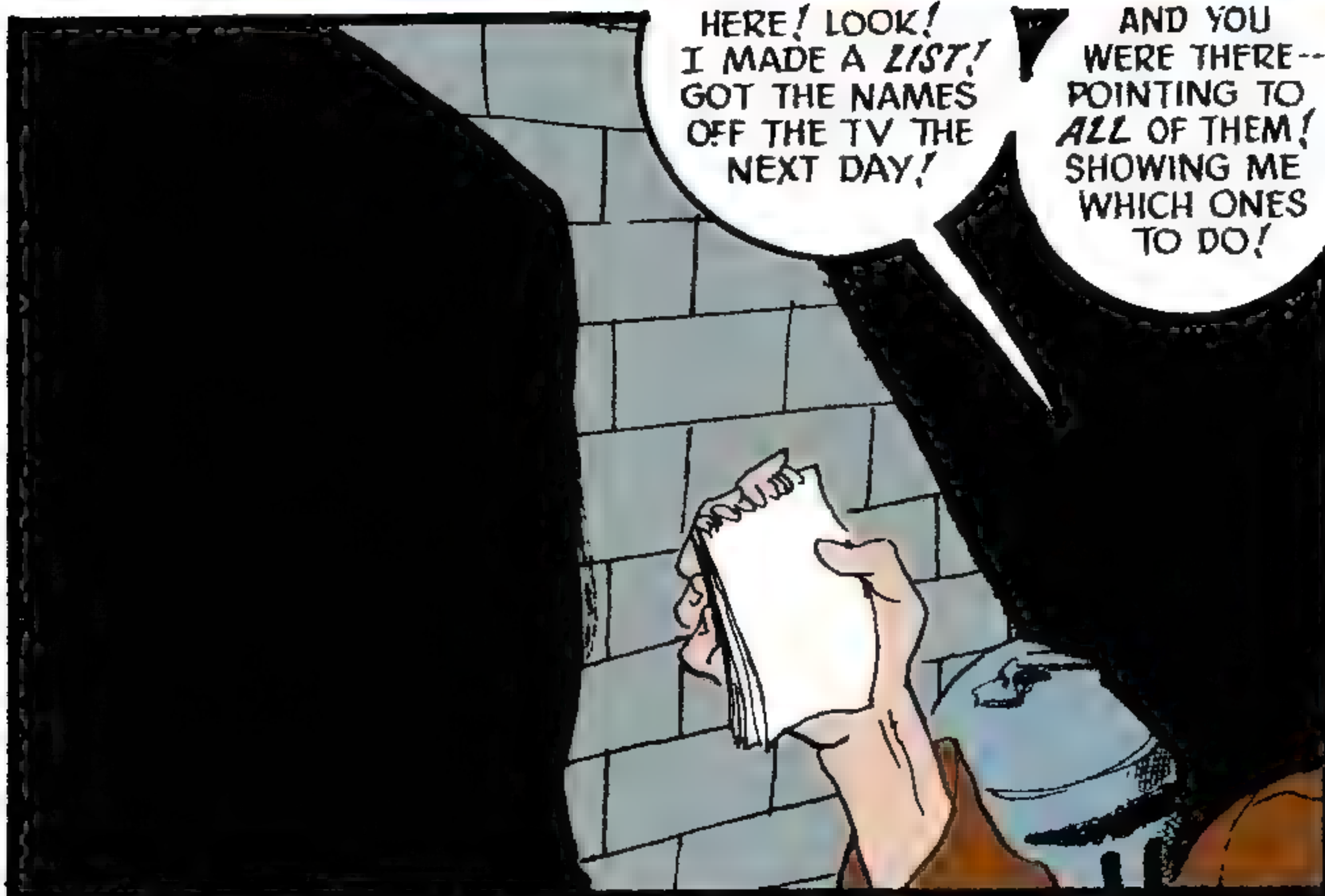
GULP
RED...!

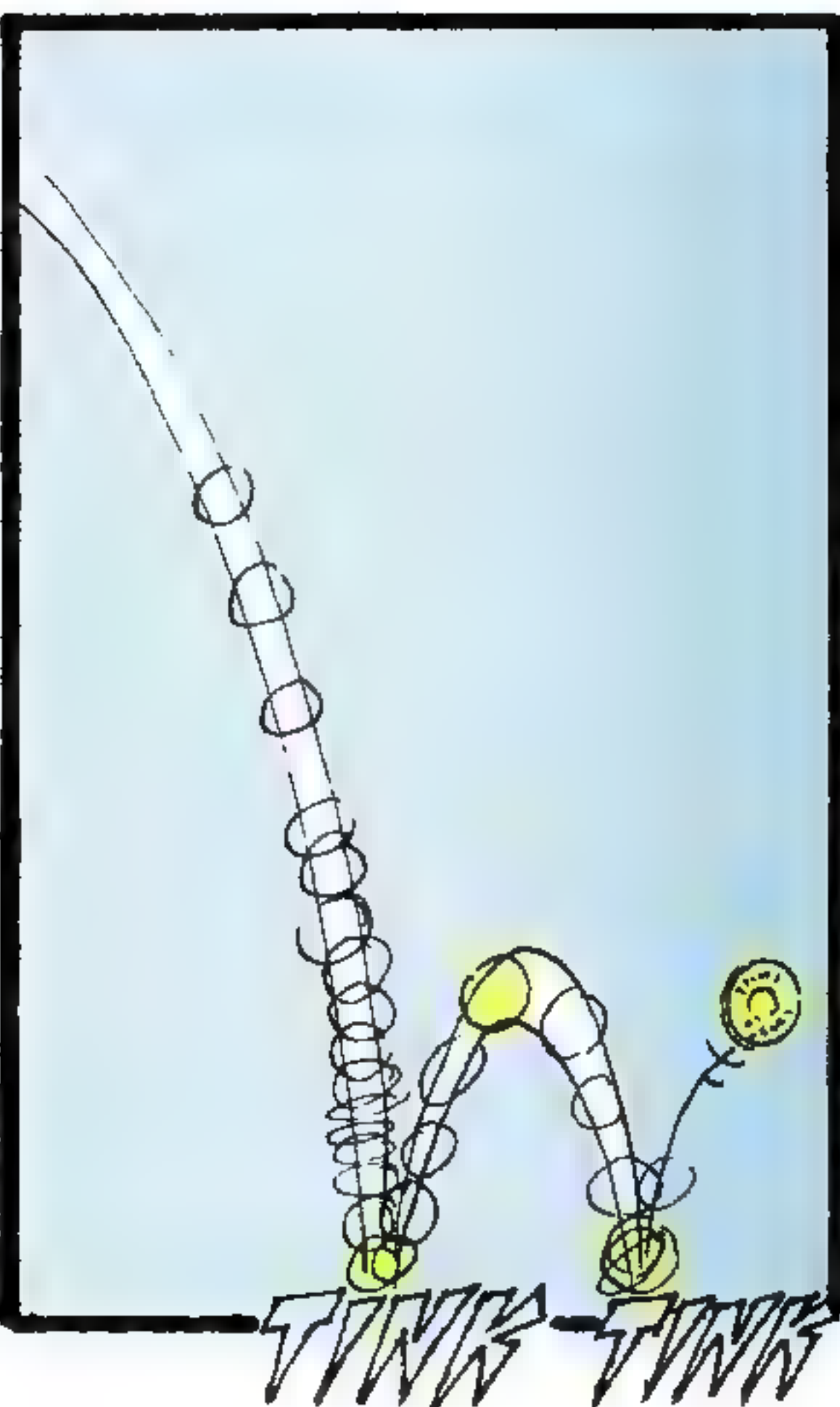
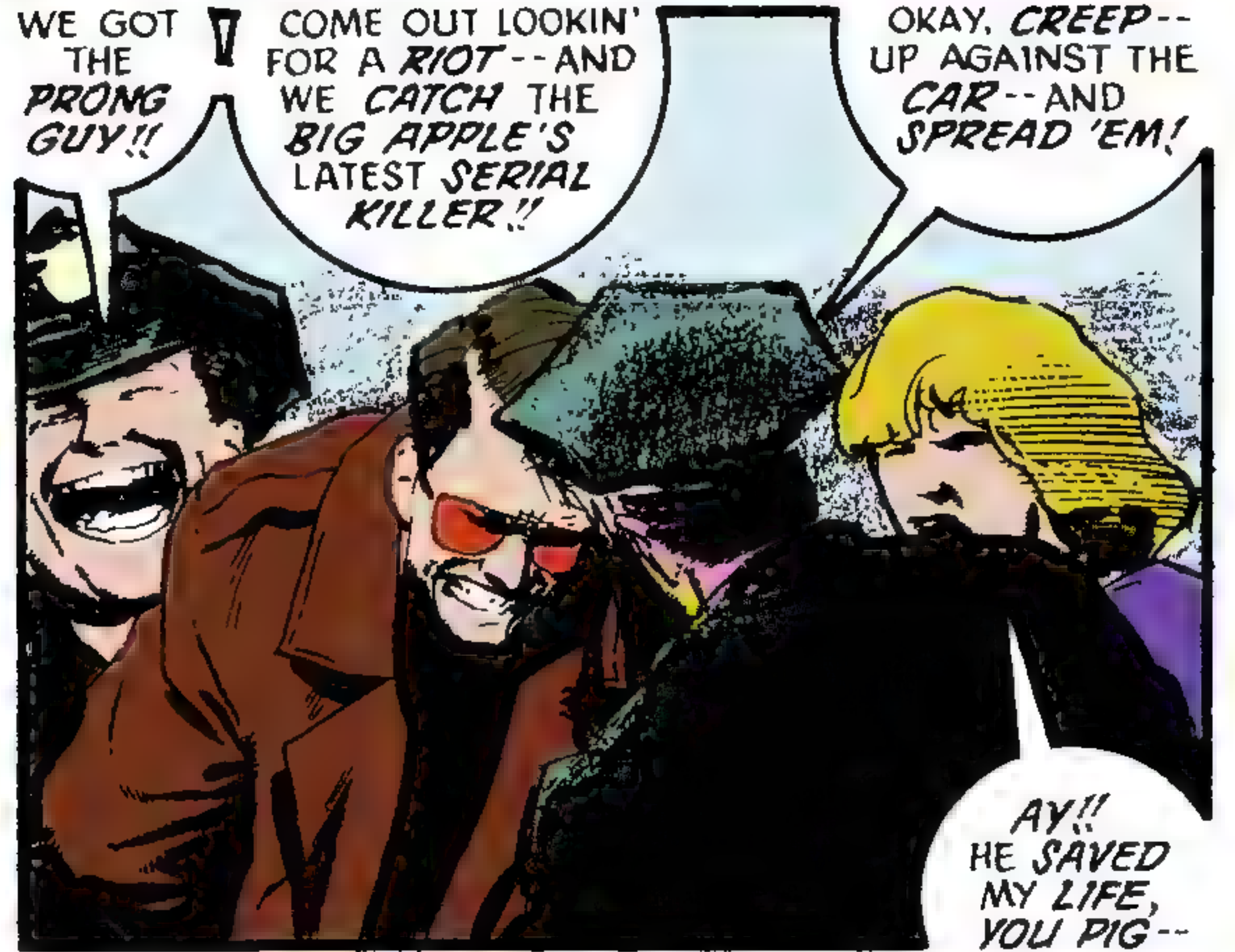
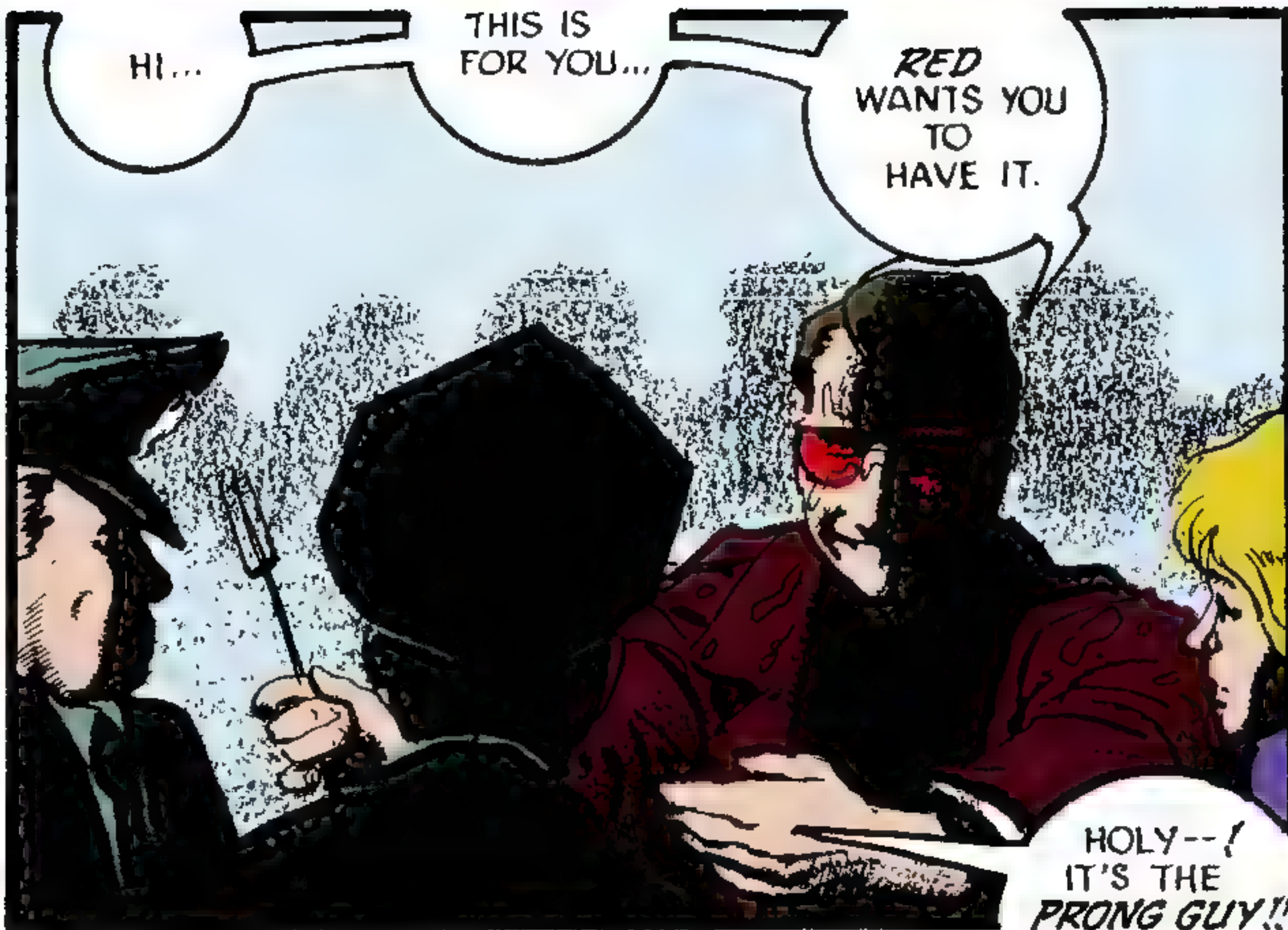
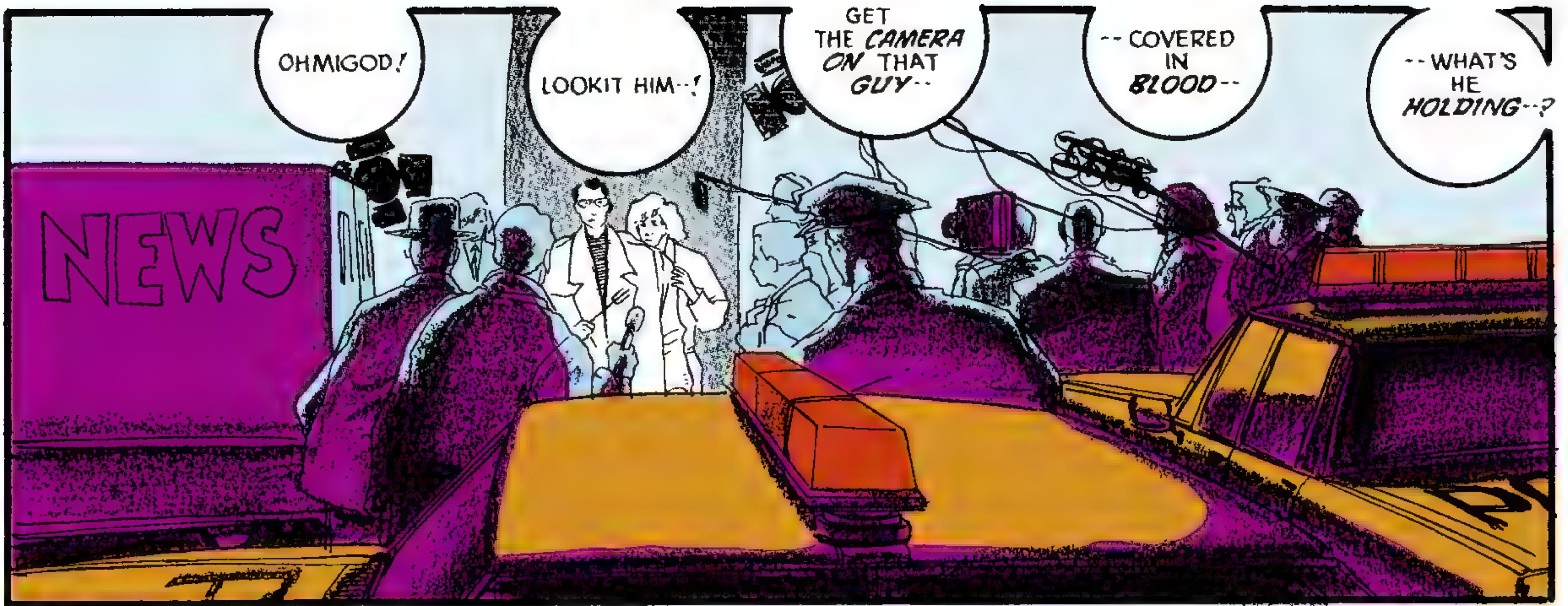


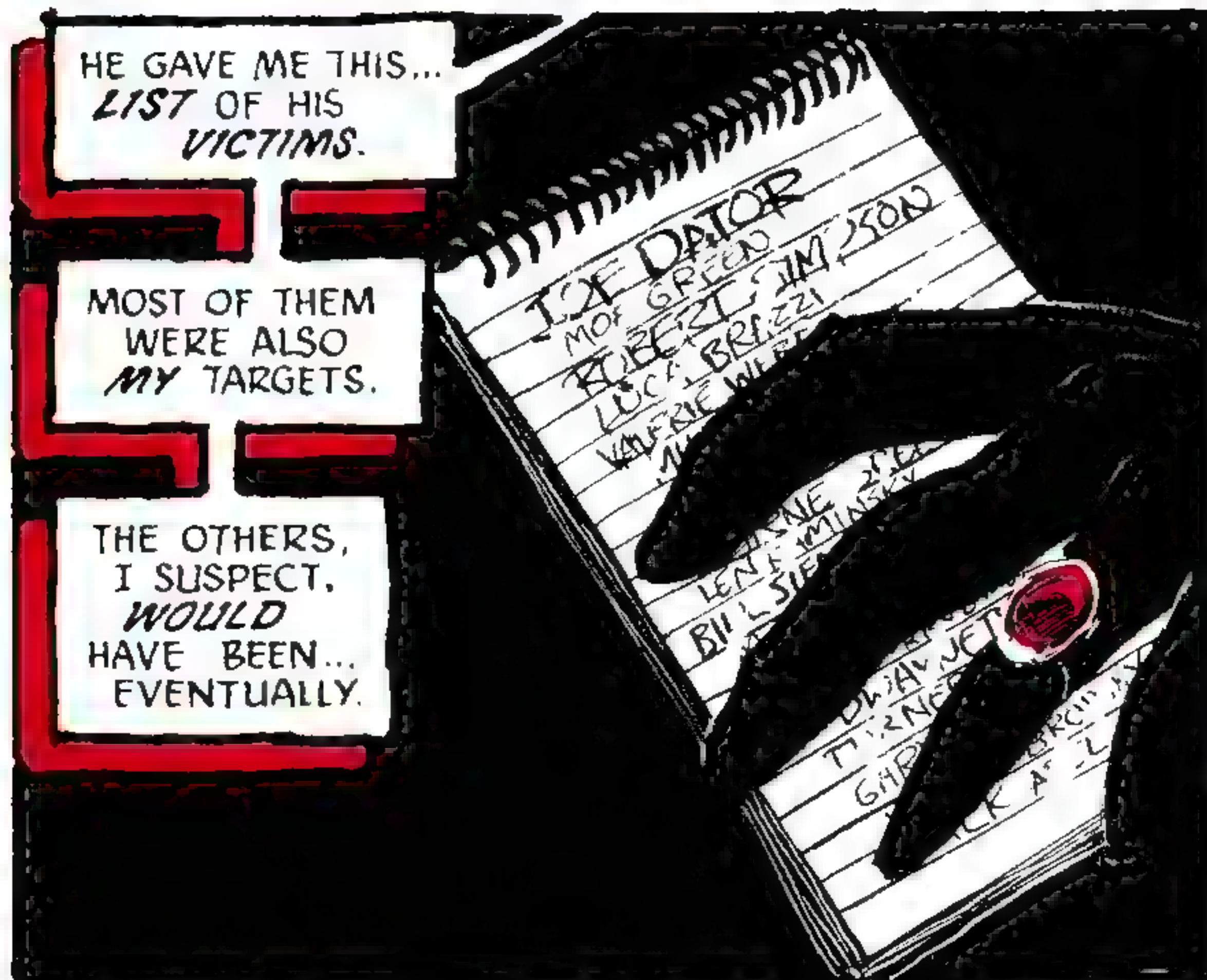
THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS
BITTER FRUIT--

RED!

YOU--
YOU WERE
LISTENING!







NEXT: *Fool for a Client*



BAKER—

#9

cover art by KYLE BAKER



THEN YOU *DO* UNDERSTAND WHAT IT IS YOU'VE DONE, LARRY...?

ACCORDING TO YOUR *OWN* ACCOUNT, YOU'VE KILLED OVER *TWO DOZEN* PEOPLE.



OH, SURE, DOCTOR. AND I REMEMBER EVERY ONE OF THEM.

I EVEN MADE A *LIST*. BUT I GAVE IT AWAY.

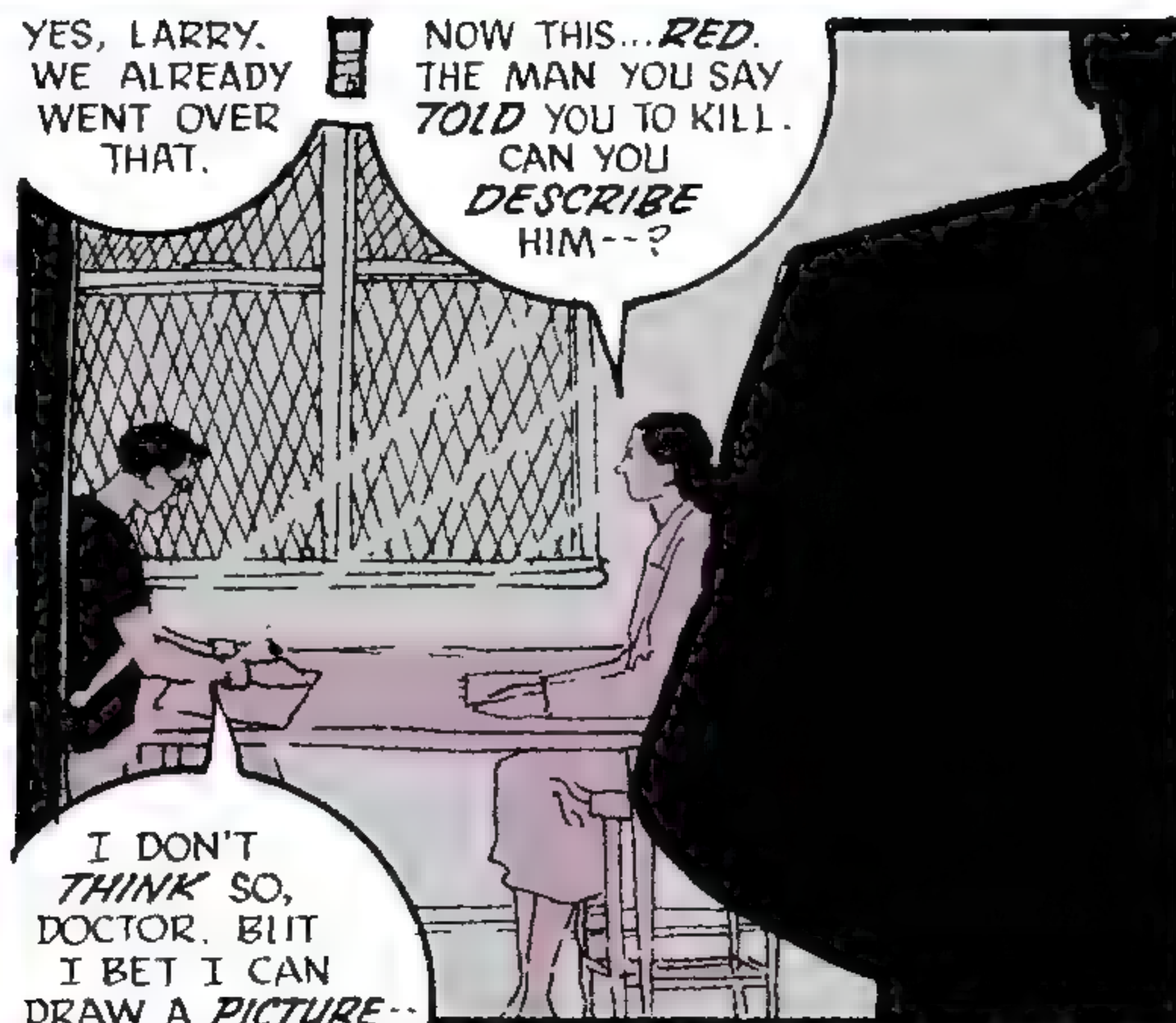


I... SEE...

THIS... *LIST*... EXACTLY *WHO* DID YOU GIVE IT TO...?

RED. I GAVE IT TO *RED*. JUST TO KEEP MY *ACCOUNTS* STRAIGHT.

I *USED* TO BE AN *ACCOUNTANT*, YOU KNOW...



YES, LARRY. WE ALREADY WENT OVER THAT.

NOW THIS... *RED*. THE MAN YOU SAY *TOLD* YOU TO KILL. CAN YOU *DESCRIBE* HIM--?

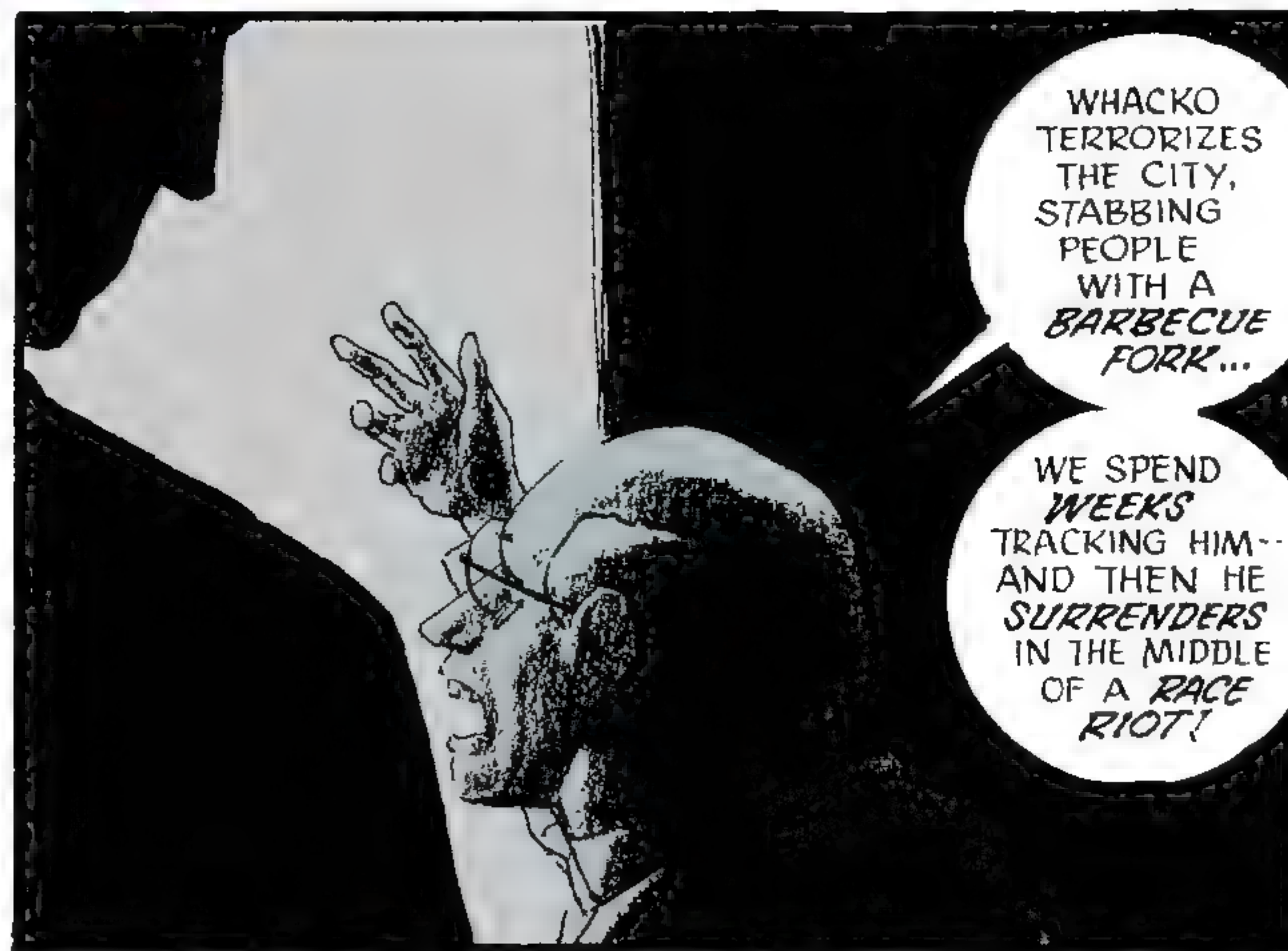
I DON'T *THINK* SO, DOCTOR. BUT I BET I CAN DRAW A *PICTURE*--



THAT WOULD DO NICELY, LARRY...

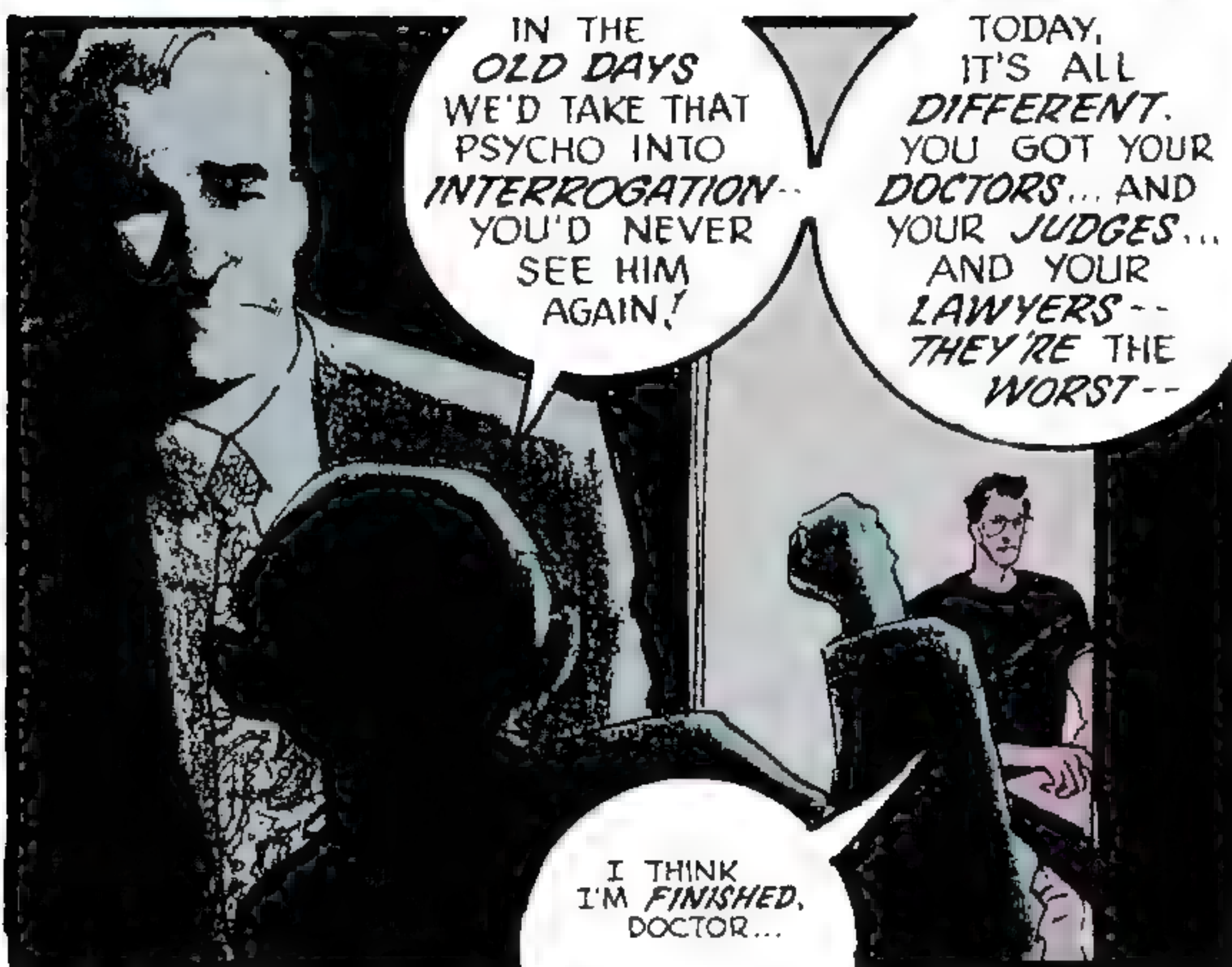
CHRIST, MAX-- ALL THAT NAMBY-PAMBY *SMALL TALK*!

MAKES A MAN WANT TO *PUKE*!



WHACKO TERRORIZES THE CITY, STABBING PEOPLE WITH A *BARBECUE FORK*...

WE SPEND *WEEKS* TRACKING HIM-- AND THEN HE *SURRENDERS* IN THE MIDDLE OF A *RACE RIOT*!



IN THE *OLD DAYS* WE'D TAKE THAT PSYCHO INTO *INTERROGATION*-- YOU'D NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!

TODAY, IT'S ALL *DIFFERENT*. YOU GOT YOUR *DOCTORS*... AND YOUR *JUDGES*... AND YOUR *LAWYERS*-- THEY'RE THE *WORST*--

I THINK I'M *FINISHED*, DOCTOR...



I'M SORRY, IT'S NOT SO GOOD...

I WAS NEVER MUCH OF AN *ARTIST*...



...BUT IT'S
THE BEST
I COULD
DO...

HOLD IT
RIGHT THERE,
SON!

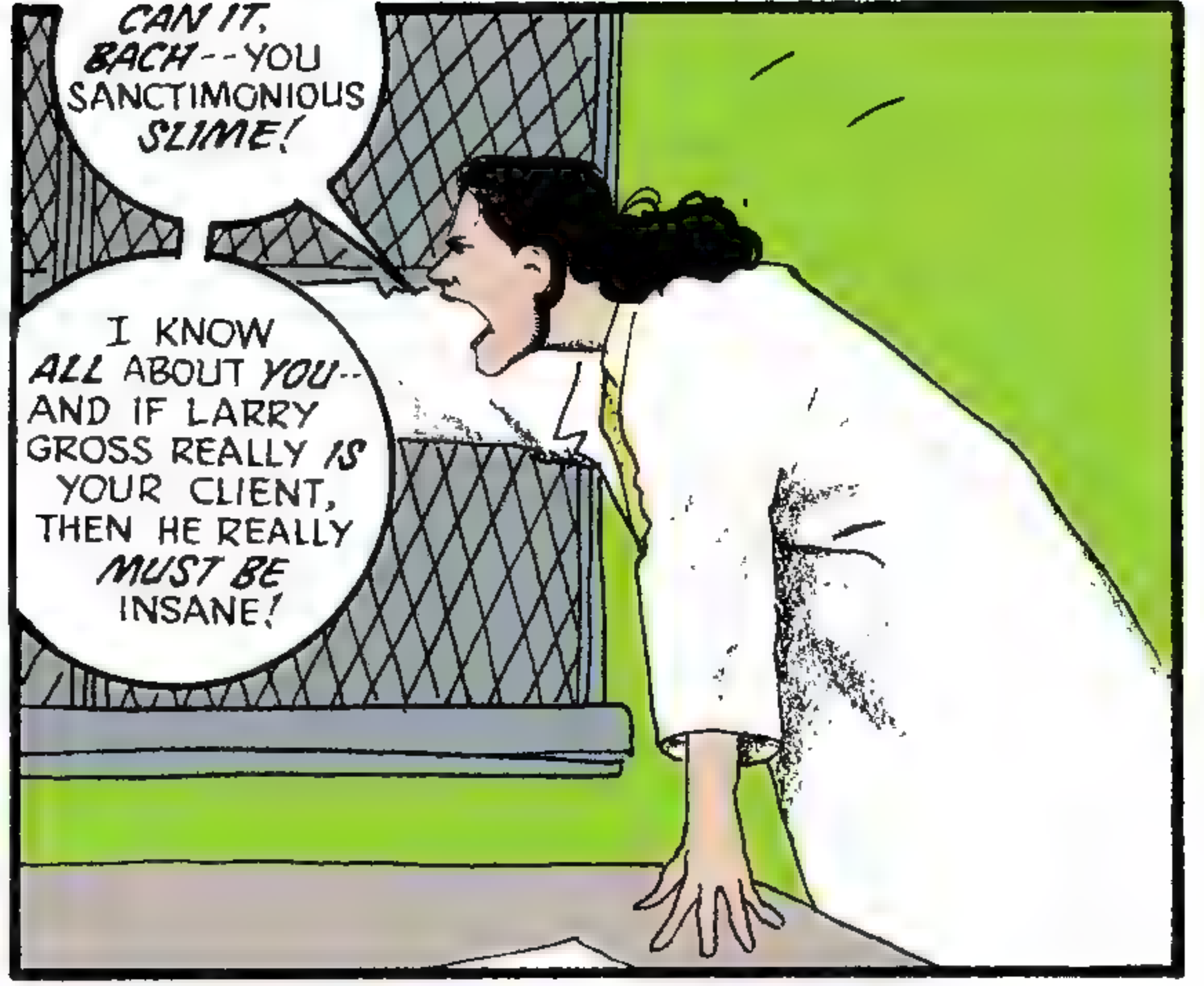
THE SEVEN DEADLY FINNS ~ PART 2:
FOOL FOR A CLIENT

A PREMEDITATED EXERCISE IN PREVARICATION BY
ANDREW HELFER KYLE BAKER BOB LAPPAN TOM ZIUKO MIKE CARLIN
WRITER ARTIST LETTERS COLORS EDITS



THIS IS AMERICA, HERR DOCTOR-- OR HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT?

WE DON'T COERCE SUSPECTS HERE-- ESPECIALLY THOSE SO PLAINLY UNABLE TO UNDERSTAND THEIR GOD-GIVEN RIGHT TO COUNSEL!



CAN IT, BACH-- YOU SANCTIMONIOUS SLIME!

I KNOW ALL ABOUT YOU-- AND IF LARRY GROSS REALLY IS YOUR CLIENT, THEN HE REALLY MUST BE INSANE!



SO GLAD YOU FEEL THAT WAY, DOCTOR FROST--

--I TRUST WE CAN DEPEND ON YOU TO REPEAT THAT OPINION DURING THIS POOR MAN'S TRIAL!

TILL THEN, I'M AFRAID I MUST CUT SHORT YOUR LITTLE INQUISITION--



--I HAVE A CASE TO PREPARE!"

PLEASE, PLEASE, MY FRIENDS-- ONE AT A TIME!

MY CLIENT IS UNDER CONSIDERABLE STRAIN ...



AS ALWAYS, I'M MORE THAN HAPPY TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTIONS--

--YOU ALL KNOW OF MY FIRM BELIEF IN A FREE PRESS...

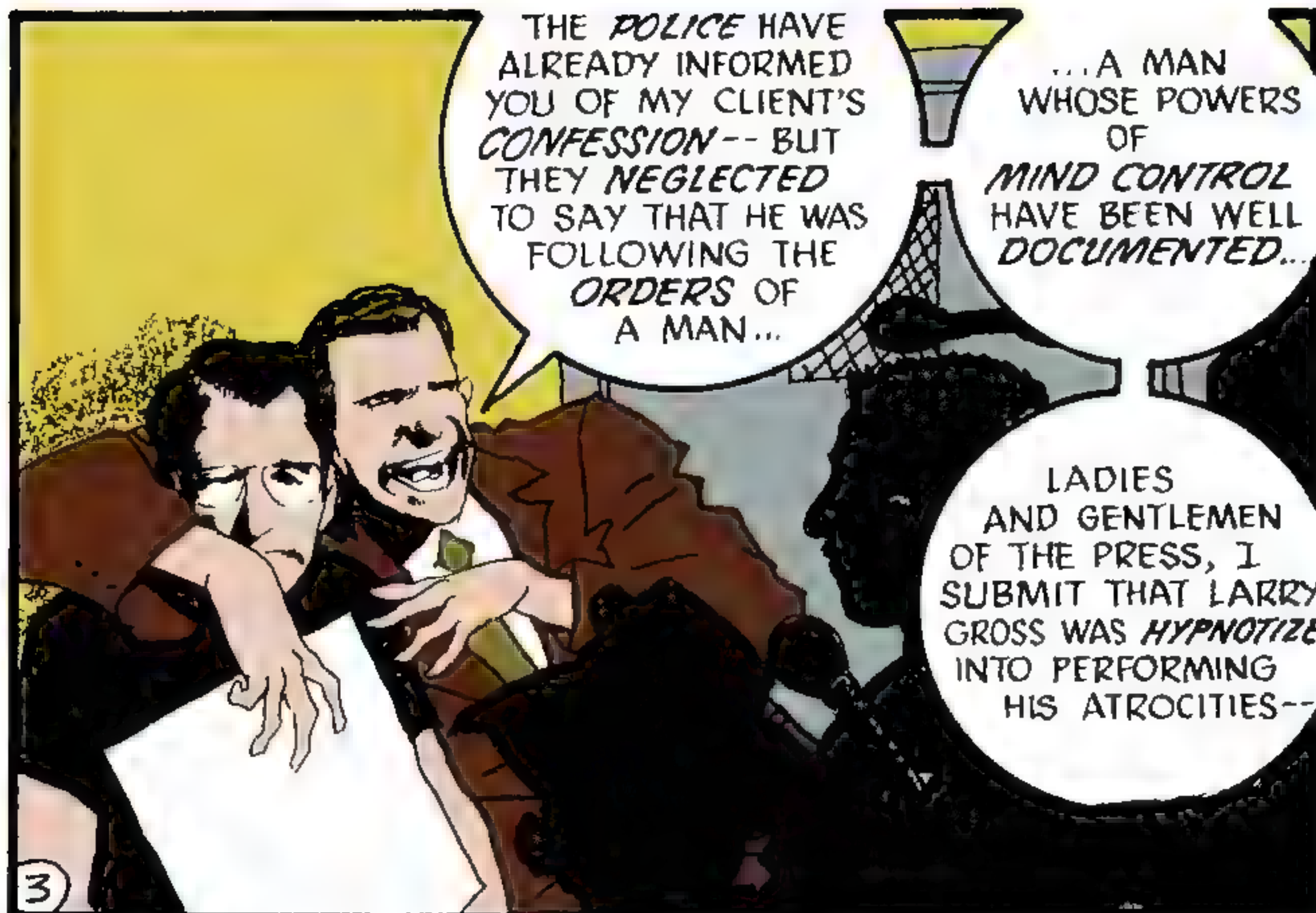


OKAY, HY, WHAT'S OUR ANGLE ON THIS ONE?

ANY CONNECTION TO THE DOCTOR FLAX CASE HERE--

OR THE SID MAPLE CASE-- YOU'RE DEFENDING BOTH THOSE GUYS, RIGHT?

YEAH, HY-- LEVEL WITH US-- IS LARRY GROSS A NUT OR WHAT?



THE POLICE HAVE ALREADY INFORMED YOU OF MY CLIENT'S CONFESSION-- BUT THEY NEGLECTED TO SAY THAT HE WAS FOLLOWING THE ORDERS OF A MAN...

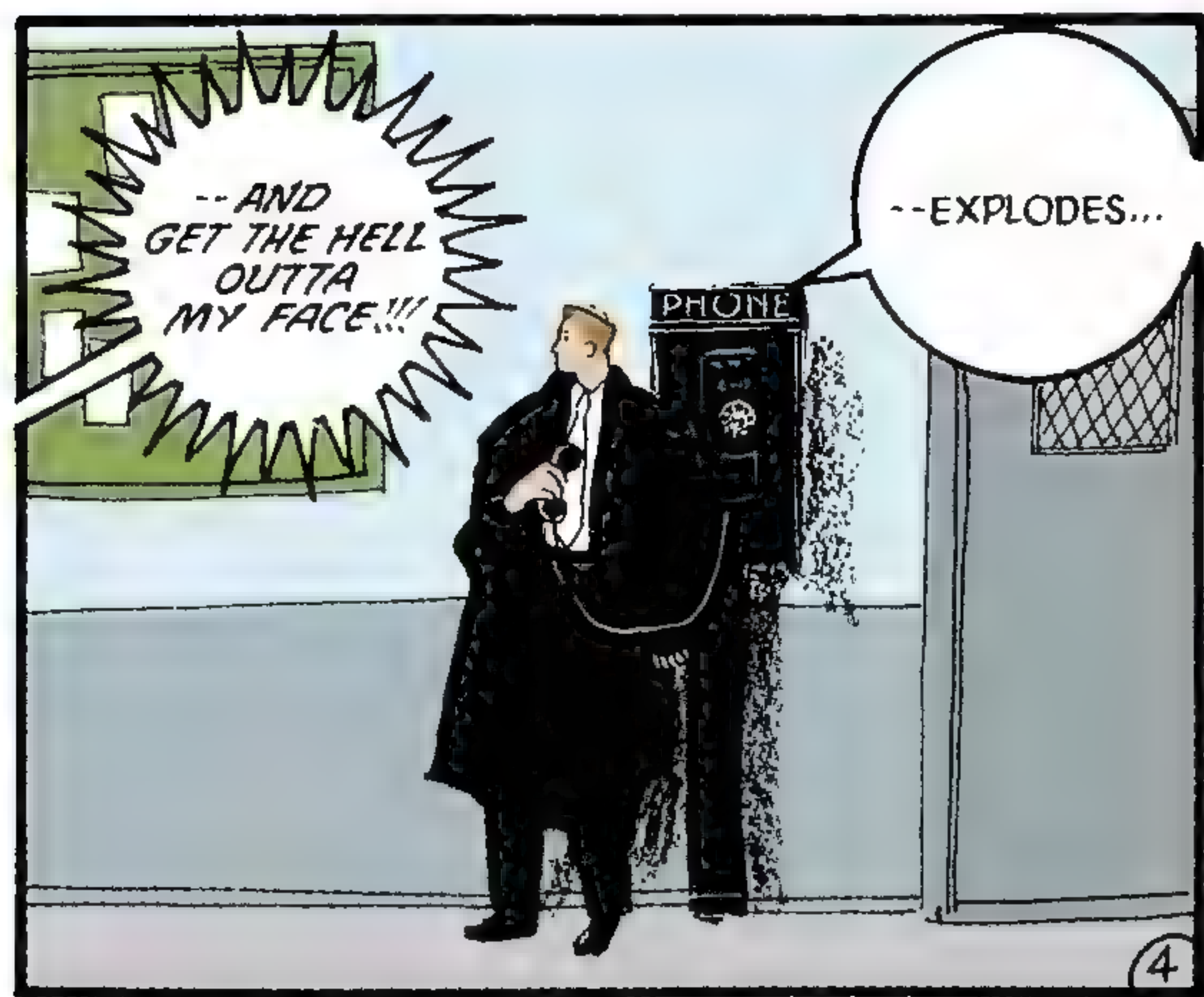
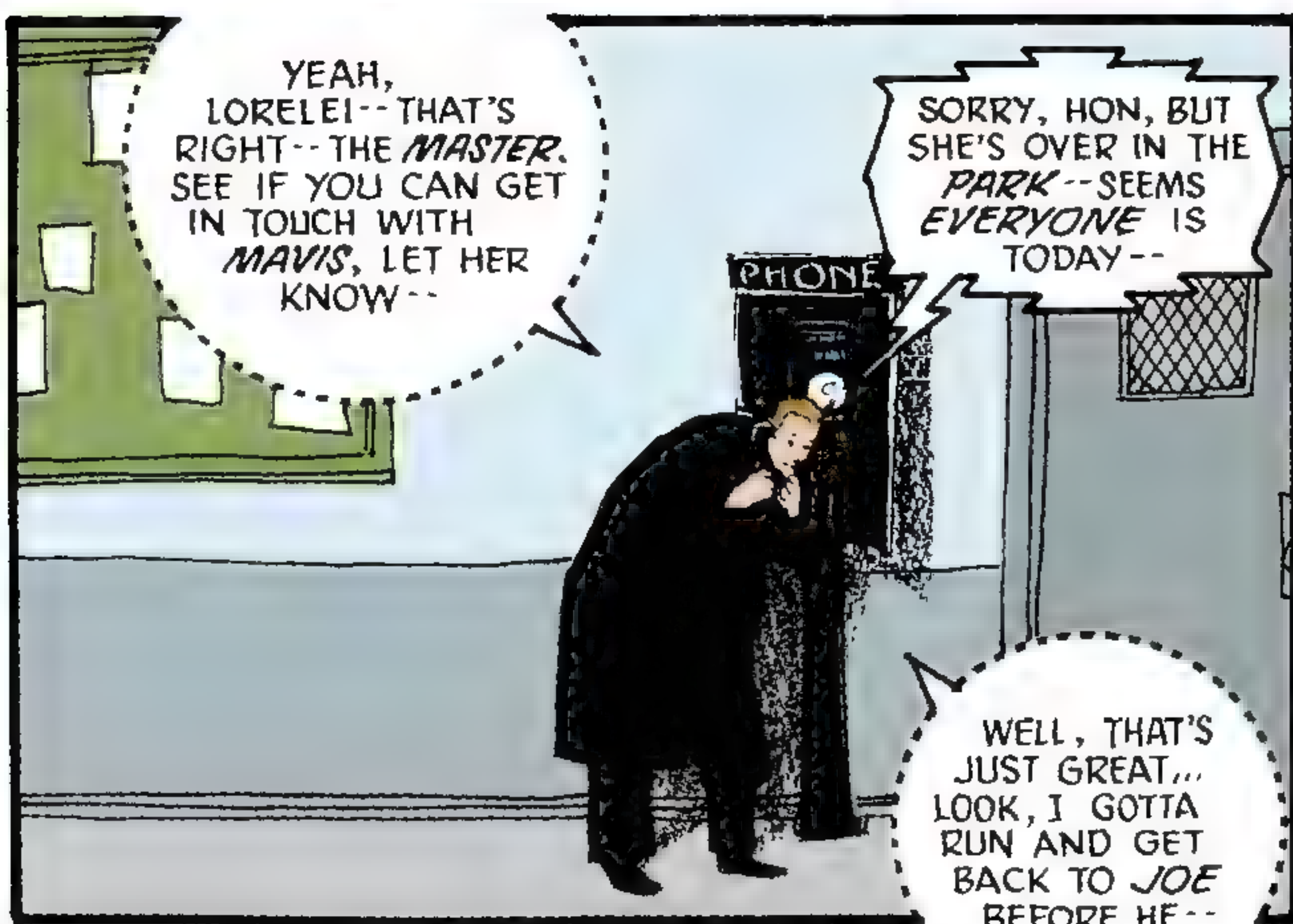
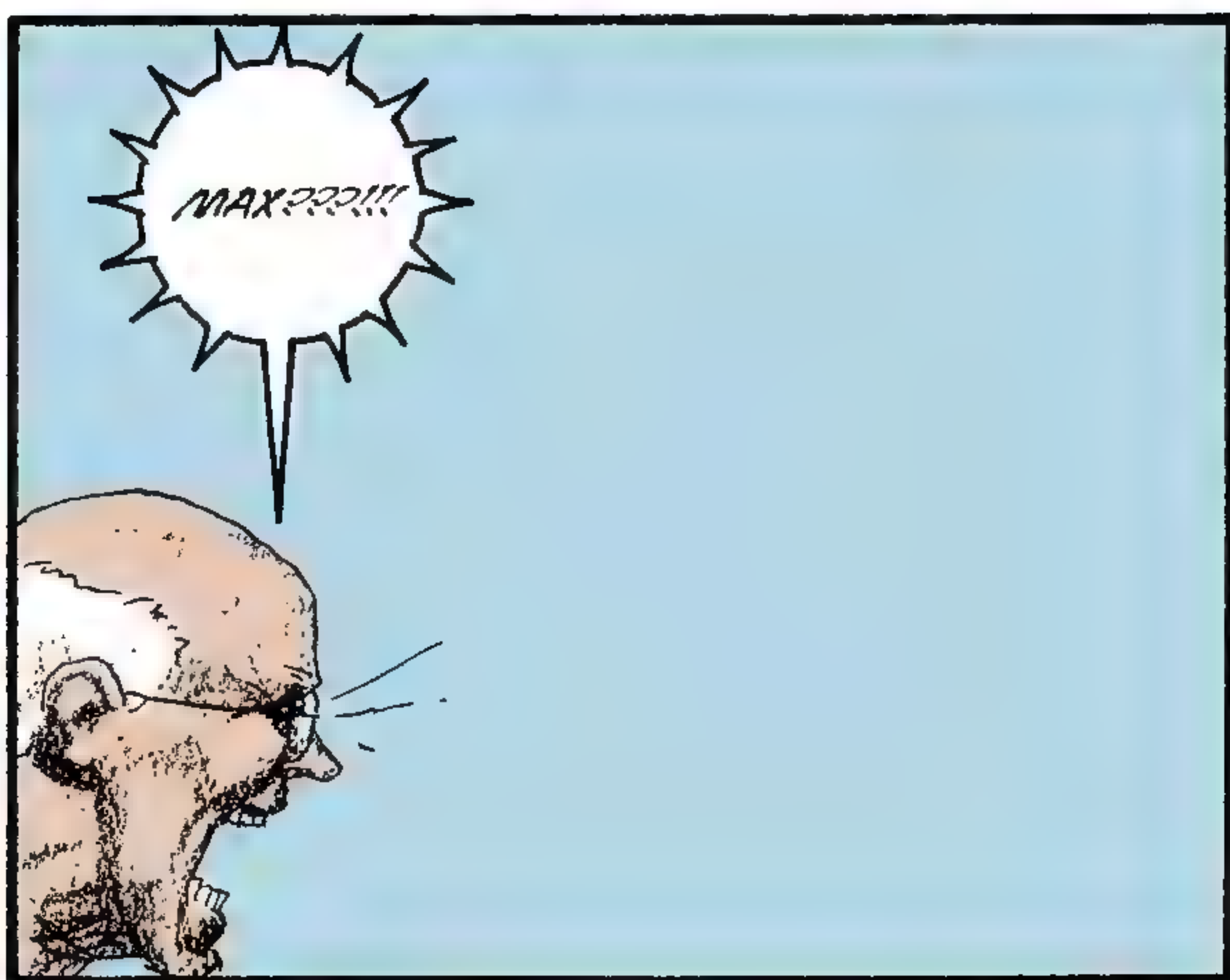
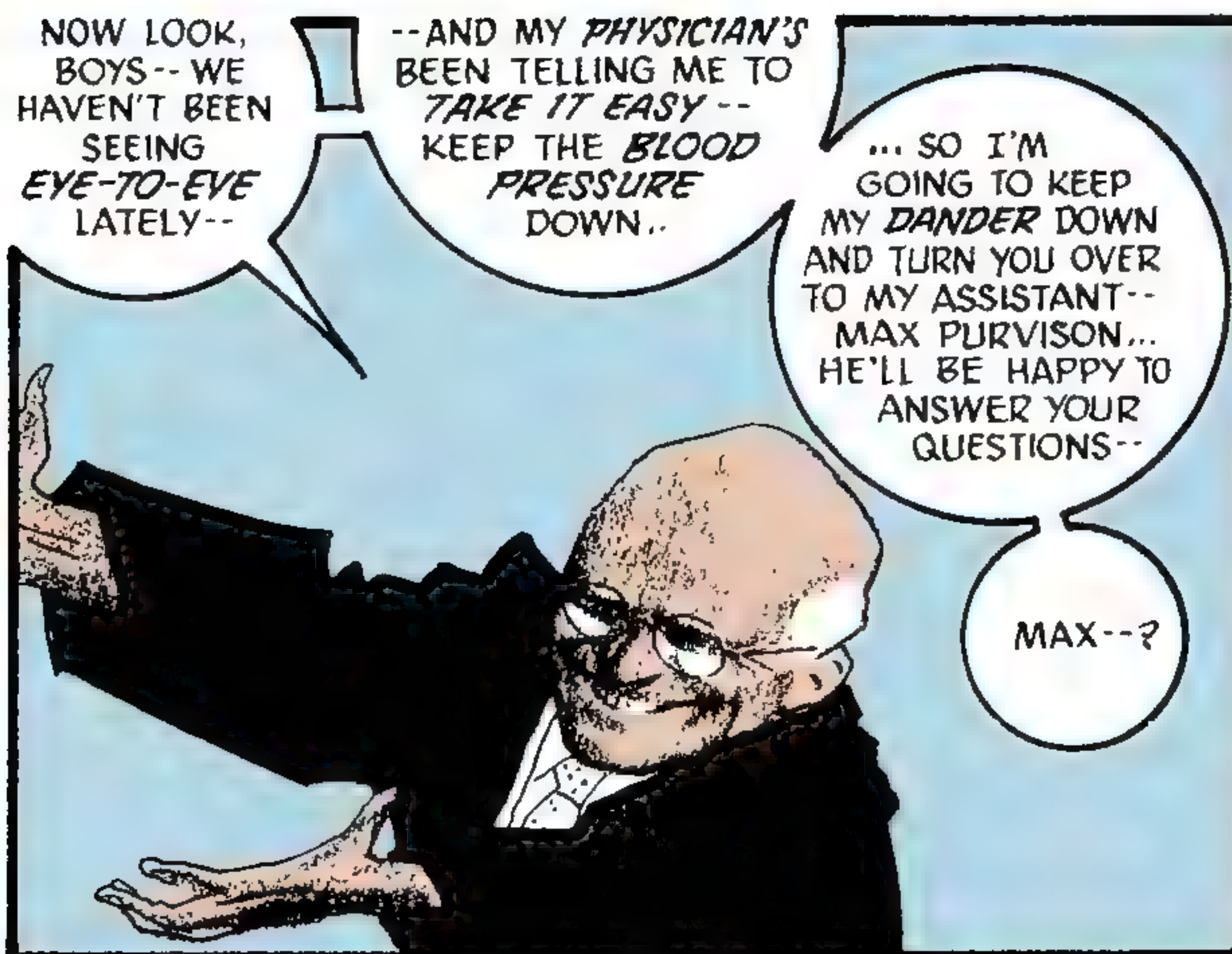
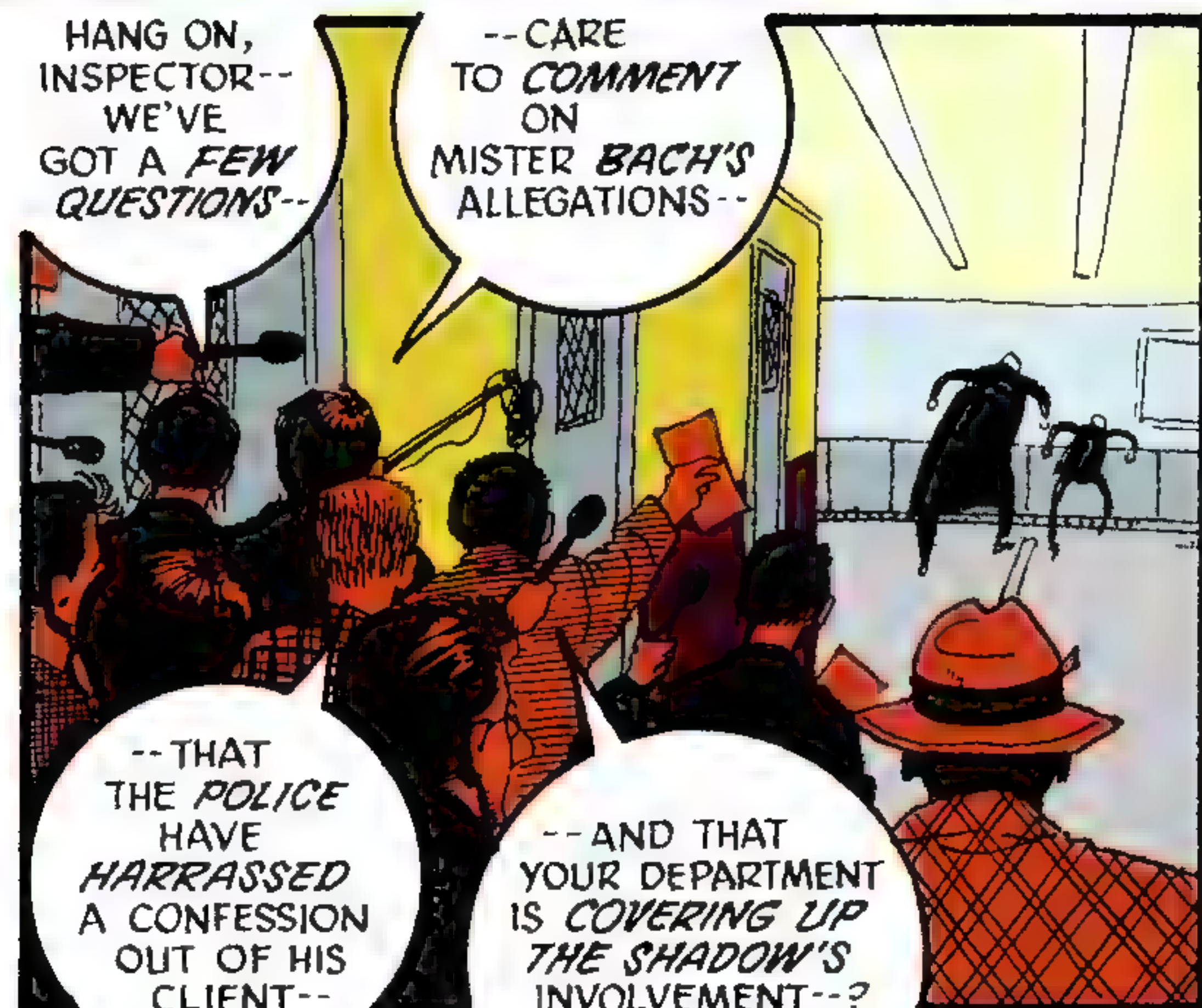
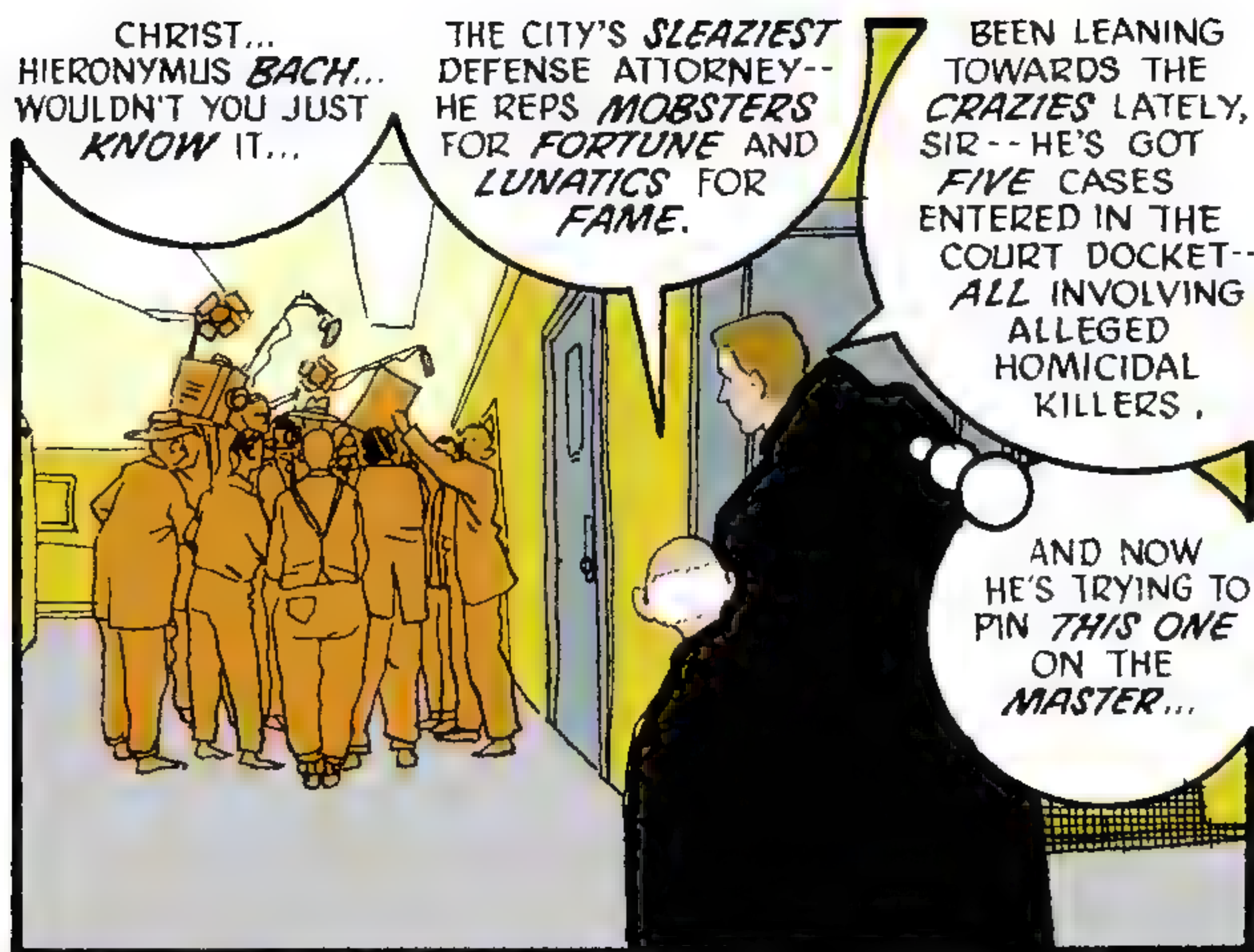
...A MAN WHOSE POWERS OF MIND CONTROL HAVE BEEN WELL DOCUMENTED...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS, I SUBMIT THAT LARRY GROSS WAS HYPNOTIZED INTO PERFORMING HIS ATROCITIES--



-- BY NONE OTHER THAN ...

...THE SHADOW!



OH YEAH, MAVIS...
THIS IS *SOME*
WAR ON CRIME
WE'RE WAGING... FROM
THE *BUSHES* OF
CENTRAL
PARK...

SAY... I SPOTTED A
PAIR OF *FLASHERS*
AN HOUR AGO --
THINK THE MASTER'LL
WANT TO *KILL*
'EM, OR --

YIIEEEEEE!



JEEZ!!



ELTON!! WHAT'S
GOING ON -- ?
ARE YOU --

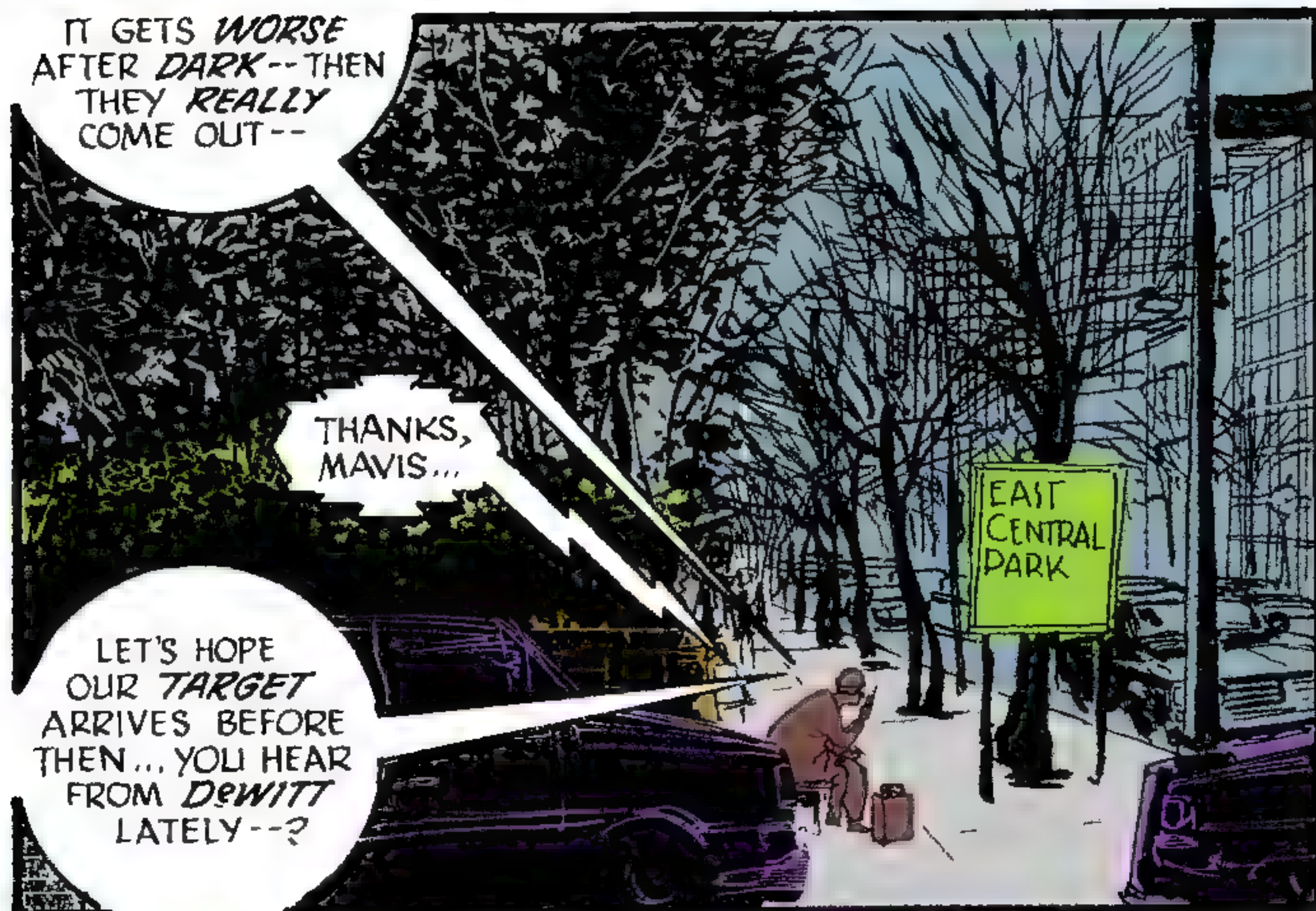
FINE,
MAVIS -- IT'S
JUST THE *RATS*...
PLACE IS
CRAWLING
WITH 'EM...



IT GETS *WORSE*
AFTER *DARK* -- THEN
THEY *REALLY*
COME OUT --

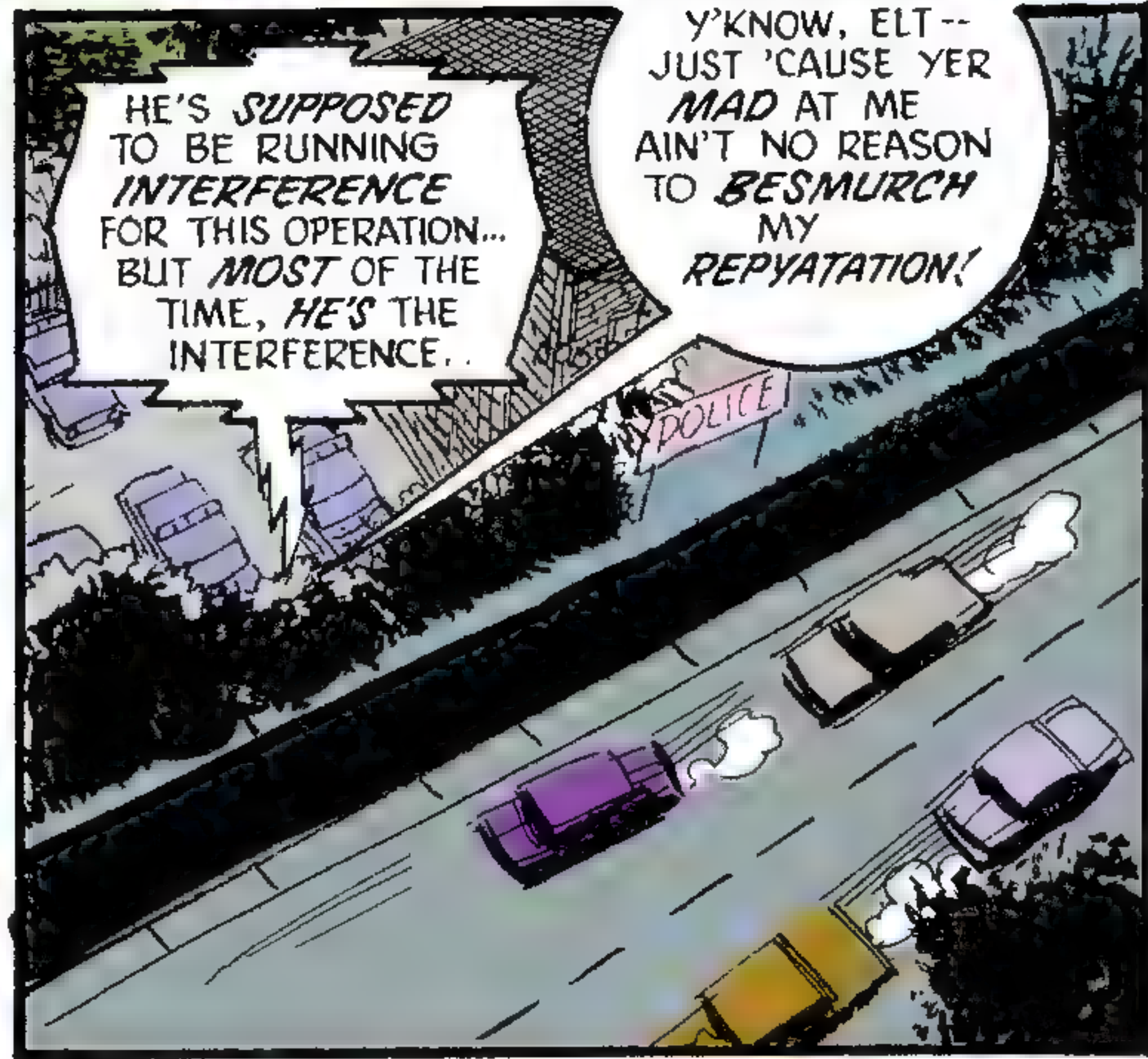
THANKS,
MAVIS...

LET'S HOPE
OUR *TARGET*
ARRIVES BEFORE
THEN... YOU HEAR
FROM *DEWITT*
LATELY --?



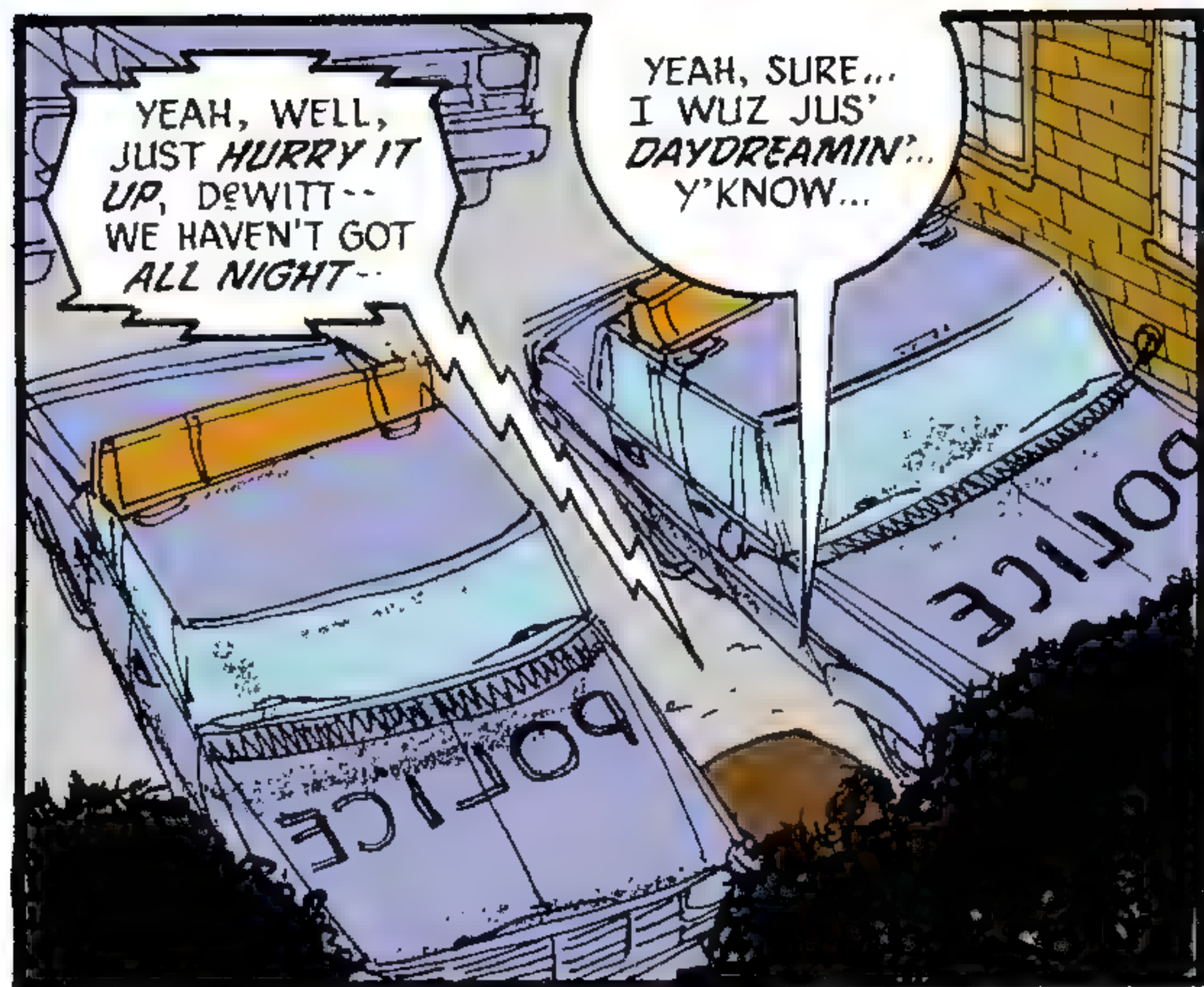
HE'S *SUPPOSED*
TO BE RUNNING
INTERFERENCE
FOR THIS OPERATION...
BUT *MOST* OF THE
TIME, HE'S THE
INTERFERENCE.

Y'KNOW, ELT --
JUST 'CAUSE YER
MAD AT ME
AIN'T NO REASON
TO *BESMURCH*
MY
REPYATATION!

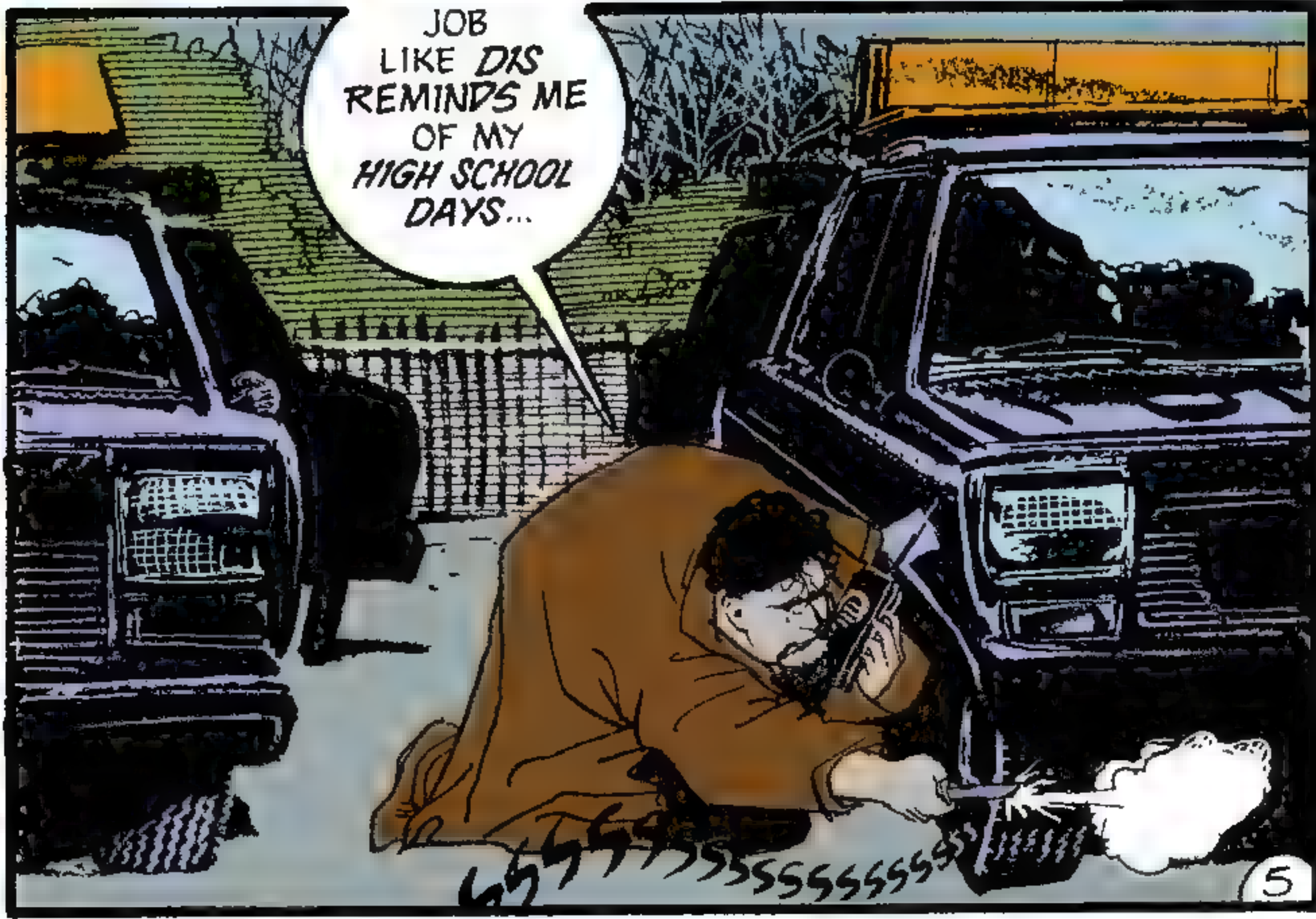


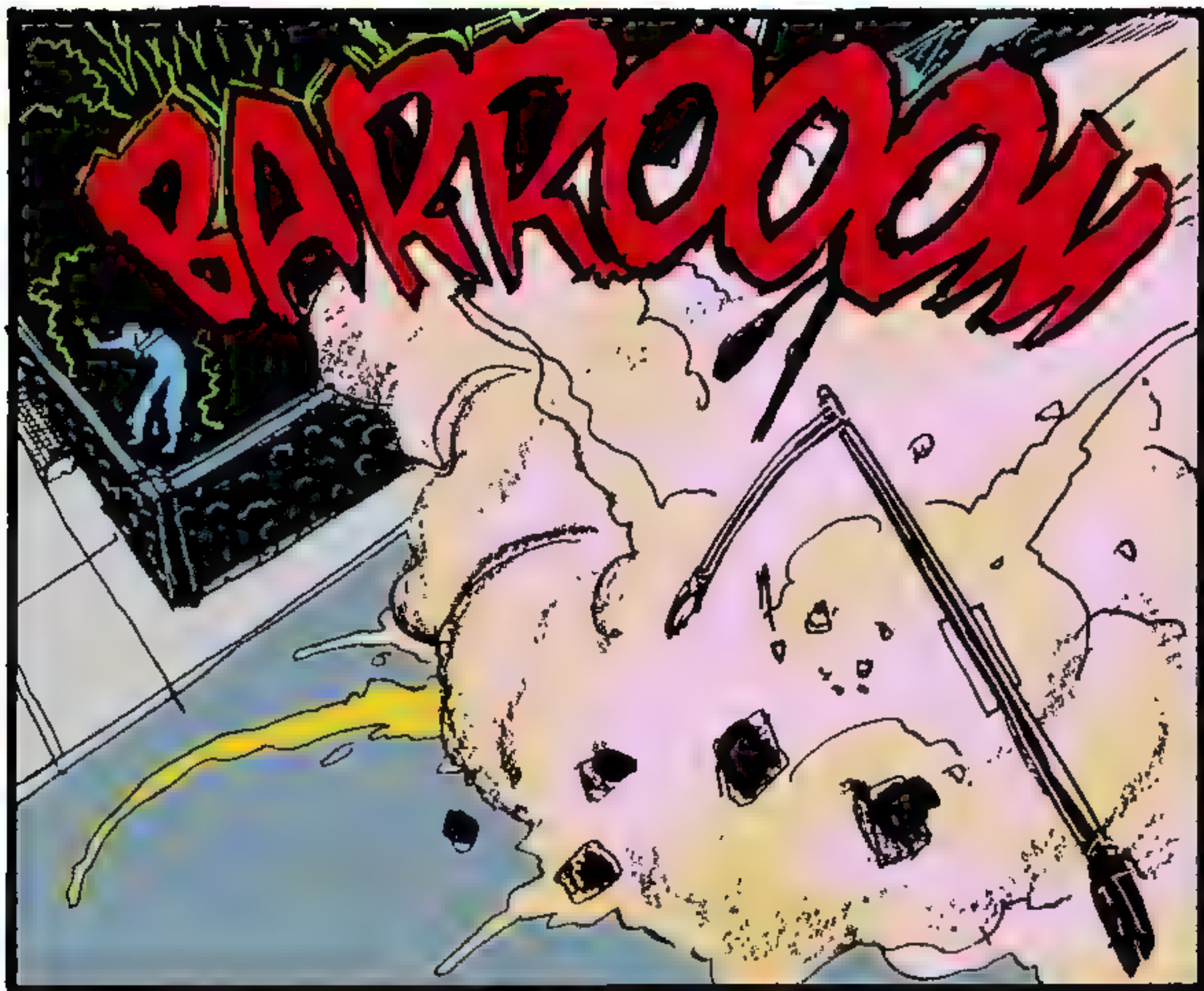
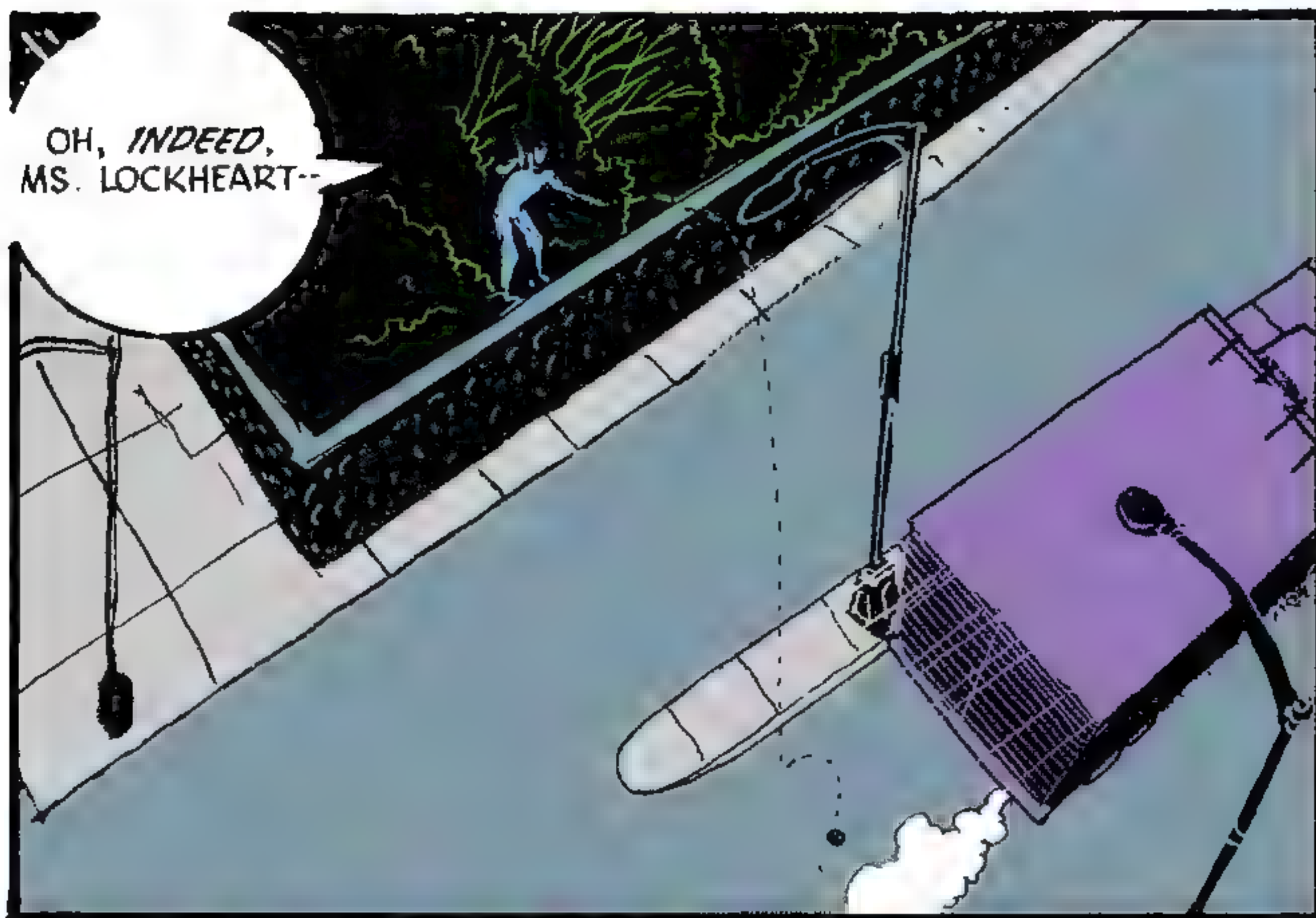
YEAH, WELL,
JUST *HURRY IT*
UP, DEWITT --
WE HAVEN'T GOT
ALL NIGHT --

YEAH, SURE...
I WUZ JUS'
DAYDREAMIN'...
Y'KNOW...



JOB
LIKE *DIS*
REMINDS ME
OF MY
HIGH SCHOOL
DAYS...





WHAT TH--?
YOU HEAR *THAT*,
SID? SOUNDED
LIKE SOME KIND
OF *EXPLOSION*!!

MAYBE IT'S
A *CROSS*-- I
NEVER *TRUSTED*
THAT *FINN* GUY--
SETTIN' UP
A *DROP* IN
CENTRAL
PARK--

FRANK, FRANK...
THE *DOCKS* ARE
TOO *HOT* TO TRADE
ANYMORE! THIS MAKES
SENSE! NO ONE'LL
THINK TO LOOK
HERE--!

I'D *SWEAR*
IT WAS SOME KIND
OF *EXPLOSION*--
SOUNDED LIKE A
CLAYMORE,
OR--

DON'T
SWEAT IT,
LEON--PROBABLY
A *GAS MAIN* OR
SOMETHING.
I MEAN, THIS IS
NEW YORK CITY,
RIGHT?

THINGS
EXPLODE
HERE
ALL THE
TIME...

I DON'T KNOW,
SID. *PARK'S* TOO
FAR *INLAND* FOR
ME--DON'T FEEL
COMFORTABLE
UNLESS--

KATHUNK

WHAT
WAS
THAT??

STOP
BEING SO
ANTSY, *FRANK*!
BRANCH
HIT THE ROOF,
THAT'S ALL--

--LOOK--
THAT
MUST BE
THEM!

MAN...SIX GROSS
AMELI MG 82's,
IMPORTED DIRECTLY
FROM SPAIN...THREE
GROSS BULLPUP M82's
FROM FINLAND...WE'LL
MOVE 'EM THROUGH
THE CLUB IN
NO TIME--

--TURN A
SIX HUNDRED
PERCENT PROFIT
OVERNIGHT!

MISTER
FINN--
THAT
LOOKS
LIKE
THEM!

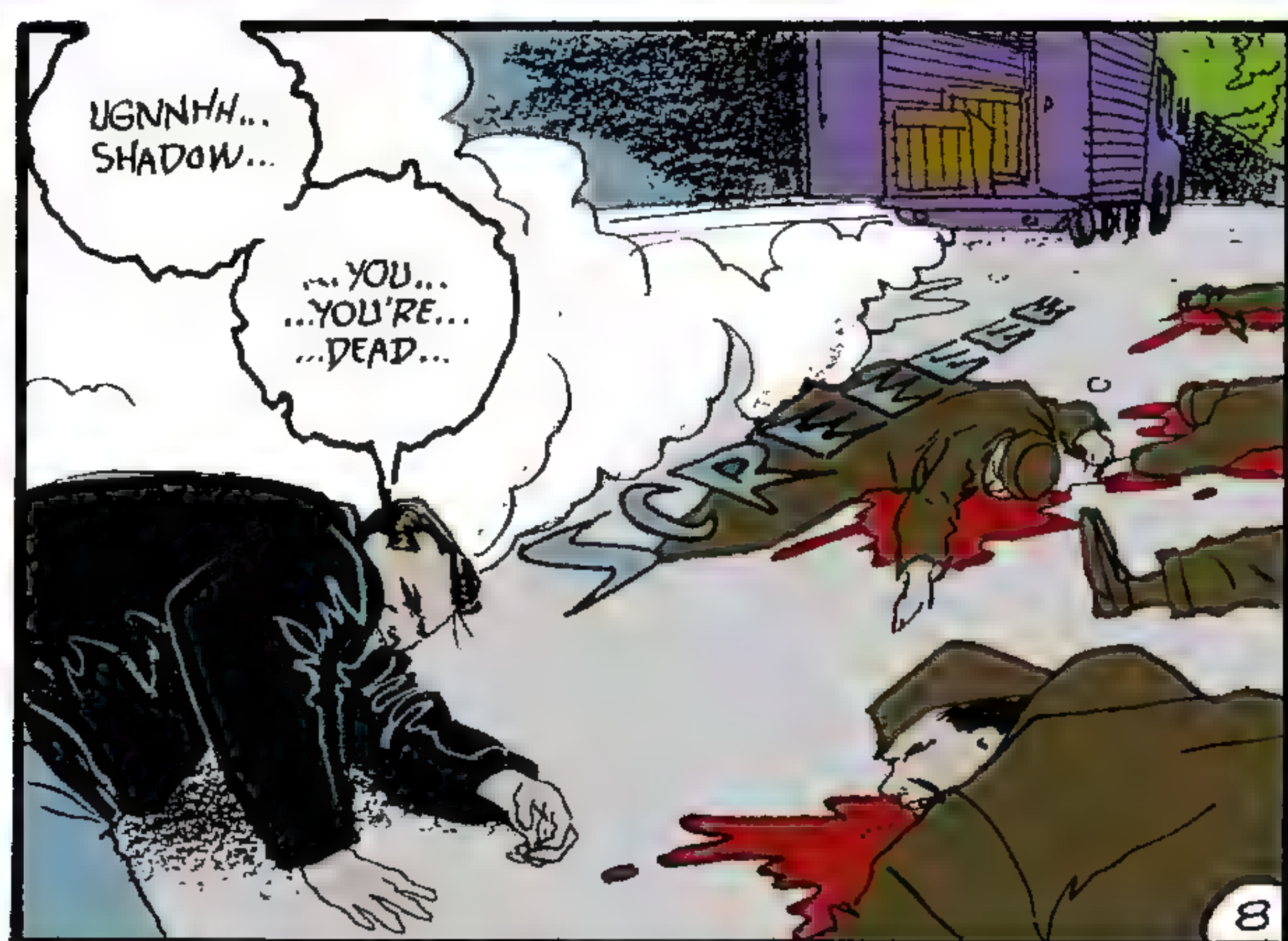


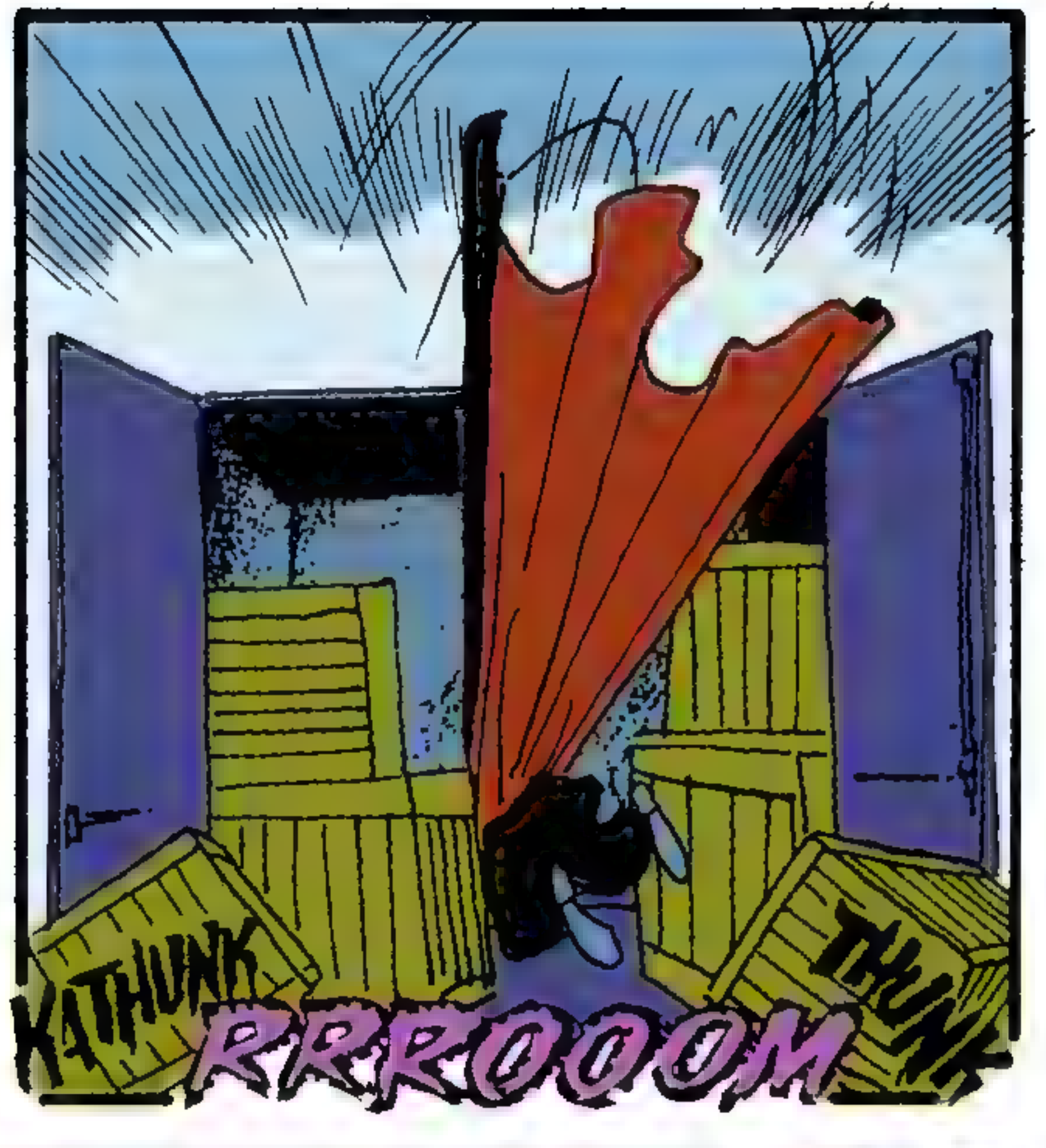
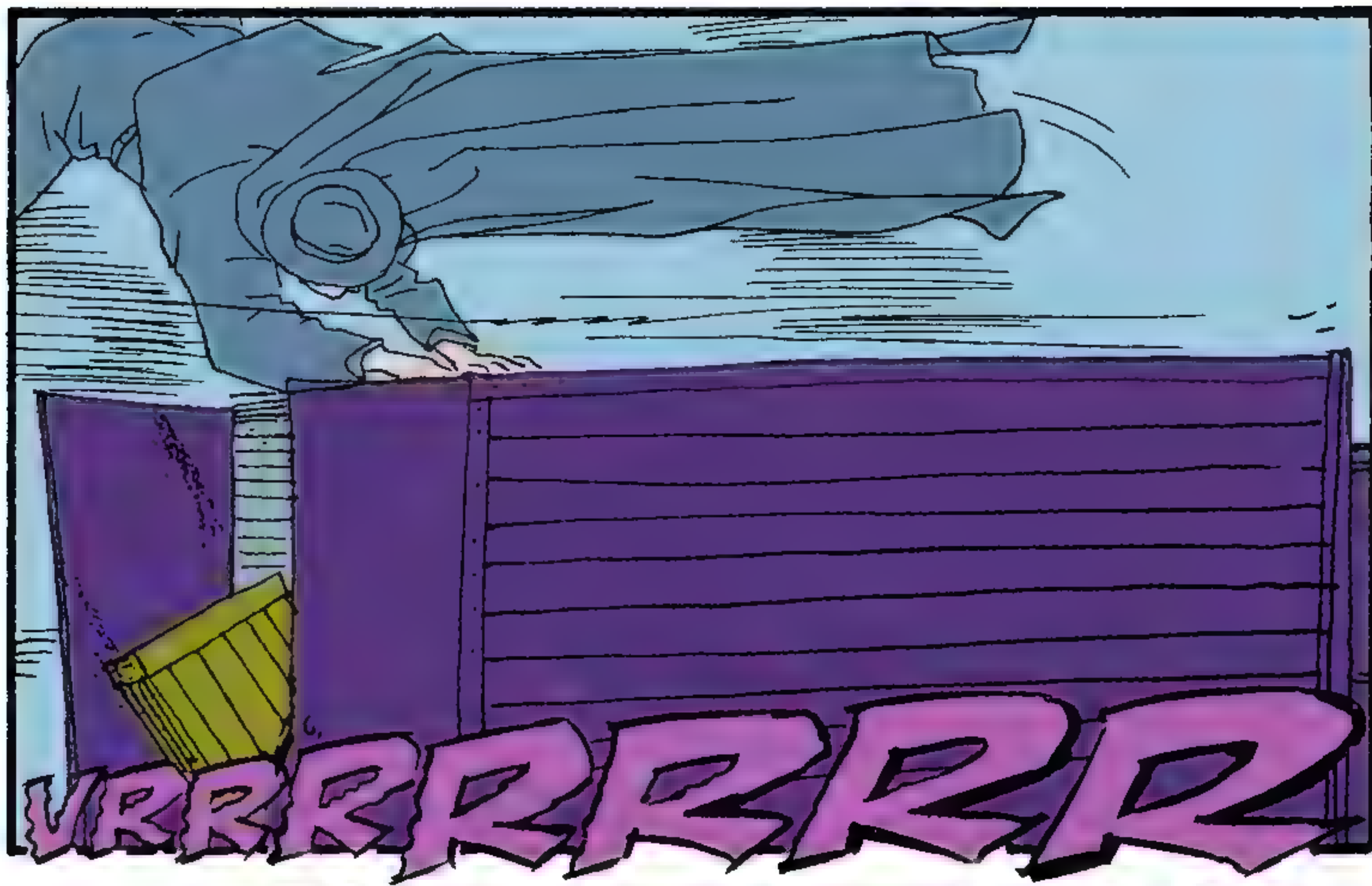
YEAH.
YOU
ARTIMUS
FINN?

THAT'S RIGHT,
SAILOR. MONEY'S
ALL HERE,
JUST LIKE WE
AGREED.

FIRST,
THOUGH,
I'D LIKE TO
CHECK OUT
YOUR--







I HEARD HIM
FALL --
I HEARD IT!

NOW IF
I CAN JUST
MAKE IT TO
THE STREET--
DUMP THE
TRUCK--

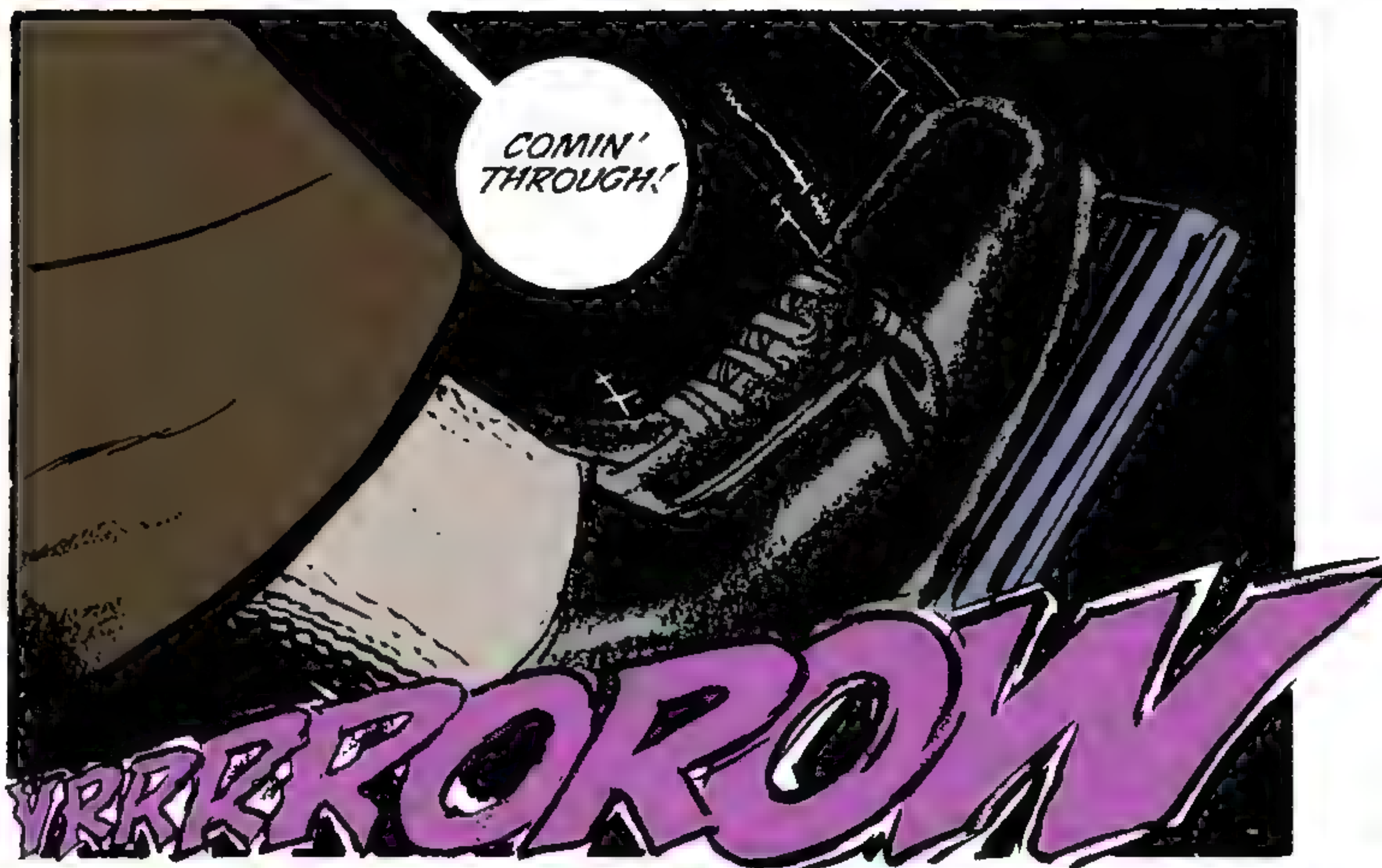
-- HOP
THE FIRST
FREIGHTER--
I COULD--



AW, NO...



AW, NO!



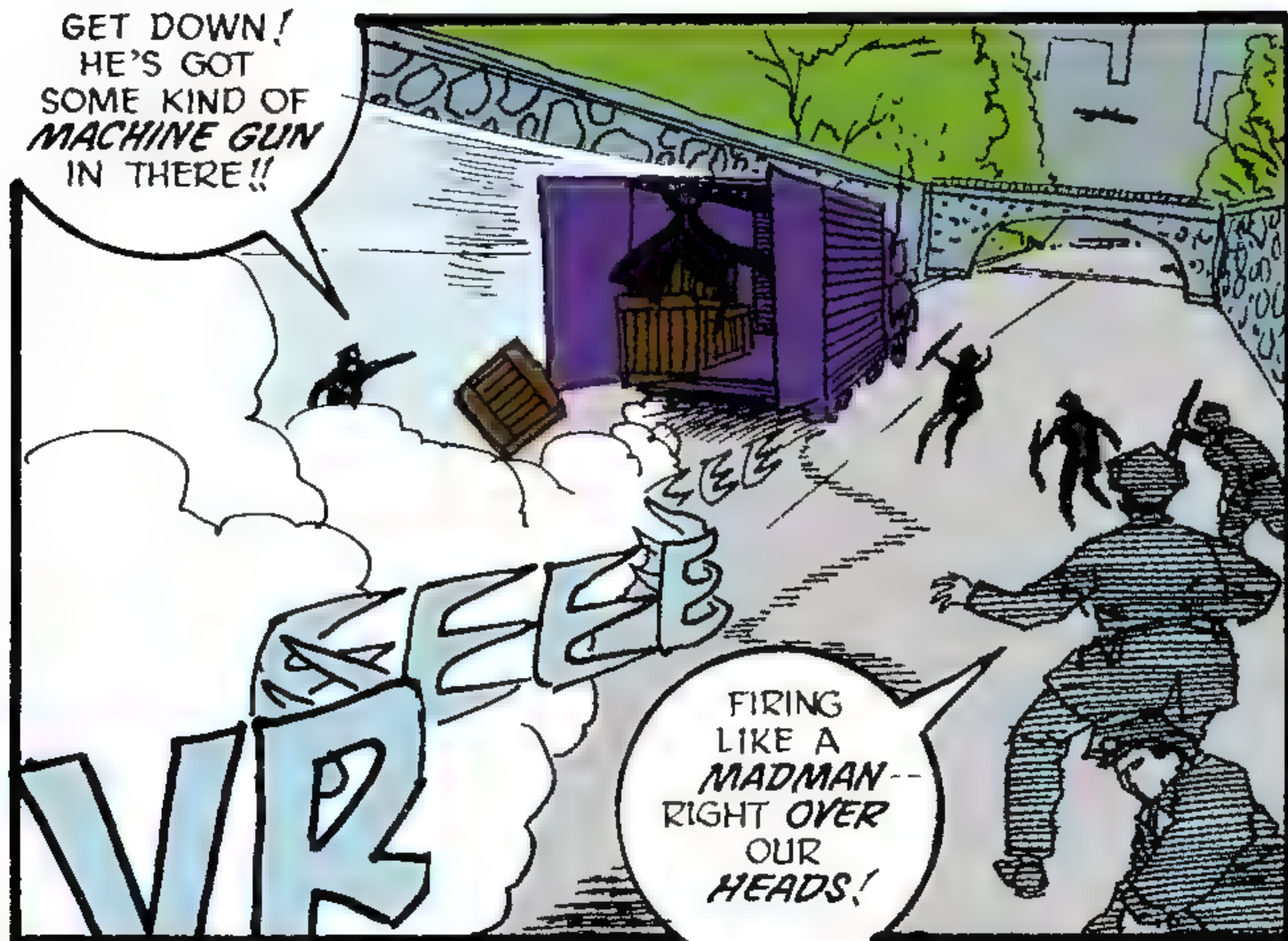
COMIN'
THROUGH!



MY THOUGHTS
EXACTLY.

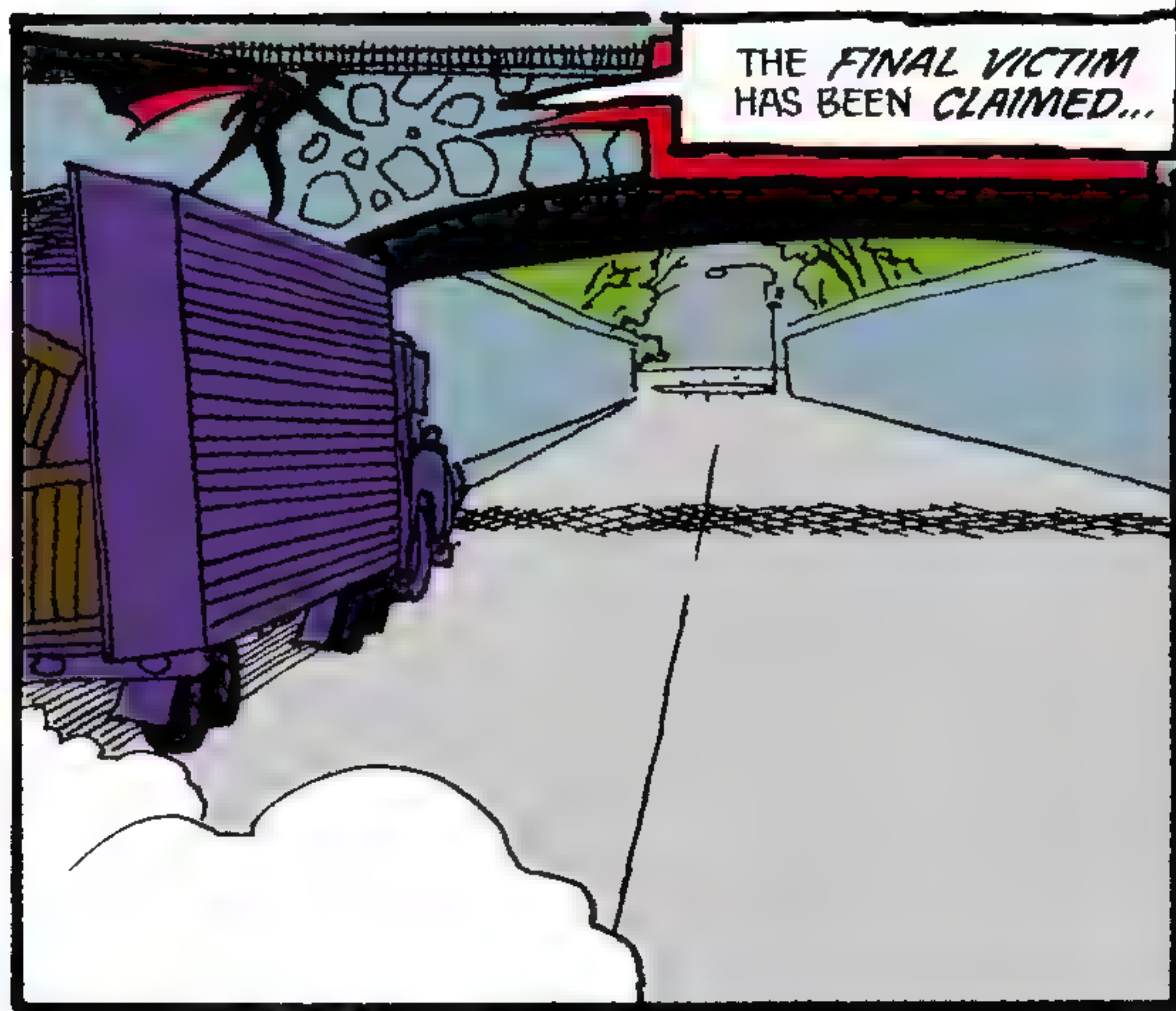


GET DOWN!
HE'S GOT
SOME KIND OF
MACHINE GUN
IN THERE!!

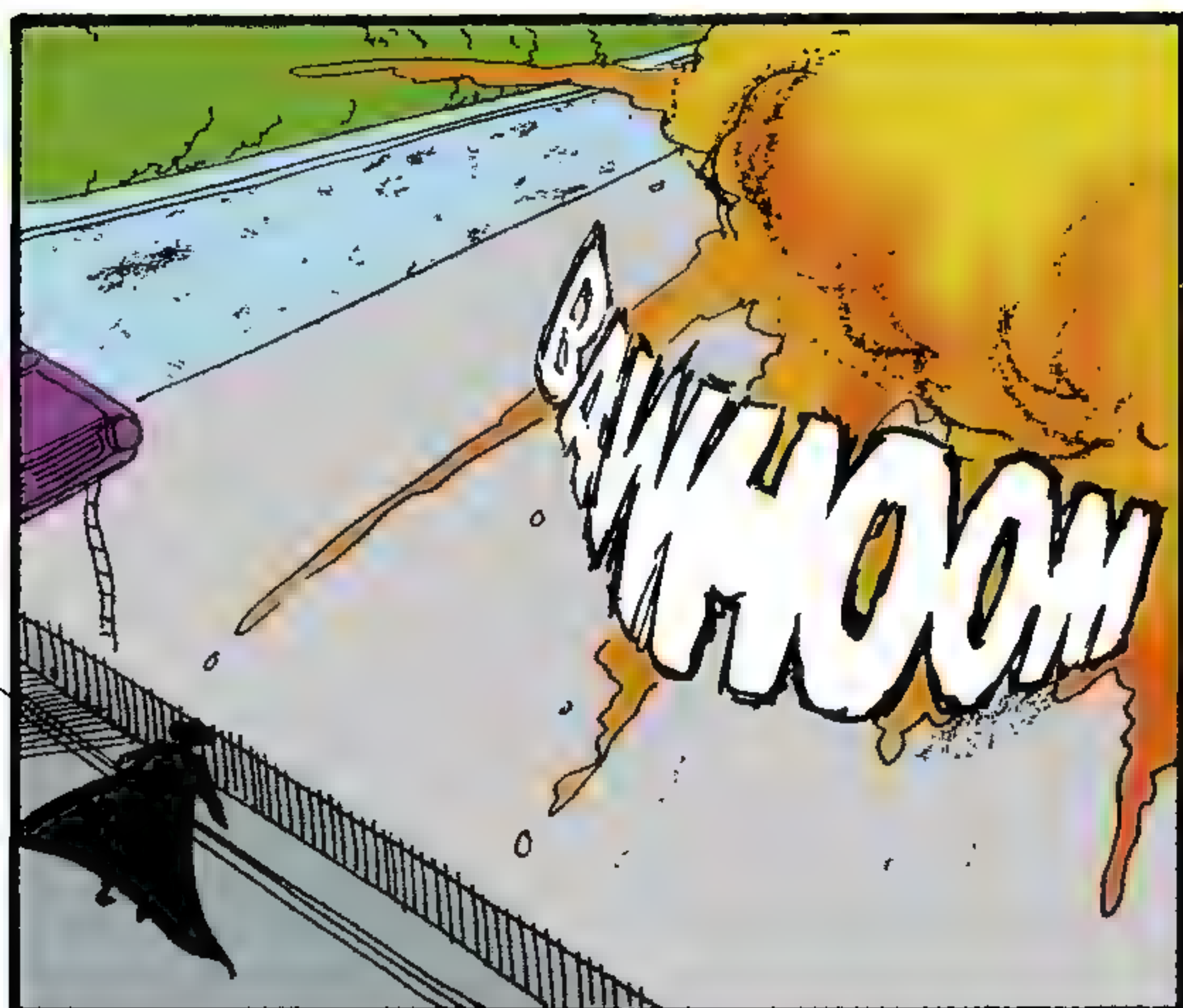
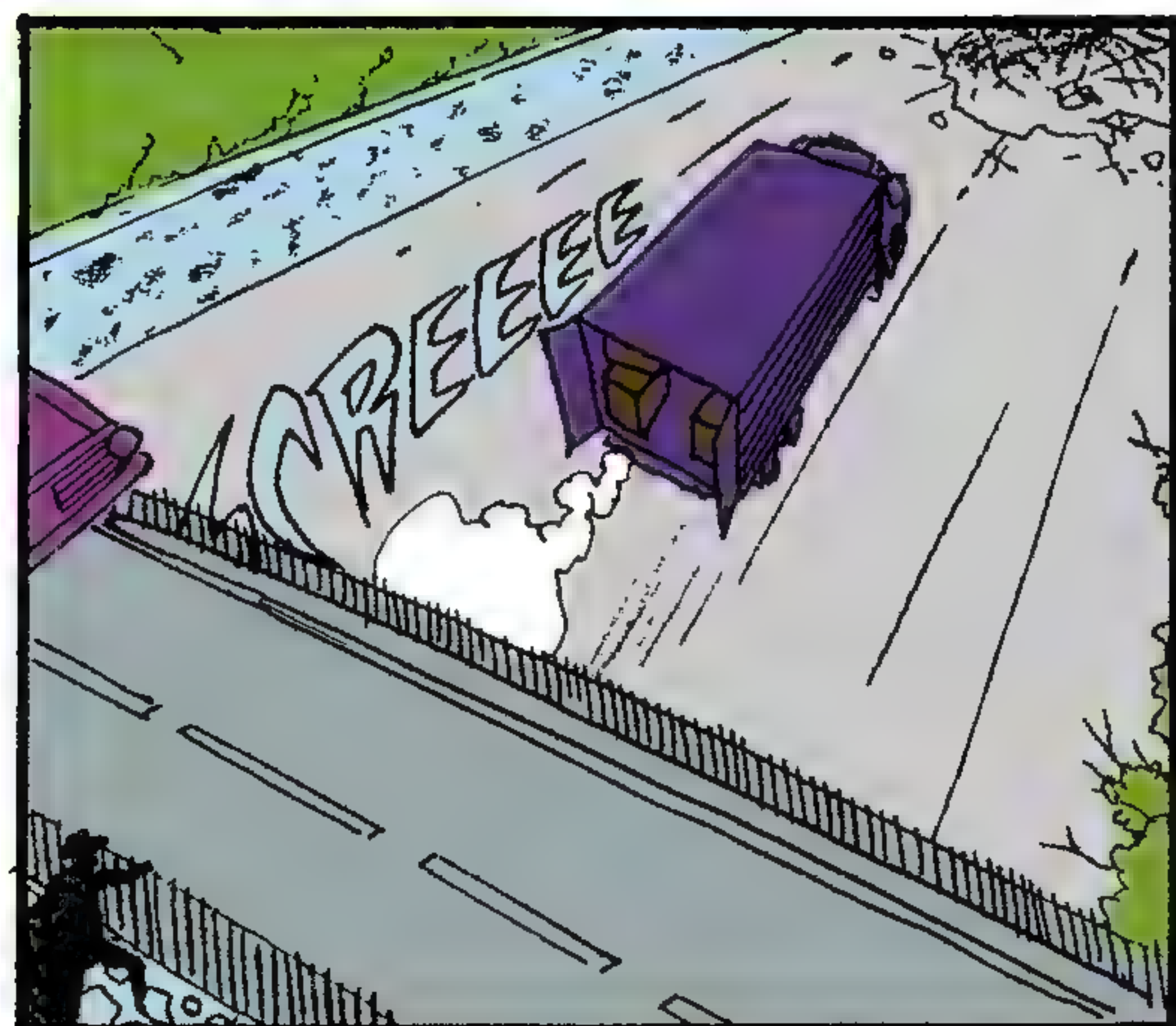


FIRING
LIKE A
MADMAN--
RIGHT OVER
OUR
HEADS!

THE *FINAL VICTIM*
HAS BEEN *CLAIMED*...



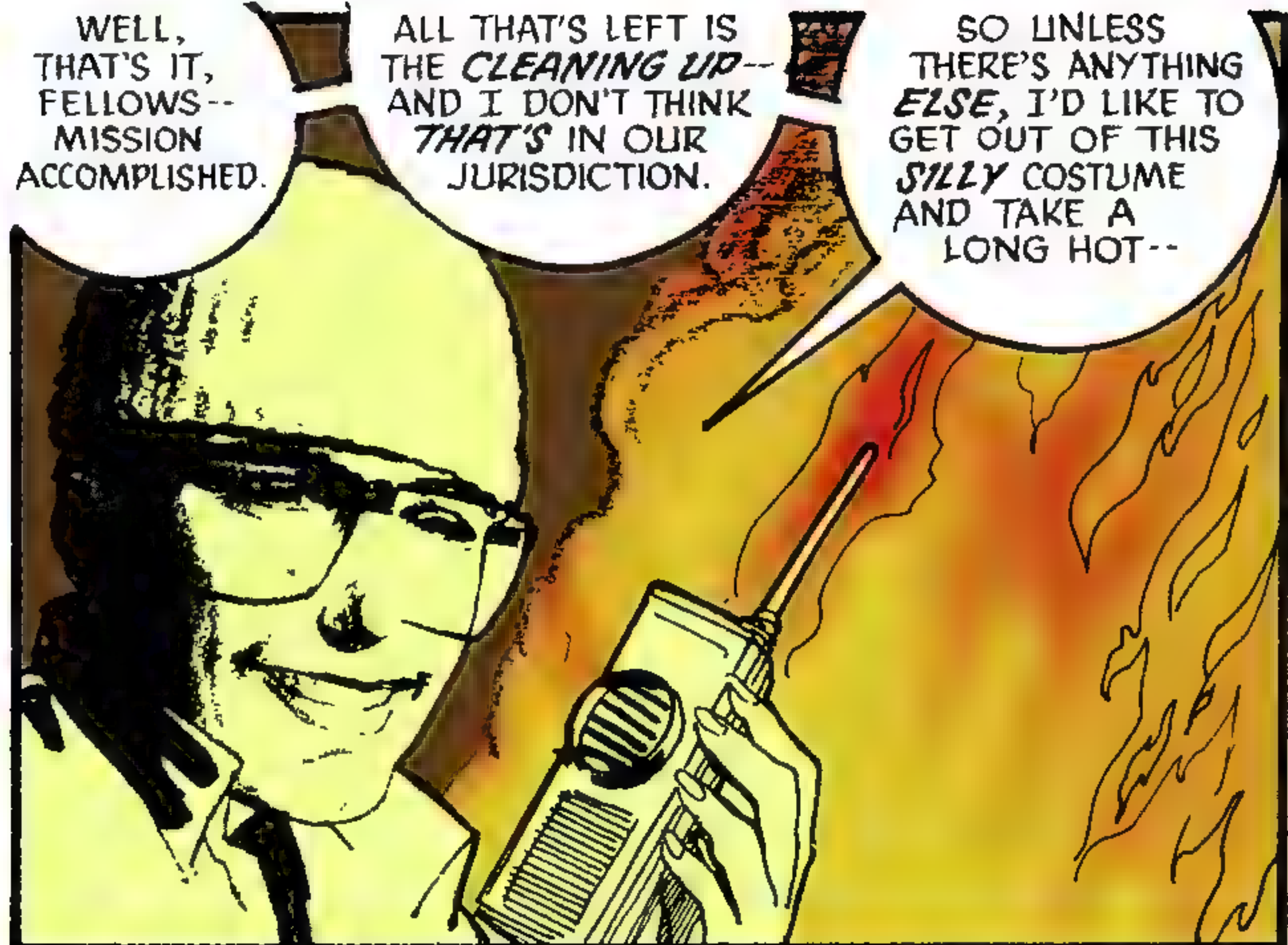
... ALL IN A
NIGHT'S WORK...



WELL,
THAT'S IT,
FELLOWS--
MISSION
ACCOMPLISHED.

ALL THAT'S LEFT IS
THE *CLEANING UP*--
AND I DON'T THINK
THAT'S IN OUR
JURISDICTION.

SO UNLESS
THERE'S ANYTHING
ELSE, I'D LIKE TO
GET OUT OF THIS
SILLY COSTUME
AND TAKE A
LONG HOT--



YES... ME, TOO,
MAVIS-- BUT
I'M... UH... AFRAID
THERE *IS*
SOMETHING
ELSE...

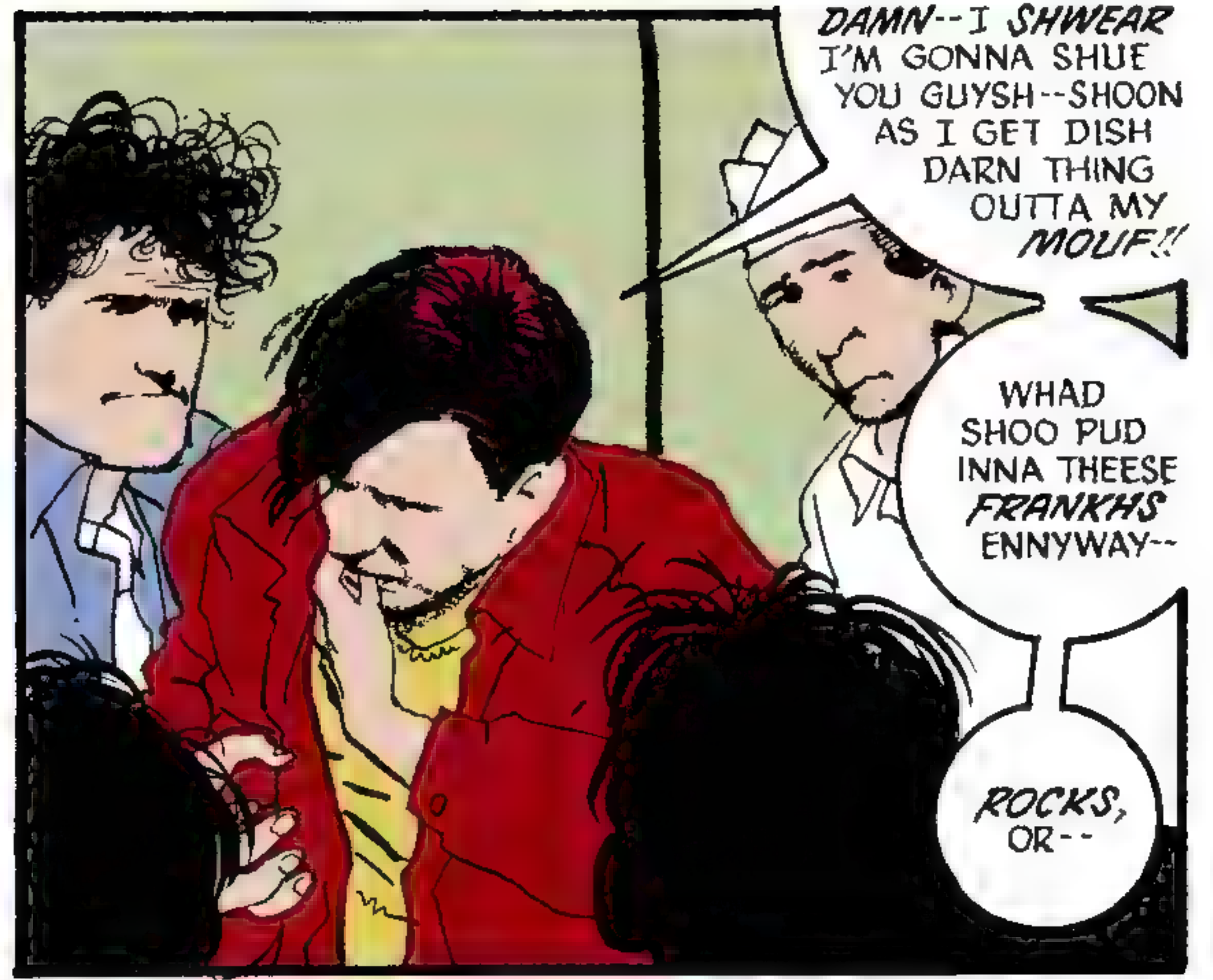
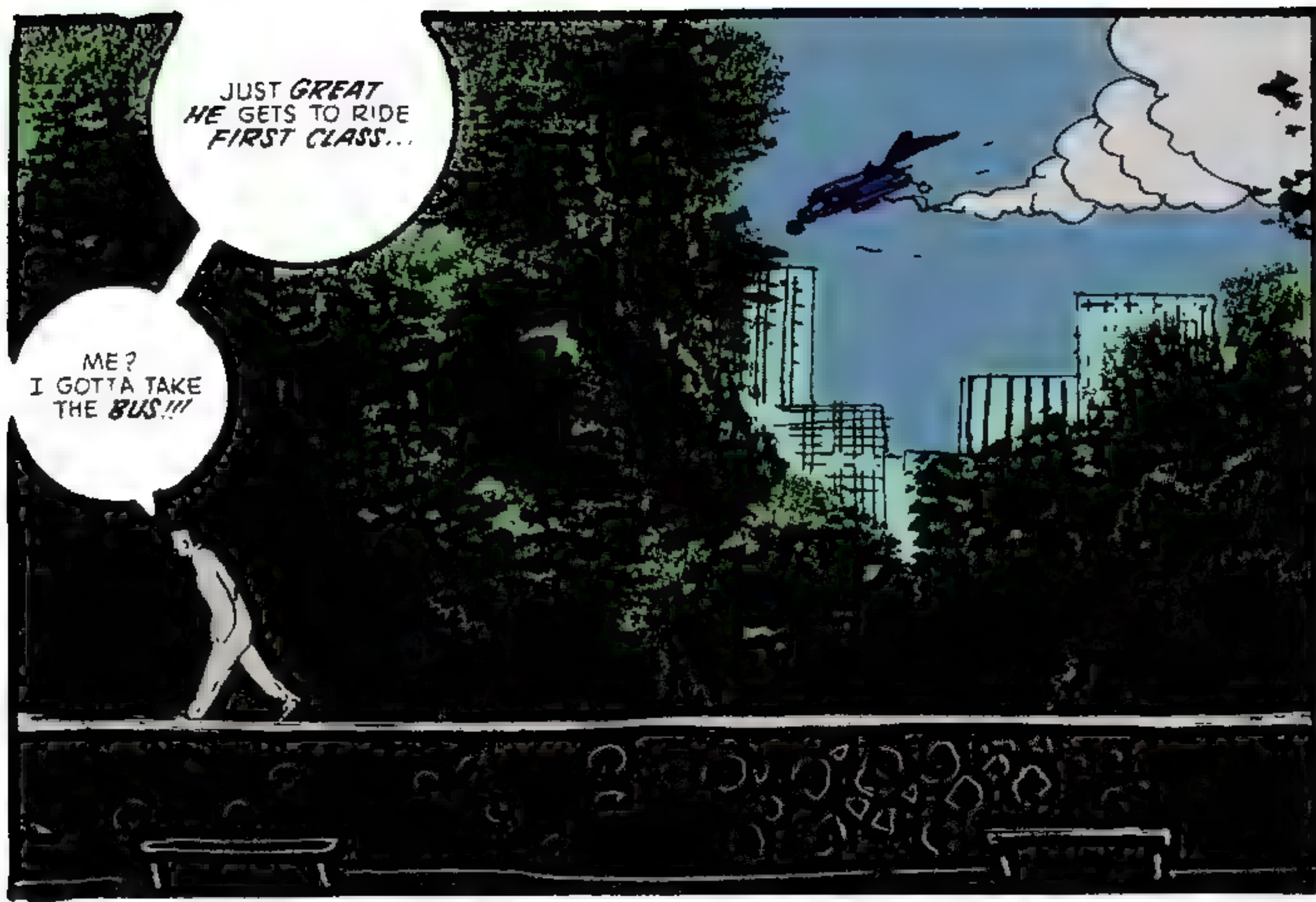


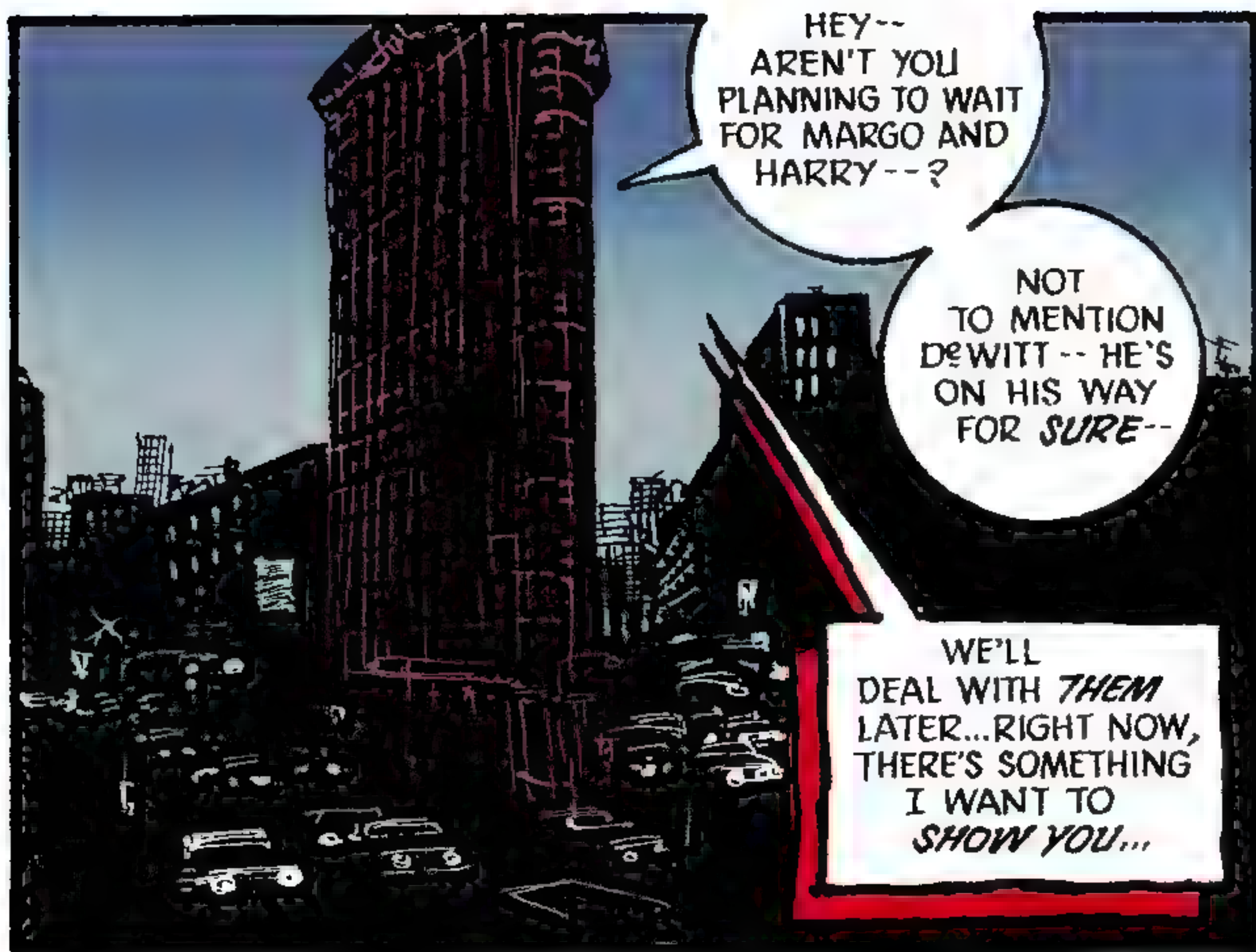
HERE.
YOU
TELL HER.

WE HAVE SOME
PRESSING *MATTERS*
TO DISCUSS, MAVIS--
WE MEET AT THE
OFFICE IN
TWENTY MINUTES.

BE THERE.







HEY--
AREN'T YOU
PLANNING TO WAIT
FOR MARGO AND
HARRY--?

NOT
TO MENTION
DEWITT-- HE'S
ON HIS WAY
FOR *SURE*--

WE'LL
DEAL WITH *THEM*
LATER...RIGHT NOW,
THERE'S SOMETHING
I WANT TO
SHOW YOU...



WHAT'S
THE *DEAL*
HERE, MASTER--
WHERE WE
GOING--?

LITTLE
LATE
FOR A
PICNIC...

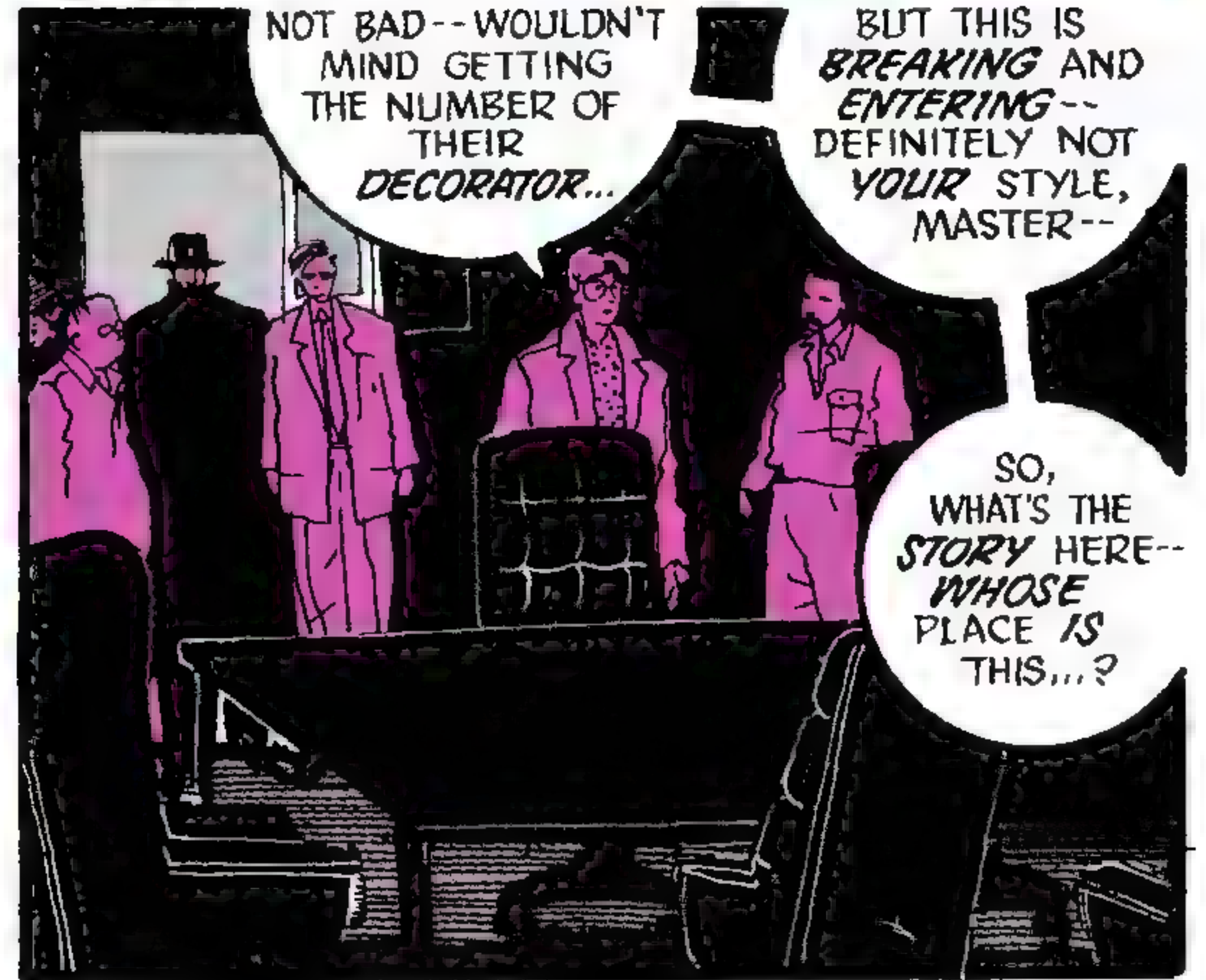
IN A *MOMENT*, ELTON,
IT WILL *ALL* COME CLEAR.



THERE. GO AHEAD.
IT'S NOT LOCKED.

I ALREADY
TOOK CARE OF IT.

INTERBORO
OFFICE
CLEANING
SUPPLY



NOT BAD--WOULDN'T
MIND GETTING
THE NUMBER OF
THEIR
DECORATOR...

BUT THIS IS
BREAKING AND
ENTERING--
DEFINITELY NOT
YOUR STYLE,
MASTER--

SO,
WHAT'S THE
STORY HERE--
WHOSE
PLACE IS
THIS...?



IT BELONGS TO THE
FINN FAMILY...

UNTIL
THE OTHER NIGHT,
THEY MET HERE
REGULARLY.



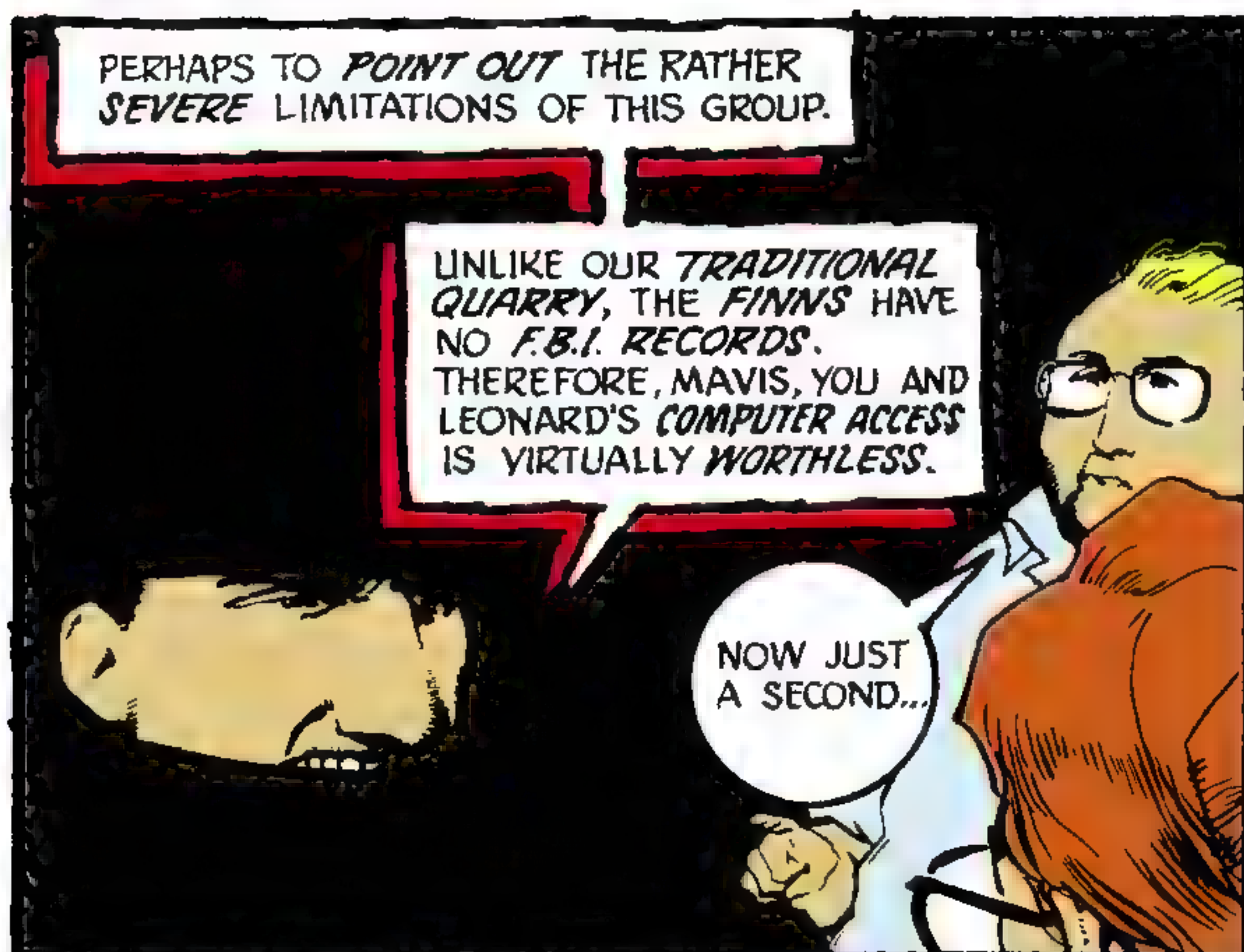
HERE?
RIGHT
BELOW
US?

YOU KNEW
ALL ALONG?

OF COURSE.

AND
YOU DIDN'T
TELL US?
WE'VE BEEN
TRYING TO TRACK
THOSE GUYS DOWN
FOR *WEEKS*!

ALL THAT
WORK-- AND
YOU JUST
LET US *DO IT*!
WHY?!



PERHAPS TO *POINT OUT* THE RATHER
SEVERE LIMITATIONS OF THIS GROUP.

UNLIKE OUR *TRADITIONAL*
QUARRY, THE *FINNS* HAVE
NO *F.B.I.* RECORDS.
THEREFORE, MAVIS, YOU AND
LEONARD'S *COMPUTER ACCESS*
IS VIRTUALLY *WORTHLESS*.

NOW JUST
A SECOND...



MY LITTLE *EXPERIMENT* HAS
PROVED EXACTLY
HOW *WORTHLESS*.
NONE OF YOU COULD
TRACK DOWN THE *FINNS*--

--DESPITE THE FACT
THAT THEY WERE
RIGHT
UNDER YOUR NOSES.



WELL,
THAT'S
JUST
GREAT...

WE
DEDICATE
OUR *LIVES*
TO THIS
GAME...
AND *YOU*
GO AROUND
PLAYING
GAMES
WITH *US*!

WHAT
THE HELL'S
GOING ON *HERE*--
I ALWAYS THOUGHT
WE WERE A
TEAM!



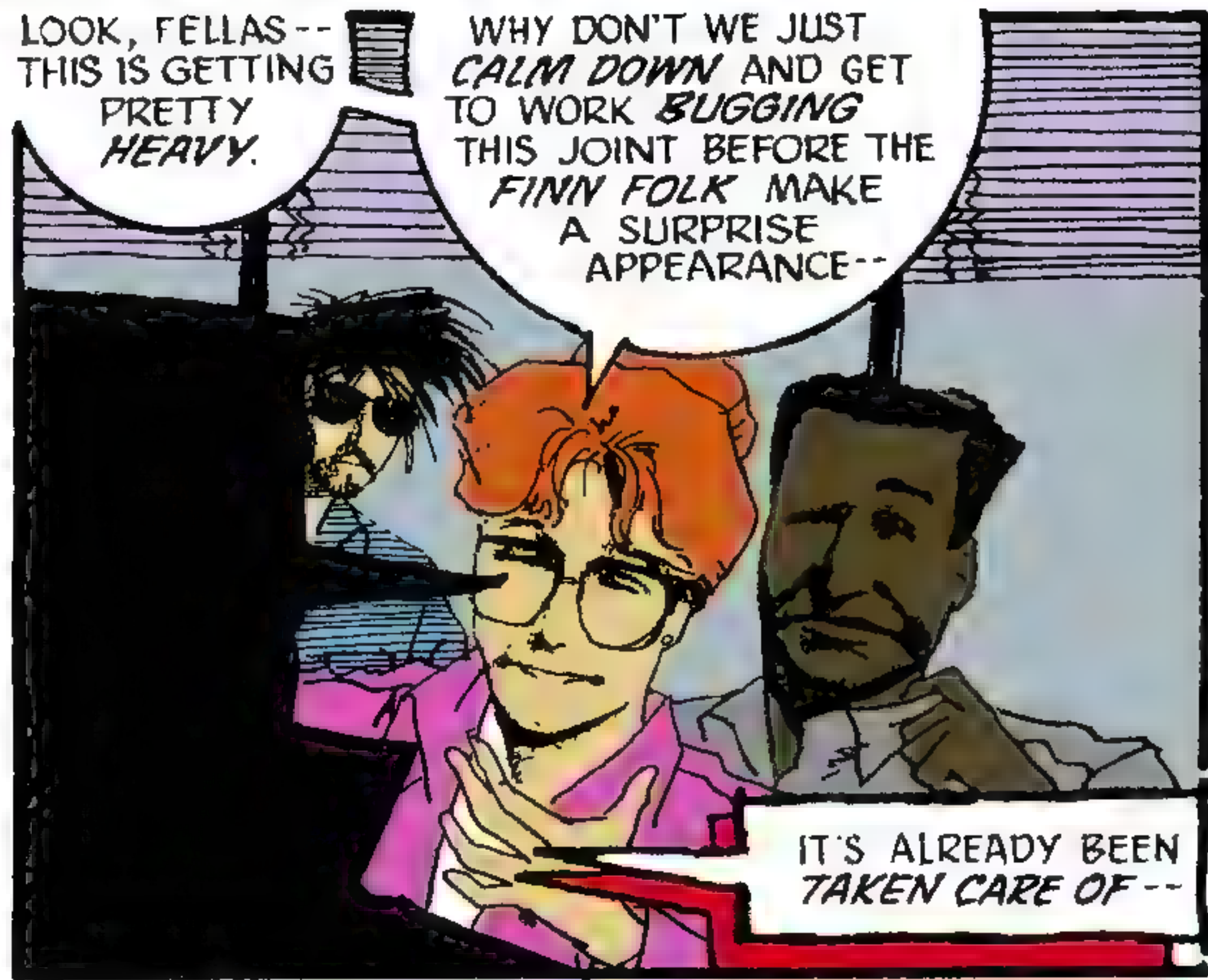
YOU THOUGHT *WRONG*, ELTON!
WE ARE *NOT* A "TEAM."

YOU WORK *FOR* ME -- NOT
WITH ME. YOU ARE MY
AGENTS...MY EMPLOYEES..

--Y-YOUR
SLAVES,
YOU
MEAN!



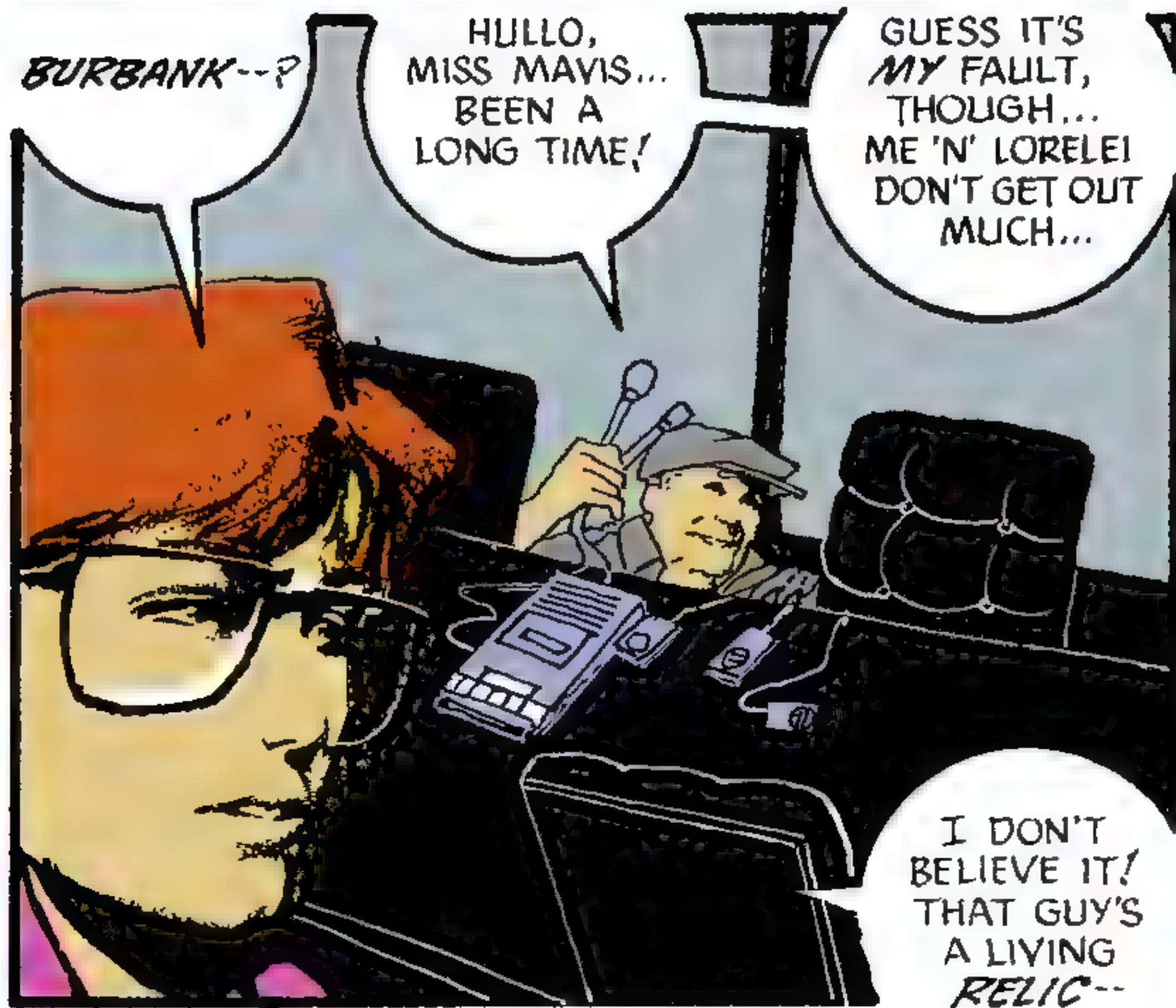
CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL, ELTON -- --BUT DO *NOT* FORGET IT.



LOOK, FELLAS--
THIS IS GETTING
PRETTY
HEAVY.

WHY DON'T WE JUST
CALM DOWN AND GET
TO WORK *BUGGING*
THIS JOINT BEFORE THE
FINN FOLK MAKE
A SURPRISE
APPEARANCE--

IT'S ALREADY BEEN
TAKEN CARE OF--

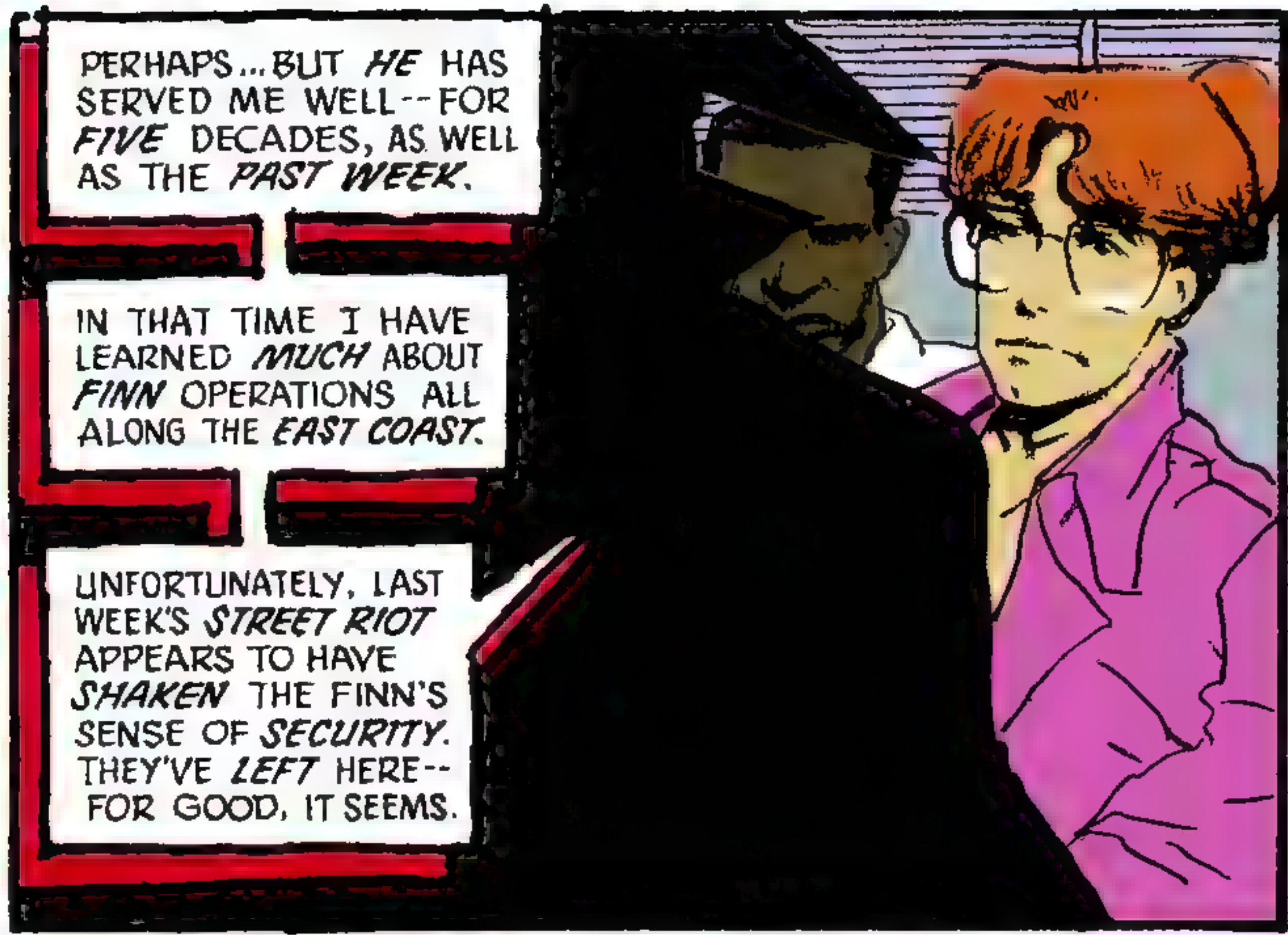


BURBANK--?

HULLO,
MISS MAVIS...
BEEN A
LONG TIME!

GUESS IT'S
MY FAULT,
THOUGH...
ME 'N' LORELEI
DON'T GET OUT
MUCH...

I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
THAT GUY'S
A LIVING
RELIC--



PERHAPS...BUT *HE* HAS
SERVED ME WELL-- FOR
FIVE DECADES, AS WELL
AS THE *PAST WEEK*.

IN THAT TIME I HAVE
LEARNED *MUCH* ABOUT
FINN OPERATIONS ALL
ALONG THE *EAST COAST*.

UNFORTUNATELY, LAST
WEEK'S *STREET RIOT*
APPEARS TO HAVE
SHAKEN THE *FINN*'S
SENSE OF *SECURITY*.
THEY'VE *LEFT* HERE--
FOR GOOD, IT SEEMS.

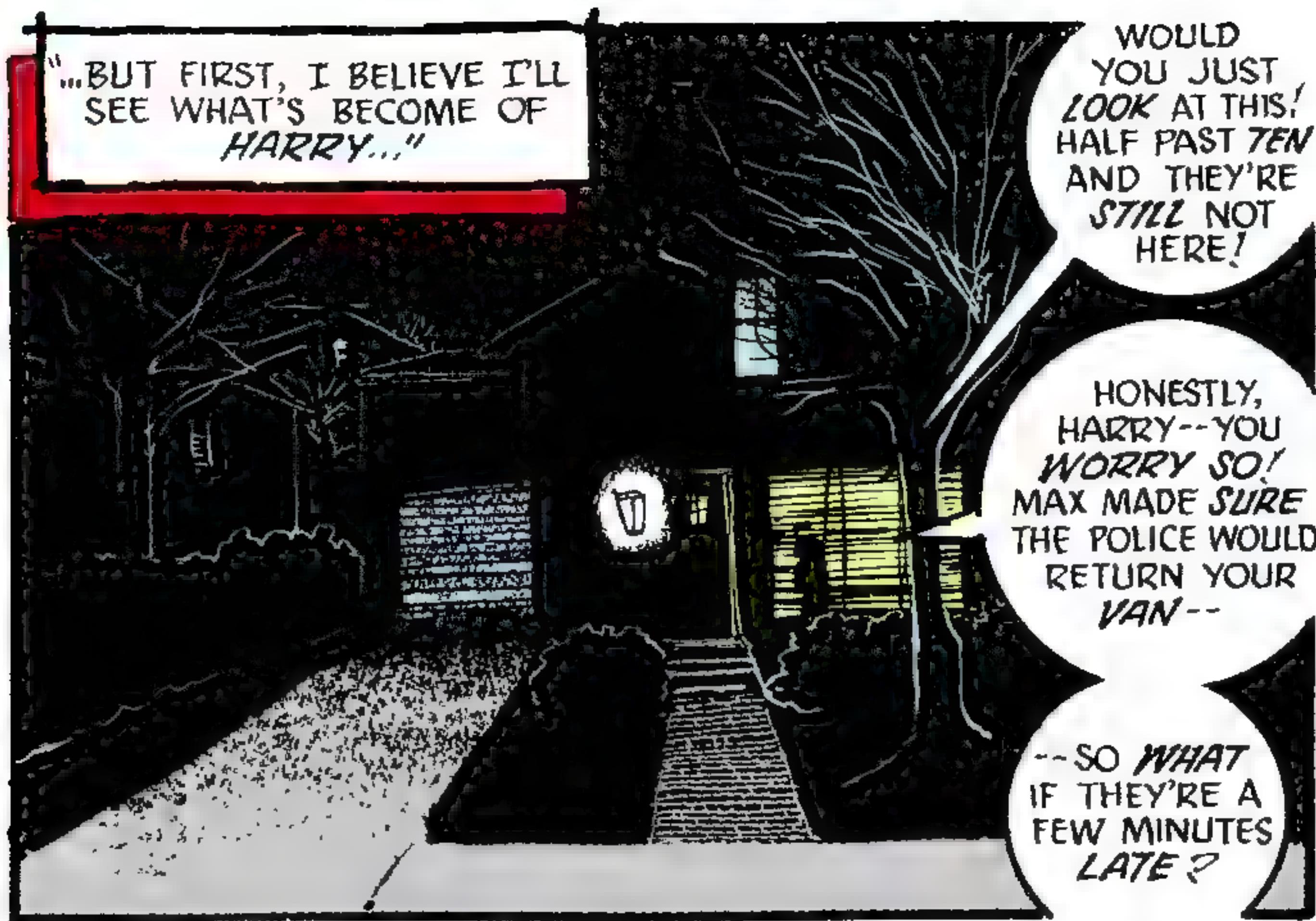


WE MUST PICK UP THE TRAIL--
FIND THEIR *CURRENT*
MEETING PLACE.

TO DO THAT, I SUSPECT
YOU WILL NEED *OUTSIDE*
HELP. AFTER ALL,
BURBANK *IS* ONLY *ONE MAN*.

LOOK UP A P.I. -- TWITCH
MENTIONED HIM. HIS
NAME IS *MAGNET*.

IN THE MEANTIME, I HAVE SOME
UNFINISHED BUSINESS TO ATTEND
TO REGARDING *TODAY'S* ASSAULT
AGAINST THE *FINN EMPIRE*...

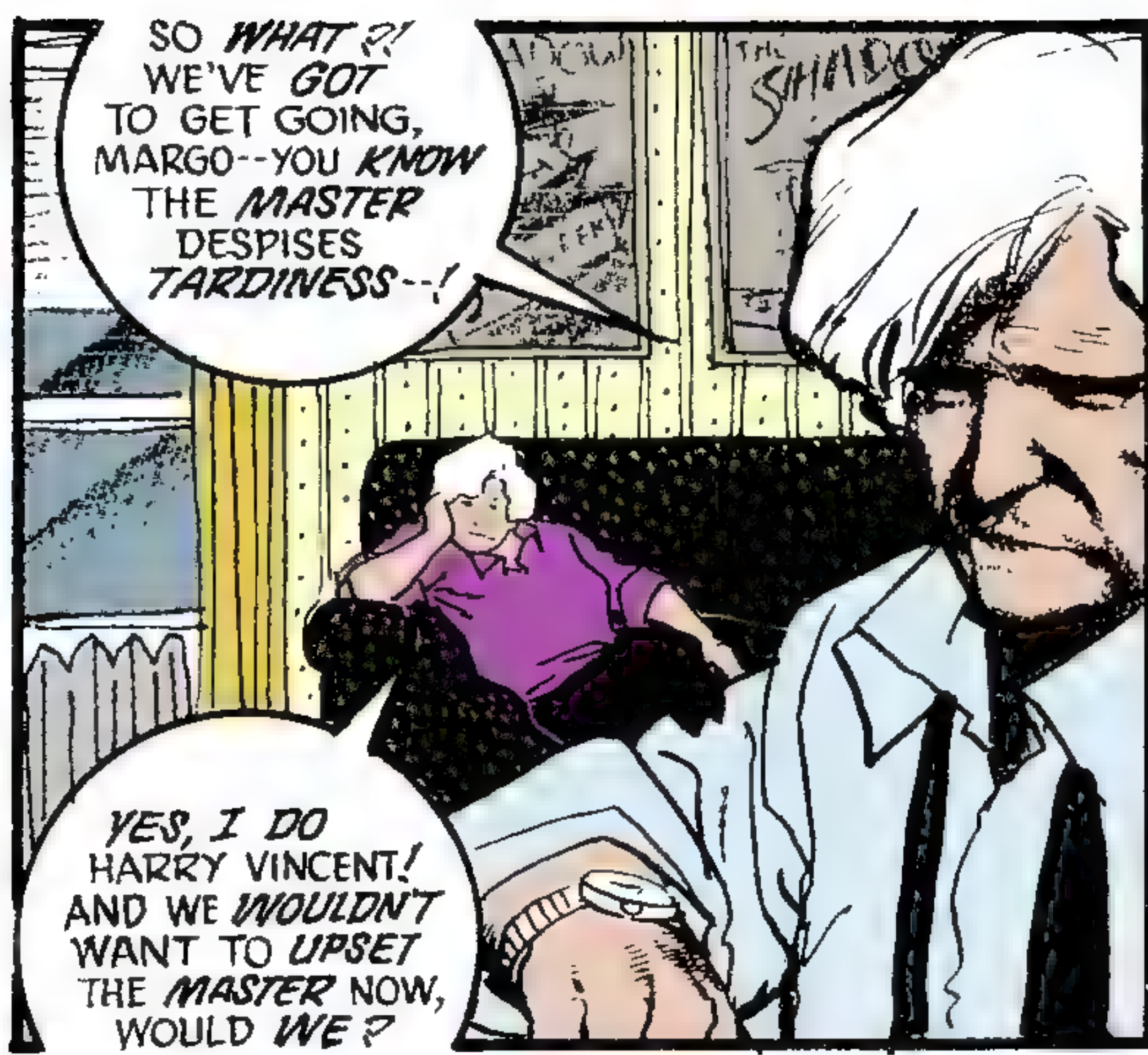


"...BUT FIRST, I BELIEVE I'LL SEE WHAT'S BECOME OF HARRY..."

WOULD YOU JUST LOOK AT THIS! HALF PAST TEN AND THEY'RE STILL NOT HERE!

HONESTLY, HARRY--YOU WORRY SO! MAX MADE SURE THE POLICE WOULD RETURN YOUR VAN--

--SO WHAT IF THEY'RE A FEW MINUTES LATE?



SO WHAT? WE'VE GOT TO GET GOING, MARGO--YOU KNOW THE MASTER DESPISES TARDINESS--!

YES, I DO HARRY VINCENT! AND WE WOULDN'T WANT TO UPSET THE MASTER NOW, WOULD WE?



HARRY-- I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT US LONG AND HARD LATELY -- AND I'VE COME TO A CONCLUSION.

WE BOTH KNOW WHO COMES FIRST IN YOUR LIFE -- AND IT ISN'T ME!

YOU MAY BE HIS AGENT -- BUT I FEEL LIKE I'M HIS PRISONER! I CAN'T STAND BEING NEAR HIM --

--SO, I THINK IT'S TIME WE JUST LOOKED AT IT REALISTICALLY AND CALLED IT QUITS.

I'LL GO BACK TO WESTCHESTER AND THE LIFE OF A WEALTHY SOCIALITE WIDOW AND YOU CAN GO BACK TO DOING... UMM...

...WHATEVER IT IS YOU DO... WITH HIM.



PLEASE, MARGO-- YOU'RE NOT BEING FAIR!

I WANTED TO GO ON VACATION -- I EVEN ASKED HIM TO ALLOW US A LEAVE OF ABSENCE--

THERE YOU GO WITH THAT "US" BUSINESS AGAIN!



I DON'T WORK FOR HIM-- WILL YOU EVER GET THAT THROUGH THAT THICK HEAD OF YOURS?!

I COULD TRY-- I EVEN THINK I COULD MANAGE IT --



--BUT YOU'VE GOT TO SEE THAT HE NEEDS ME-- HE SAID SO!

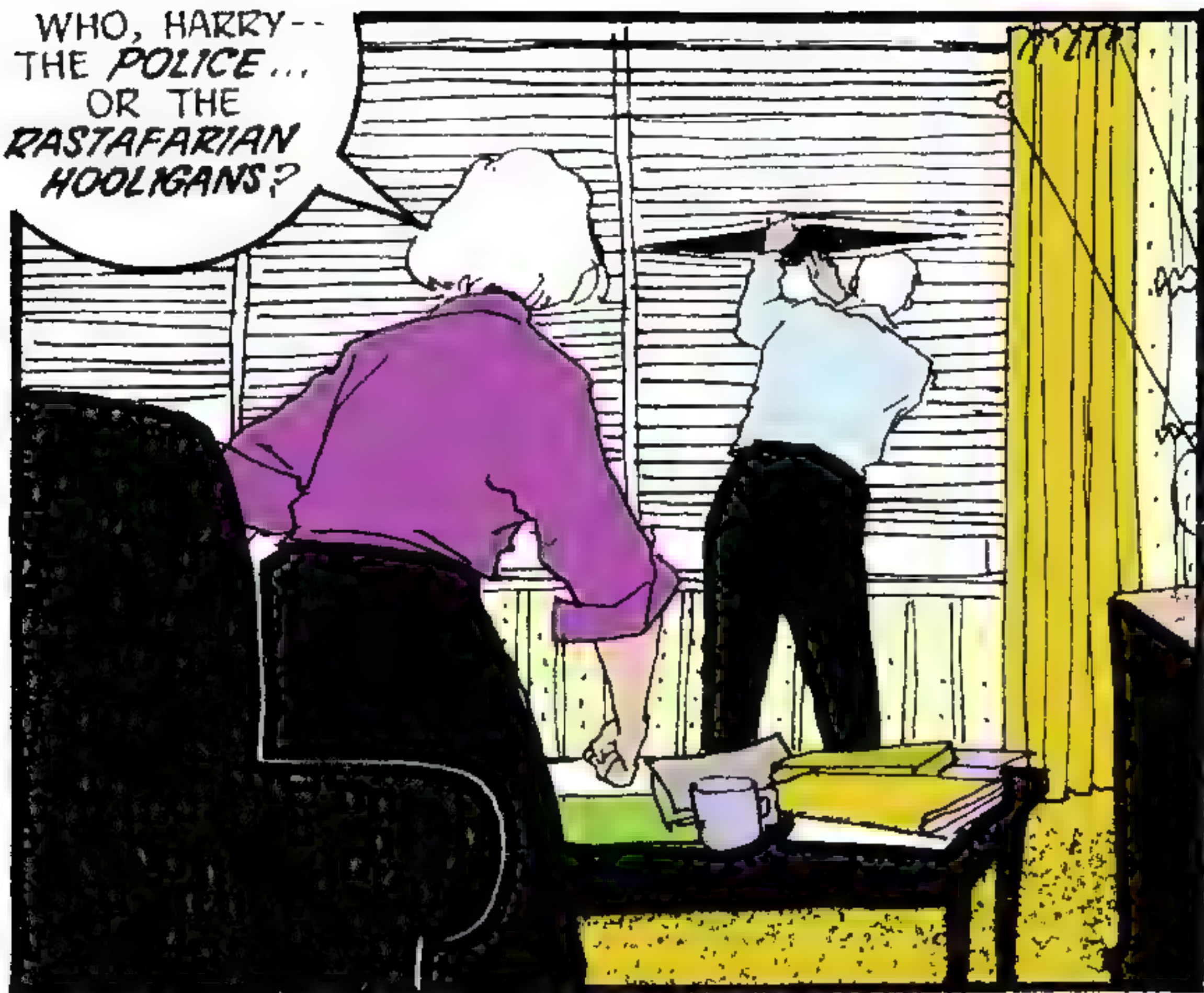
AND WITH THOSE NASTY FINNS RUNNING LOOSE-- AND THE WAY THOSE HOOLIGANS DESTROYED MY VAN--

HONK HONK



AH! THERE THEY ARE NOW!

WHO, HARRY--
THE *POLICE*...
OR THE
RASTAFARIAN
HOOLIGANS?



BOTH...



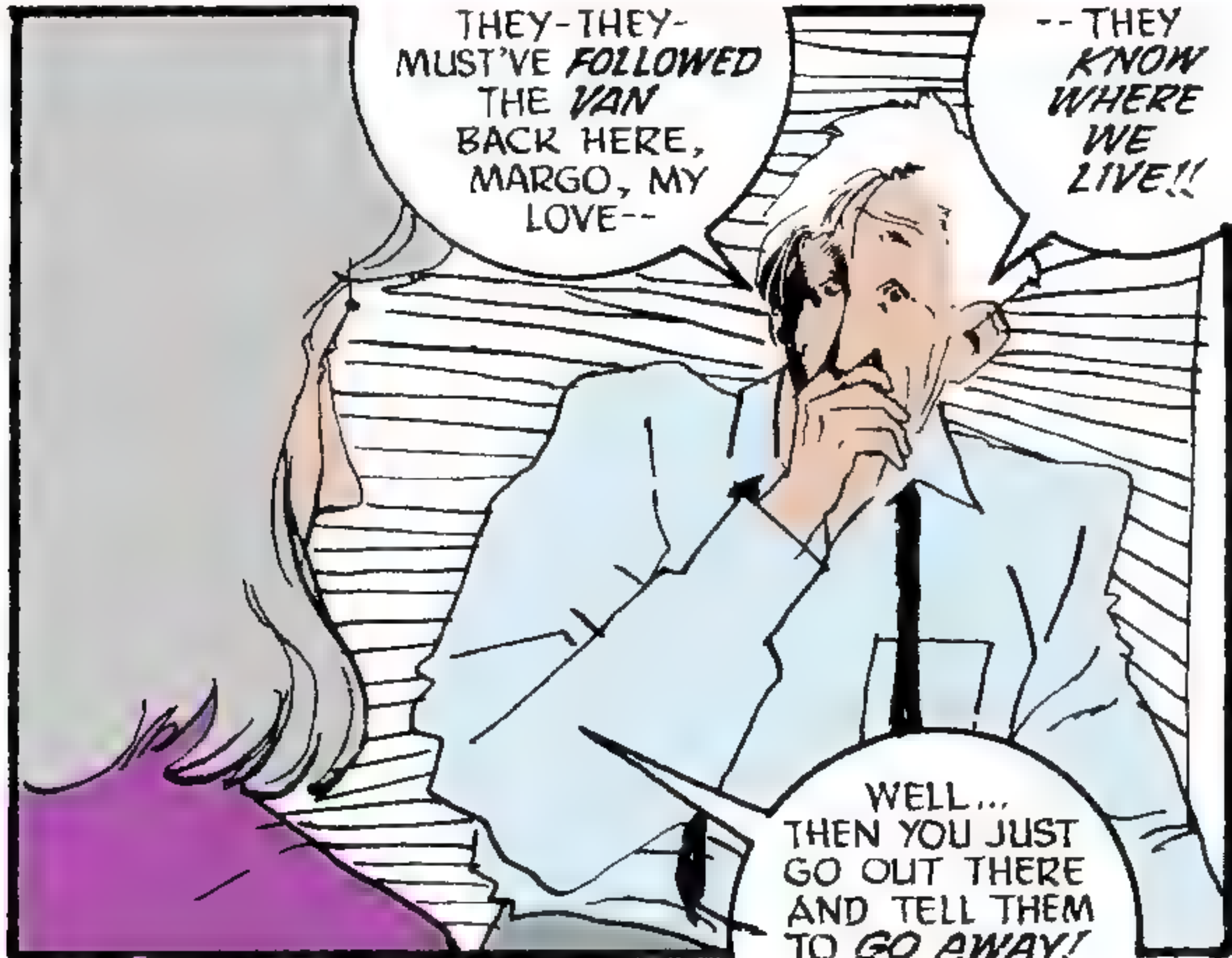
HARRY--
WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT--?



THEY--THEY--
MUST'VE *FOLLOWED*
THE *VAN*
BACK HERE,
MARGO, MY
LOVE--

--THEY
KNOW
WHERE
WE
LIVE!!

WELL...
THEN YOU JUST
GO OUT THERE
AND TELL THEM
TO GO AWAY!

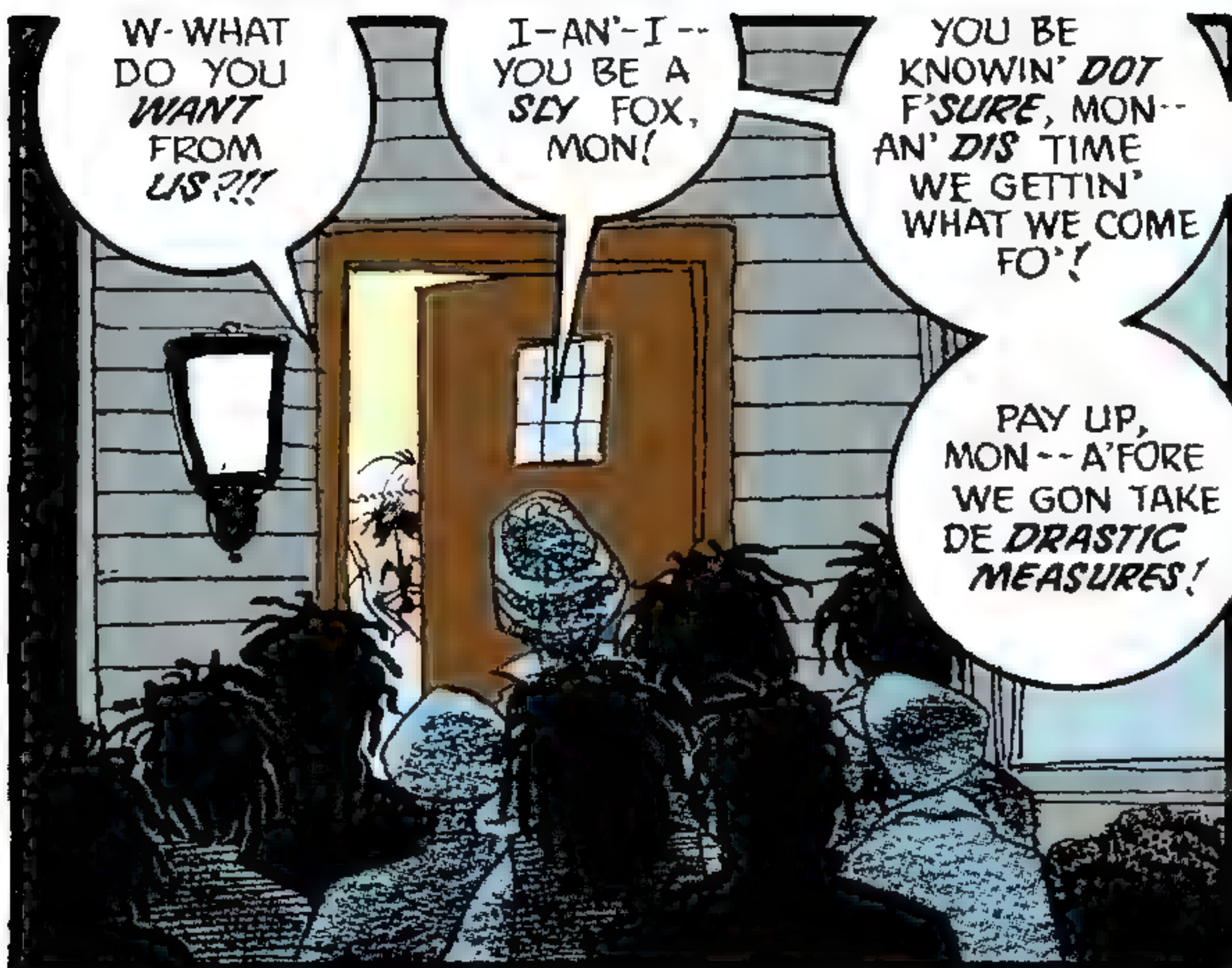


W-WHAT
DO YOU
WANT
FROM
US??!

I-AN'-I--
YOU BE A
SLY FOX,
MON!

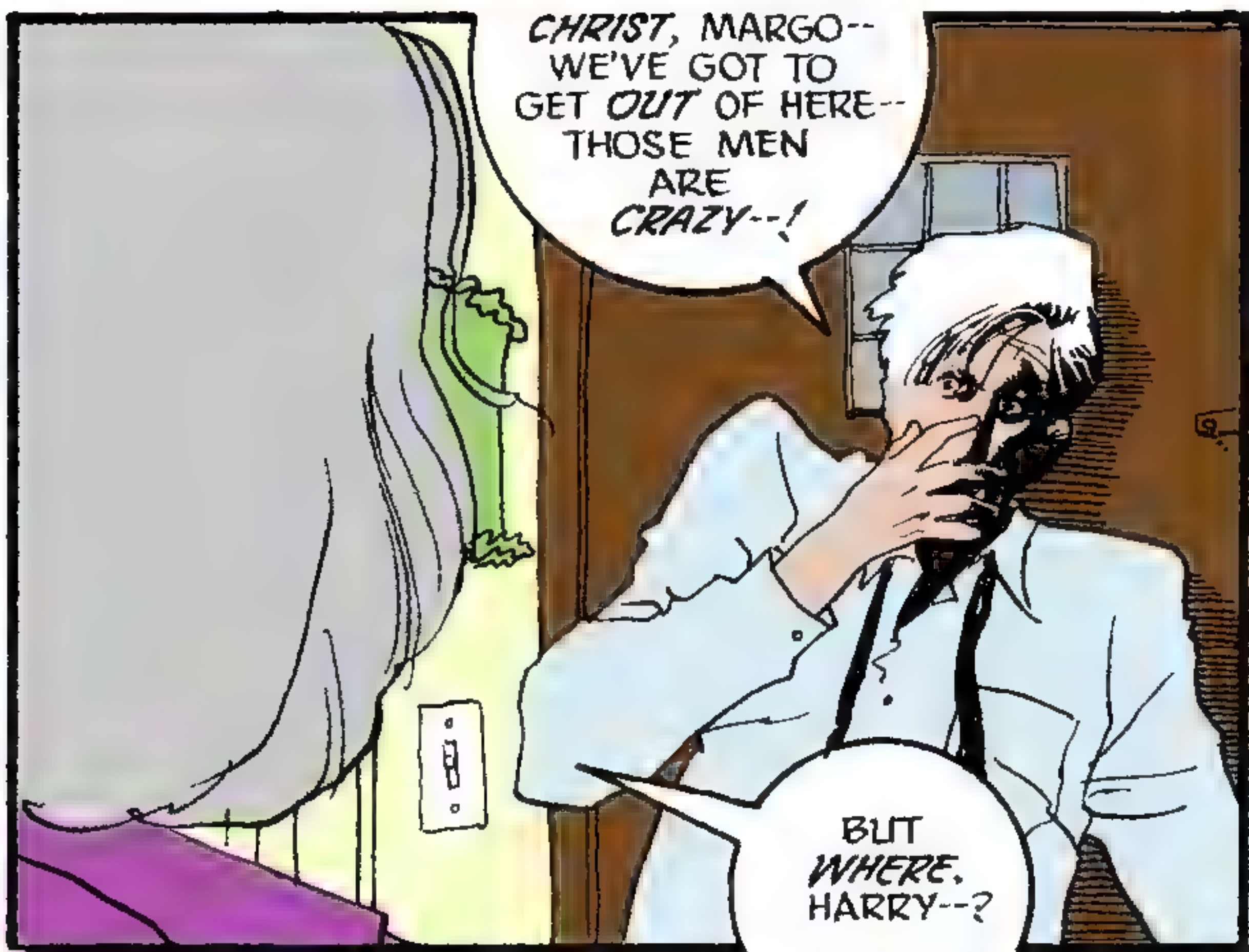
YOU BE
KNOWIN' *DOT*
F'SURE, MON--
AN' *DIS* TIME
WE GETTIN'
WHAT WE COME
FO'!

PAY UP,
MON--A'FORE
WE GON TAKE
DE *DRASTIC*
MEASURES!



CHRIST, MARGO--
WE'VE GOT TO
GET *OUT* OF HERE--
THOSE MEN
ARE
CRAZY--!

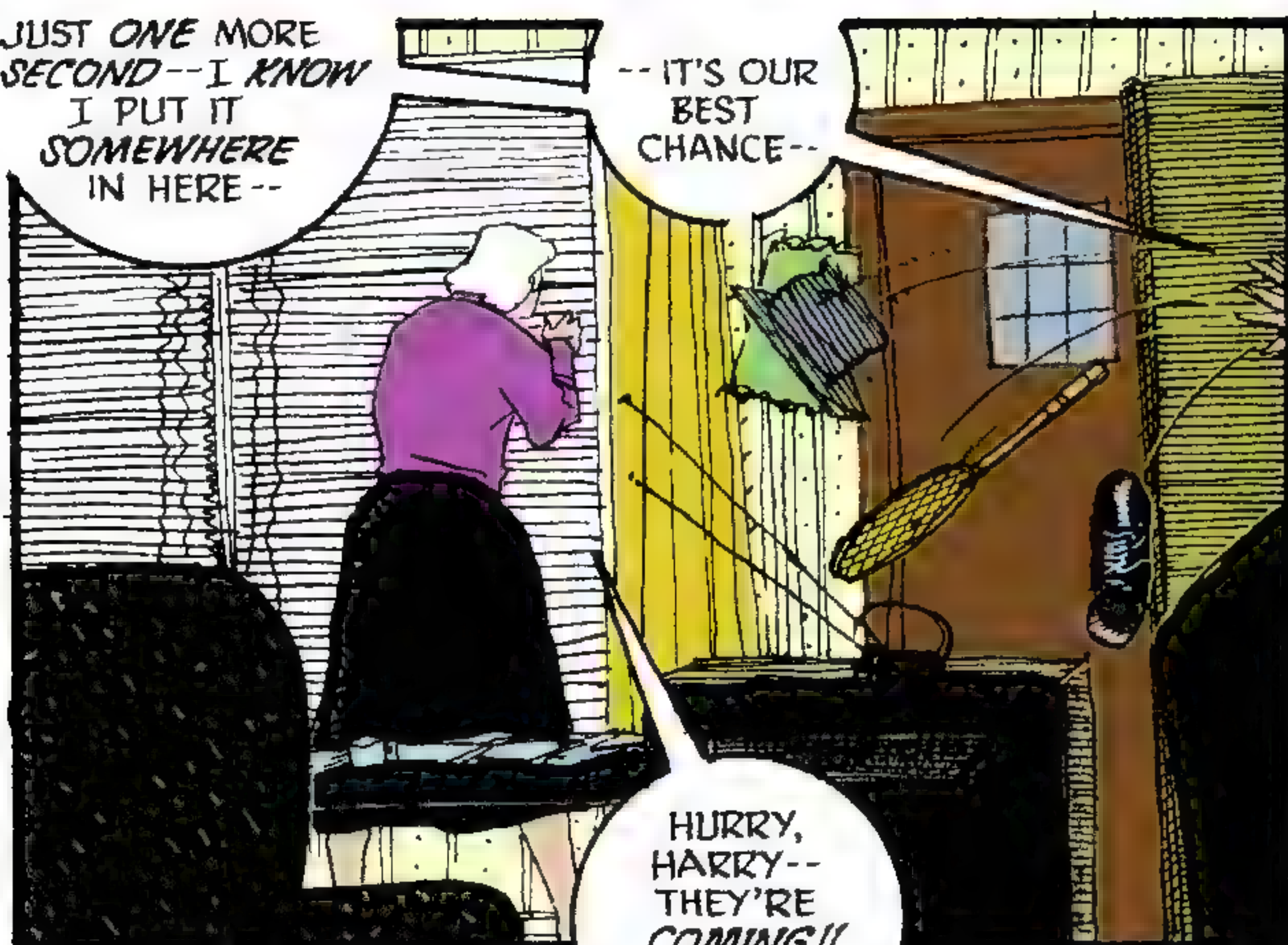
BUT
WHERE.
HARRY--?

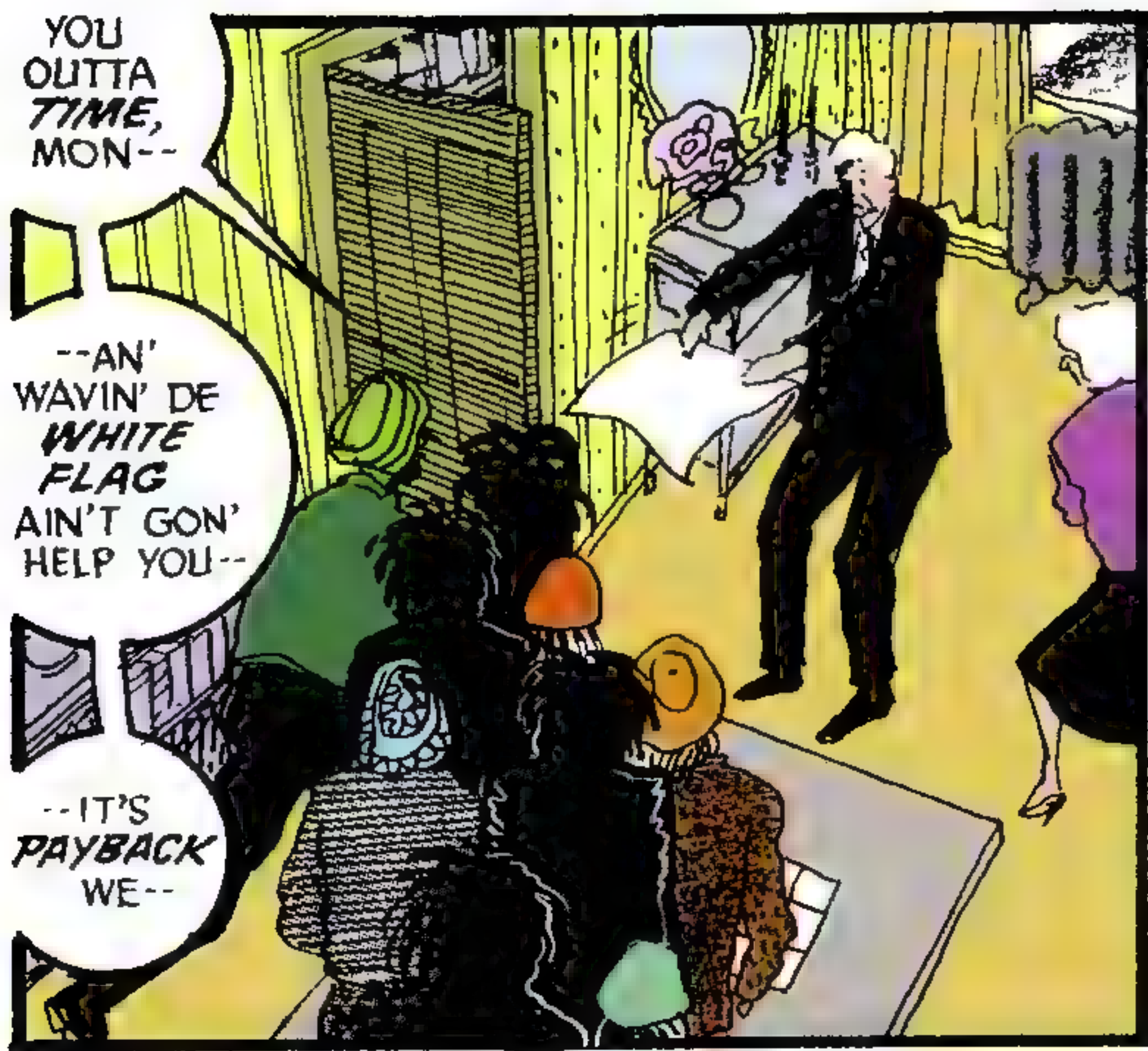


JUST ONE MORE
SECOND--I *KNOW*
I PUT IT
SOMEWHERE
IN HERE--

--IT'S OUR
BEST
CHANCE--

HURRY,
HARRY--
THEY'RE
COMING!!

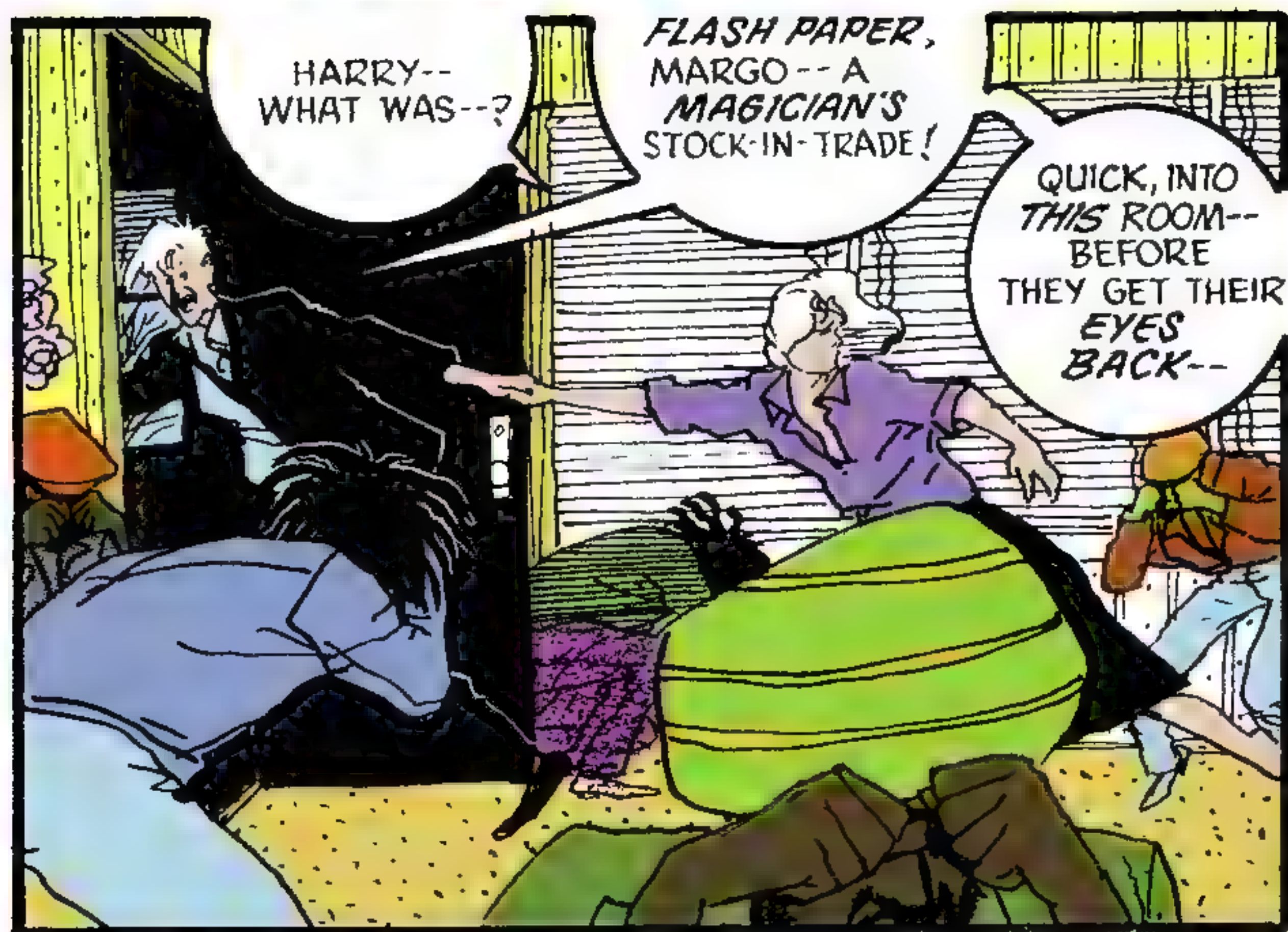
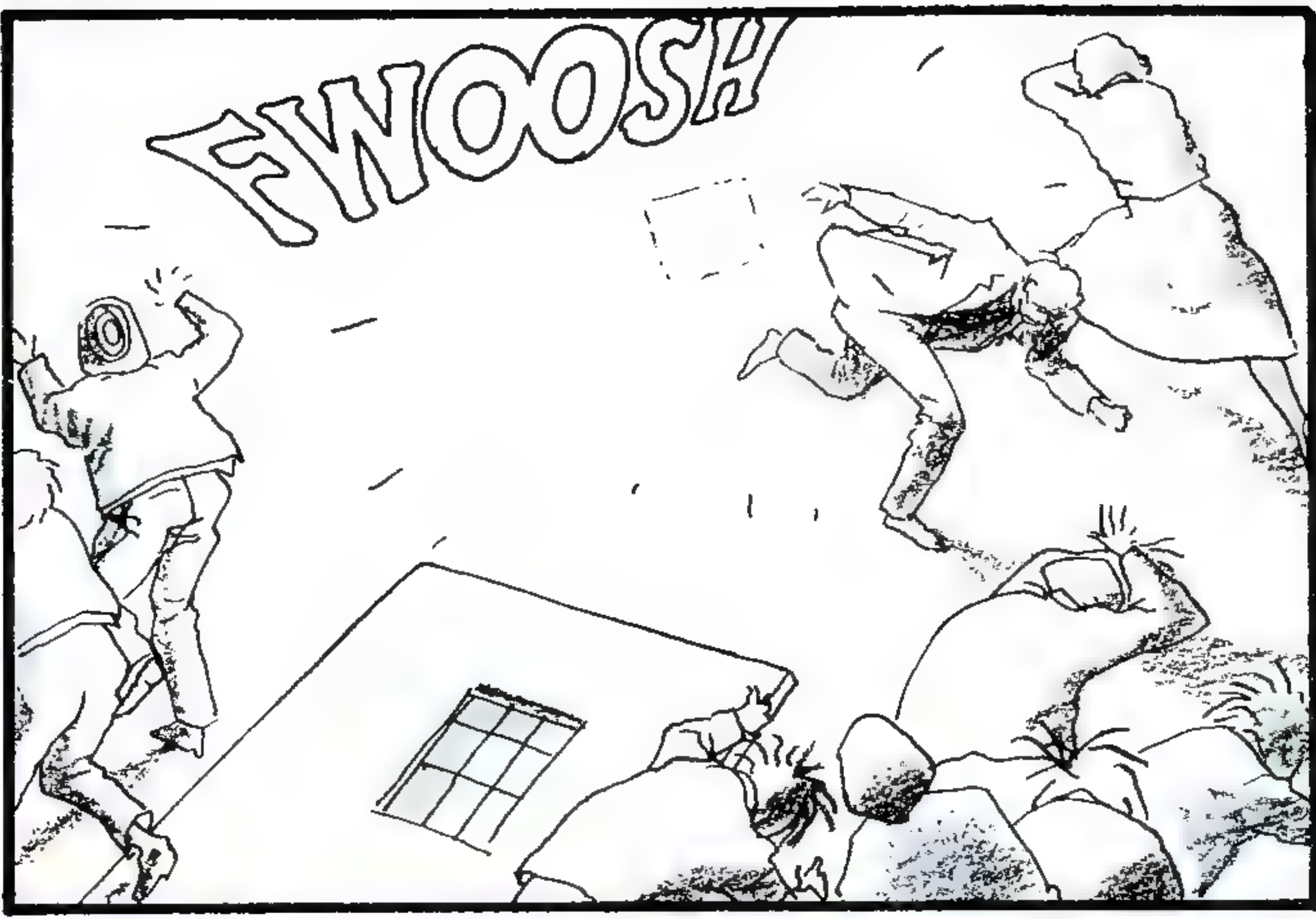




YOU
OUTTA
TIME,
MON--

--AN'
WAVIN' DE
**WHITE
FLAG**
AIN'T GON'
HELP YOU--

--IT'S
PAYBACK
WE--



HARRY--
WHAT WAS--?

FLASH PAPER,
MARGO-- A
MAGICIAN'S
STOCK-IN-TRADE!

QUICK, INTO
THIS ROOM--
BEFORE
THEY GET THEIR
EYES
BACK--



I SEEN DEM,
PERCY-- TRU
DAT **DOOR--**

WELL,
DEY AIN'T GON'
AFAR AFTA DAT--
WE GOT 'EM
TRAPPED

C'MON!



WOT DE--

DERE'S
DE MON--!
GET 'IM !!



HARRY!
BEHIND
YOU--

--GET
DOWN!



I-AN'-I--!
SHE GOT A
GUN!!

AGGGKKK--!

MY GOD--
HARRY!!!!



DOT'S 17,
PERCY JENNIFAH!
WE GON' BAK
T' BROOKLYN!

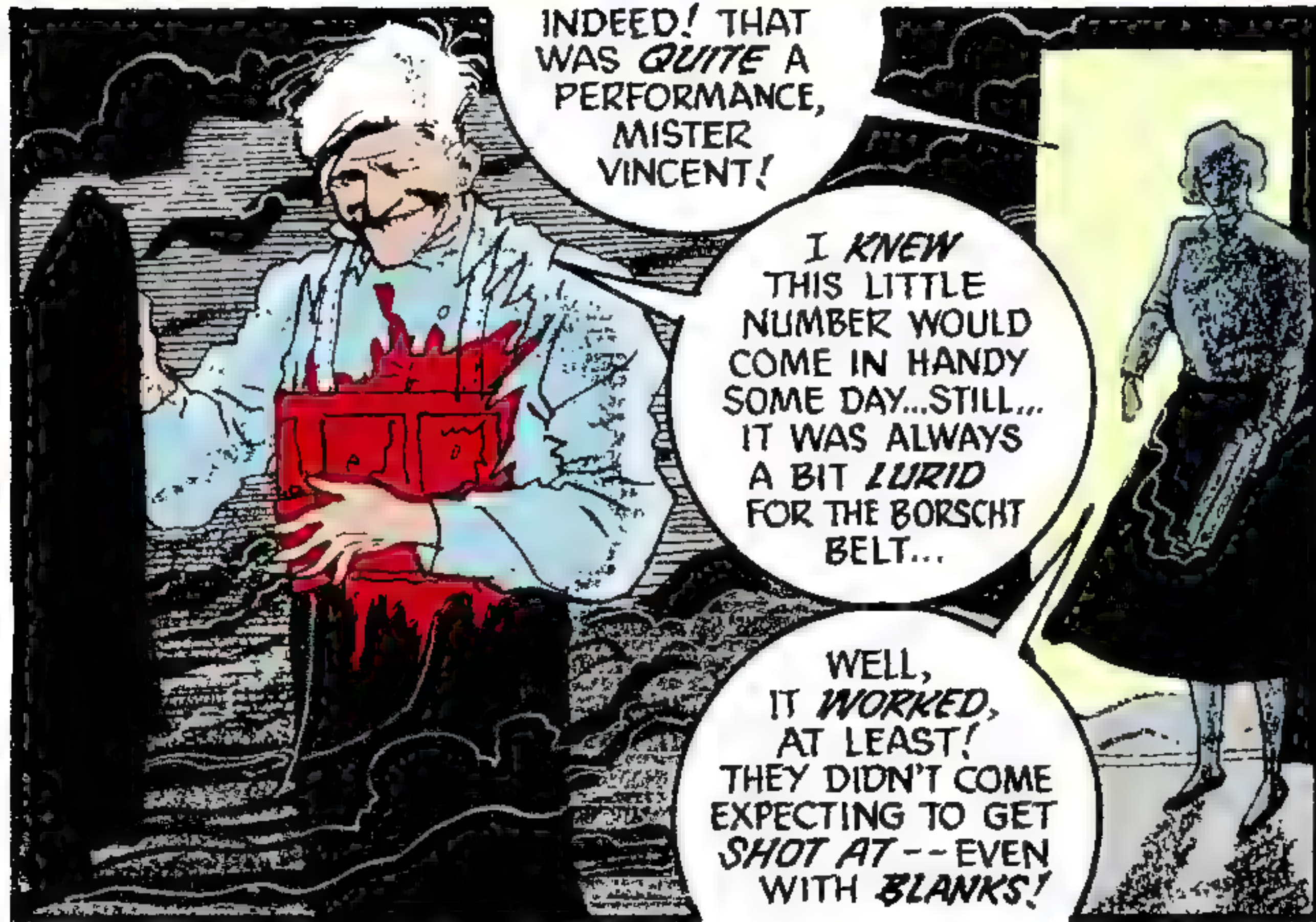
YOU NEVAH
SAY
NOT 'IN'
'BOUT NO
GUNS!

TIME TA
SPLEET!!



GUESS
WE SHOWED
THEM
WE MEAN
BUSINESS...

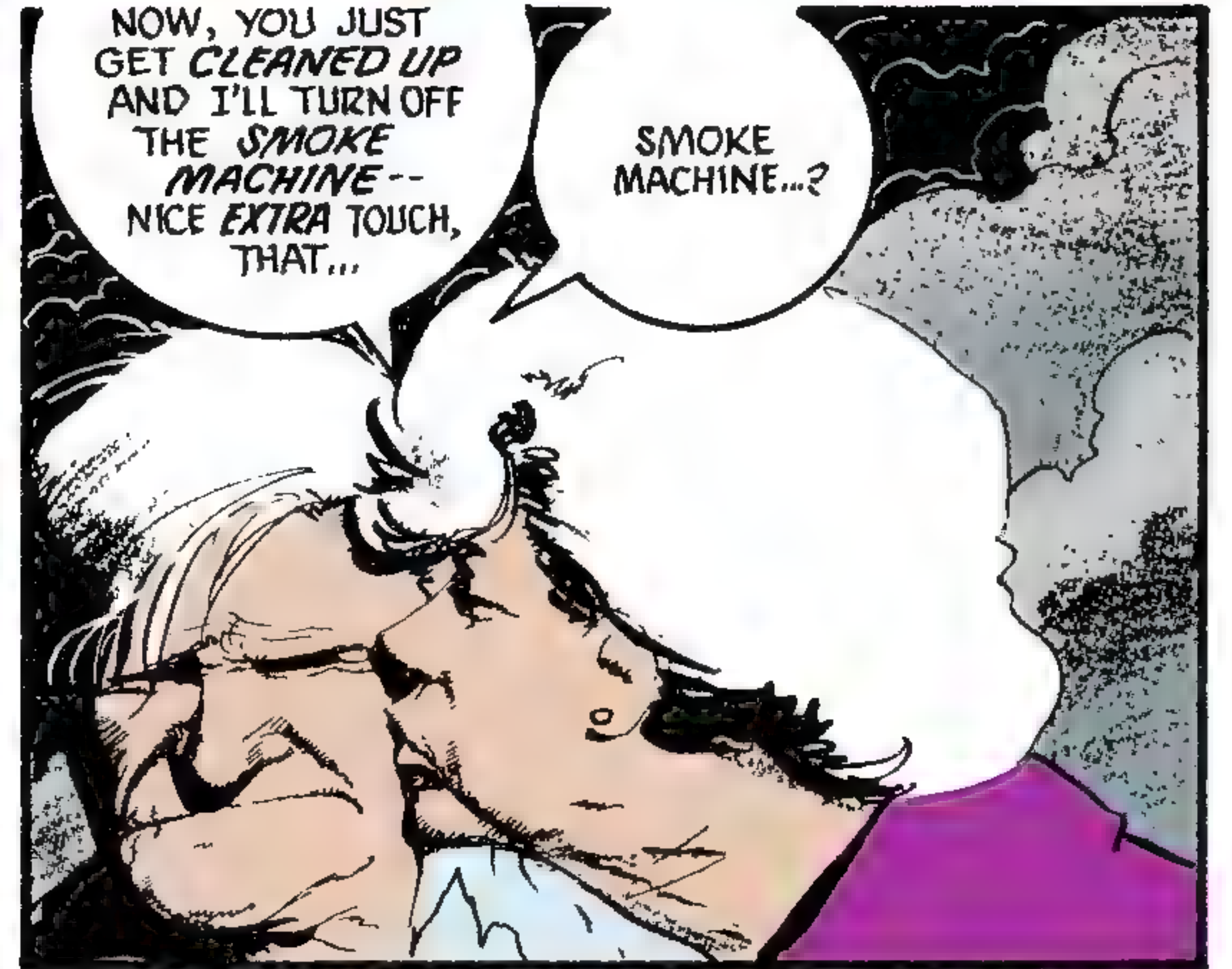
THEN
I PRESUME
THEY'RE *GONE*,
MARGO
MY LOVE...?



INDEED! THAT
WAS *QUITE* A
PERFORMANCE,
MISTER
VINCENT!

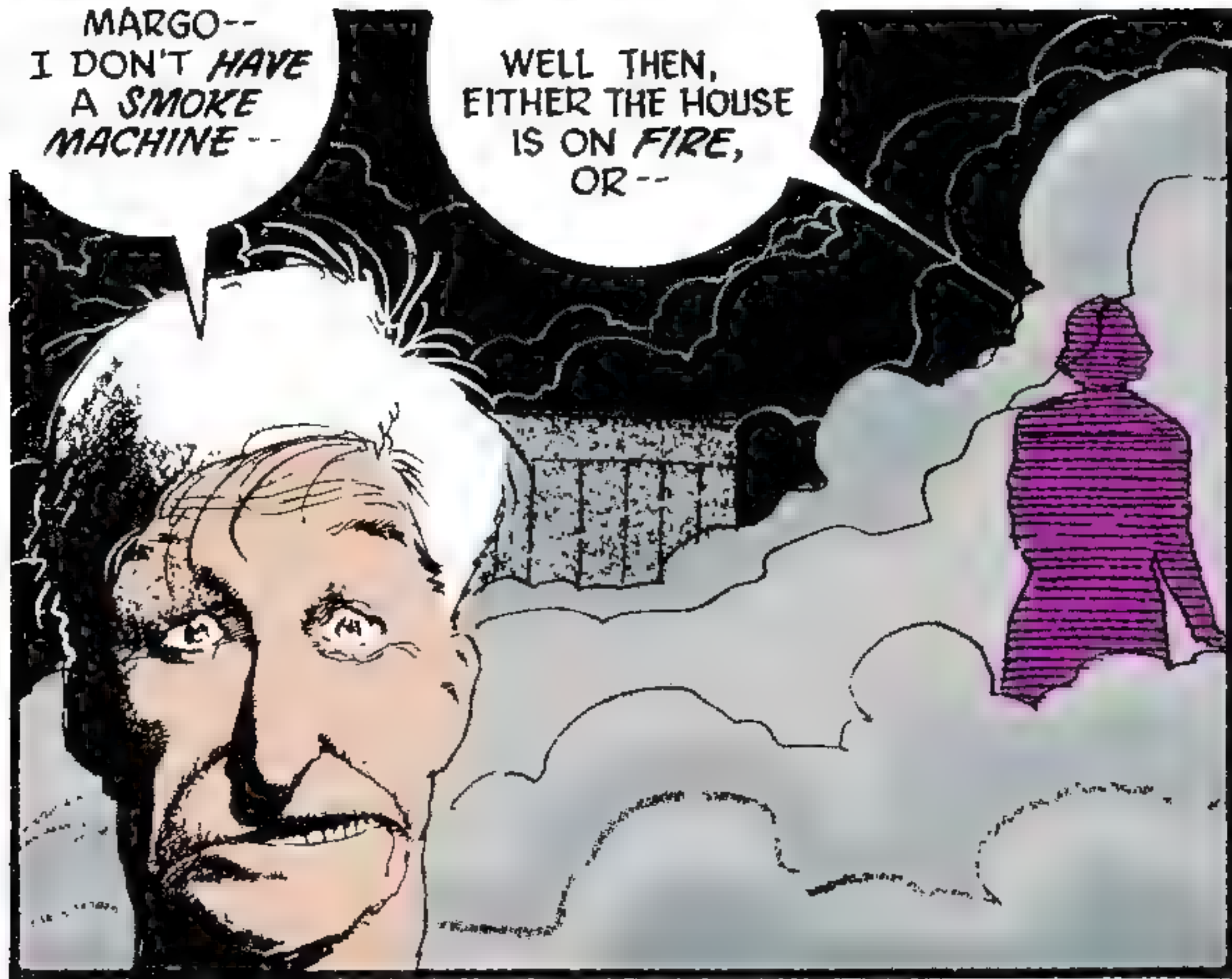
I *KNEW*
THIS LITTLE
NUMBER WOULD
COME IN HANDY
SOME DAY...STILL...
IT WAS ALWAYS
A BIT *LURID*
FOR THE BORSCHT
BELT...

WELL,
IT *WORKED*,
AT LEAST!
THEY DIDN'T COME
EXPECTING TO GET
SHOT AT--EVEN
WITH *BLANKS!*



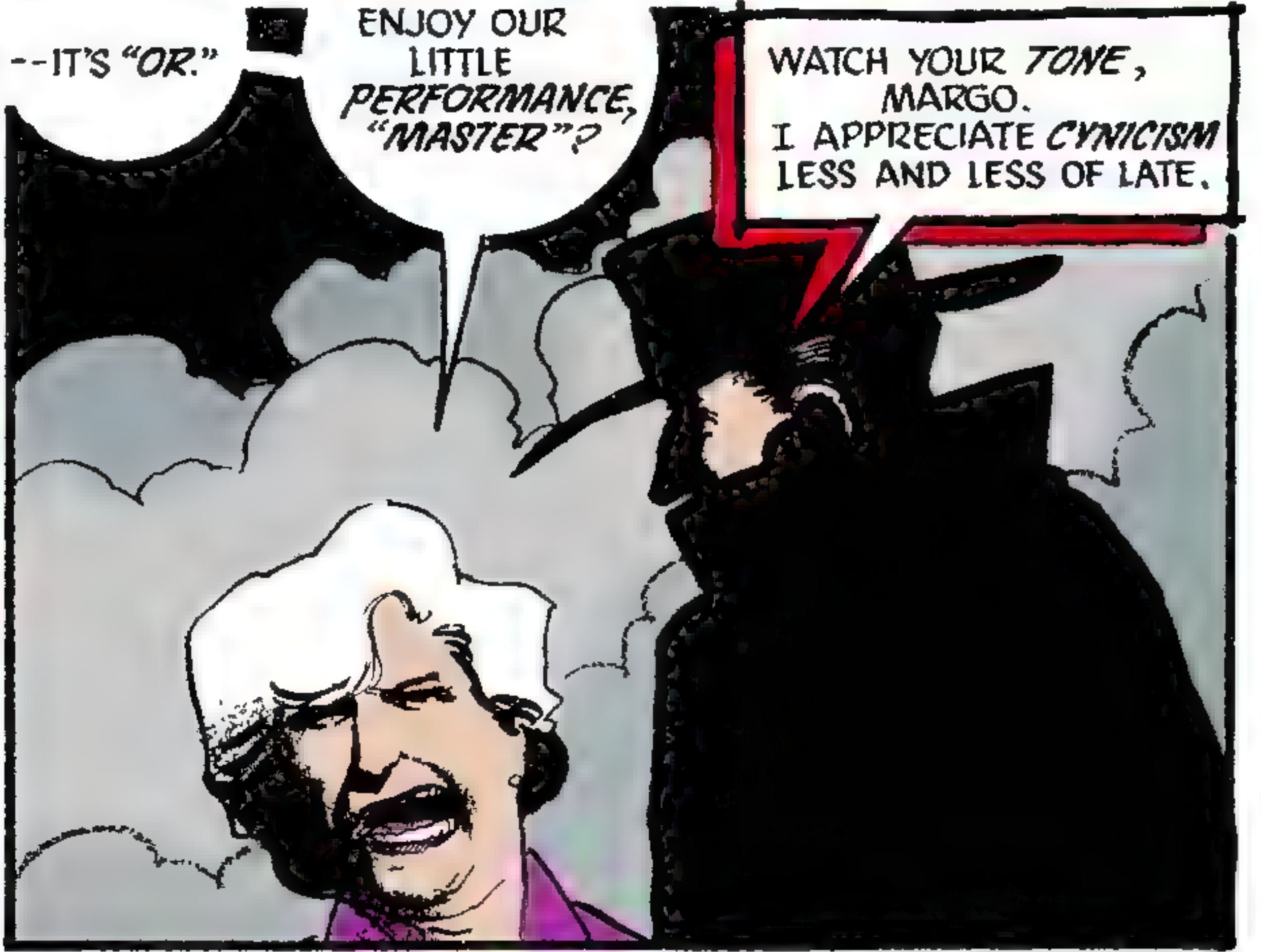
NOW, YOU JUST
GET *CLEANED UP*
AND I'LL TURN OFF
THE *SMOKE*
MACHINE--
NICE *EXTRA TOUCH*,
THAT...

SMOKE
MACHINE...?



MARGO--
I DON'T *HAVE*
A *SMOKE*
MACHINE--

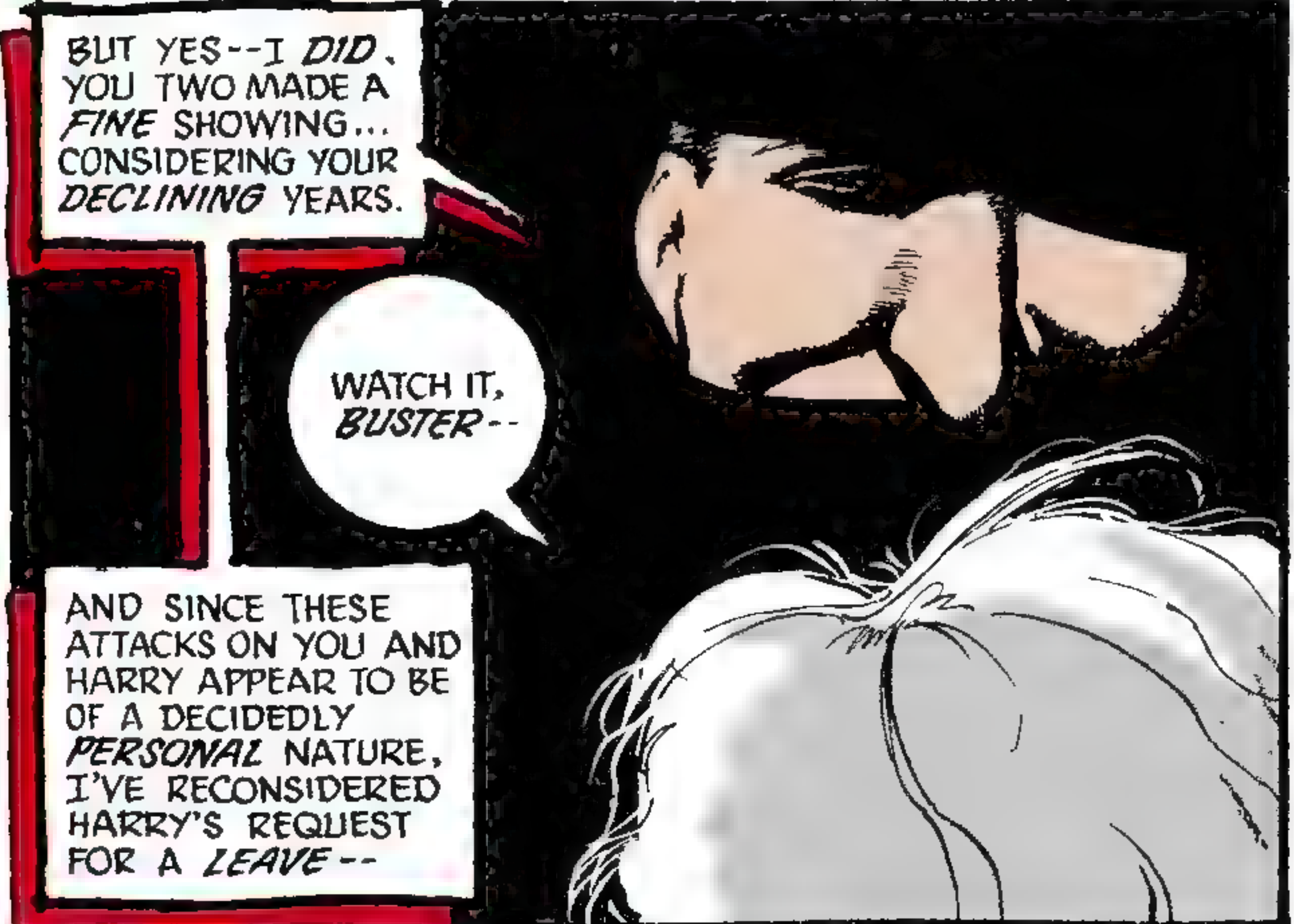
WELL THEN,
EITHER THE HOUSE
IS ON *FIRE*,
OR--



--IT'S "OR."

ENJOY OUR
LITTLE
PERFORMANCE,
"MASTER"?

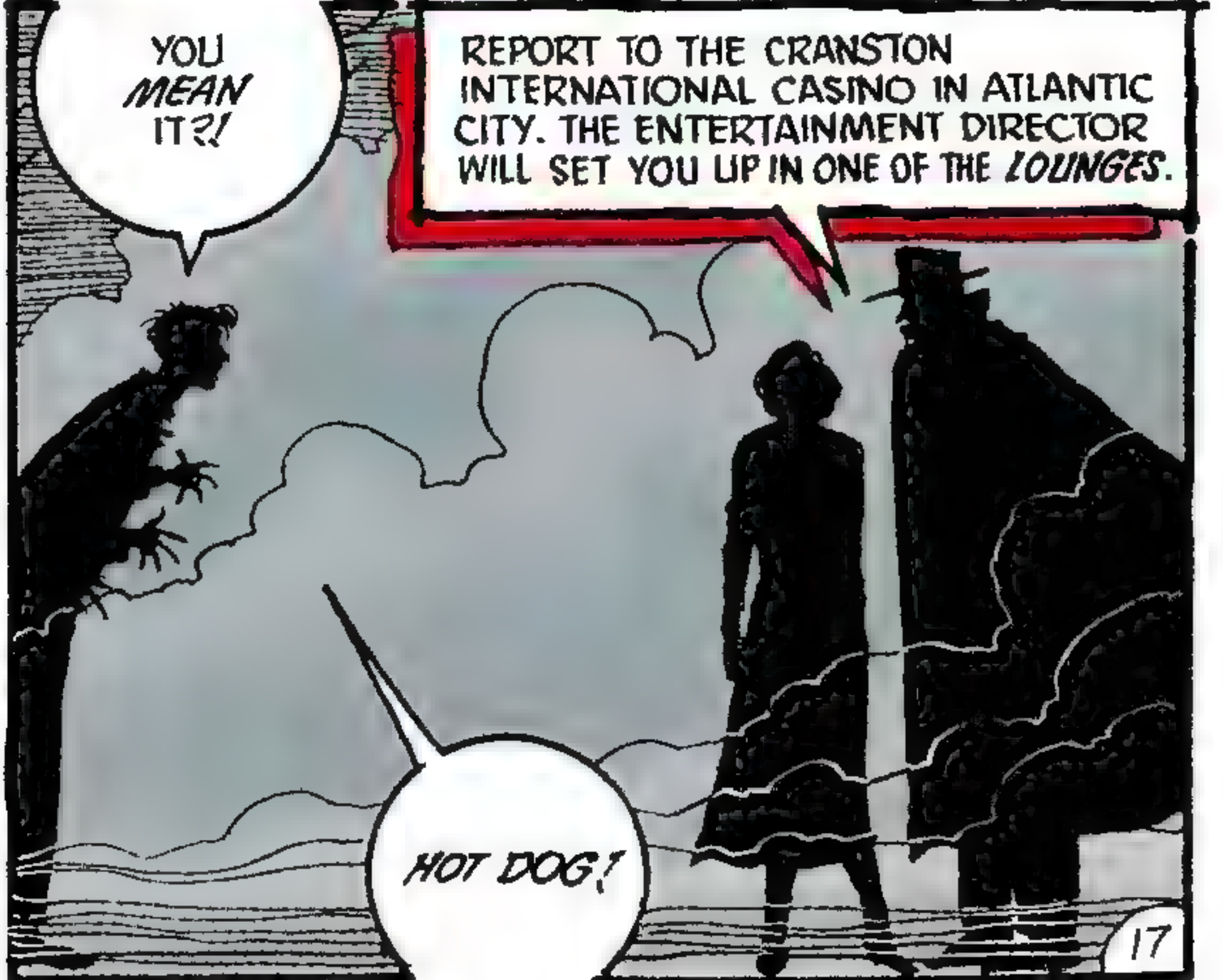
WATCH YOUR *TONE*,
MARGO.
I APPRECIATE *CYNICISM*
LESS AND LESS OF LATE.



BUT YES--I *DID*.
YOU TWO MADE A
FINE SHOWING...
CONSIDERING YOUR
DECLINING YEARS.

WATCH IT,
BUSTER--

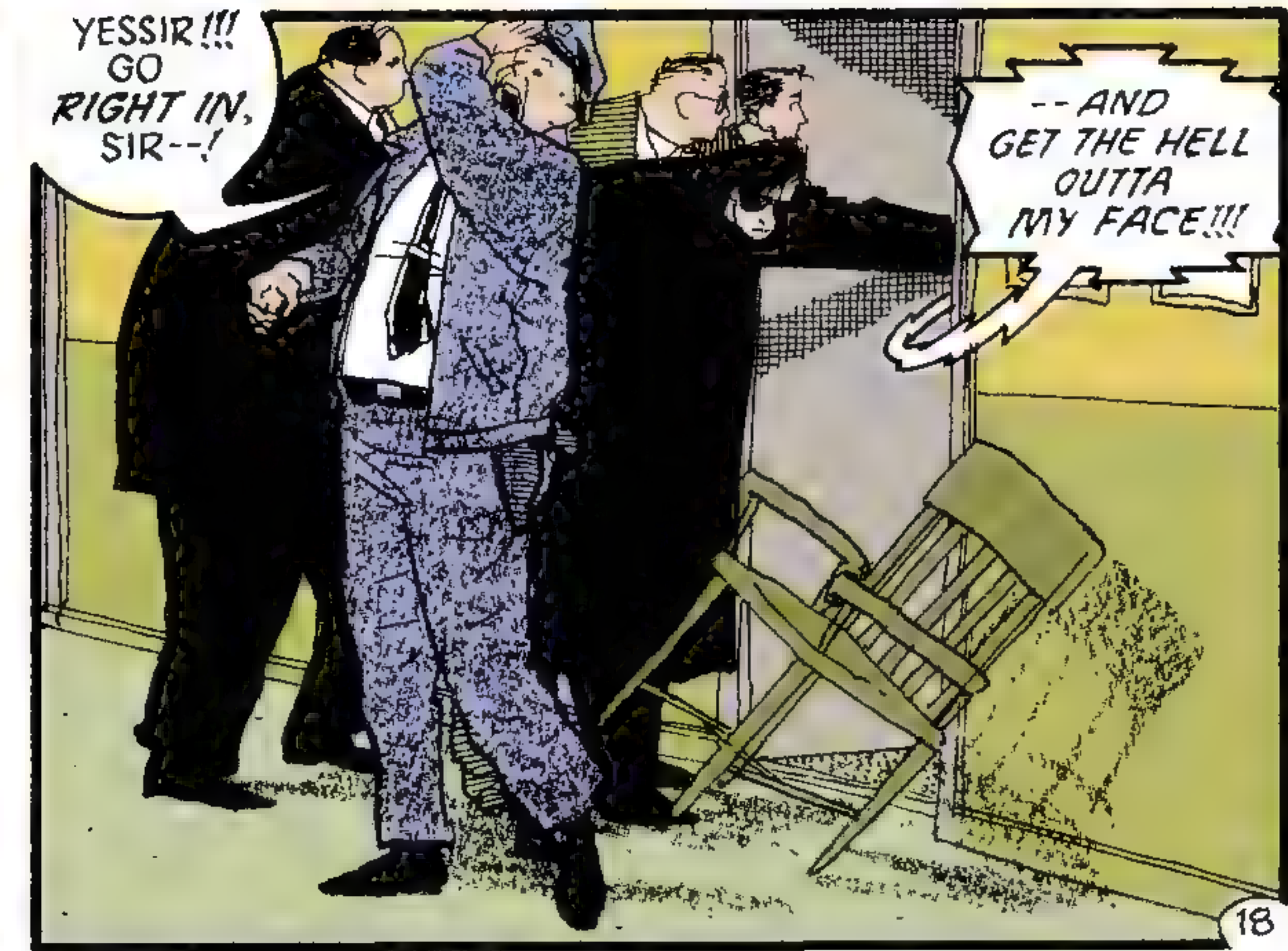
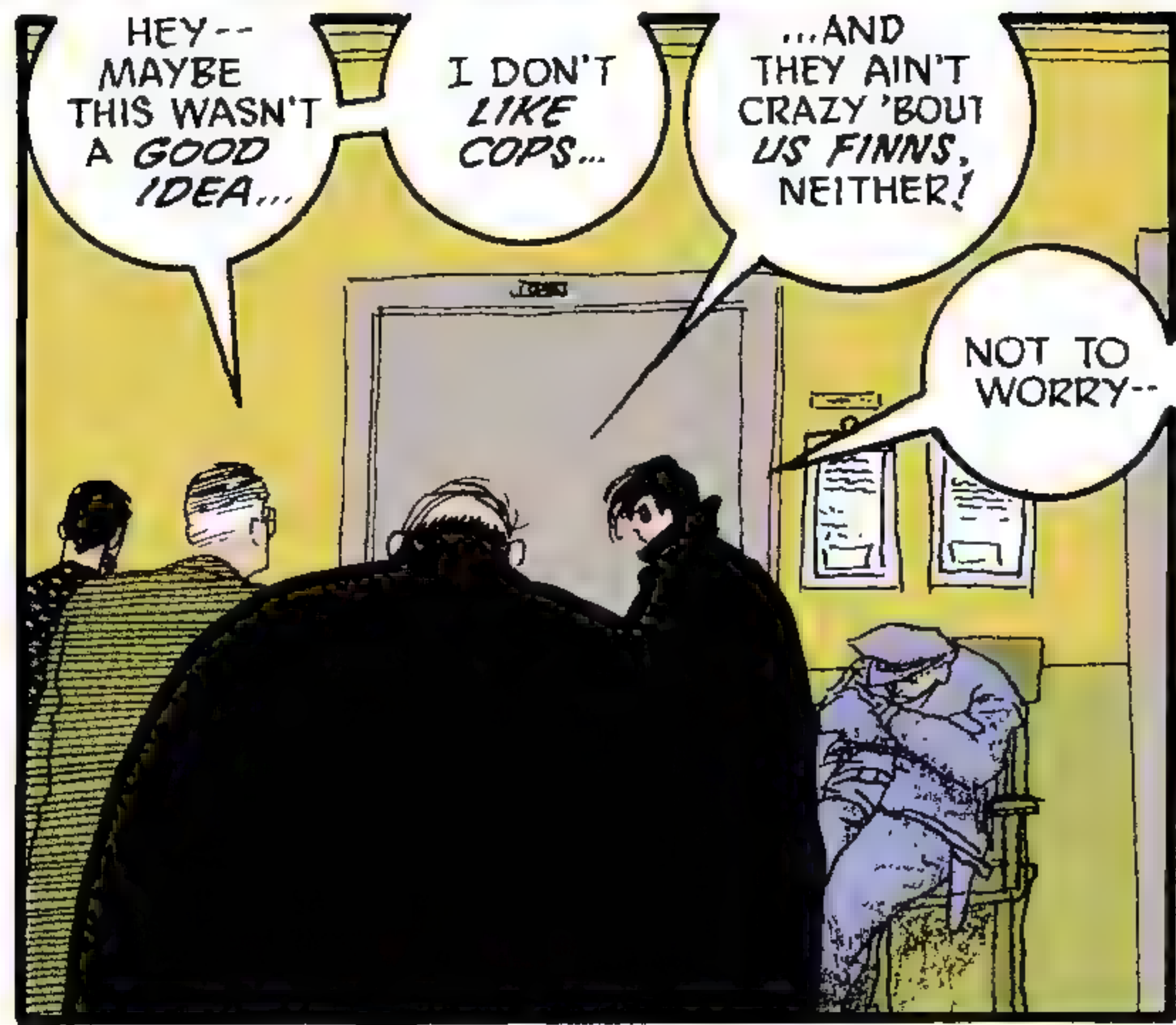
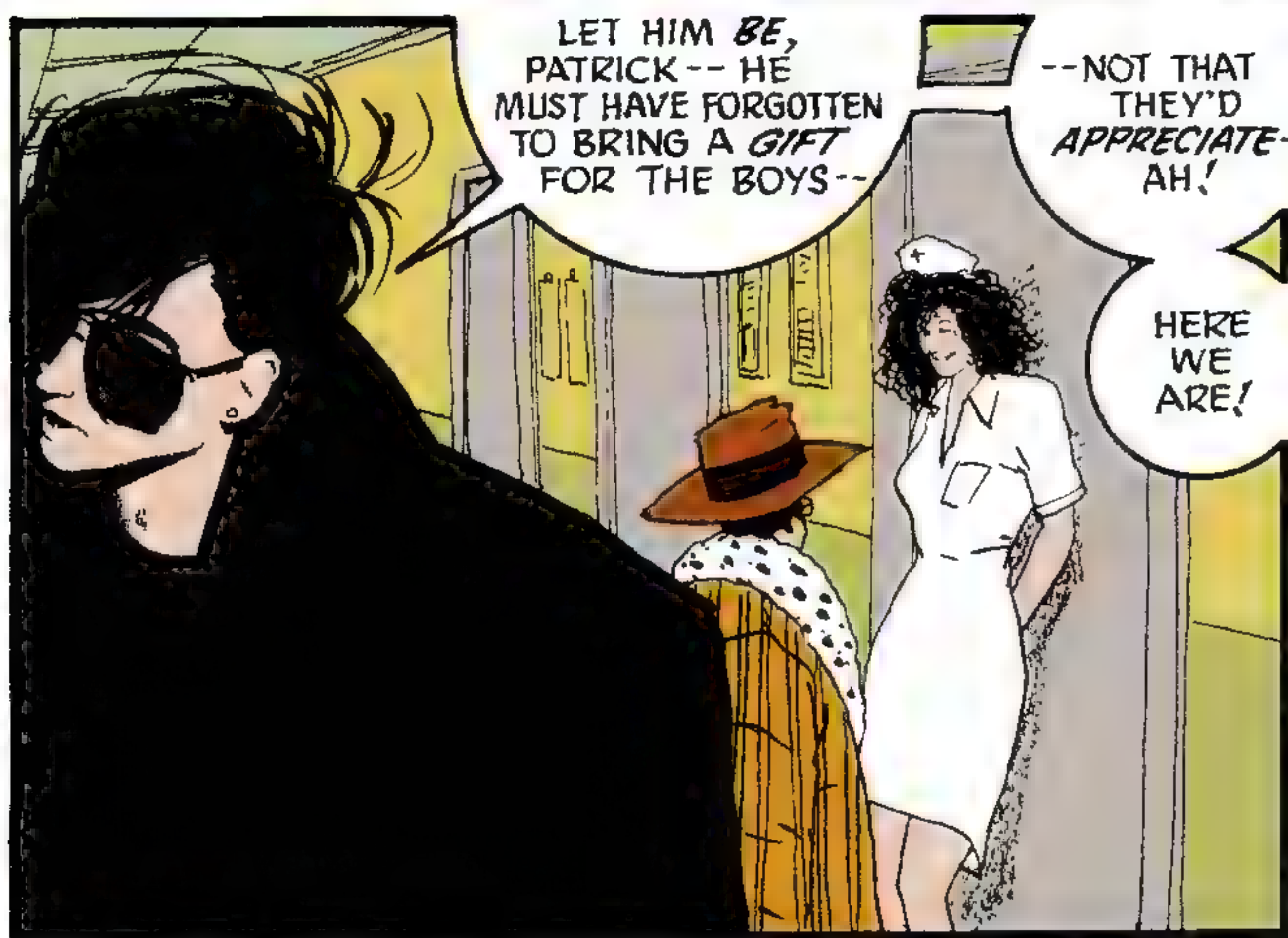
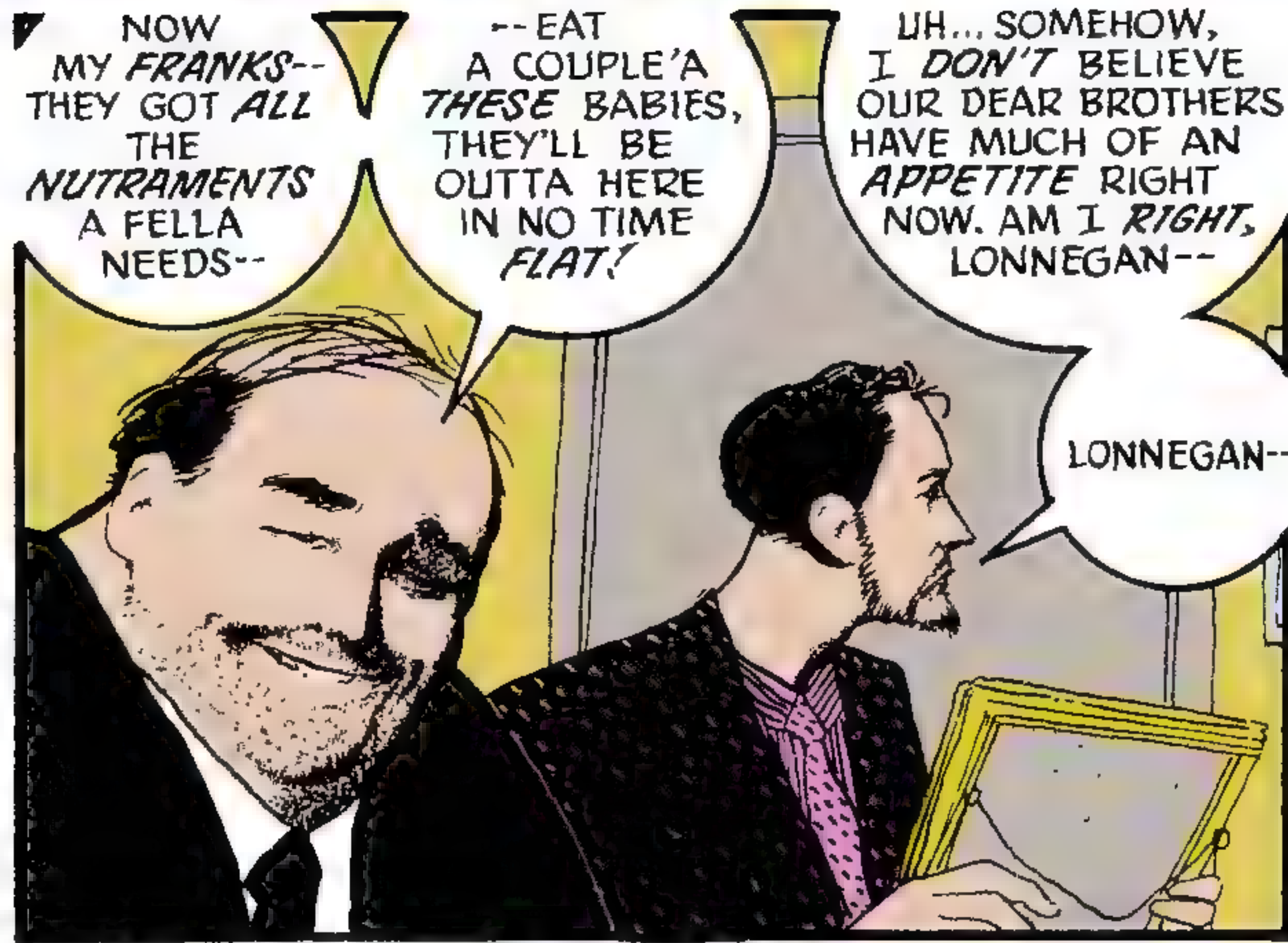
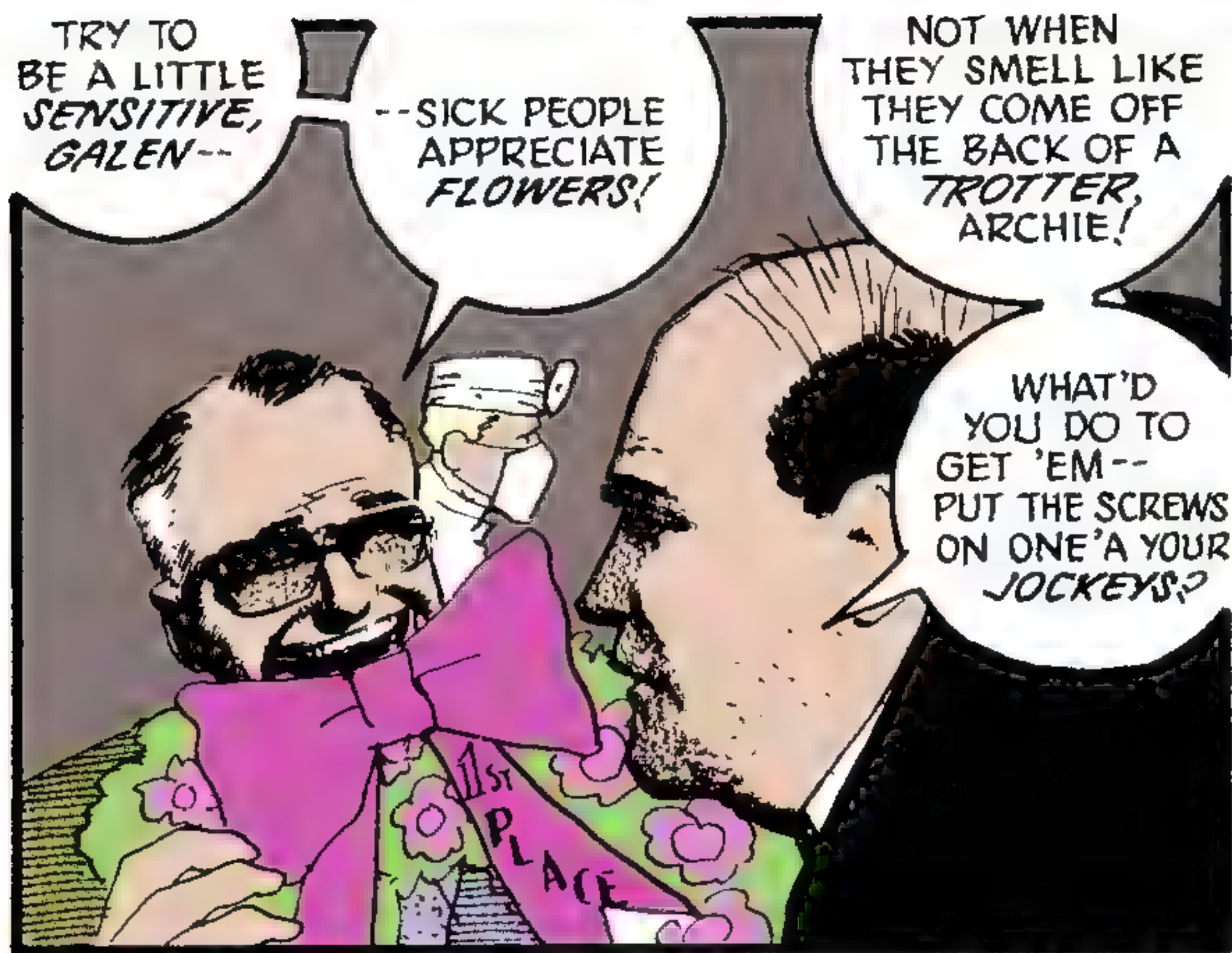
AND SINCE THESE
ATTACKS ON YOU AND
HARRY APPEAR TO BE
OF A DECIDEDLY
PERSONAL NATURE,
I'VE RECONSIDERED
HARRY'S REQUEST
FOR A *LEAVE*--



YOU
MEAN
IT?!

REPORT TO THE CRANSTON
INTERNATIONAL CASINO IN ATLANTIC
CITY. THE ENTERTAINMENT DIRECTOR
WILL SET YOU UP IN ONE OF THE *LOUNGES*.

HOT DOG!



WHY, ARTIE--
YOU LOOK
FANTASTIC--
ALL THINGS
CONSIDERED...

I
BROUGHT
YOU
A--

SHADDUP
A MINIT,
WILLYA--

... DESPITE INSPECTOR
CARDONA'S...**RELUCTANCE**...
TO COMMENT ON THE CASE,
ATTORNEY HY BACH WAS
ANXIOUS TO FILL IN THE
DETAILS ON THIS AND
THREE **OTHER** ALLEGEDLY
INSANE DEFENDANTS HE
REPRESENTS...

... BUT WAS **CALLED AWAY**
WHEN **ANOTHER** OF HIS CLIENTS,
A MEMBER OF THE ALLEGED
UNDERWORLD **FINN** FAMILY,
WAS FOUND AT THE SCENE OF A
CENTRAL PARK SHOOTOUT
THIS EVENING...

BACH ASSURED REPORTERS THAT
HIS CLIENT WAS AN INNOCENT
VICTIM, CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE
AS HE JOGGED THROUGH THE
PARK, BUT POLICE HAVE NO **CLUES**
AS TO **WHO** WAS RESPONSIBLE
FOR THE DEATHS OF TEN
OTHER REPUTED GANGSTERS...

THEY
DUNNO
WHO
HUH...?

IT WAS THE
SHADOW--
THAT'S
WHO!!

ARTIMUS--
KEEP
YOUR VOICE
DOWN!

WE **KNOW**
HOW YOU FEEL--
HOW WE **ALL**
FEEL--ABOUT THIS
UNFORTUNATE
INCIDENT--

-- BUT THIS
IS NEITHER
THE **TIME**,
NOR
THE **PLACE**
TO EXPRESS IT!

YES--WE PULLED
A LOT OF STRINGS
TO GET YOU IN THIS
PRIVATE ROOM WITH
ERROL--THE COPS
WANTED YOU IN THE
PRISON HOSPITAL
TILL YOU WERE
WELL ENOUGH
TO **BOOK!**

MR. BACH
HAS ALREADY
BEGUN **WORKING**
ON YOUR CASE--
PLAY IT COOL
AND YOU'LL BE
BACK ON THE STREET
IN A FEW WEEKS!

YOU GUYS MUST BE
DENSE!
YOU THINK THIS
WAS SOME KINDA
ACCIDENT?
A
COINCIDENCE?!

I **SAW** HIM
UP THERE, ON TOP
OF THE **TRUCK**--
HE WAS **LAUGHIN'**--
AT **ME**--
AT **US!**

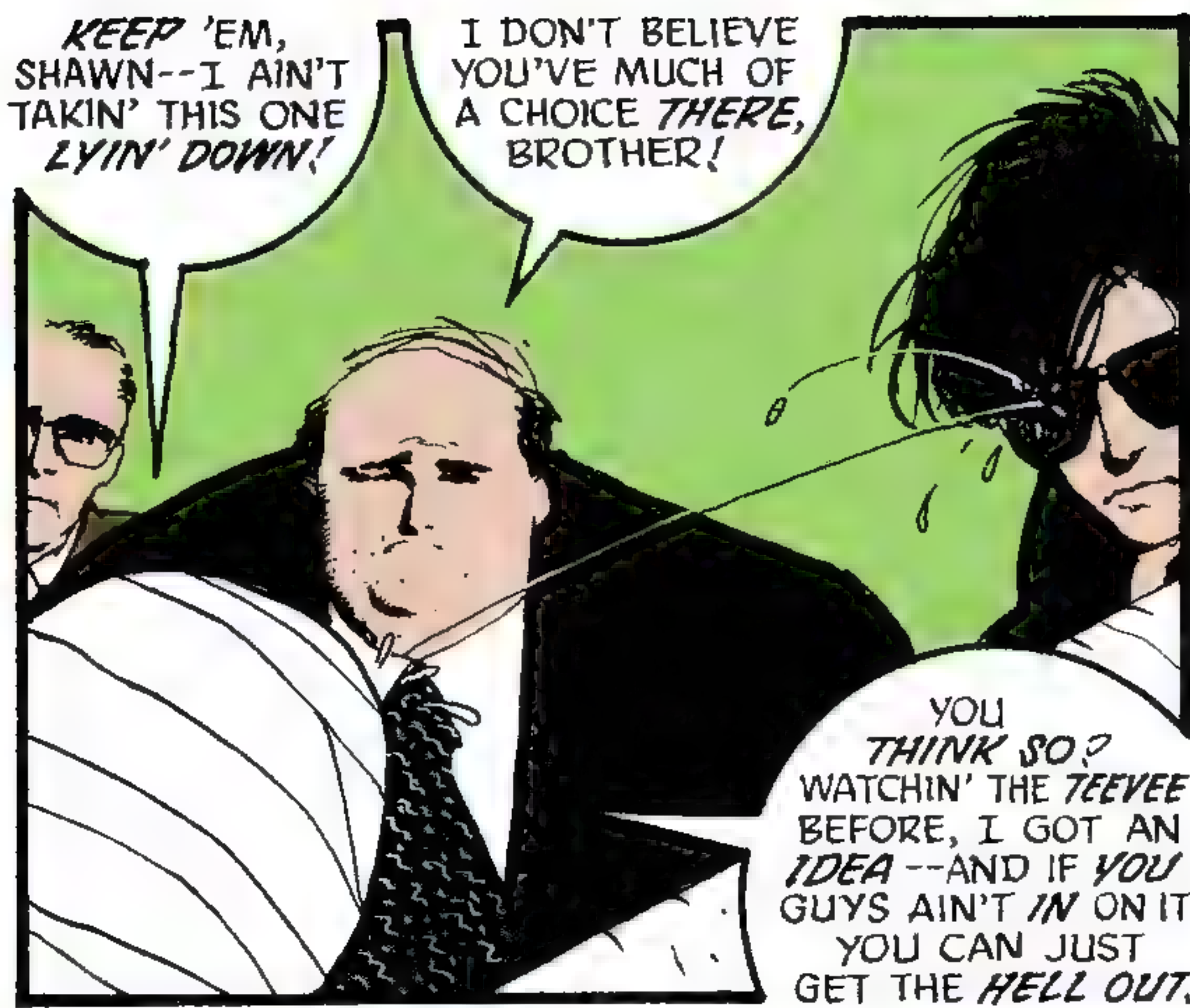
AN' THEN
I HEAR ON THE
TEEVEE,
THEY'RE SAYIN'
HE SENT OUT THAT
PRONG GUY
TO **KILL ERROL!**

DON'T YOU GUYS
GET IT? HE'S
TOTALLY **CRAZY**--
AND HE'S **AFTER**
US! WE CAN'T
TREAT HIM LIKE
JUST ANOTHER
COMER--

WE GOTTA MOVE
NOW--BEFORE
HE PUTS US **ALL**
IN THE HOSPITAL--
OR THE
MORGUE!

I REALLY
THINK YOU'RE
OVERREACTING
TO THIS, ARTIE!
HERE, HAVE ONE
OF THESE...THEY'LL
CALM YOU
DOWN--

--WHIPPED
THEM UP
MYSELF
JUST
THIS MORNING...



KEEP 'EM,
SHAWN--I AIN'T
TAKIN' THIS ONE
LYIN' DOWN!

I DON'T BELIEVE
YOU'VE MUCH OF
A CHOICE *THERE*,
BROTHER!

YOU
THINK SO?
WATCHIN' THE *TEEVEE*
BEFORE, I GOT AN
IDEA--AND IF YOU
GUYS AIN'T *IN* ON IT--
YOU CAN JUST
GET THE *HELL* OUT!

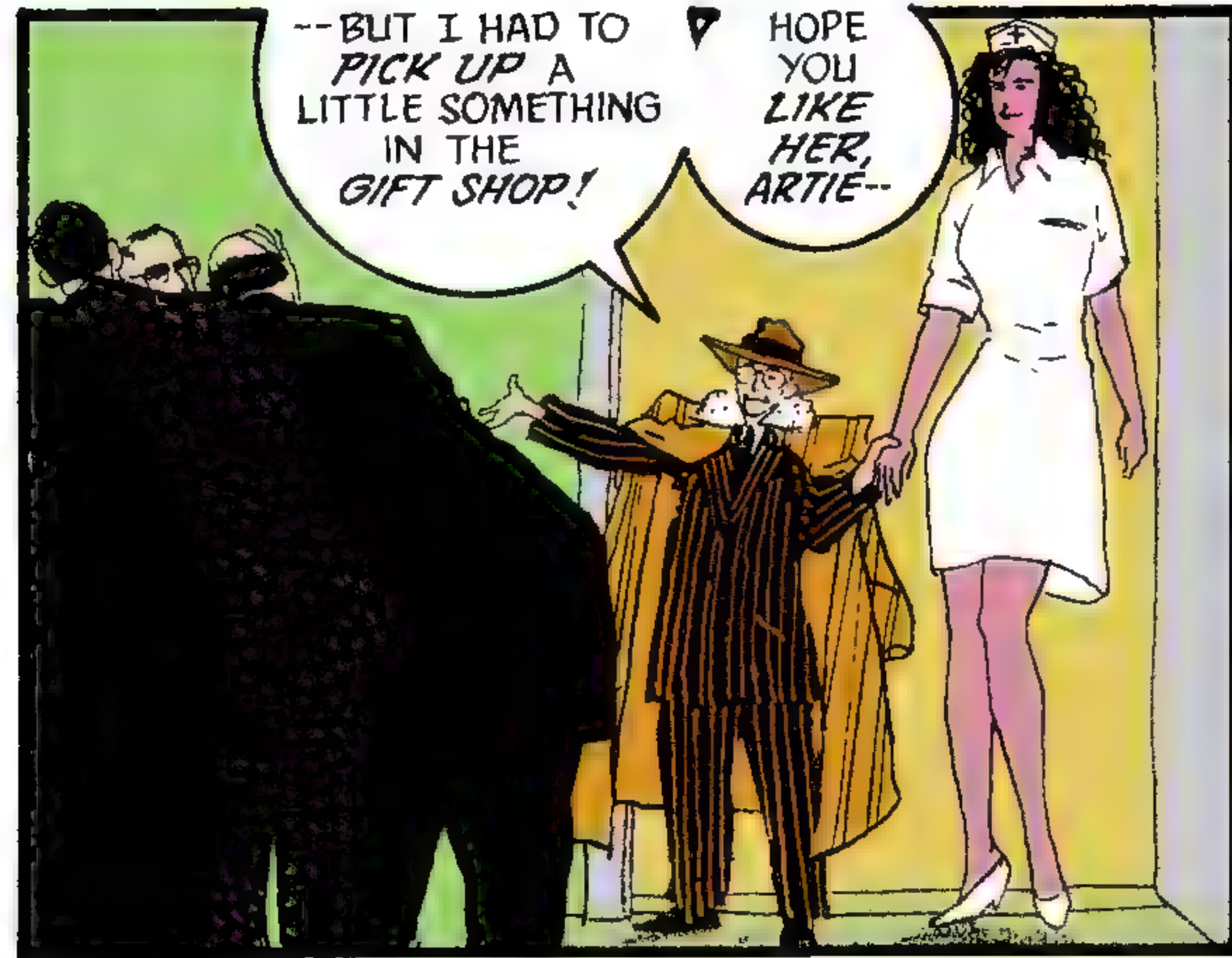


BUT WE
BROUGHT...
PRESENTS!

HERE!
HAVE A
FRANK!

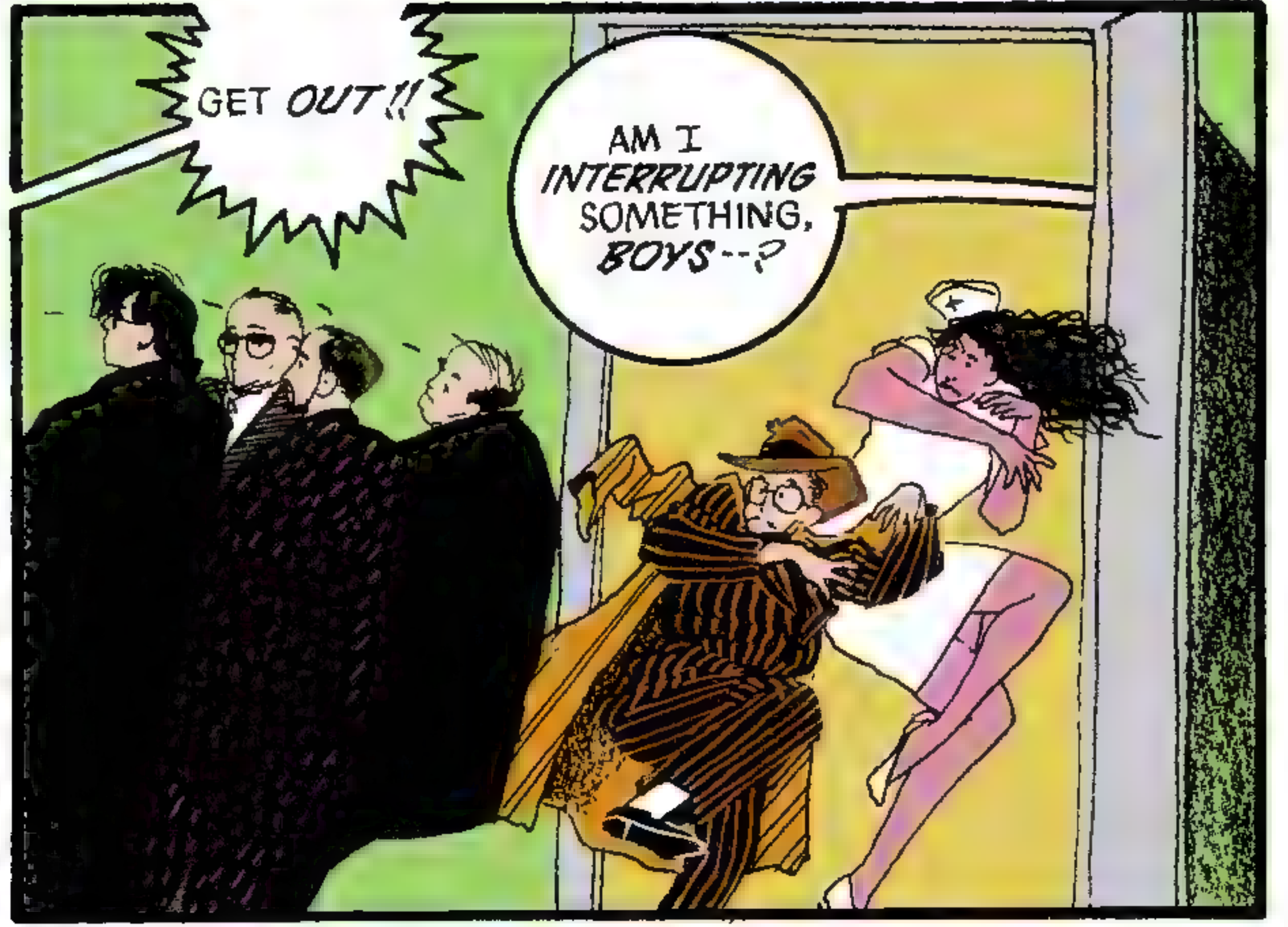
AND THIS *PAINTING*--
I *KNOW* HOW
YOU *ADMIRE*
THEM SO--

SORRY
I WAS
DETAINED,
BOYS--



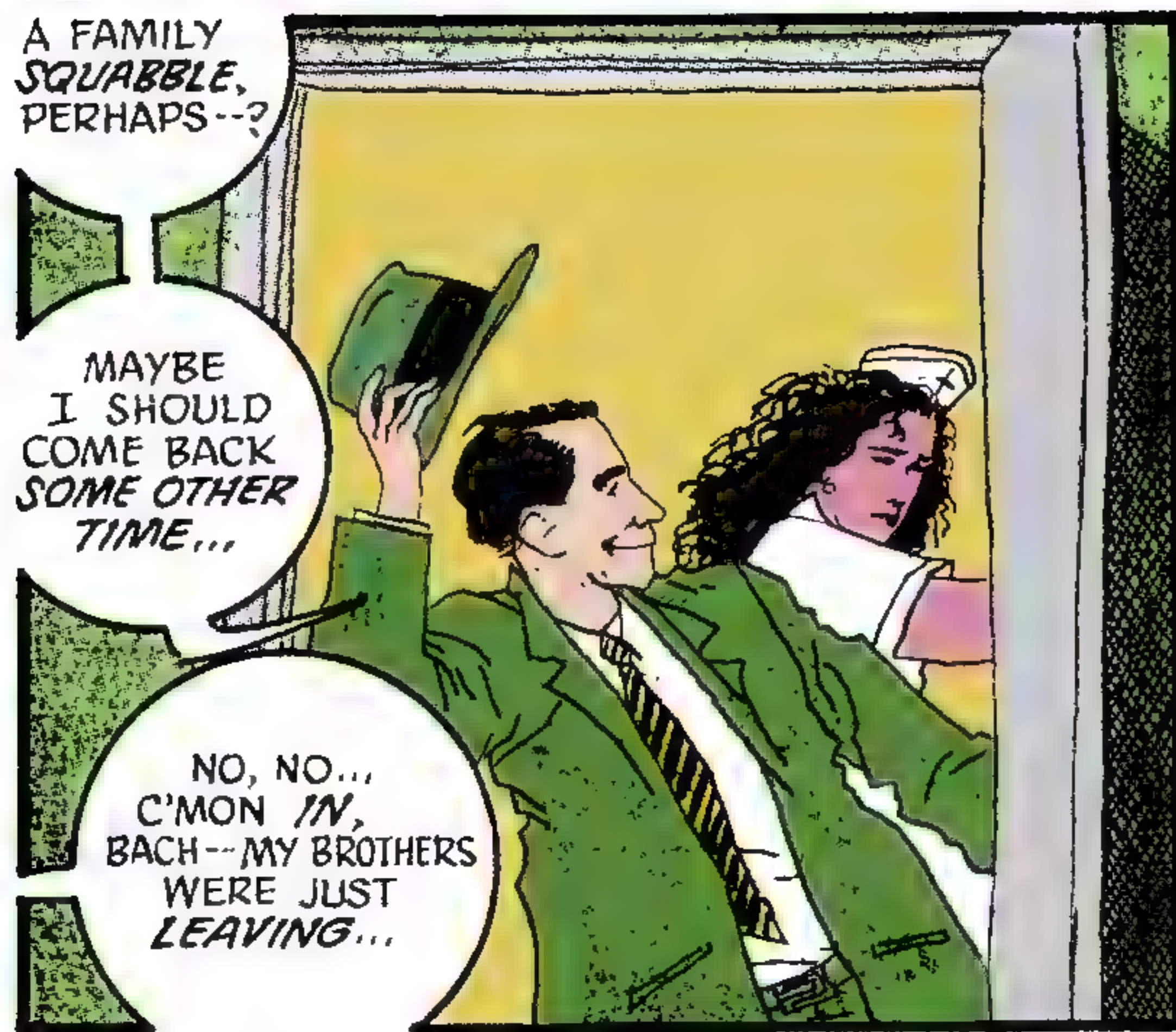
--BUT I HAD TO
PICK UP A
LITTLE SOMETHING
IN THE
GIFT SHOP!

HOPE
YOU
LIKE
HER,
ARTIE--



GET OUT!!

AM I
INTERRUPTING
SOMETHING,
BOYS--?



A FAMILY
SQUABBLE,
PERHAPS--?

MAYBE
I SHOULD
COME BACK
SOME OTHER
TIME...

NO, NO...
C'MON *IN*,
BACH--MY BROTHERS
WERE JUST
LEAVING...



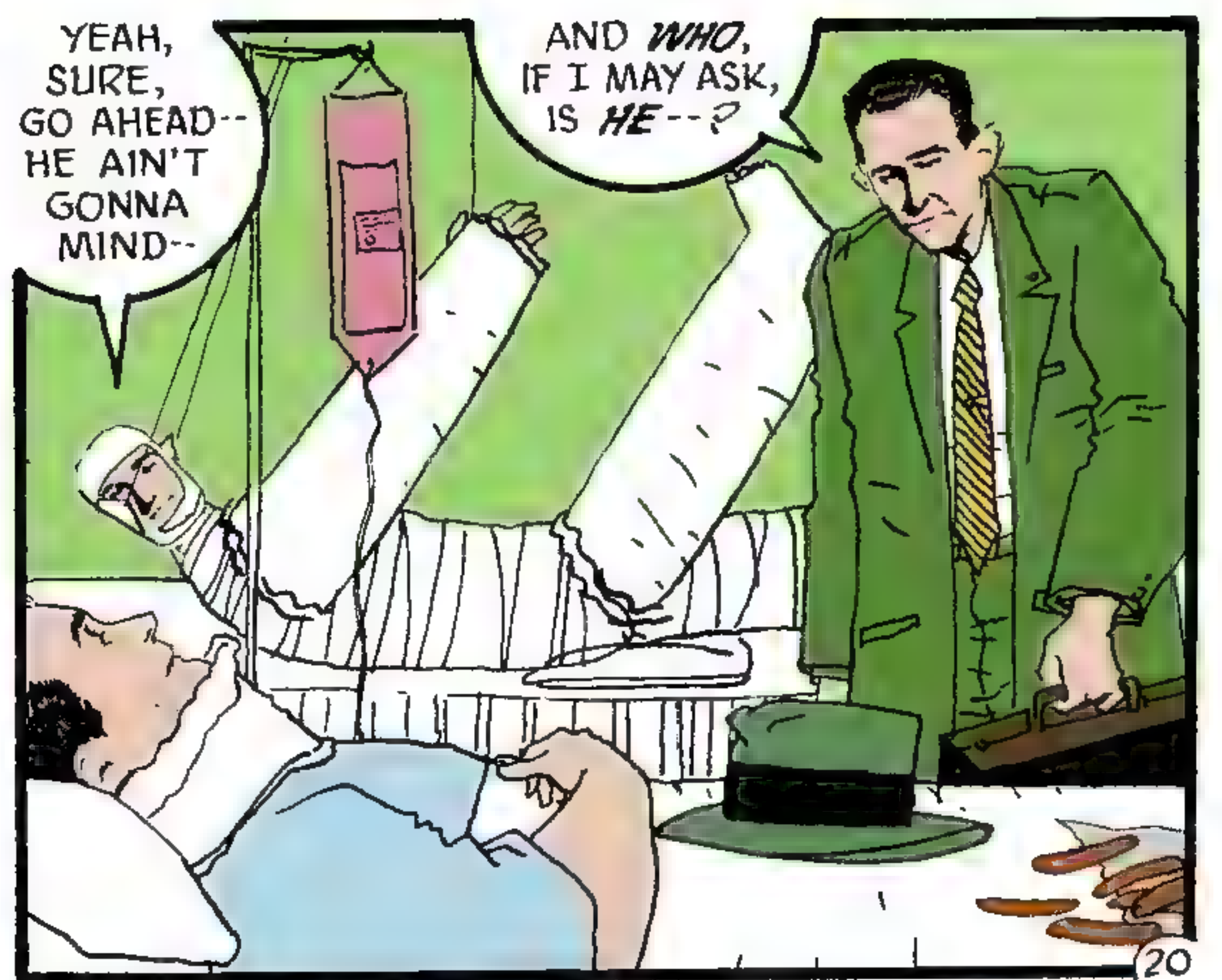
INDEED. WELL,
ARTIMUS... WE'VE
GOTTEN OURSELVES
IN A BIT OF A
SCRAPE
THIS TIME,
EH?

YEAH...AND IT
SHOULD'A BEEN
MY *BIGGEST HAUL*
YET!



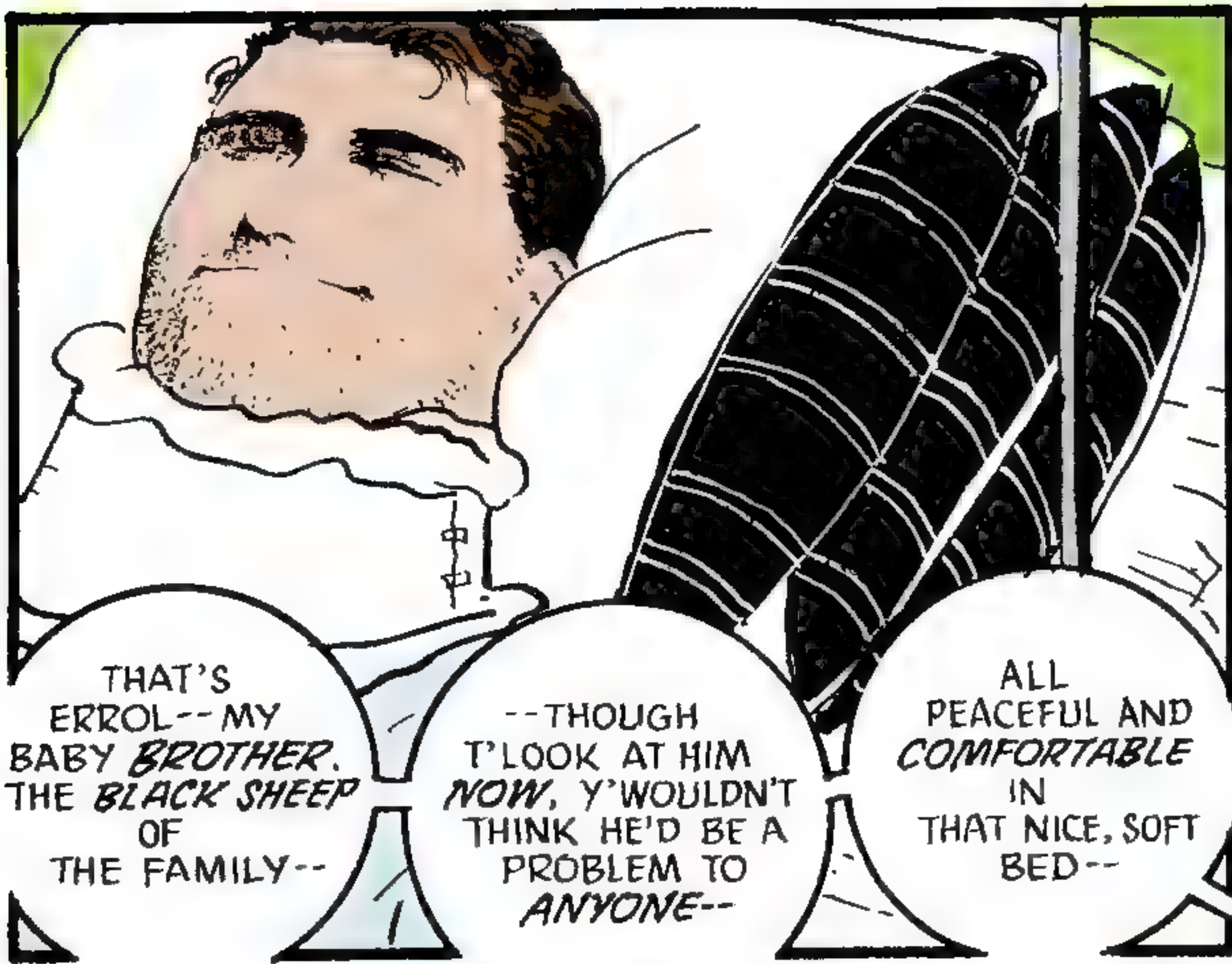
BUT YOU
APPARENTLY
RAN INTO SOME...
UNEXPECTED
DIFFICULTIES--

--MIND IF I
SIT DOWN...?



YEAH,
SURE,
GO AHEAD--
HE AIN'T
GONNA
MIND--

AND *WHO*,
IF I MAY ASK,
IS *HE*--?



THAT'S ERROL--MY BABY BROTHER. THE *BLACK SHEEP* OF THE FAMILY--

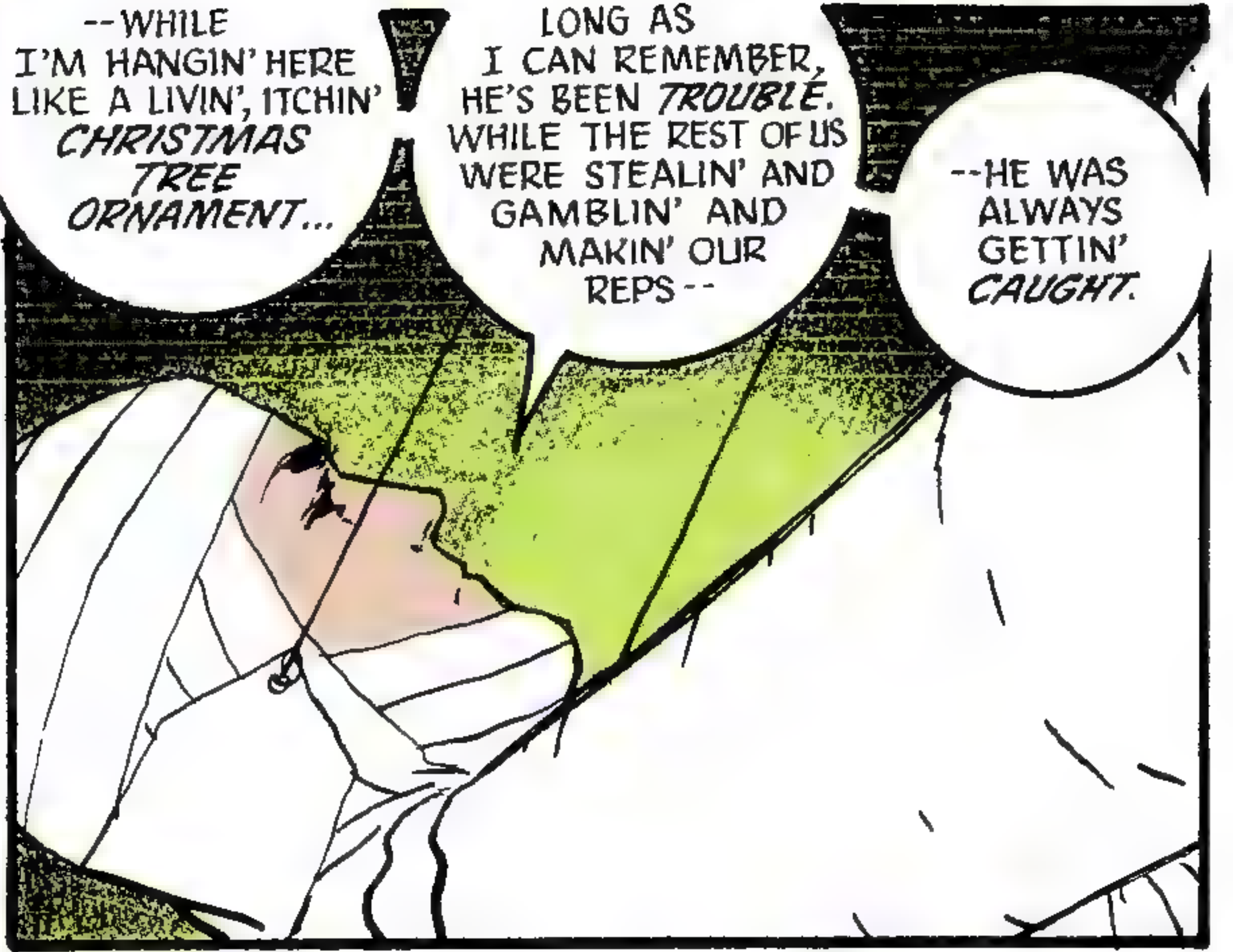
--THOUGH T'LOOK AT HIM NOW, Y'WOULDN'T THINK HE'D BE A PROBLEM TO ANYONE--

ALL PEACEFUL AND COMFORTABLE IN THAT NICE, SOFT BED--

--WHILE I'M HANGIN' HERE LIKE A LIVIN', ITCHIN' CHRISTMAS TREE ORNAMENT...

LONG AS I CAN REMEMBER, HE'S BEEN *TROUBLE*. WHILE THE REST OF US WERE STEALIN' AND GAMBLIN' AND MAKIN' OUR REPS--

--HE WAS ALWAYS GETTIN' CAUGHT.



GUESS THE *PRESSURE* OF LIVIN' UP TO THE FAMILY NAME WAS TOO MUCH FOR 'IM... HE STARTED BOOZIN' AND DRIFTIN'...

WE LOST TRACK OF HIM ALTOGETHER, TILL THAT *PRONG* GUY NAILED HIM.

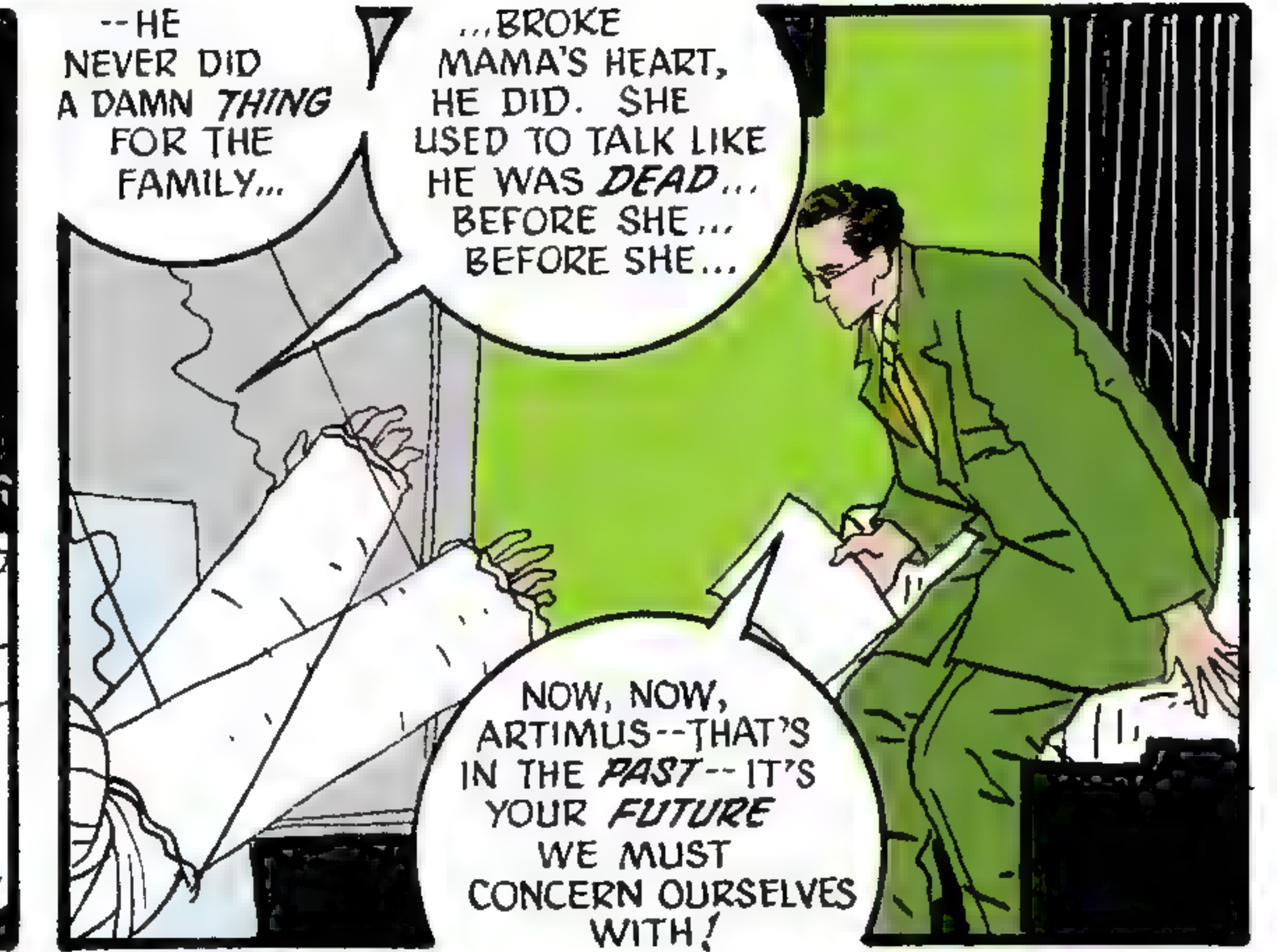
HELL, IF HE WASN'T *BLOOD*, I WOULDN'T CARE AT ALL--



--HE NEVER DID A DAMN *THING* FOR THE FAMILY...

...BROKE MAMA'S HEART, HE DID. SHE USED TO TALK LIKE HE WAS *DEAD*... BEFORE SHE... BEFORE SHE...

NOW, NOW, ARTIMUS--THAT'S IN THE *PAST*--IT'S YOUR *FUTURE* WE MUST CONCERN OURSELVES WITH!



YEAH... MY FUTURE...

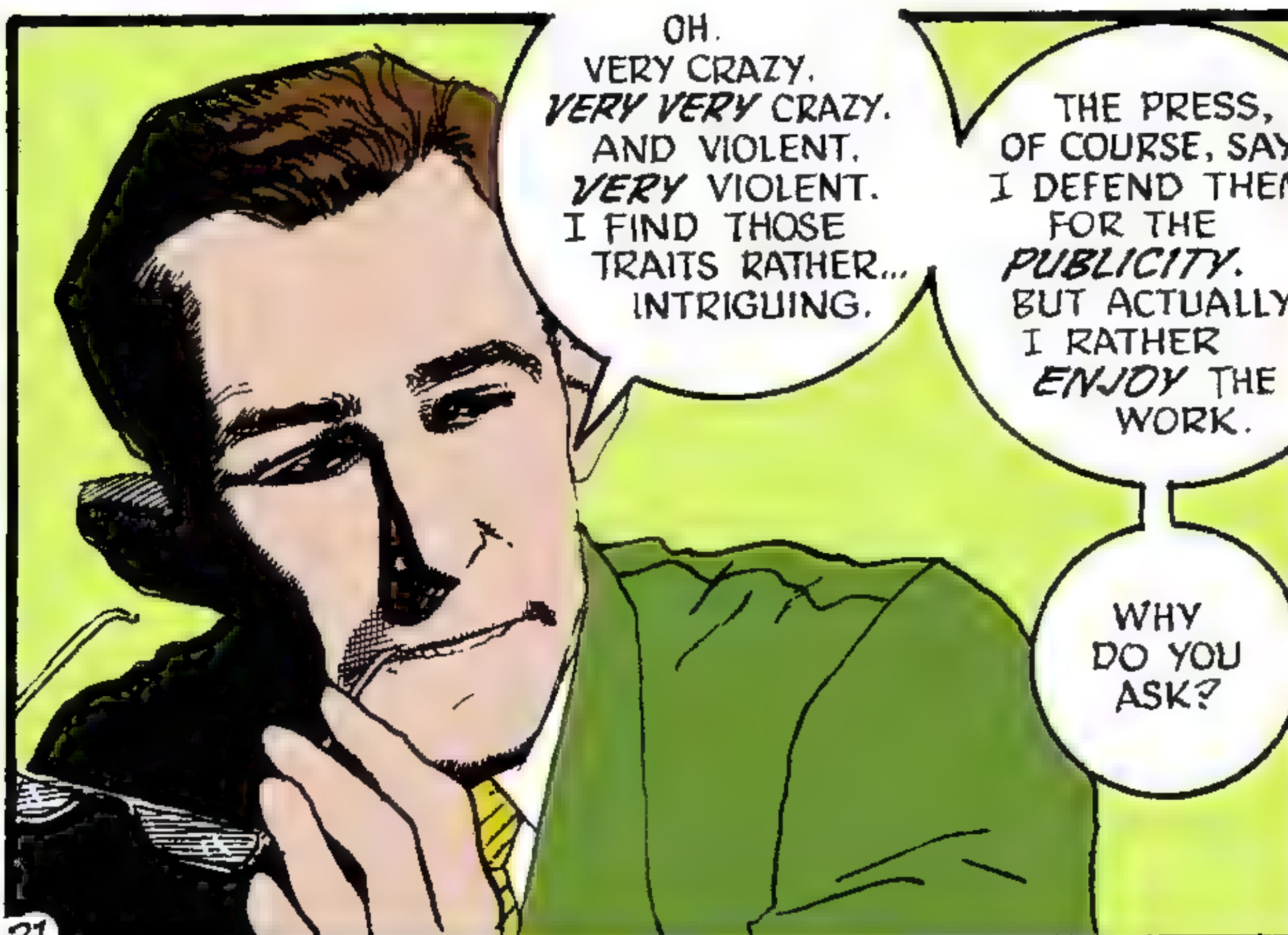
WELL, THEN...LET'S SEE NOW... HMM...

THIS MAY COST A BIT... BUT, IF WE GREASE THE *USUAL PALMS* WITH, SAY... FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET YOU OFF WITH--



TAKE CARE OF IT, HY... THERE'S SOMETHIN' *ELSE* I BEEN MEANING TO ASK YA...

THOSE *OTHER* GUYS YOU REP-- THE *WHACKOS*. JUST HOW CRAZY ARE THEY?



OH. VERY CRAZY. *VERY VERY* CRAZY. AND VIOLENT. *VERY VIOLENT*. I FIND THOSE TRAITS RATHER... INTRIGUING.

THE PRESS, OF COURSE, SAYS I DEFEND THEM FOR THE *PUBLICITY*. BUT ACTUALLY, I RATHER *ENJOY* THE WORK.

WHY DO YOU ASK?



I GOT THIS *IDEA*, HY-- IT'S A *CRAZY* ONE, I GUESS. BUT MY *BROTHERS* WON'T LISTEN... AND MY *TROOPS* ARE DROPPIN' LIKE *FLIES*.

I'M LOOKIN' FOR A FEW *GOOD* MEN, HY... *SPECIALISTS*--

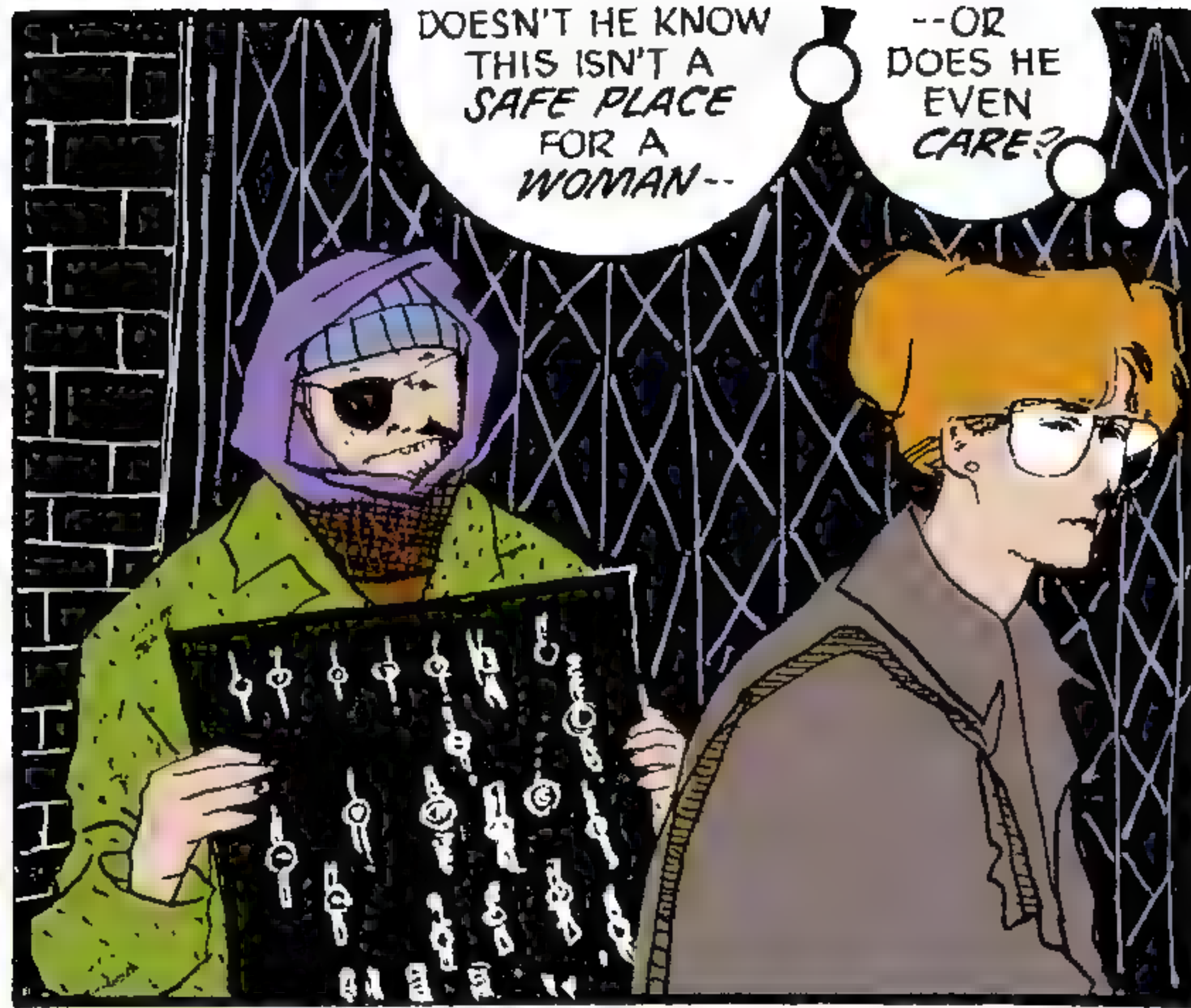
--T'FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE...



LORD--
THE THINGS
I DO...

WANDERING
THROUGH
THE CITY'S
SEEDIEST
STREETS IN
THE MIDDLE
OF THE NIGHT...

... THIS
IS A JOB FOR
DEWITT...
TWITCHKOWITZ...
ANYBODY
BUT ME!



DOESN'T HE KNOW
THIS ISN'T A
SAFE PLACE
FOR A
WOMAN--

--OR
DOES HE
EVEN
CARE?

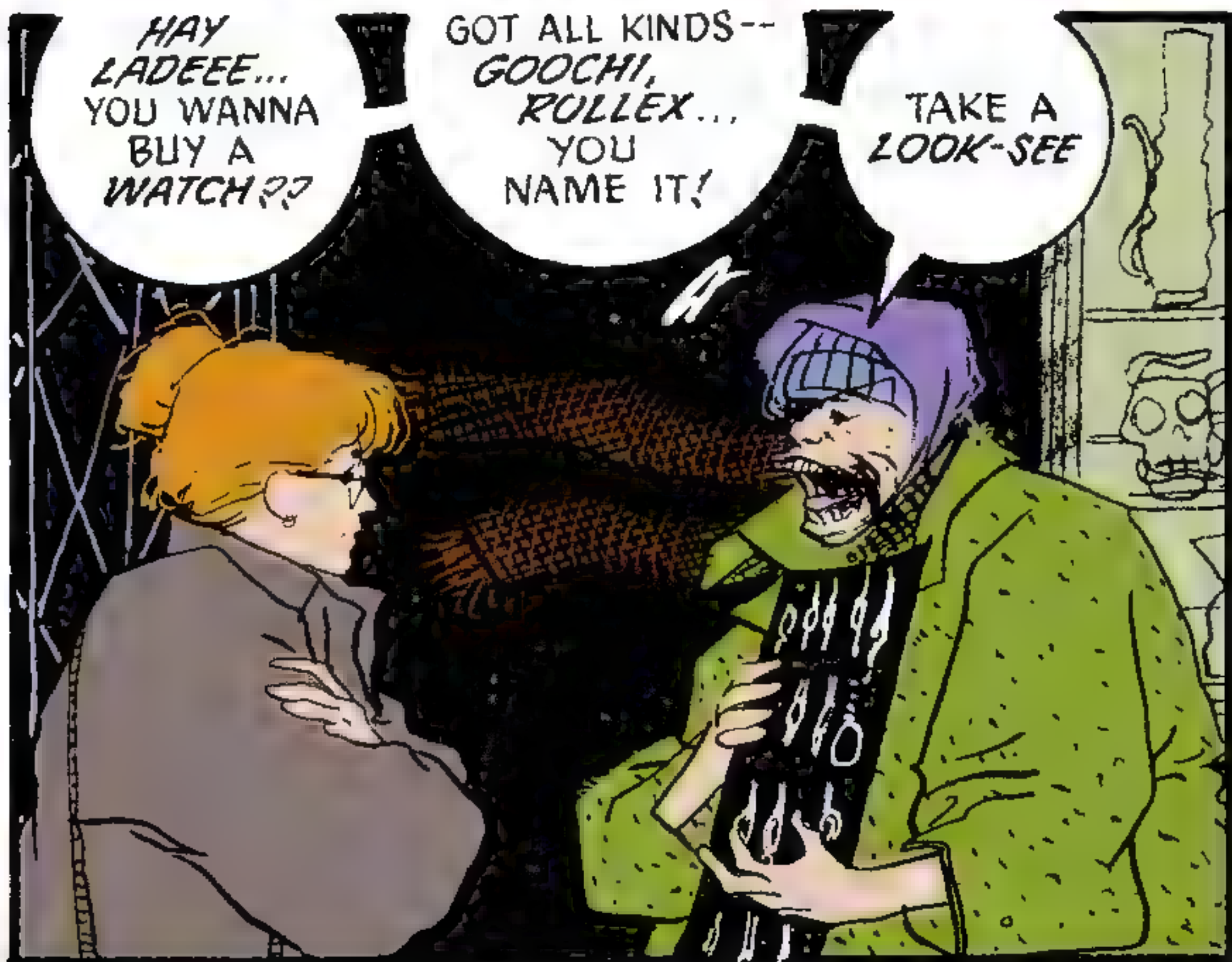


STILL, WE'VE ALL
GIVEN THE MASTER
ENOUGH LIP
FOR ONE
NIGHT...

...AND FOR
A SECOND THERE,
IT LOOKED LIKE
WE MIGHT'VE
PUSHED HIM
OVER THE
EDGE...

.. BRRRR...
NOW
THAT'S A
CHILLING
TH--

HAY,
LAYDEEE!!!



HAY
LAYDEEE...
YOU WANNA
BUY A
WATCH??

GOT ALL KINDS--
GOOCHI,
ROLLEX...
YOU
NAME IT!

TAKE A
LOOK-SEE

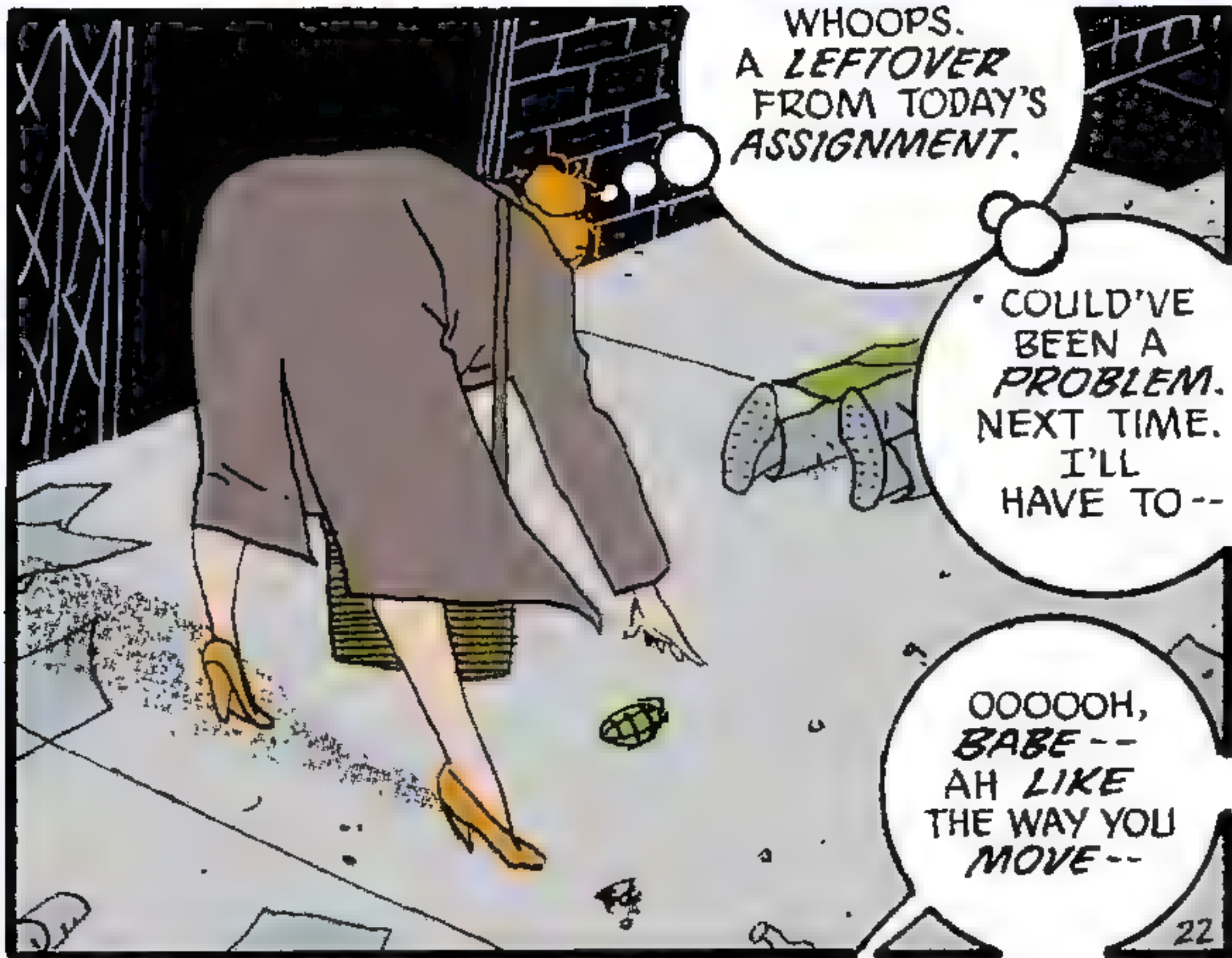


THEY'RE ALL
VERY NICE,
BUT
I'M REALLY
NOT--



HEY--!

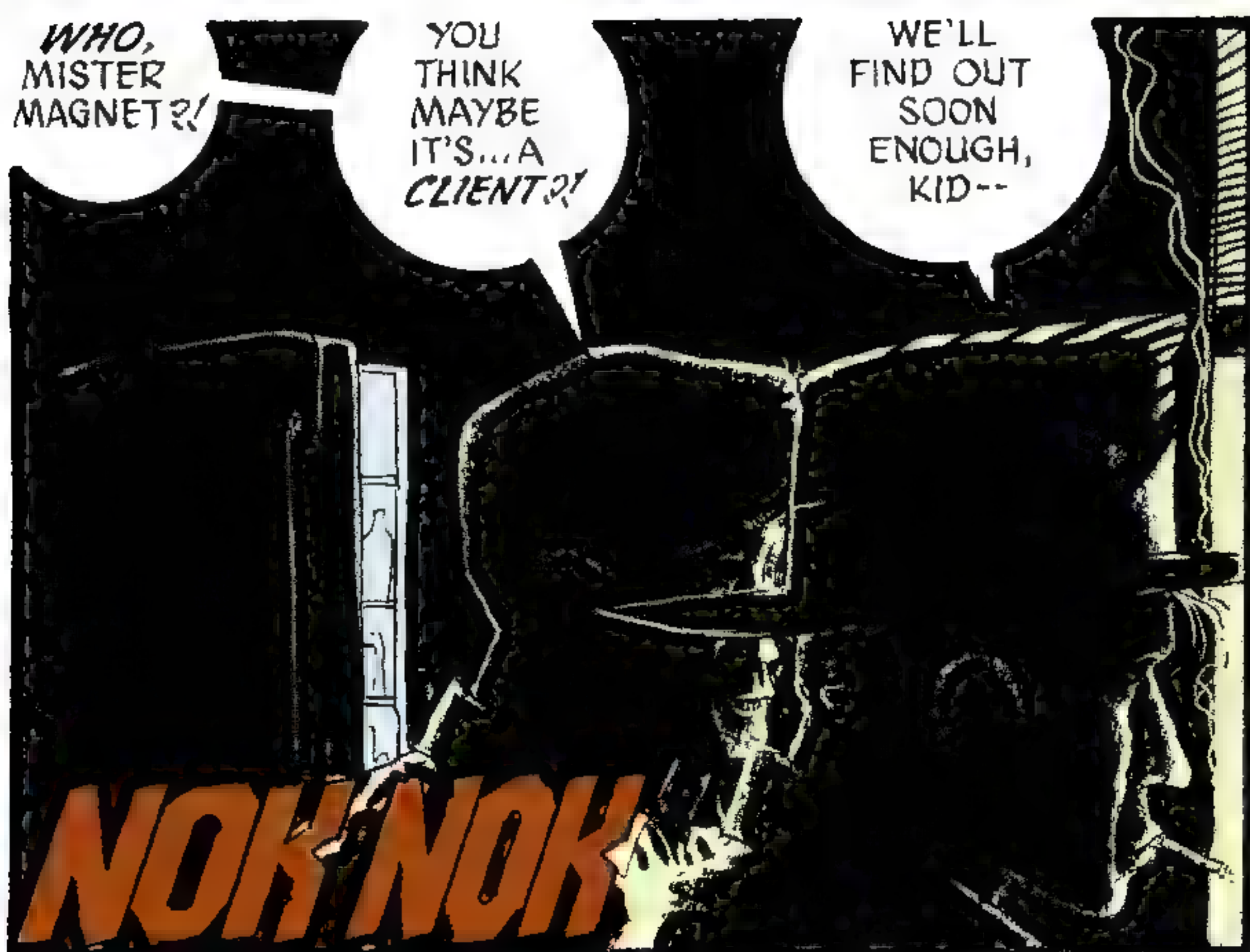
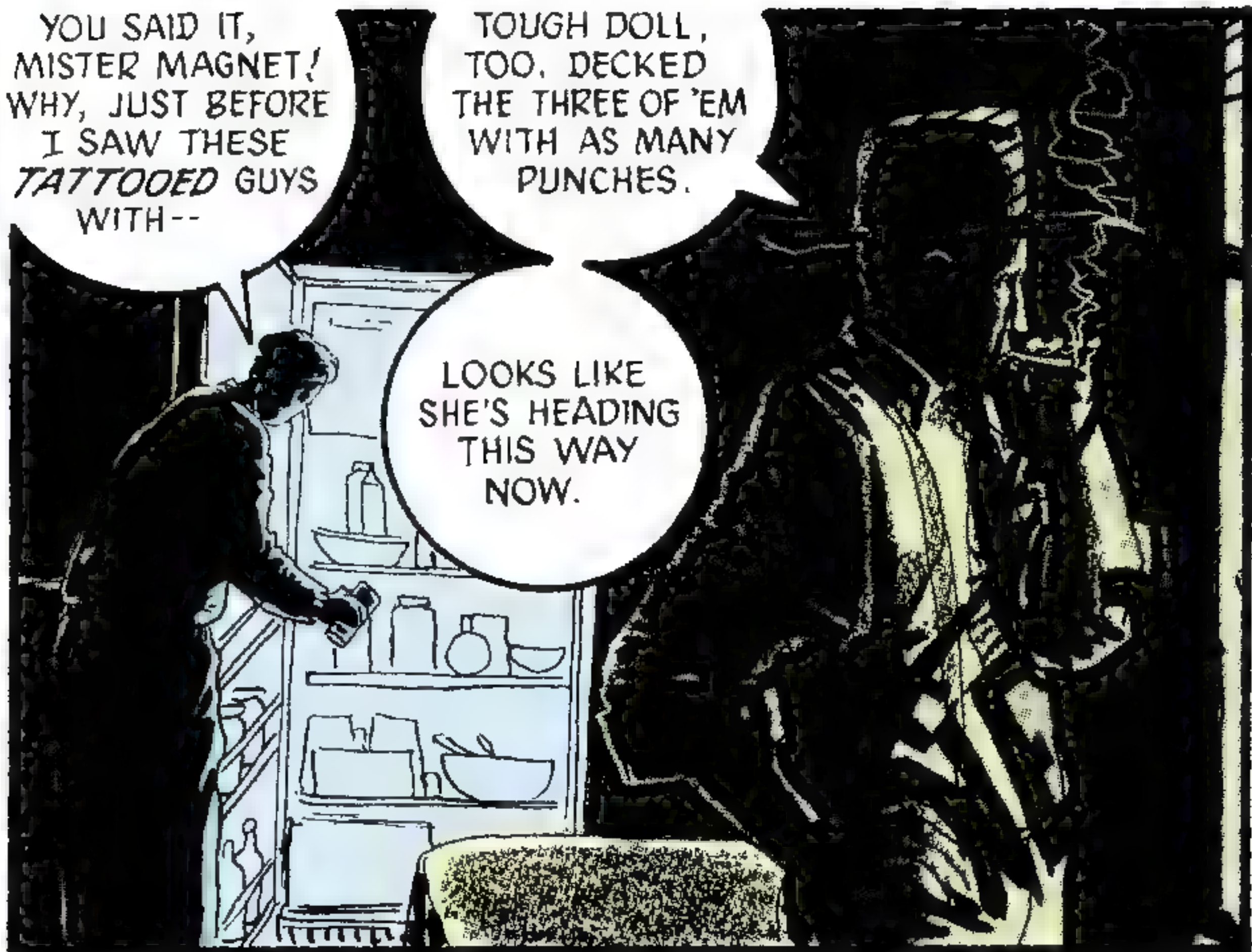
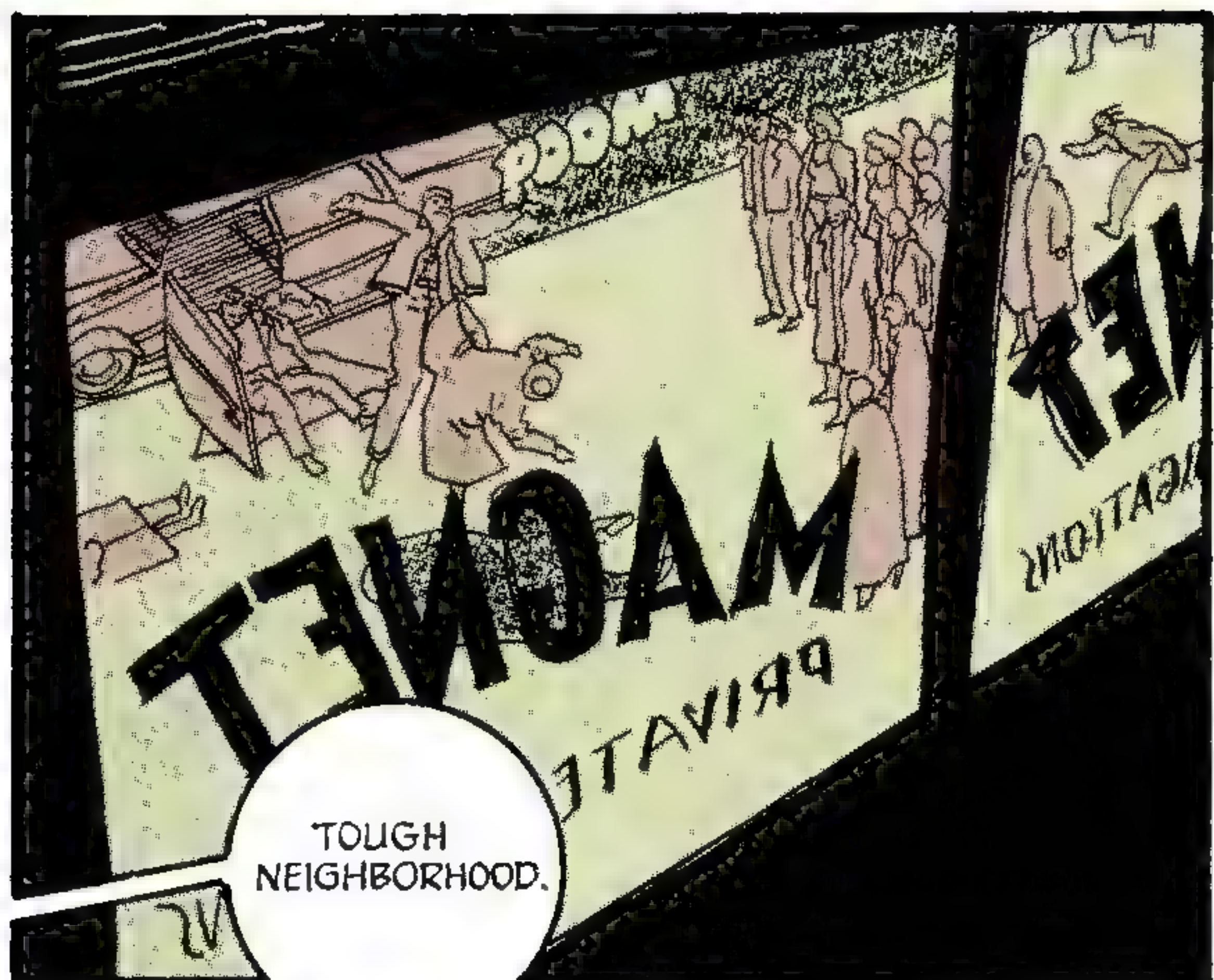
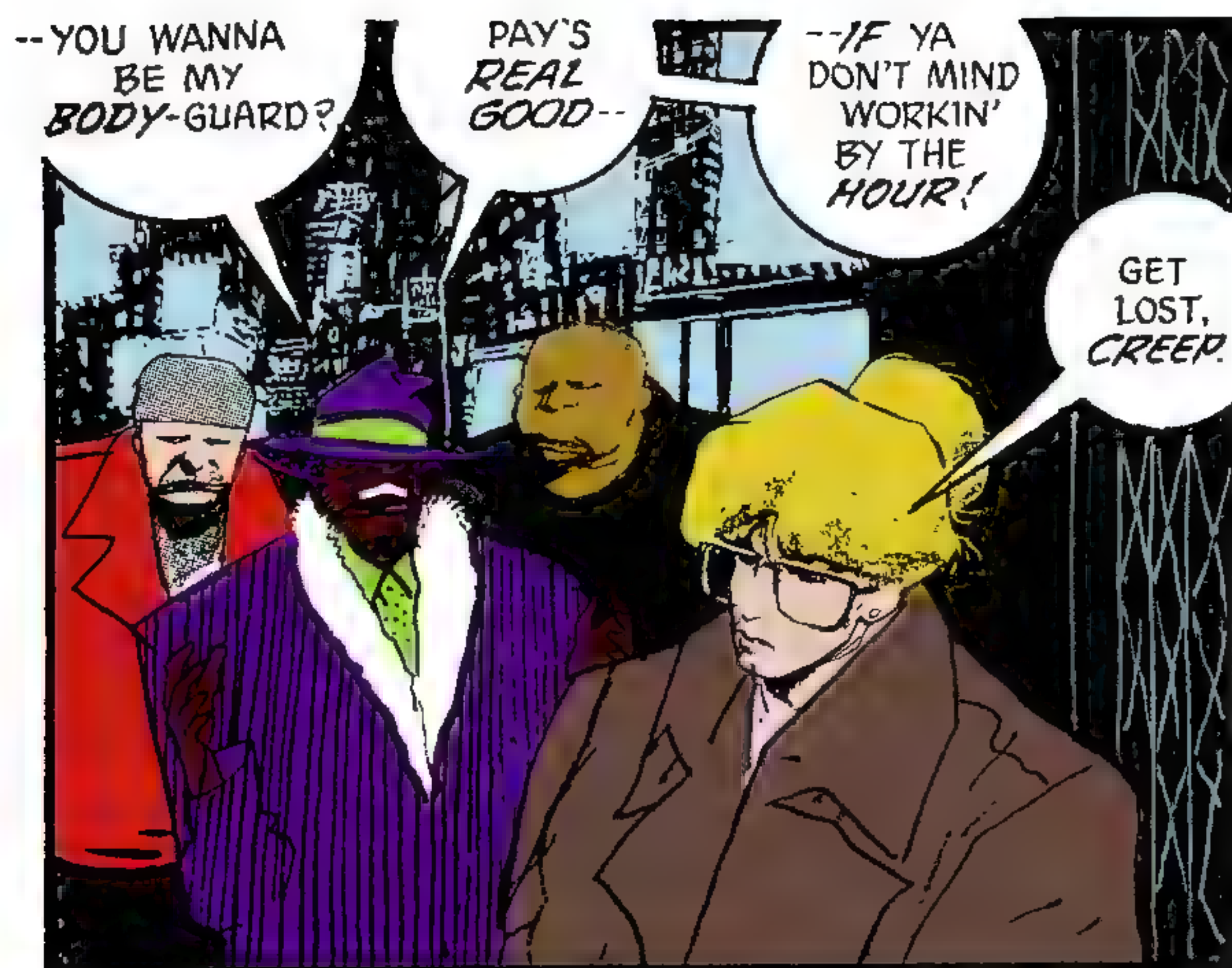
WHAT
THE--?!
THIS'S A
GREN--



WHOOOPS.
A LEFTOVER
FROM TODAY'S
ASSIGNMENT.

COULD'VE
BEEN A
PROBLEM.
NEXT TIME.
I'LL
HAVE TO--

OOOOOH,
BABE--
AH LIKE
THE WAY YOU
MOVE--





AND THAT'S ABOUT IT, MISTER MAGNET--

CALL ME **DICK**.

OKAY...**DICK**. MY EMPLOYER WANTS INFORMATION ON THE **FINN** FAMILY. THEIR HOMES, PLACES OF BUSINESS, SOCIAL CLUBS... THE WORKS.

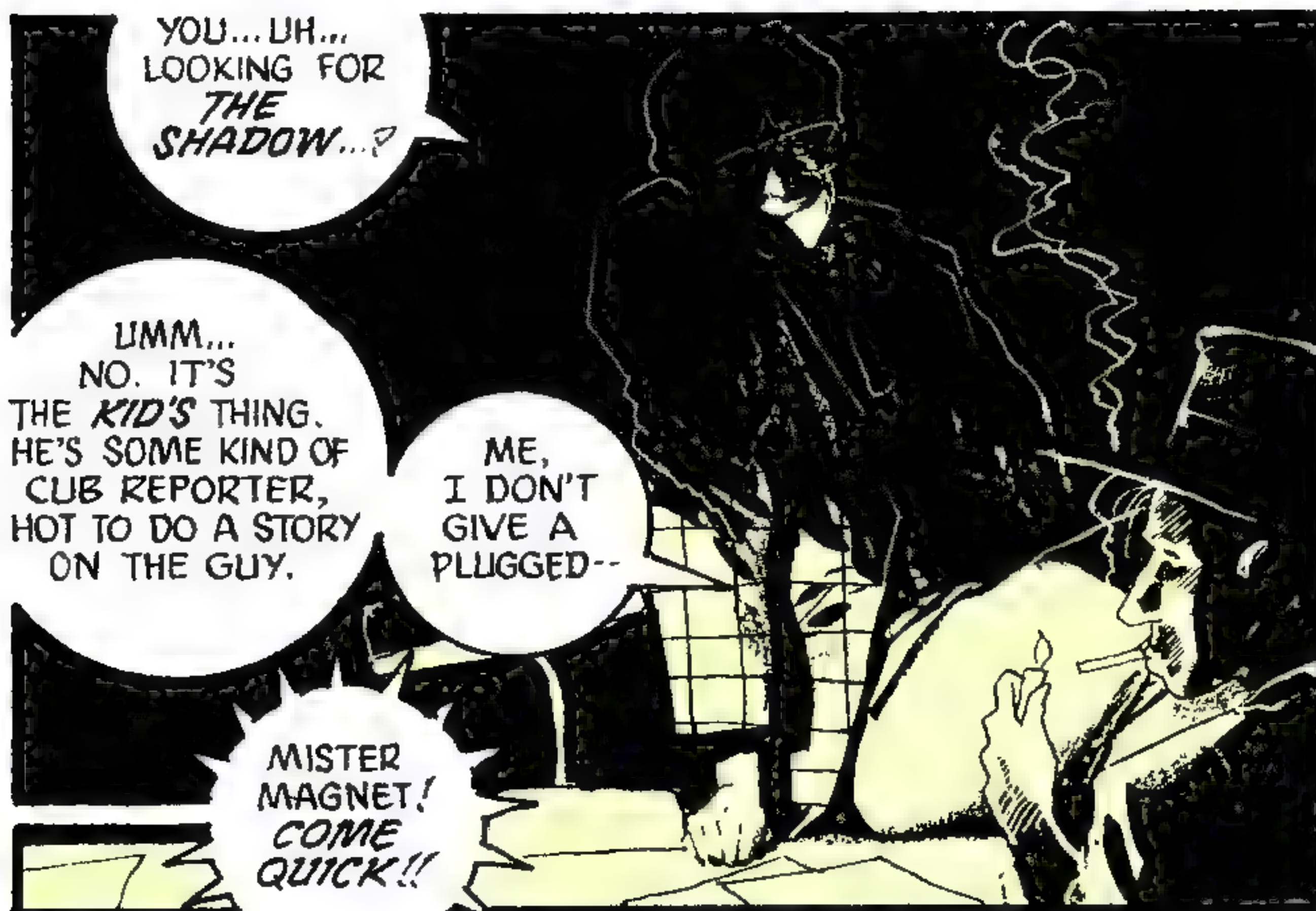
OH. HAVE I MENTIONED THAT HE'S PREPARED TO PAY TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR IT?



TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!!??

GEE, MISTER MAGNET! YOU'D BE **RICH**! THEN WE COULD SPEND **ALL** OUR TIME TRACKING DOWN THE **SHAD**--

JUST GO AND GET THE DOOR, KID.



YOU... UH... LOOKING FOR THE **SHADOW**...?

UMM... NO. IT'S THE **KID**'S THING. HE'S SOME KIND OF CLUB REPORTER, HOT TO DO A STORY ON THE GUY.

ME, I DON'T GIVE A PLUGGED--

MISTER MAGNET! COME QUICK!!

HE JUST **FELL** IN WHEN I OPENED THE **DOOR**! LOOKS LIKE HE'S HURT **PRETTY BAD**!

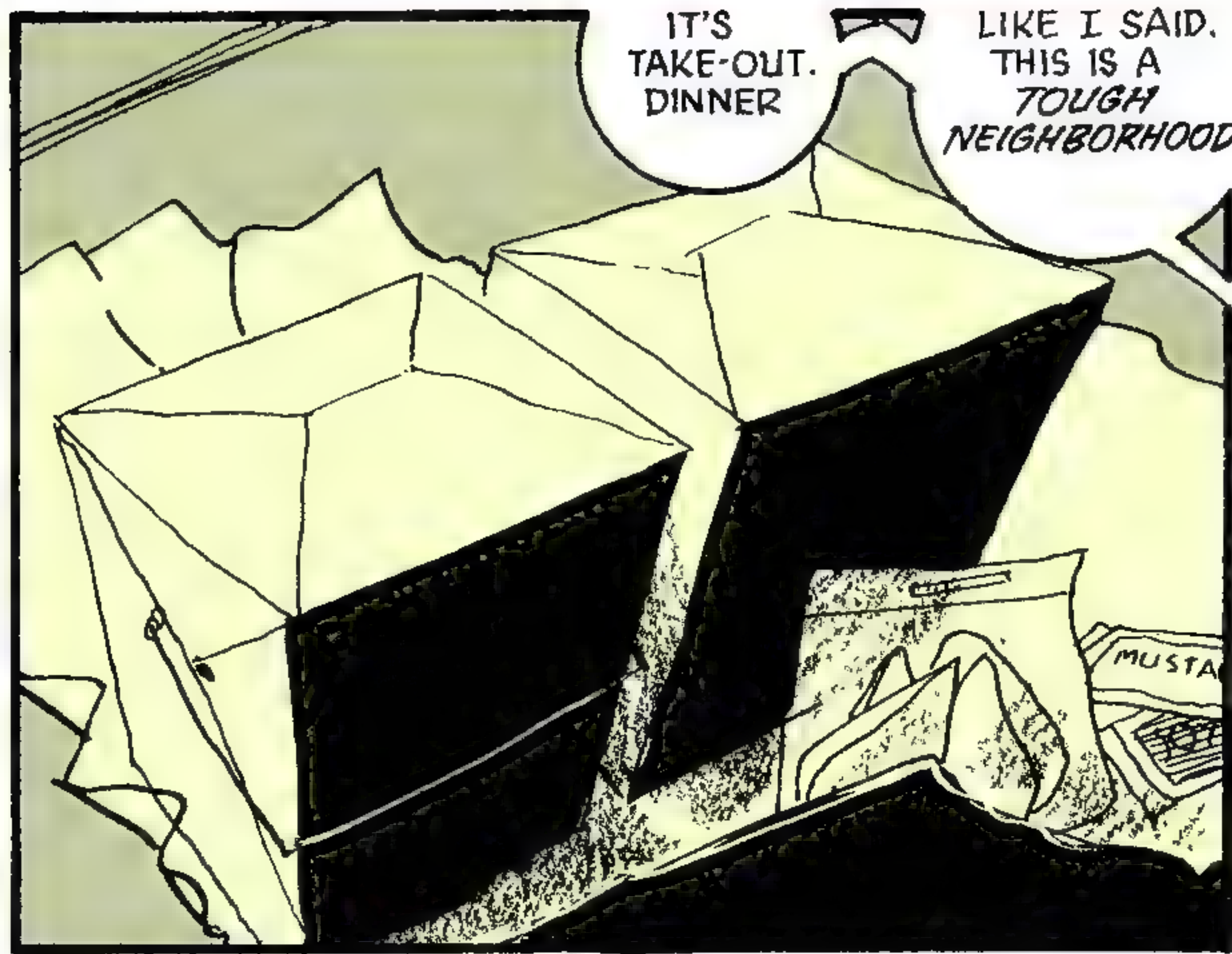
AND HE HAD THIS **PACKAGE**--!

LAY HIM ON THE **COUCH**. HE'LL SURVIVE.



SO WHAT'S IN THE **PACKAGE**, HUH? IS IT, LIKE, A **GOLD FALCON**?? OR MAYBE SOME **SECRET DOCUMENTS**? OR LIKE, A **MILLION DOLLARS**? HUH?

NOTHING LIKE **THAT**, KID.



IT'S TAKE-OUT. DINNER

LIKE I SAID. THIS IS A **TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD**.



CARE TO JOIN US, MISS --

SMITH. AND NO-- I MUST BE GOING.

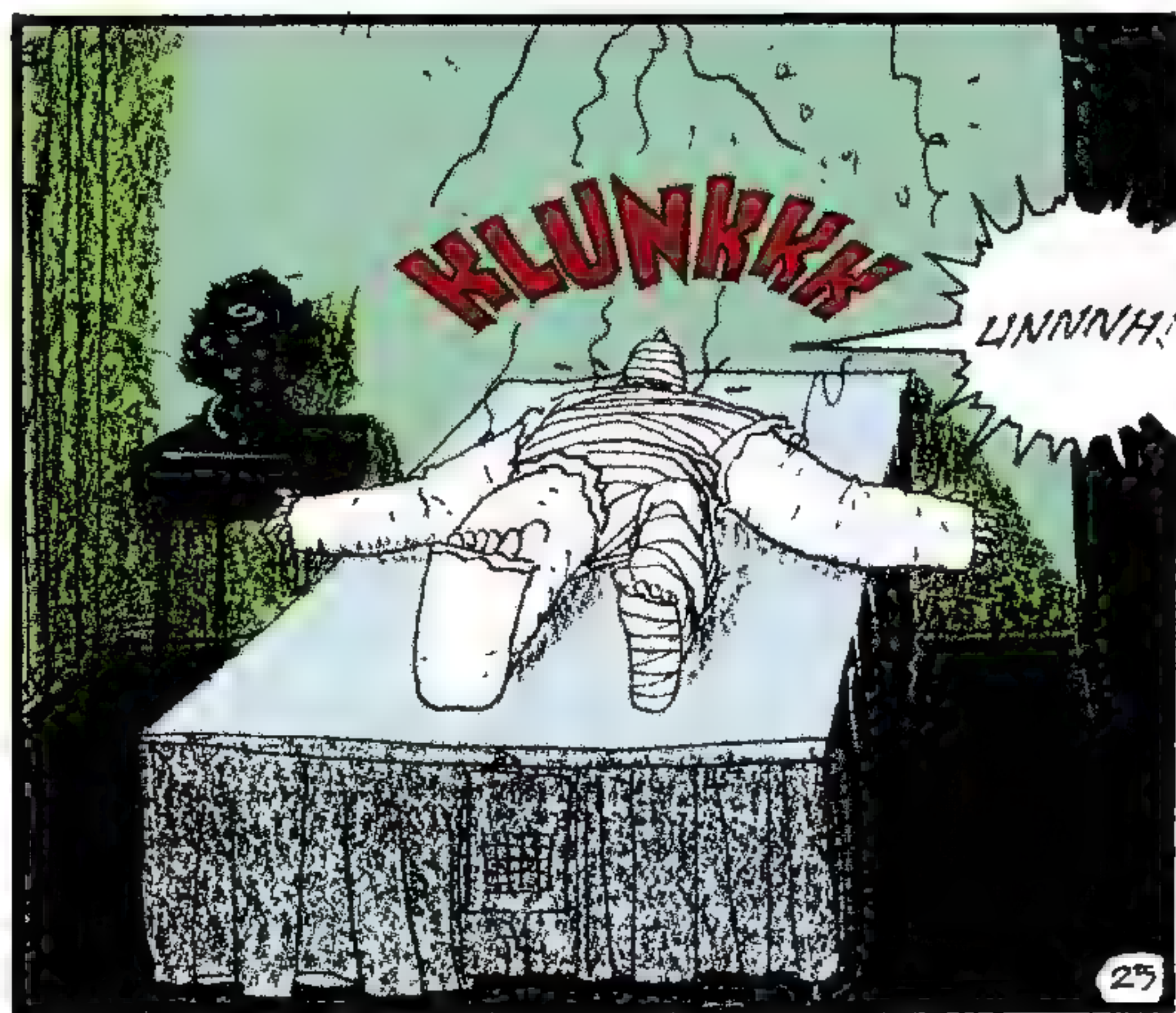
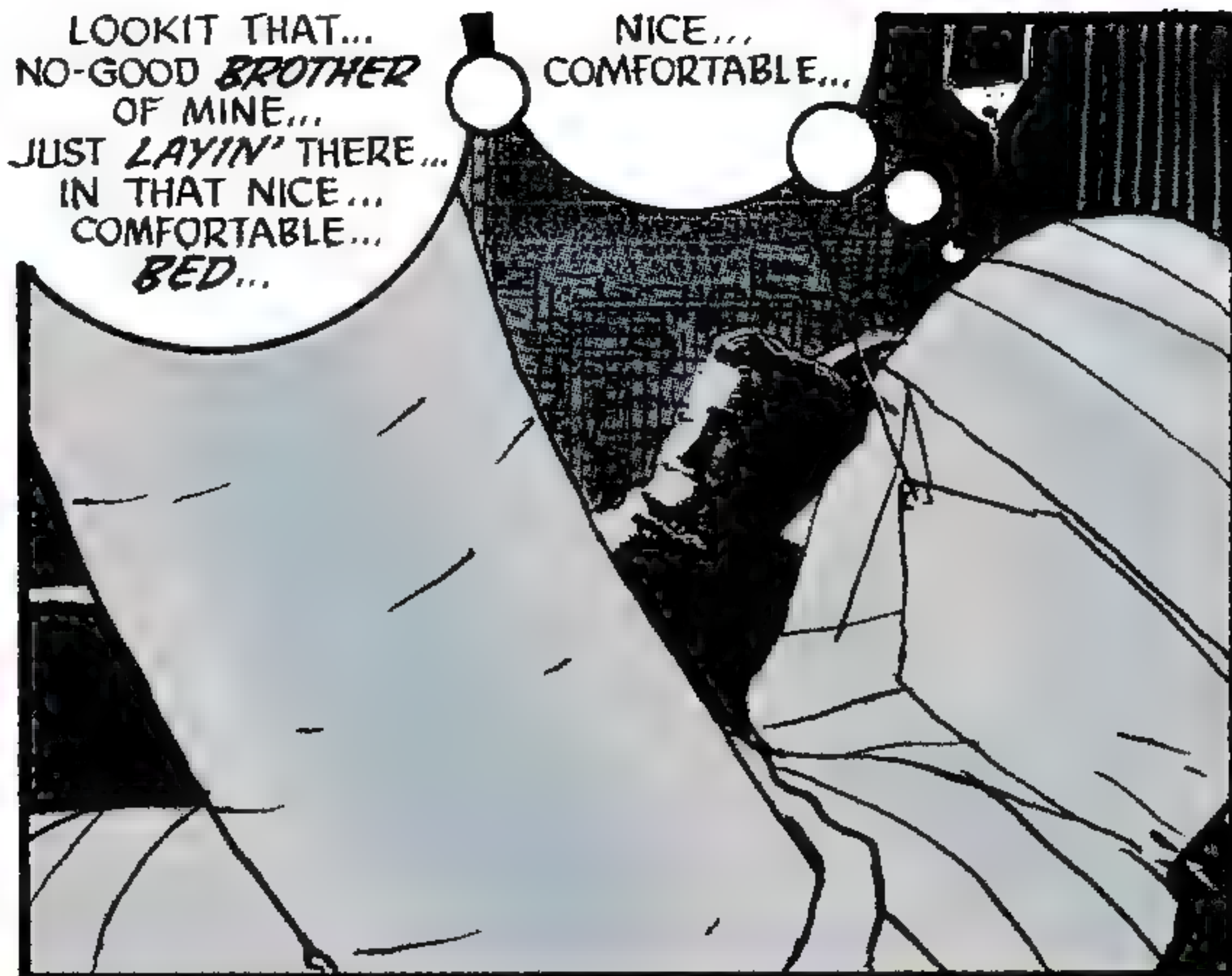
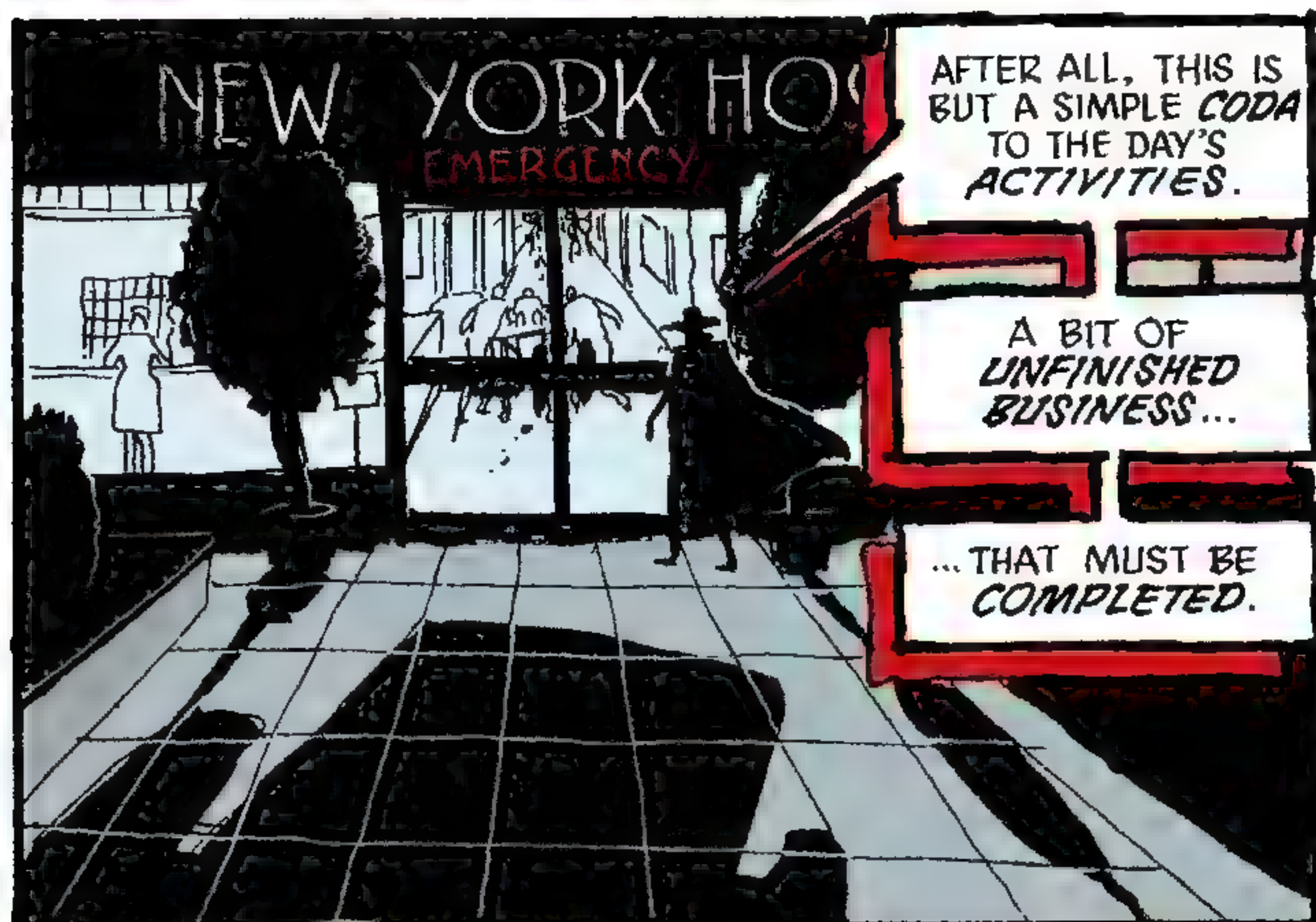
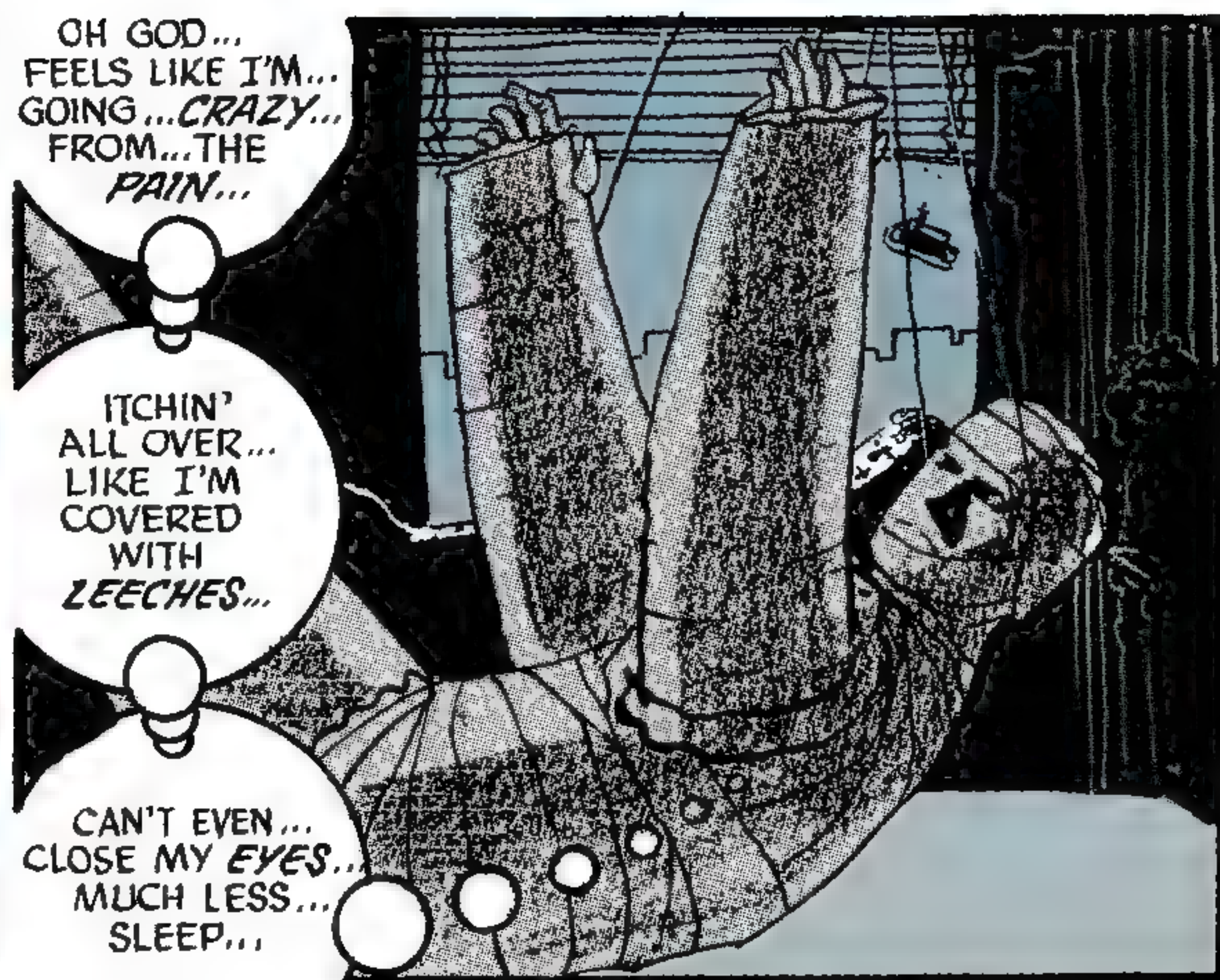
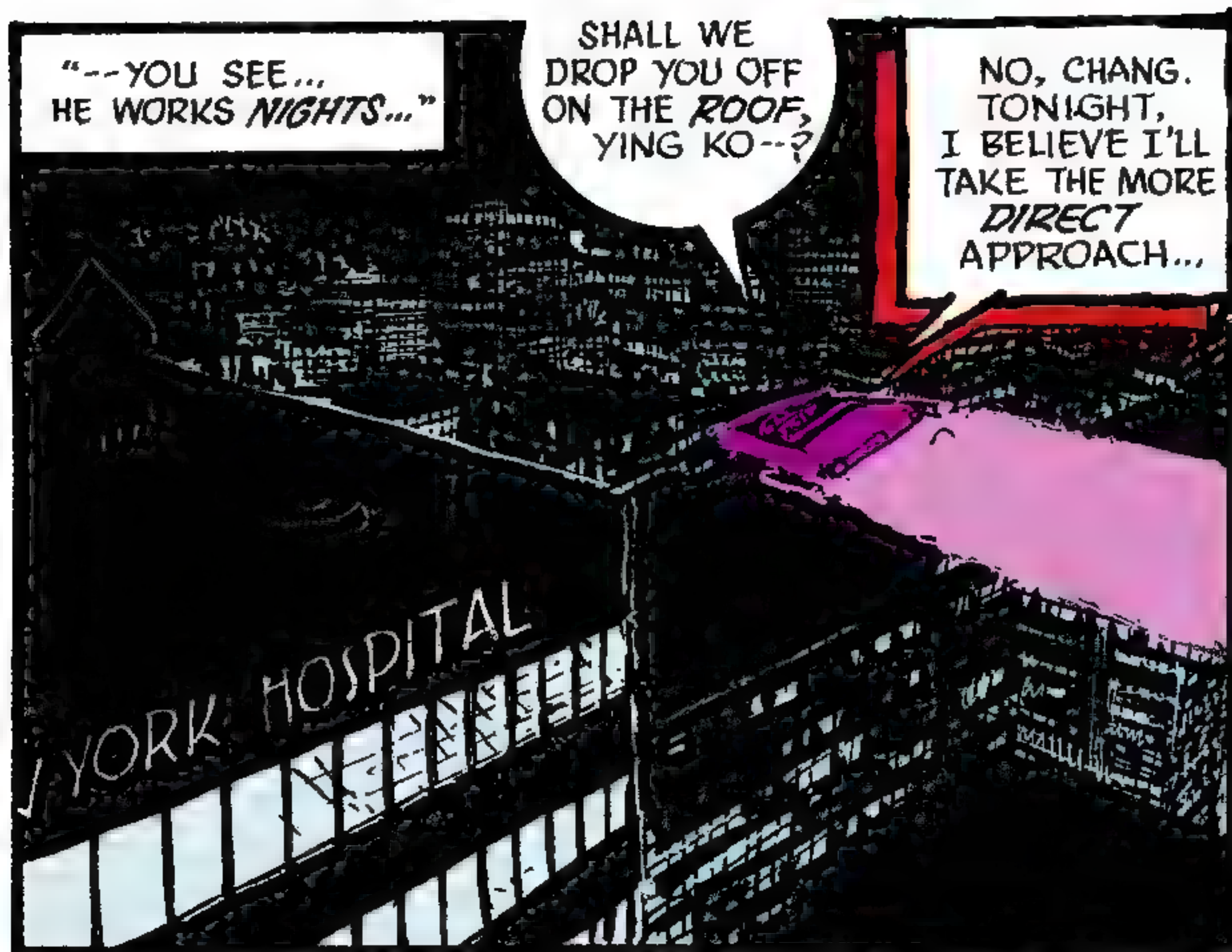
BEFORE YOU DO, MISS...SMITH-- ONE THING.

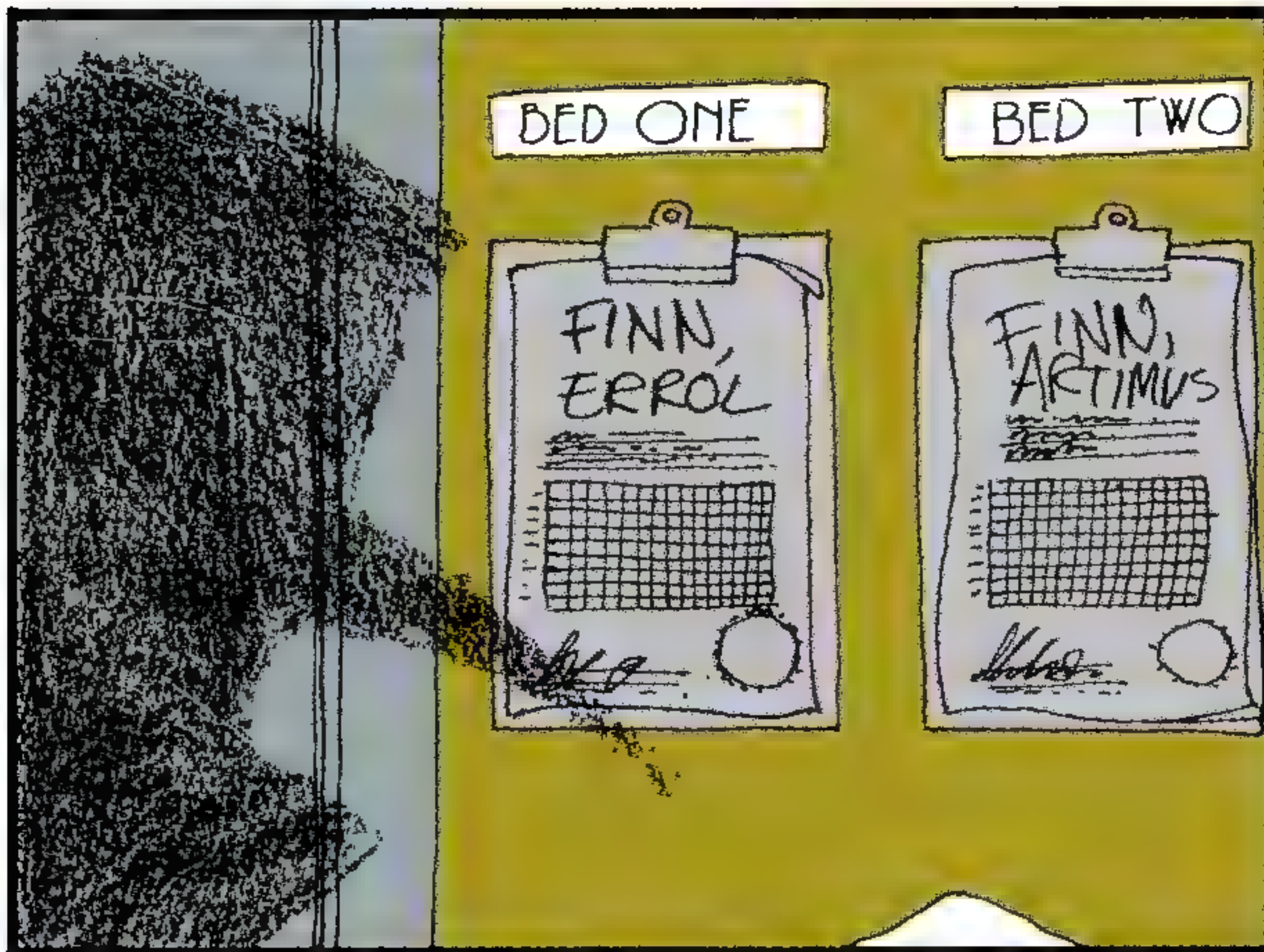
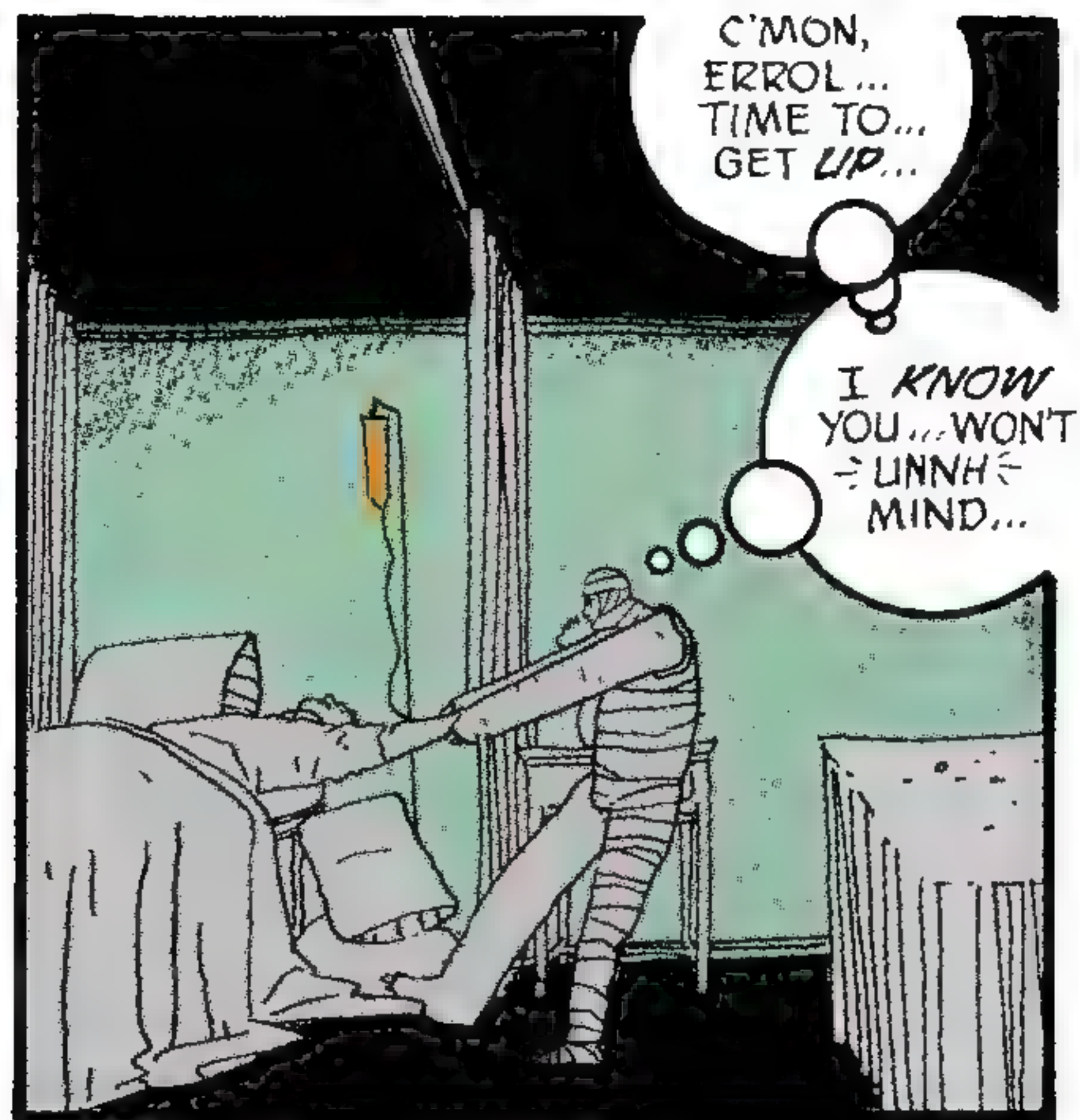
WHEN DO I MEET YOUR "EMPLOYER"?

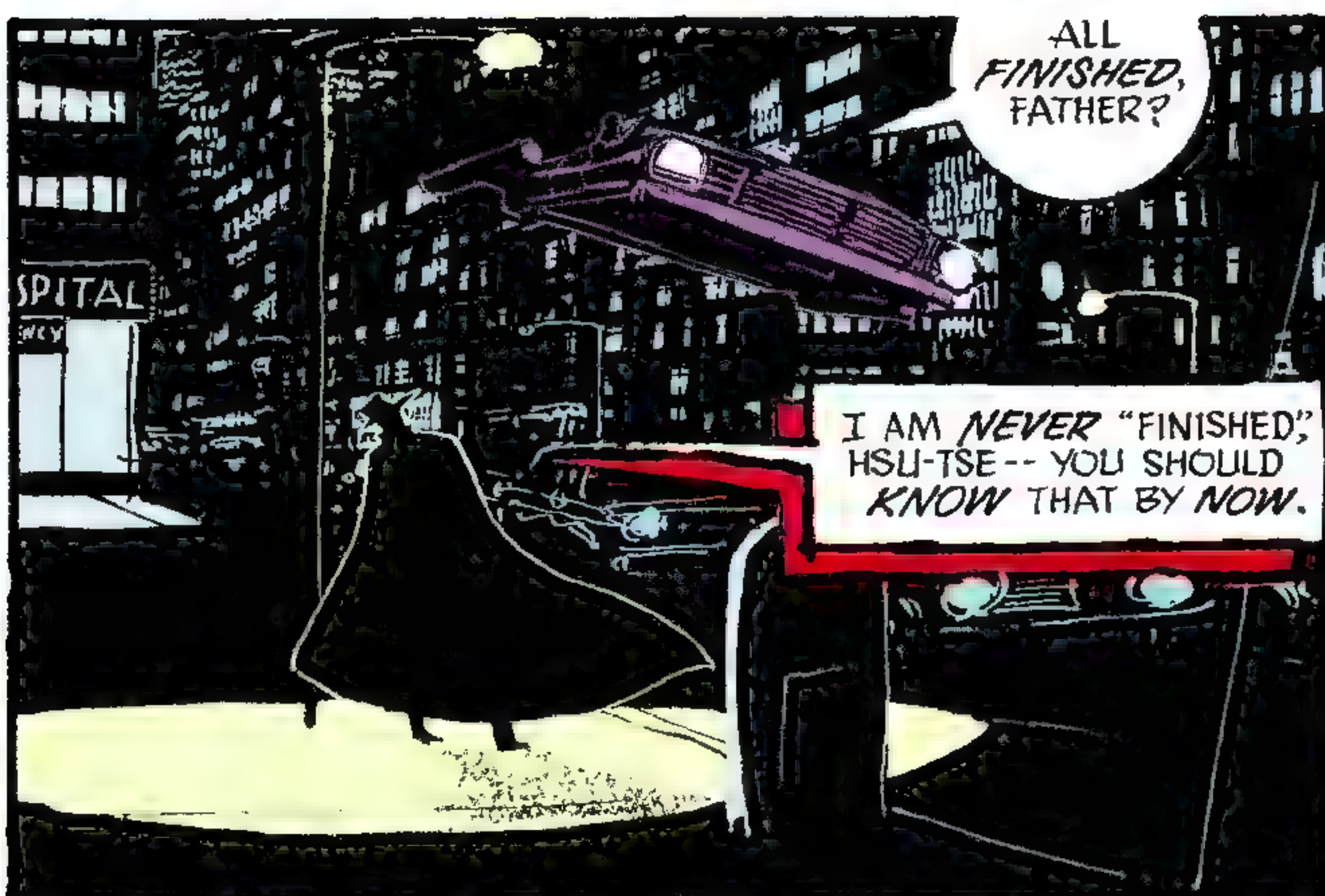
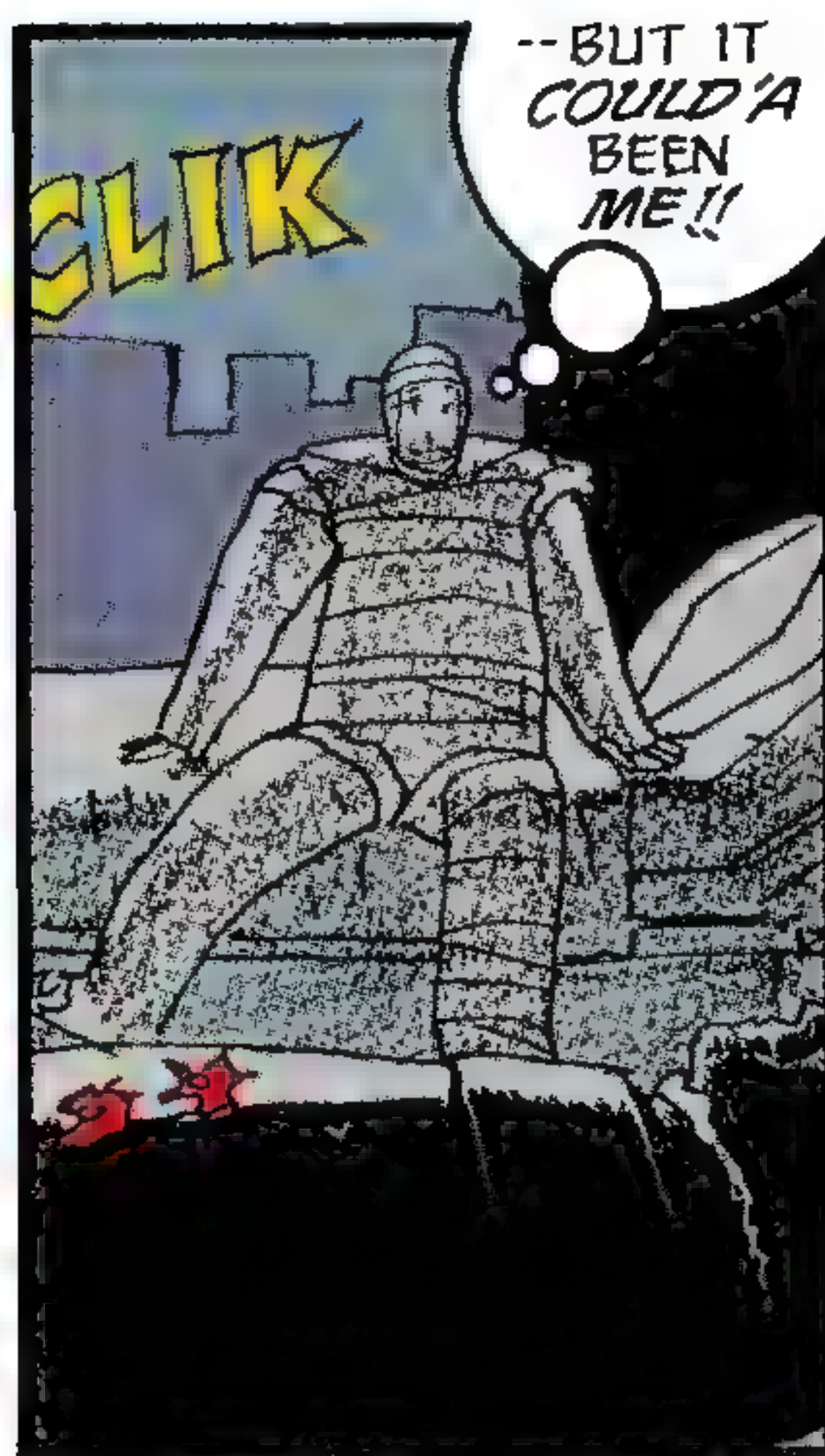
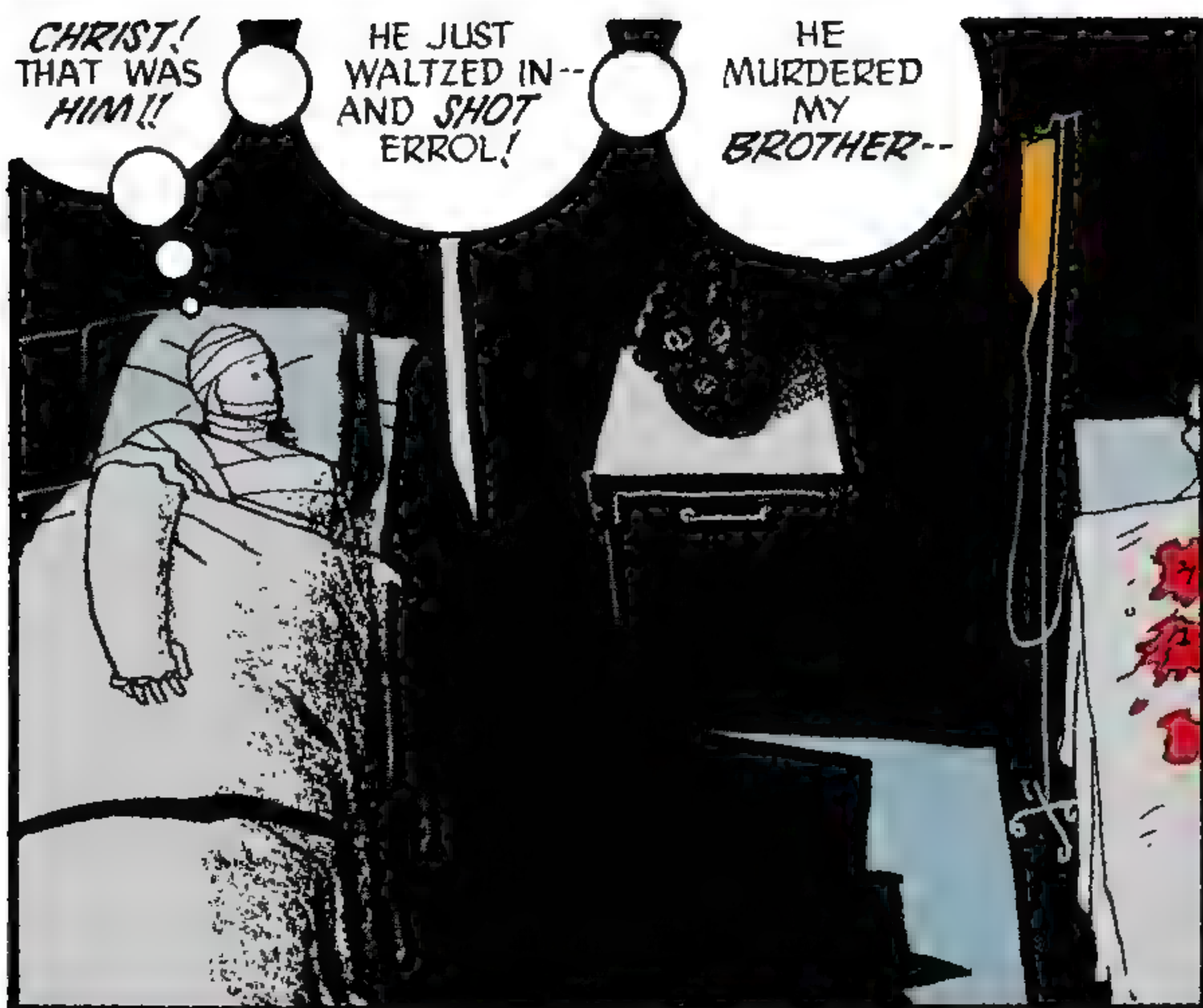
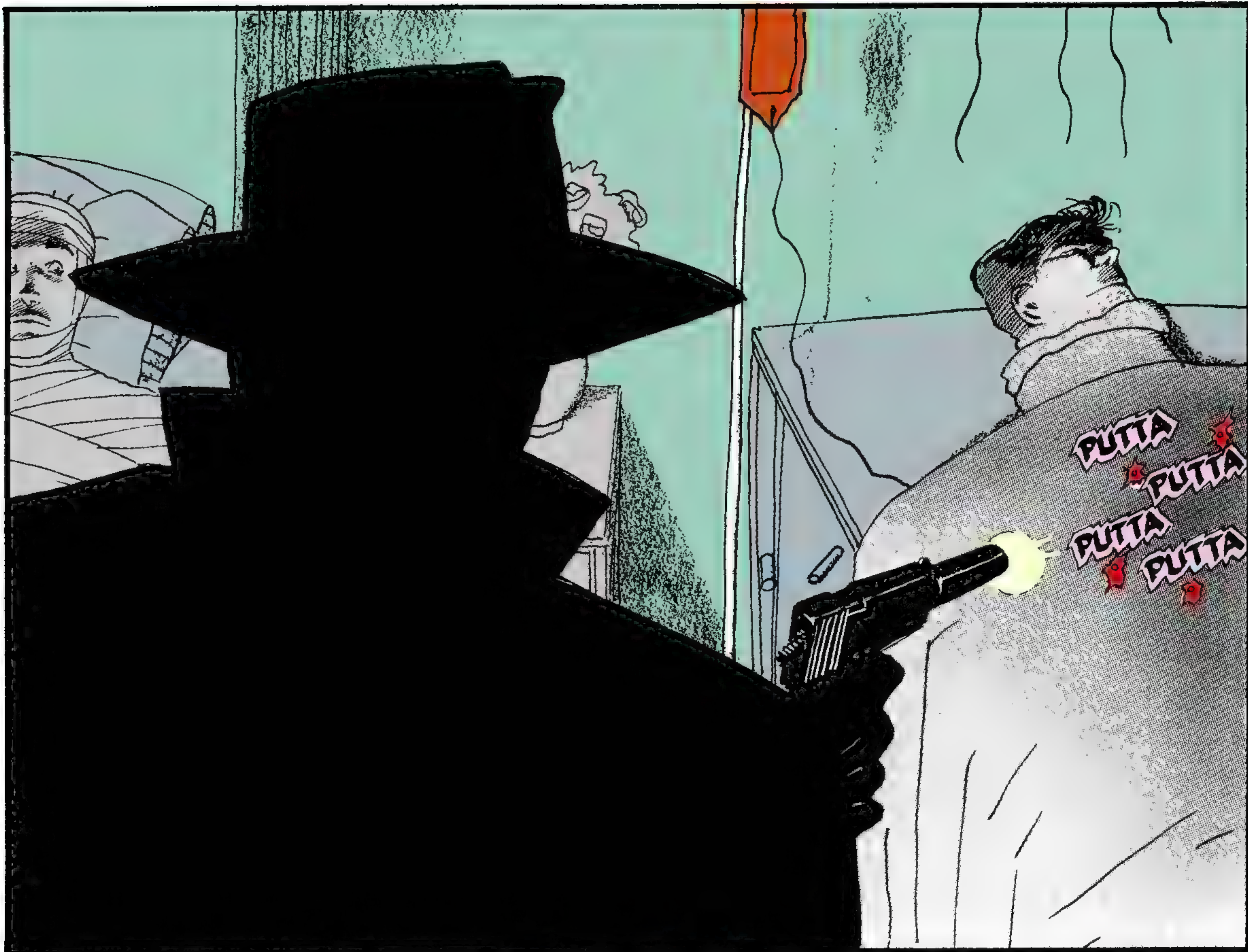


YOU **DON'T**. HE WISHES TO REMAIN **ANONYMOUS**.

BESIDES, HE'S NOT **AROUND** VERY MUCH--







NEXT: FOOL'S PARADE



#10

cover art by **KYLE BAKER**

ATLANTIC CITY:

JUST MY LUCK...
NEWTON'S
PLAYIN'
THE *NUGGET*
T'NIGHT...



CRANSTON
International
CASINO HOTEL

...AND ME--
I GOTTA
WORK...



EVER SINCE
THE *KING* DIED,
WAYNE'S
THE ONLY ONE
WE GOT
LEFT...

AHH...
WHAT THE *HELL*
WE GET FINISHED
EARLY, MAYBE
I'LL MAKE IT
FOR ONE'A HIS
ENCORES...



...THAT, OR
I'LL CATCH
CALLAS'
LATE SHOW
AT
RESORTS...

ANYWAY...
BUSINESS
BEFORE
PLEASURE,
I SAY...



AND SO, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN--
WITHOUT FURTHER ADO,
I SHALL ONCE AGAIN
ATTEMPT TO SAW MY
LOVELY ASSISTANT--
IN HALF!

...THERE'S
MY
BOY!



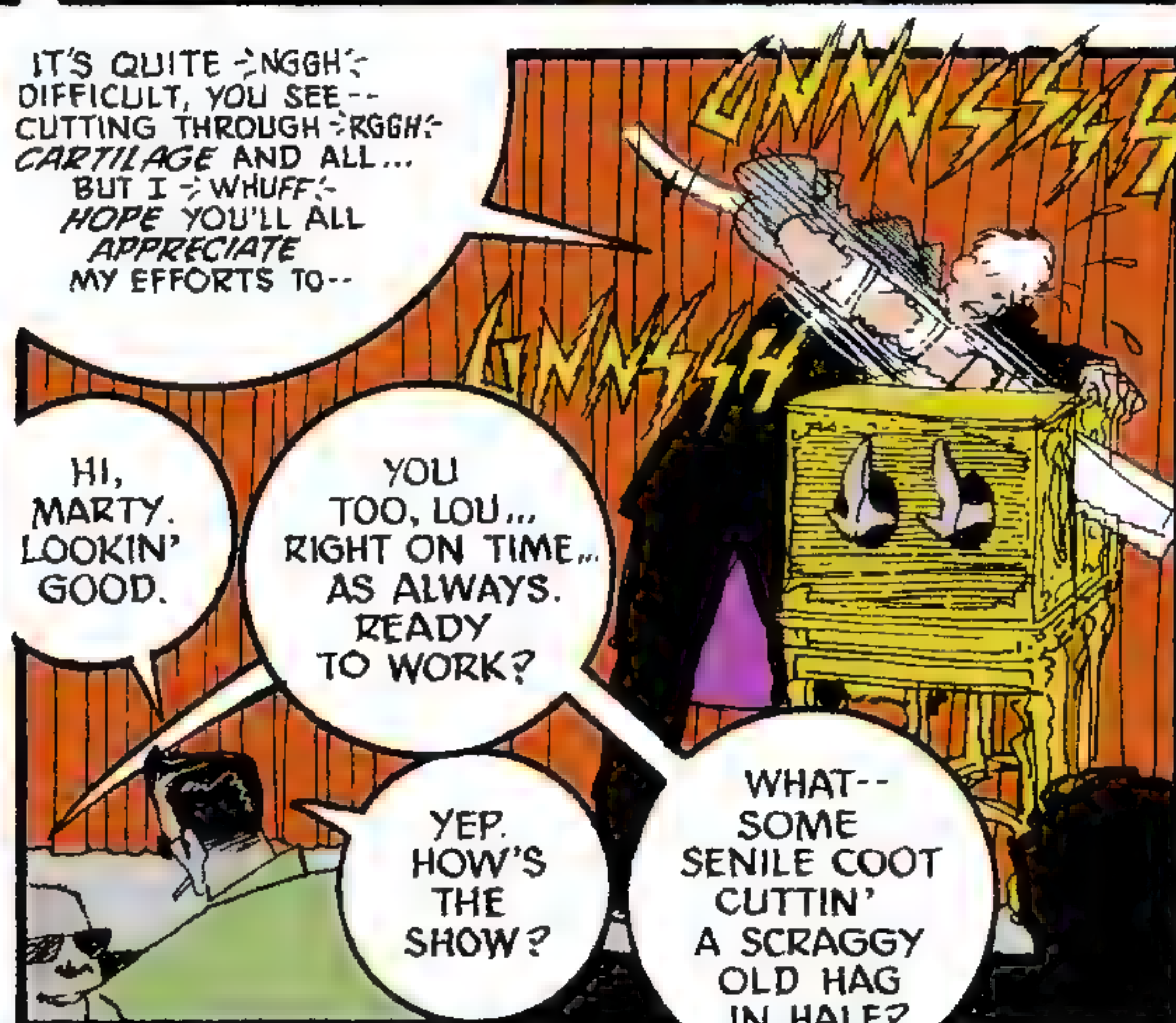
IT'S QUITE --NGGH--
DIFFICULT, YOU SEE--
CUTTING THROUGH --RGGH--
CARTILAGE AND ALL...
BUT I --WHUFF--
HOPE YOU'LL ALL
APPRECIATE
MY EFFORTS TO--

HI,
MARTY.
LOOKIN'
GOOD.

YOU
TOO, LOU...
RIGHT ON TIME...
AS ALWAYS.
READY
TO WORK?

YEP.
HOW'S
THE
SHOW?

WHAT--
SOME
SENILE COOT
CUTTIN'
A SCRAGGY
OLD HAG
IN HALF?



--ASTOUND--

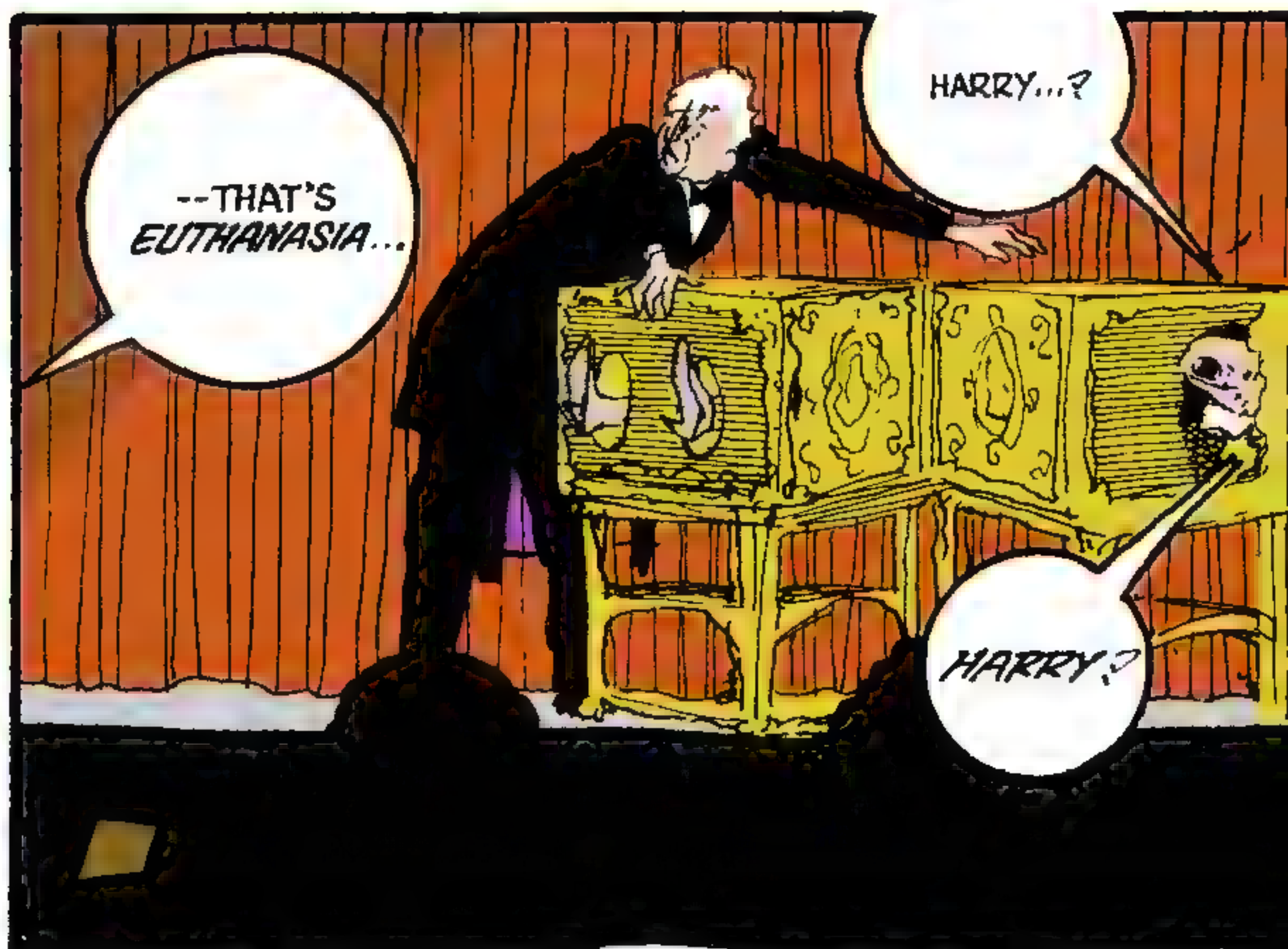
THAT AIN'T
A *SHOW*--



--THAT'S
EUTHANASIA...

HARRY...?

HARRY?



GOOD
EVENING,
GENTLEMEN...

...MADAM...

THE SHADOW™

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS PART 1

FOOL'S PARADE

BROUGHT TO YOU UNDER DURESS BY

ANDREW HELFER
WRITER

KYLE BAKER
ARTIST

BOB LAPPAN
LETTERER

TOM ZIUKO
COLORIST

MIKE CARLIN
EDITOR

HMM...I'D ALWAYS BELIEVED THIS HOTEL'S *PREVIOUS OWNER* WAS A TRIFLE *PARANOID*... A *STEEL-REINFORCED* DESK CHAIR SEEMED A BIT *MUCH*...

...BUT IT APPEARS HE MIGHT HAVE HAD HIS *REASONS* AFTER ALL...



STILL... *SOMEONE* IS GOING TO HAVE TO PAY FOR THE *DAMAGES*...

PERHAPS *THAT OBLIGATION* SHOULD FALL UPON THE *SHOOTER'S* SHOULDERS, HMMM...?

JUST STAND BACK, OR I'LL--!



HEY-- I KNOW YOU-- YOU'RE *CRANSTON*!

DUNNO *WHAT* YOU'RE DOIN' HERE AT TWO IN THE A.M.-- BUT YOU PICKED THE *WRONG NIGHT* TO WORK LATE, MISTER!

YOU SEEN OUR *FACES*--AND EVEN THOUGH I'M ONLY MAKIN' *BURGLAR'S* WAGES, IT'LL BE A *PLEASURE* TO OFF A BIG *RICH FATCAT* LIKE YOU--

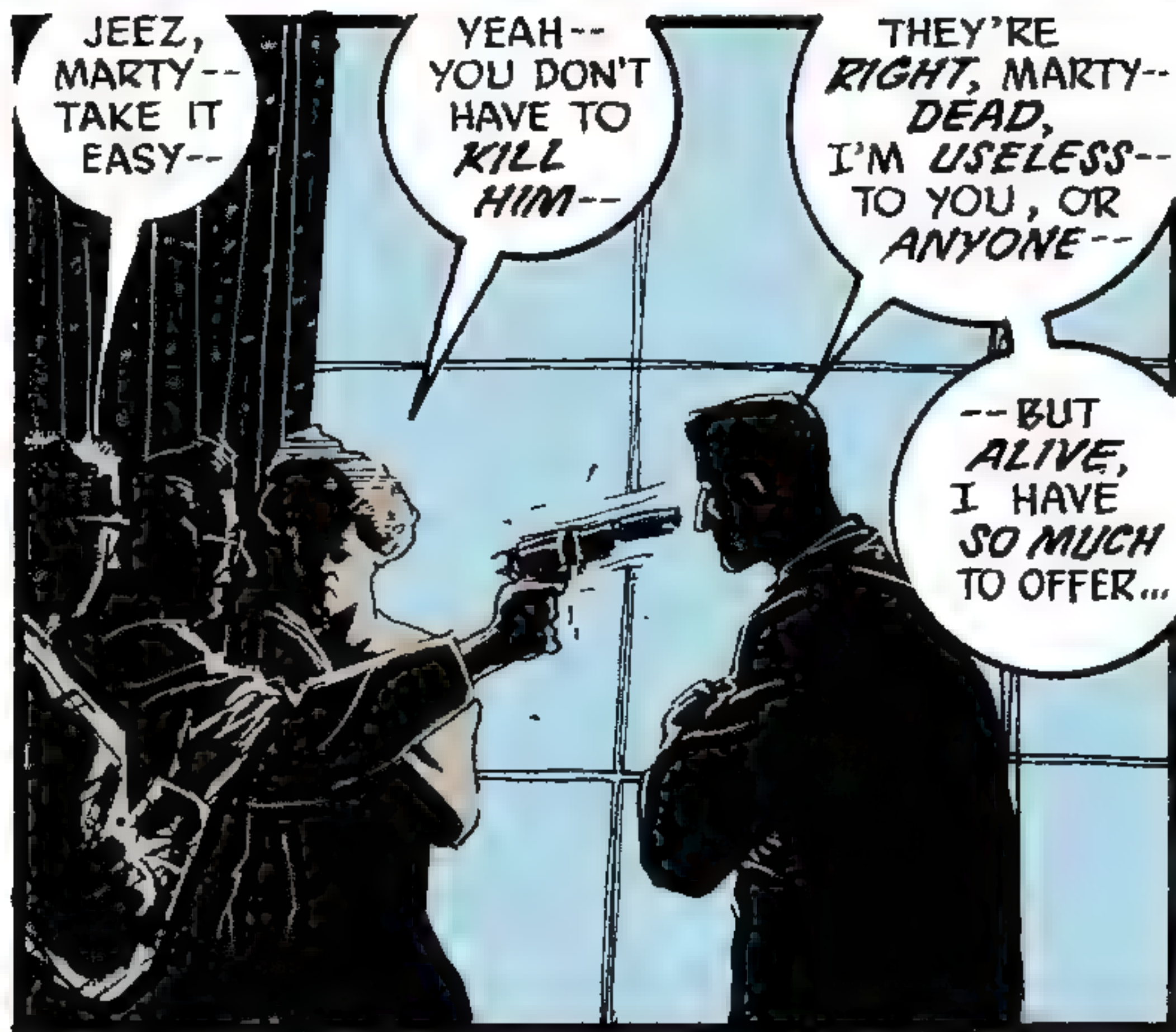


JEEZ, MARTY-- TAKE IT EASY--

YEAH-- YOU DON'T HAVE TO *KILL HIM*--

THEY'RE *RIGHT*, MARTY-- *DEAD*, I'M *USELESS*-- TO YOU, OR *ANYONE*--

--BUT *ALIVE*, I HAVE *SO MUCH* TO OFFER...

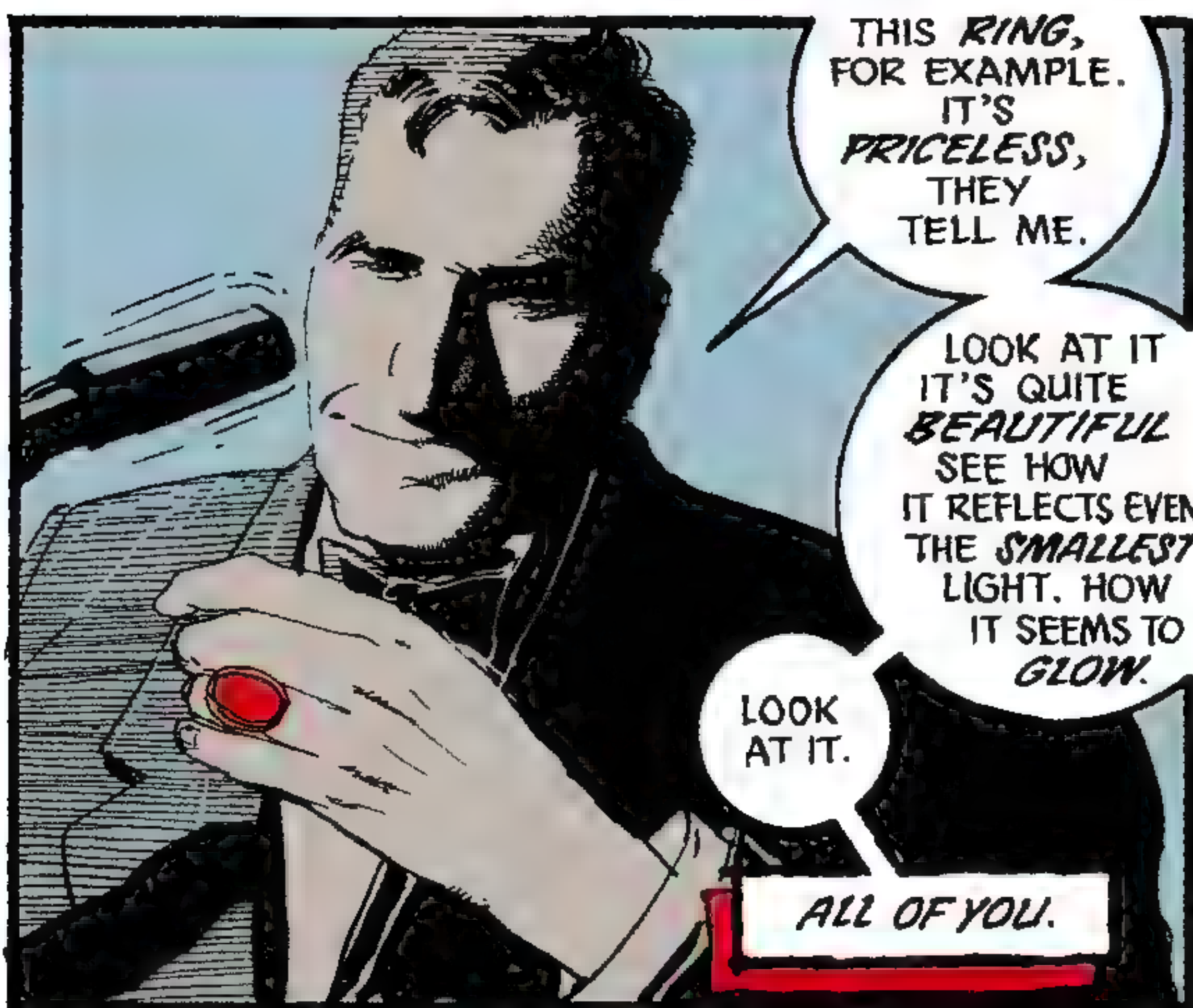


THIS *RING*, FOR EXAMPLE. IT'S *PRICELESS*, THEY TELL ME.

LOOK AT IT IT'S QUITE *BEAUTIFUL* SEE HOW IT REFLECTS EVEN THE *SMALLEST* LIGHT. HOW IT SEEMS TO *GLOW*.

LOOK AT IT.

ALL OF YOU.



IT'S A *BEAUTIFUL* NIGHT, MARTY.

WHY DON'T YOU *STEP OUTSIDE*-- GET SOME *AIR*.



NOW THEN, WHAT BROUGHT *YOU TWO* HERE? TELL ME... PLEASE

ARTIMUS *FINN*... SENT US... TO FIND *PRIVATE PAPERS*... TO *INCRIMINATE* YOU...

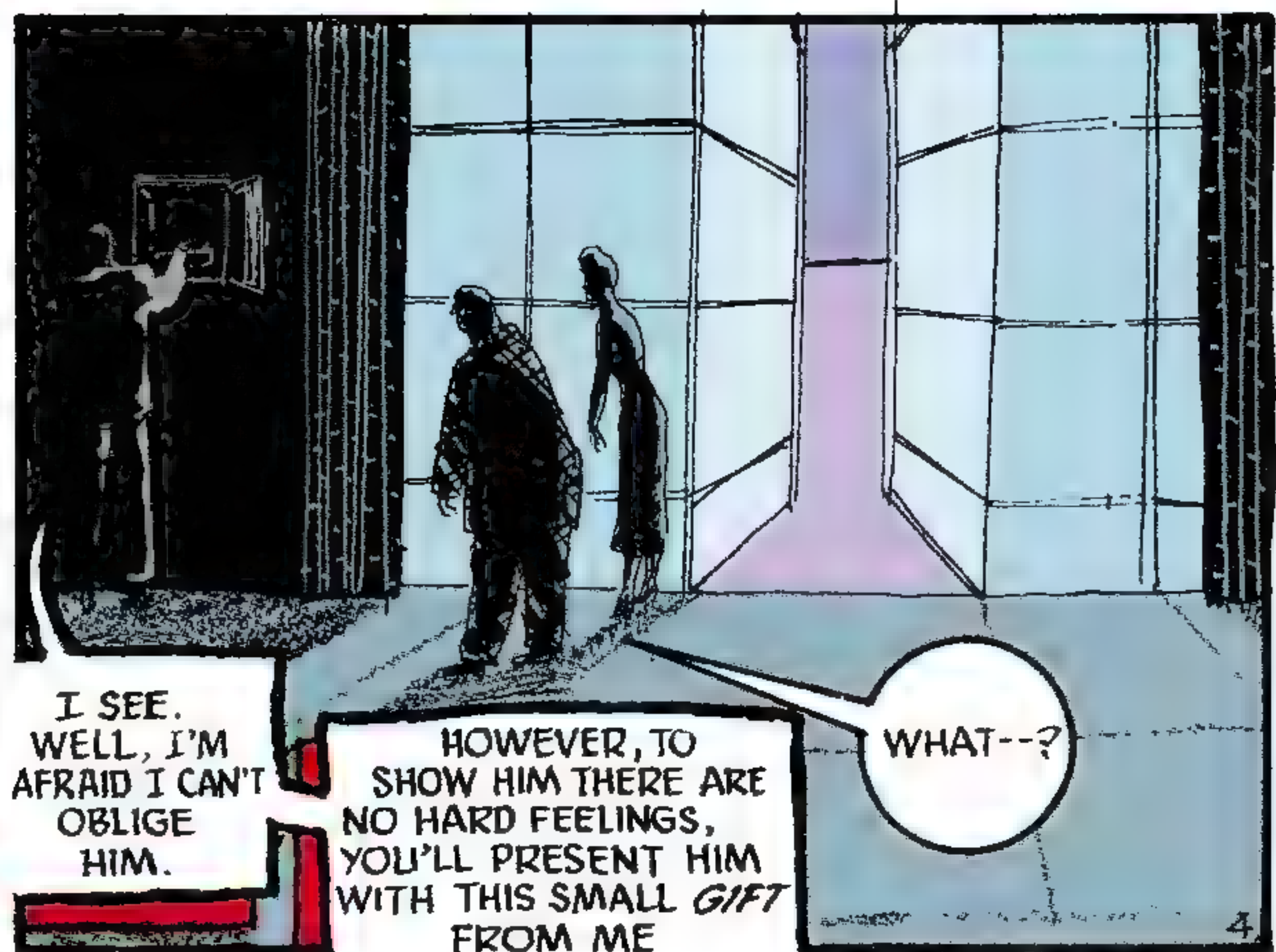
...HE WANTS YOUR HOTEL... WANTS TO CONTROL THE *BOARDWALK*...

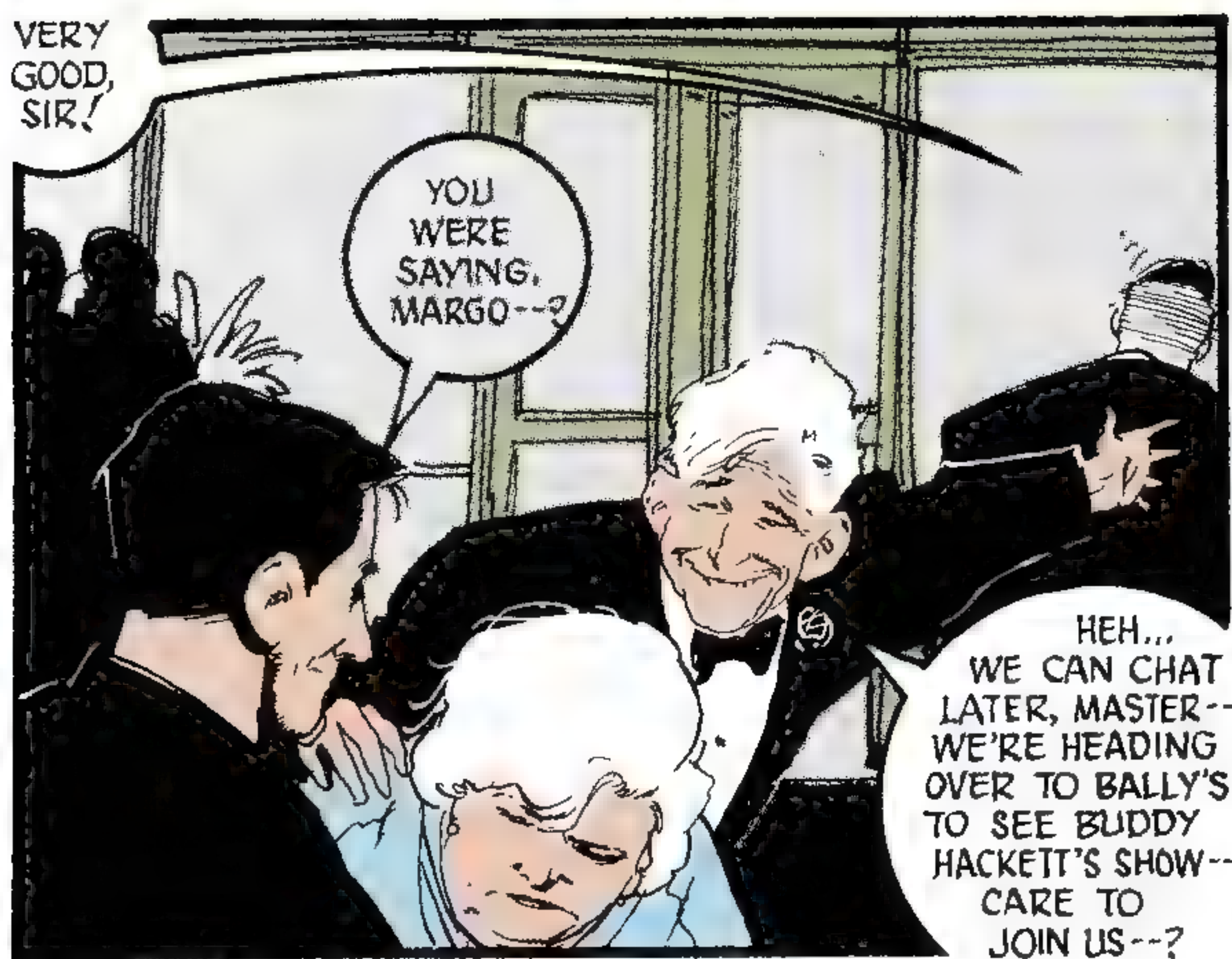
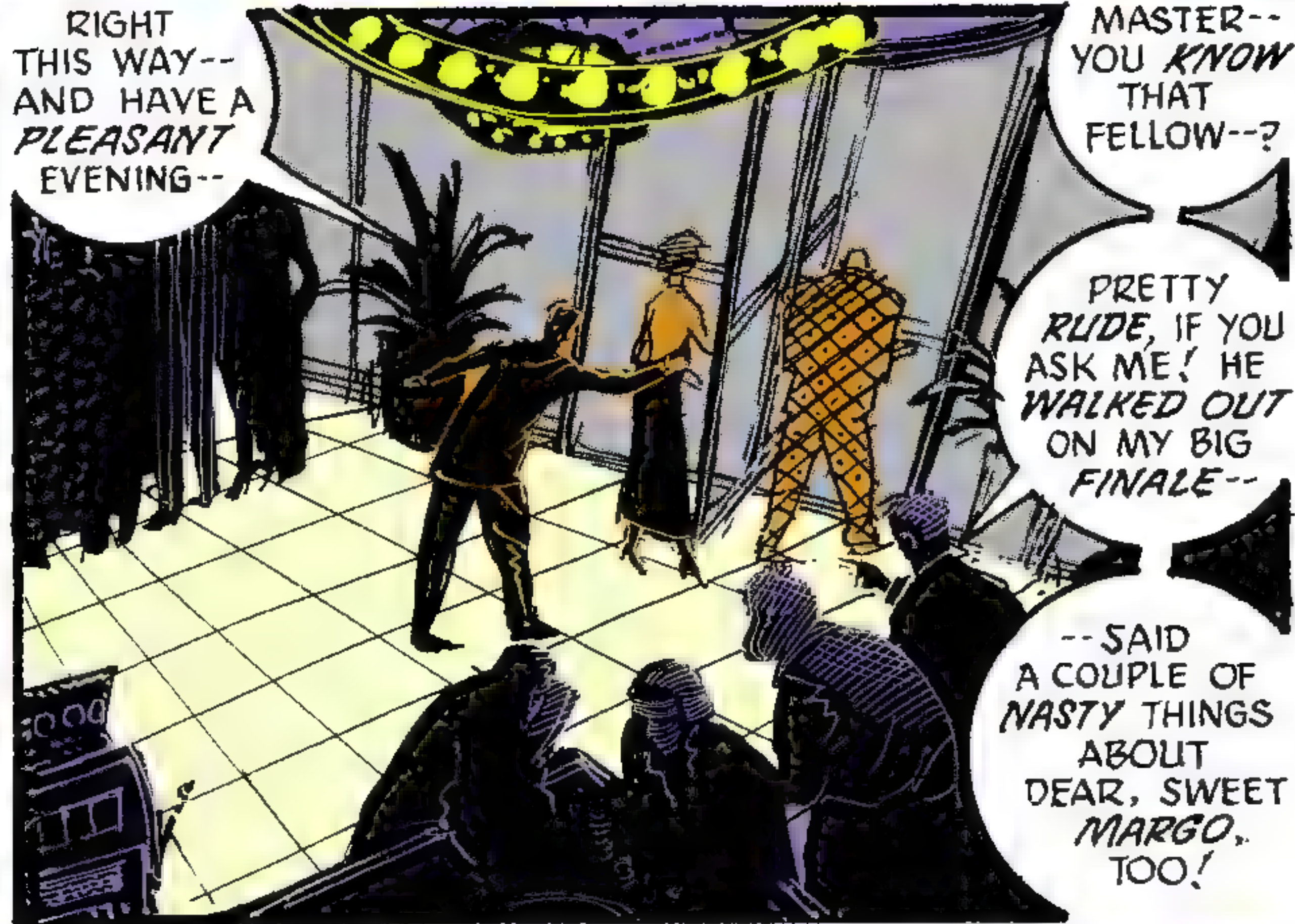
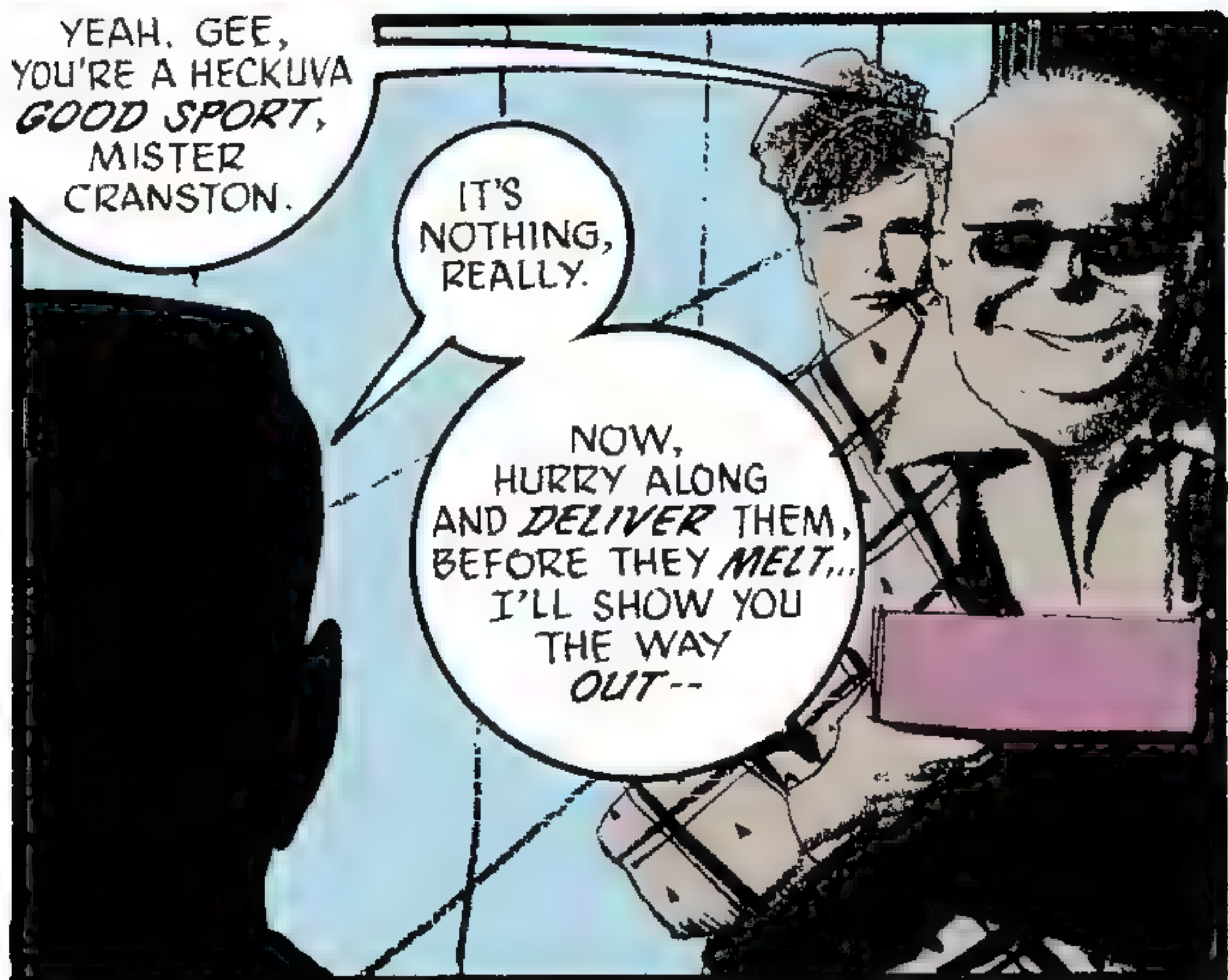
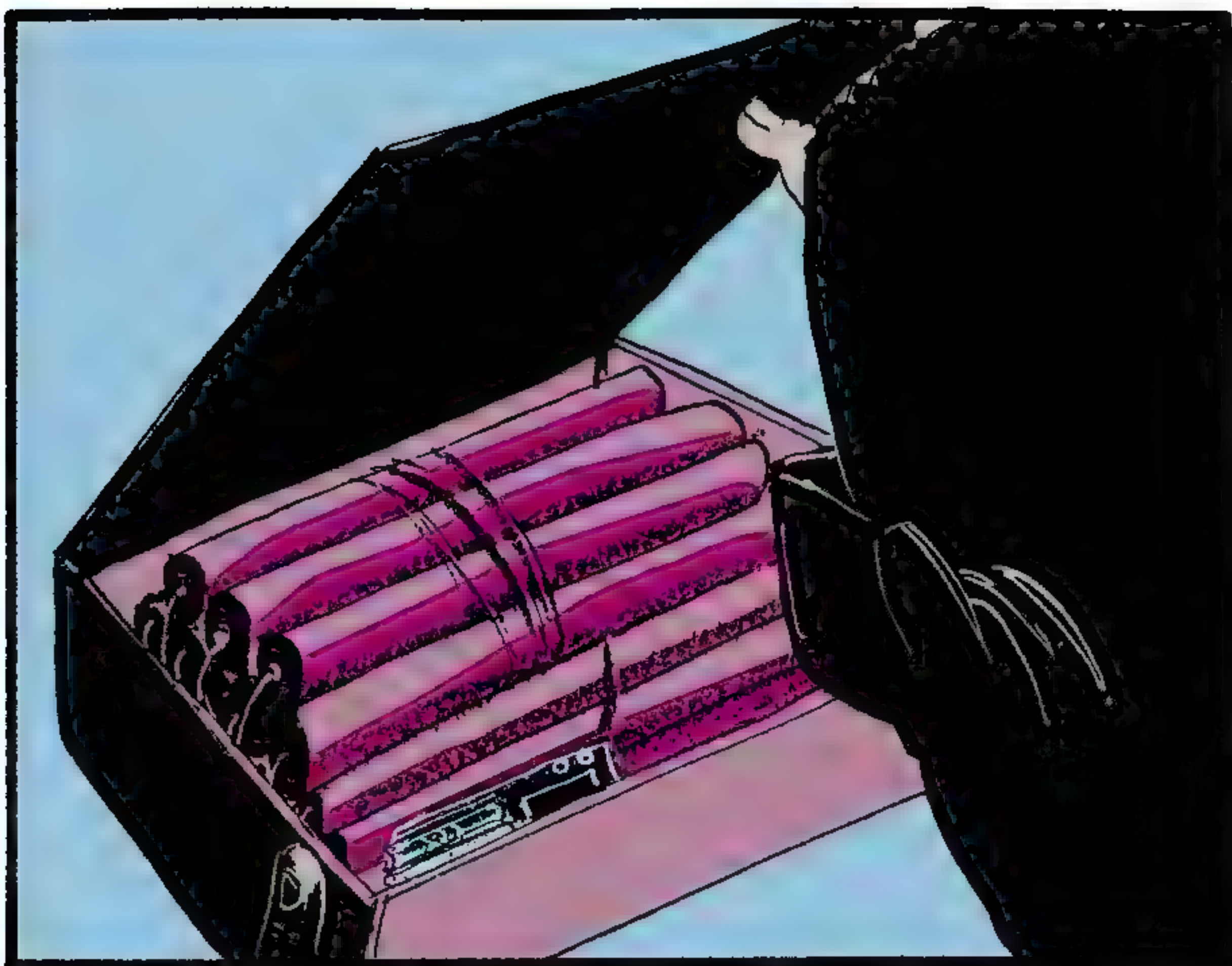


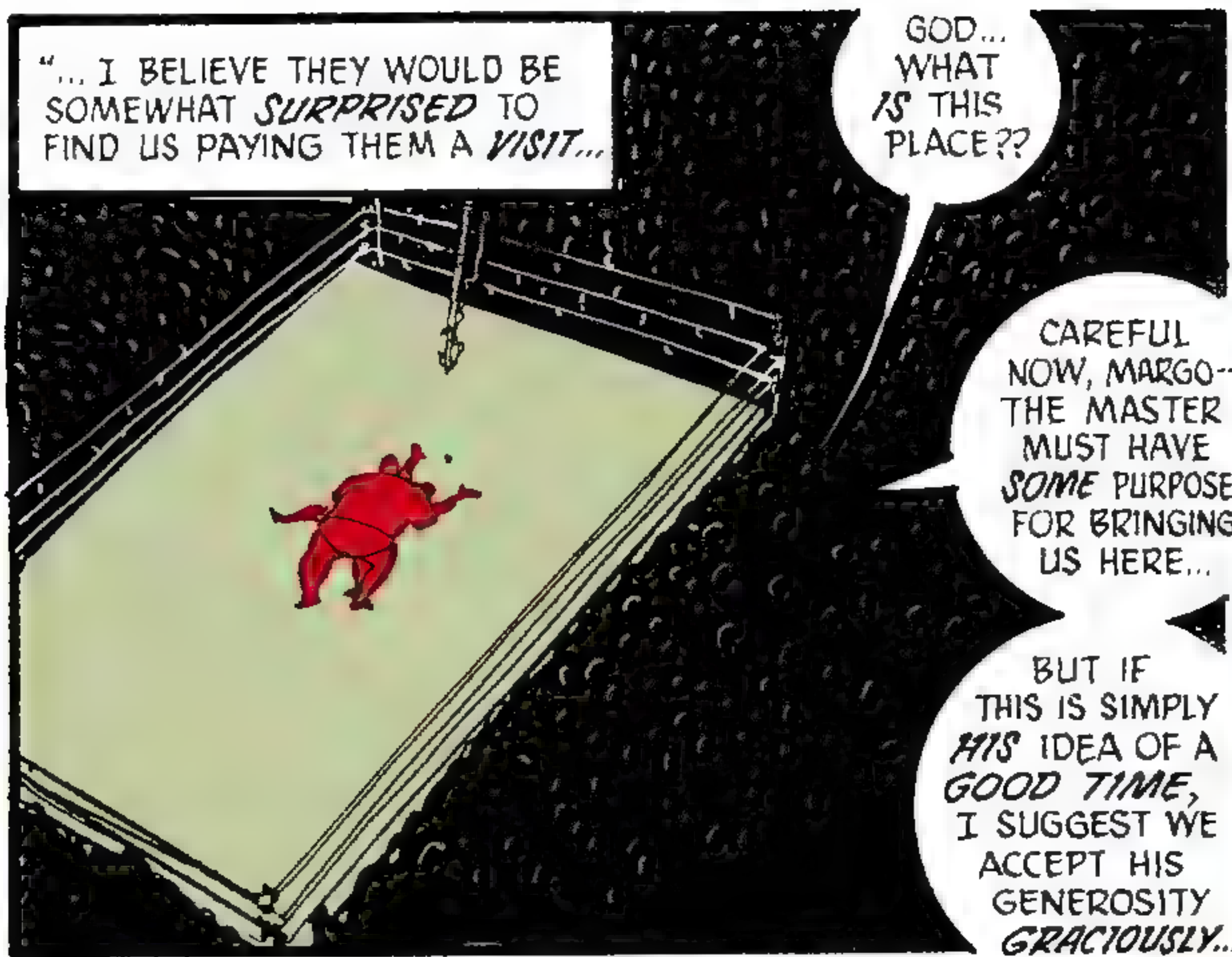
I SEE. WELL, I'M AFRAID I CAN'T OBLIGE HIM.

HOWEVER, TO SHOW HIM THERE ARE NO HARD FEELINGS, YOU'LL PRESENT HIM WITH THIS *SMALL GIFT* FROM ME

WHAT--?





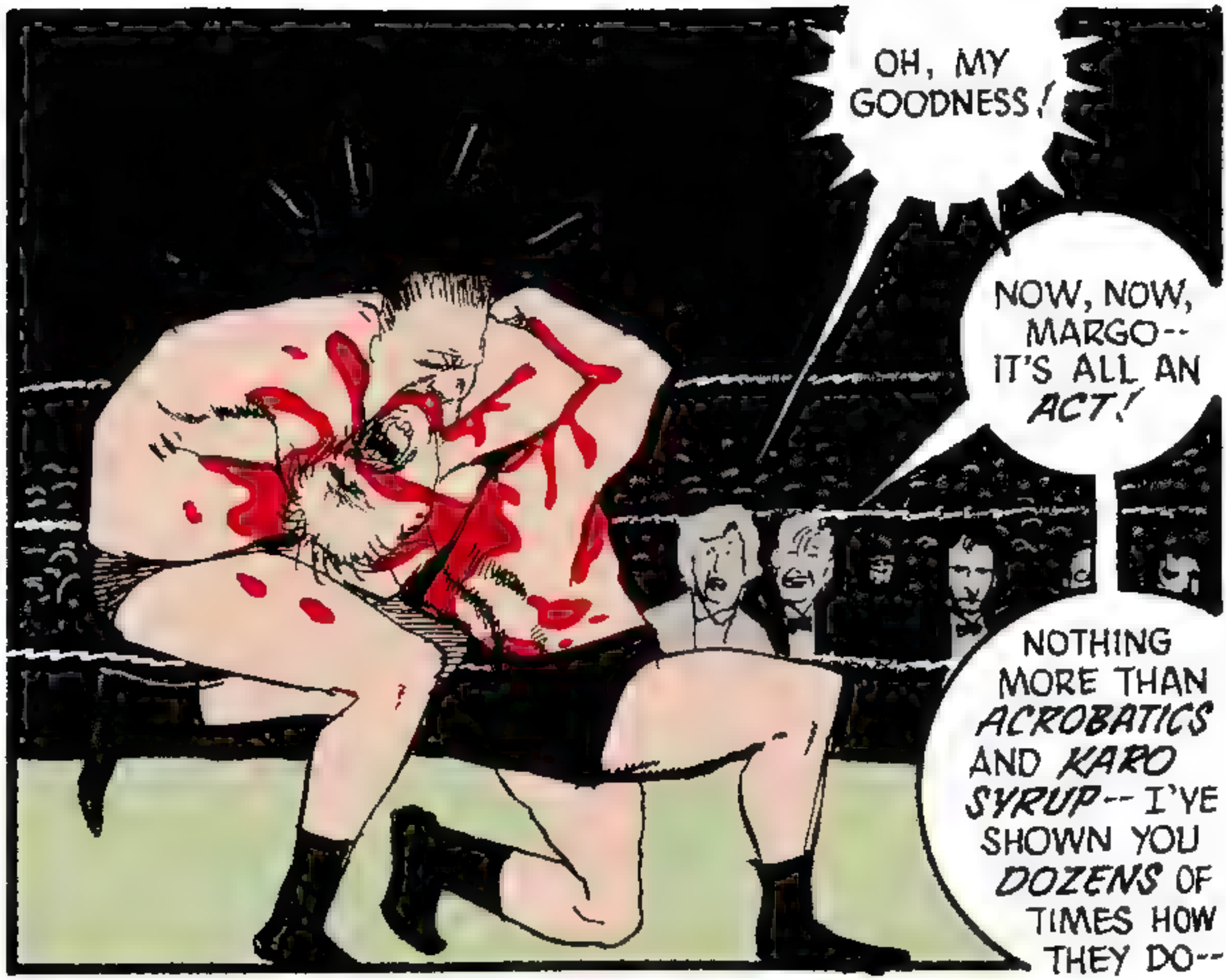


"... I BELIEVE THEY WOULD BE SOMEWHAT *SURPRISED* TO FIND US PAYING THEM A *VISIT*..."

GOD... WHAT *IS* THIS PLACE??

CAREFUL NOW, MARGO-- THE MASTER MUST HAVE *SOME* PURPOSE FOR BRINGING US HERE...

BUT IF THIS IS SIMPLY *HIS* IDEA OF A *GOOD TIME*, I SUGGEST WE ACCEPT HIS GENEROSITY *GRACIOUSLY*...



OH, MY GOODNESS!

NOW, NOW, MARGO-- IT'S ALL AN *ACT*!

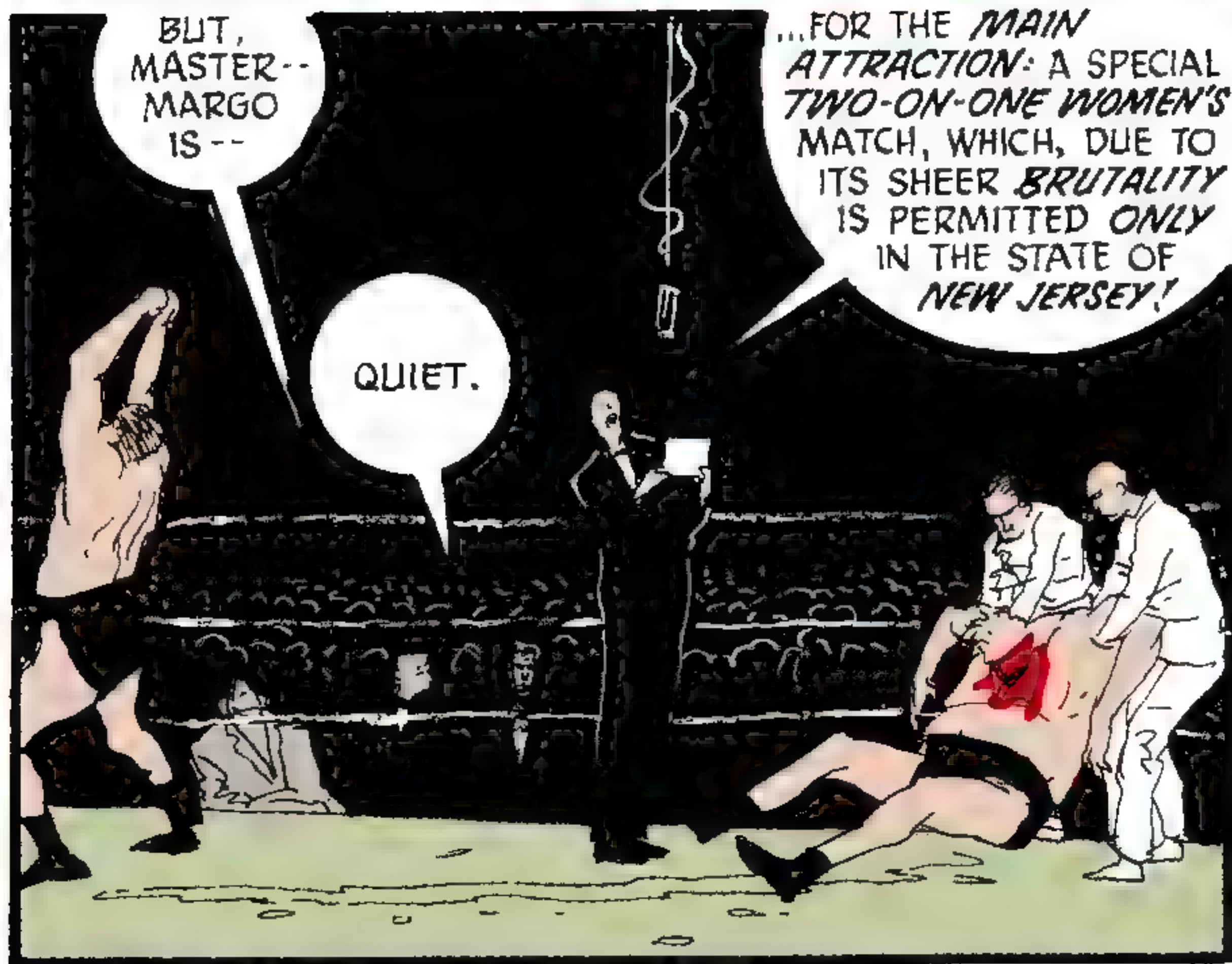
NOTHING MORE THAN *ACROBATICS* AND *KARO SYRUP*-- I'VE SHOWN YOU *DOZENS* OF TIMES HOW THEY DO--



--IT...

MASTER... I THINK MARGO AND I SHOULD BE *GOING*...

NOT YET, HARRY. *WATCH* THE SHOW.



BUT, MASTER-- MARGO IS --

QUIET.

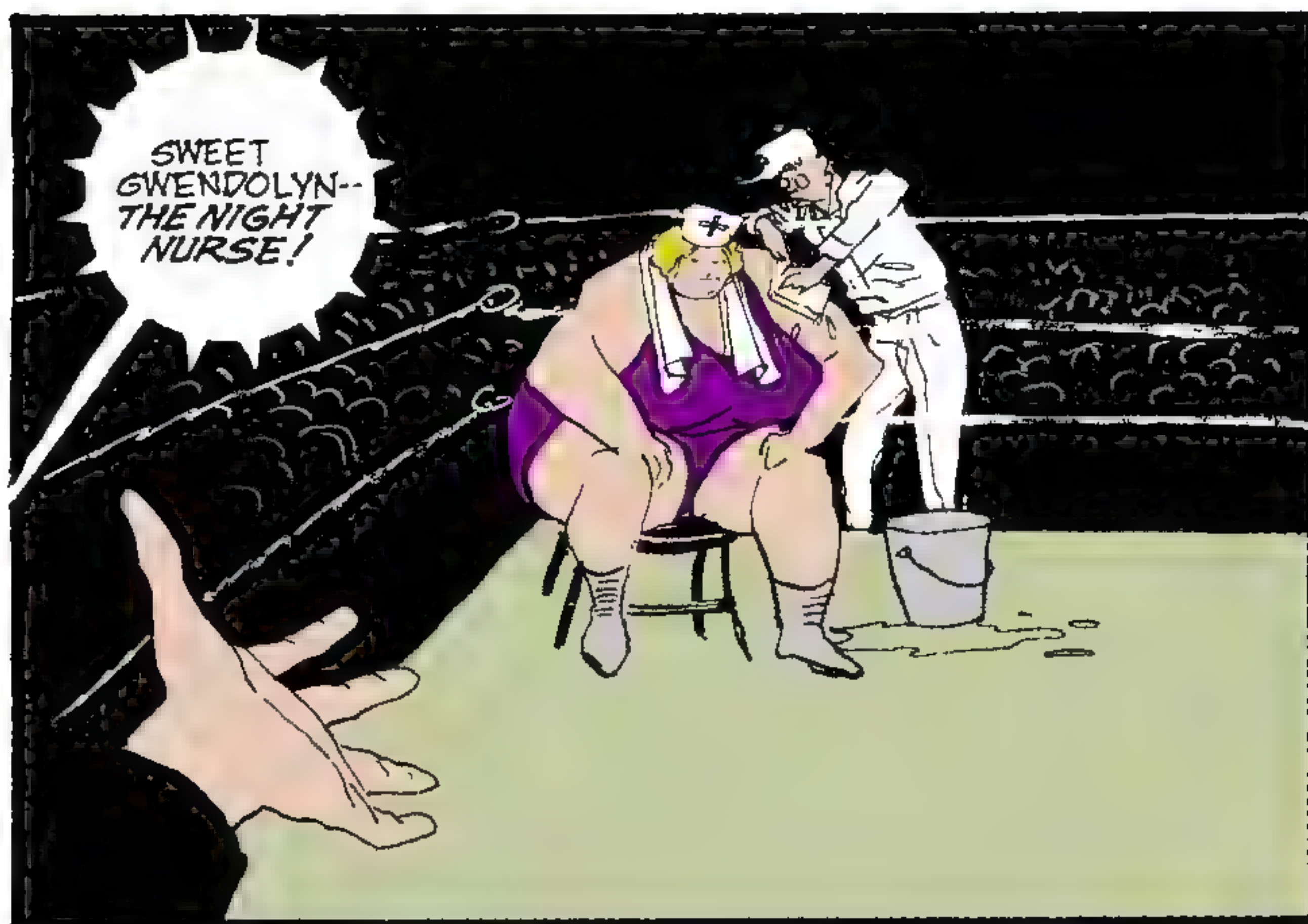
...FOR THE *MAIN ATTRACTION*: A SPECIAL *TWO-ON-ONE WOMEN'S* MATCH, WHICH, DUE TO ITS SHEER *BRUTALITY* IS PERMITTED *ONLY* IN THE STATE OF *NEW JERSEY*!

FACING THE BEAUTIFUL *THUNDER TWINS* AND MAKING HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN *FIVE YEARS*...

...WEIGHING IN AT 400 POUNDS OF FIBROUS FLESH...

THE *MOUNTAIN MAMA* OF *TRENTON*...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I GIVE YOU--



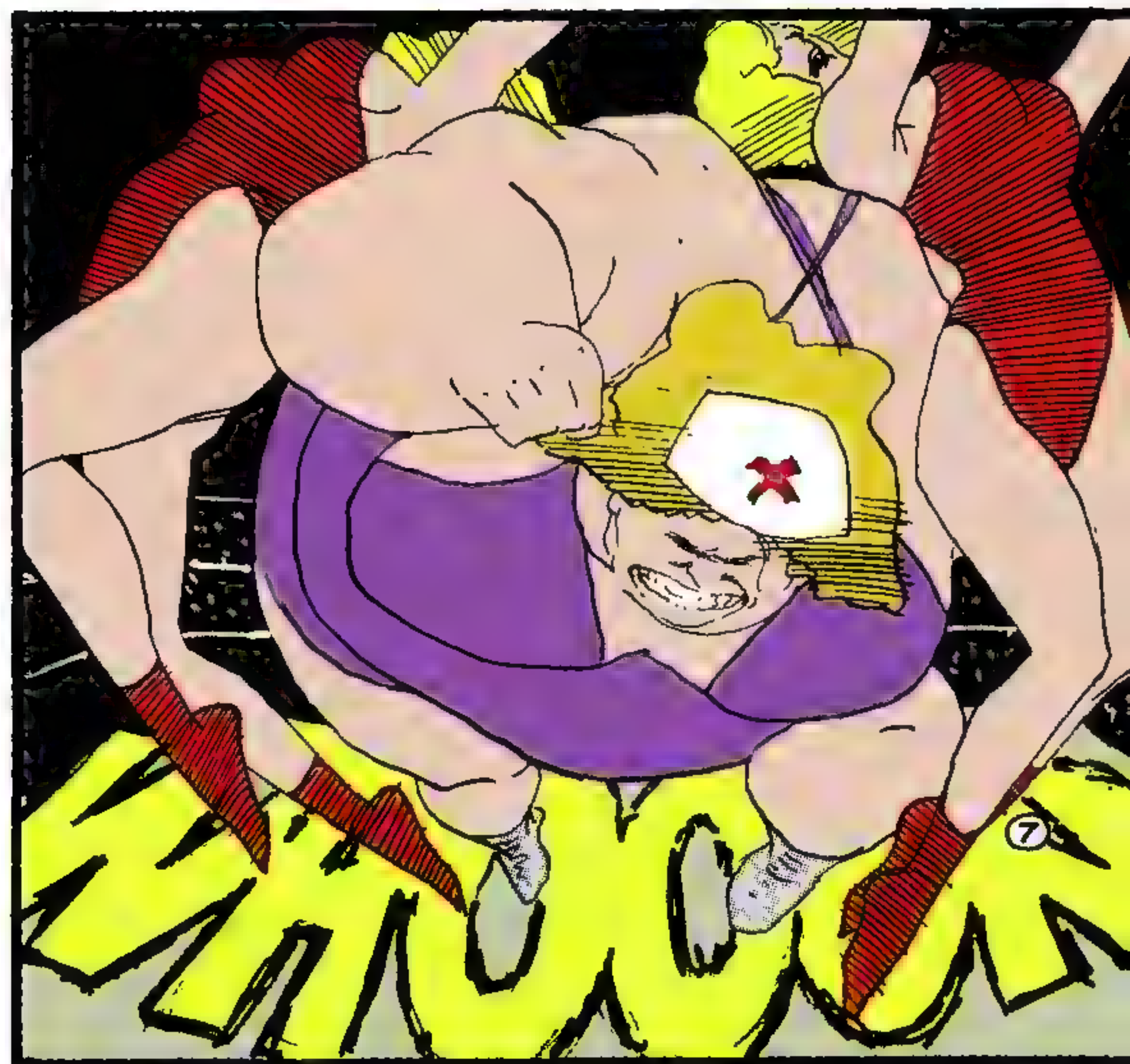
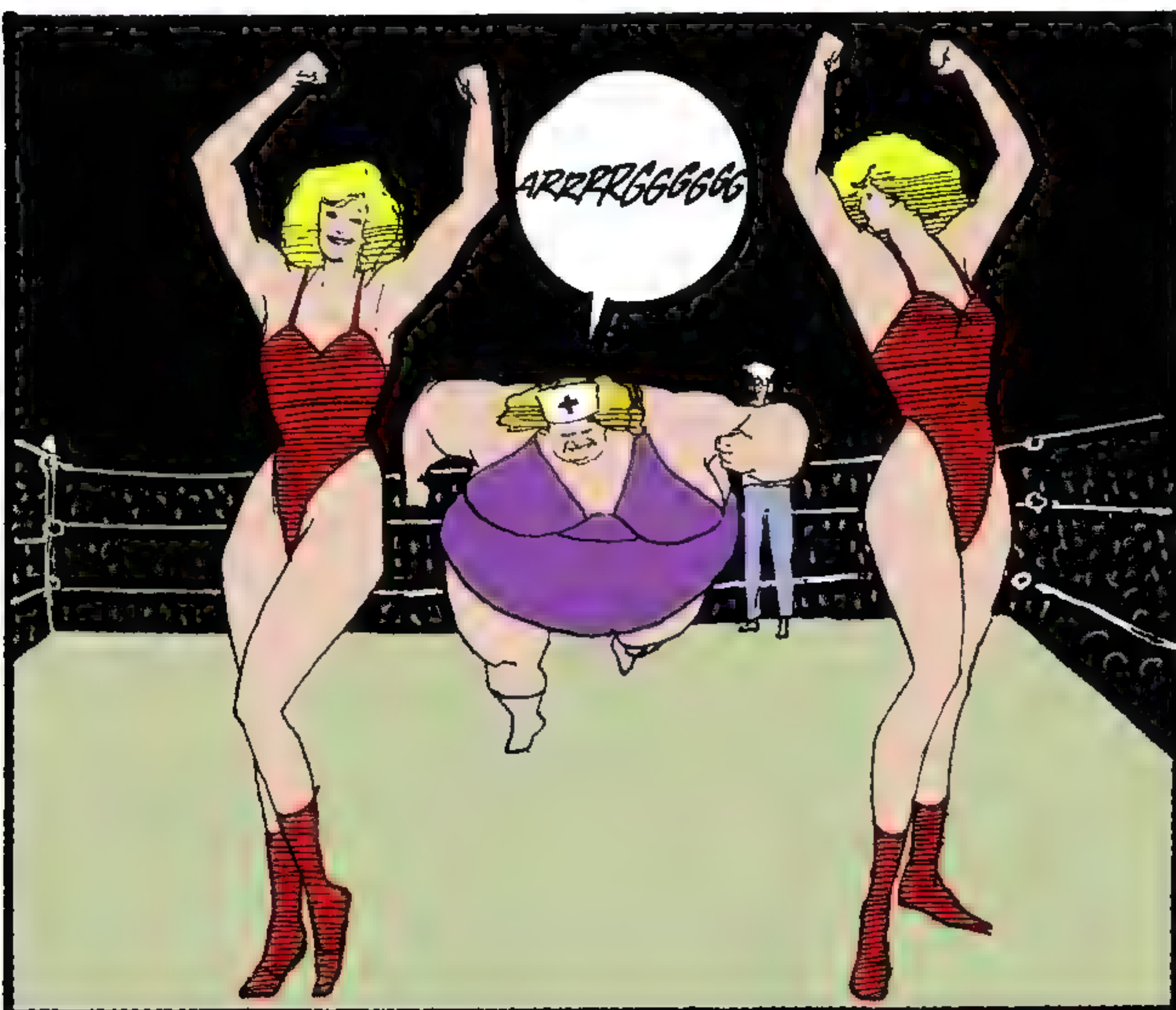
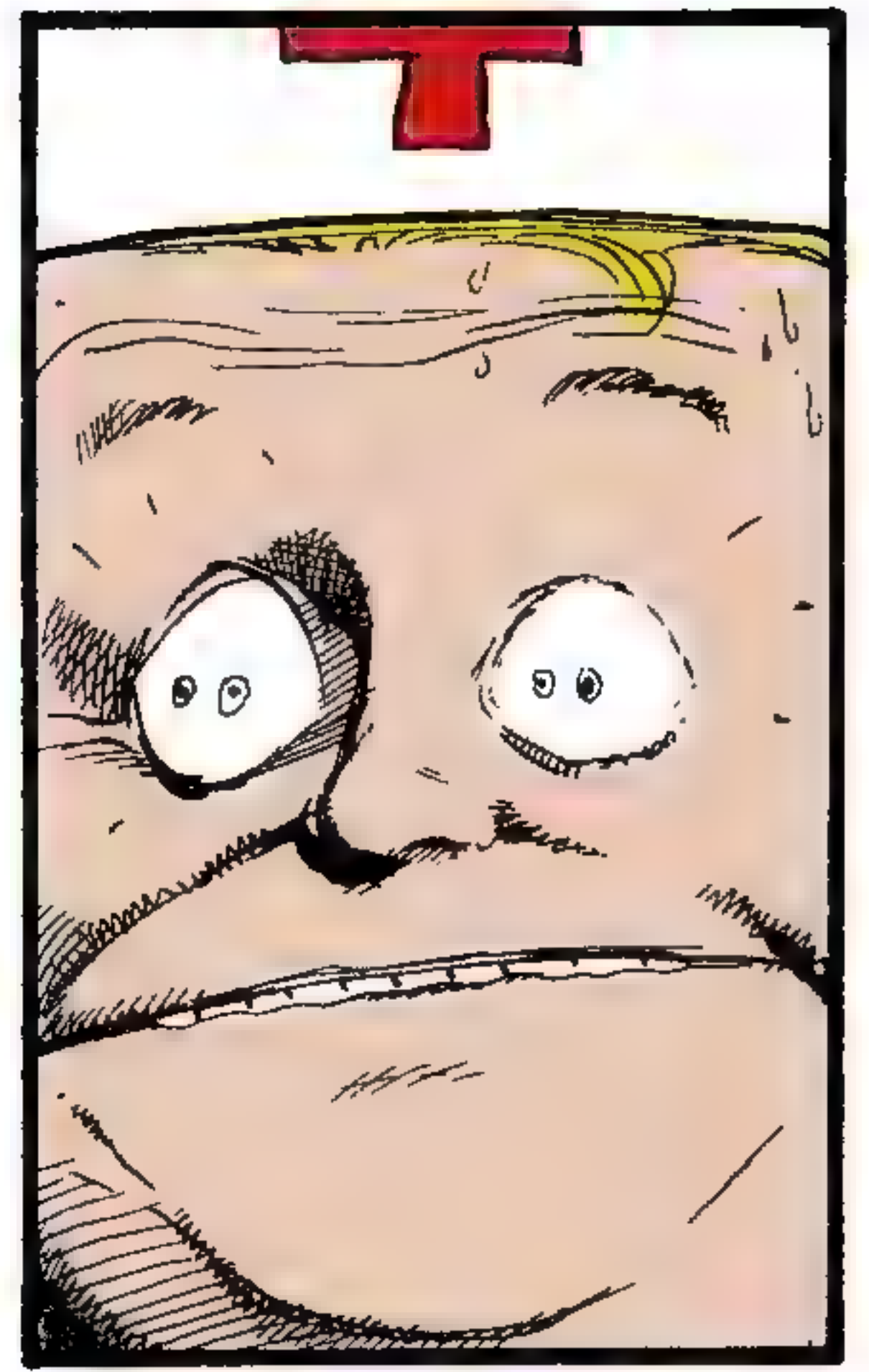
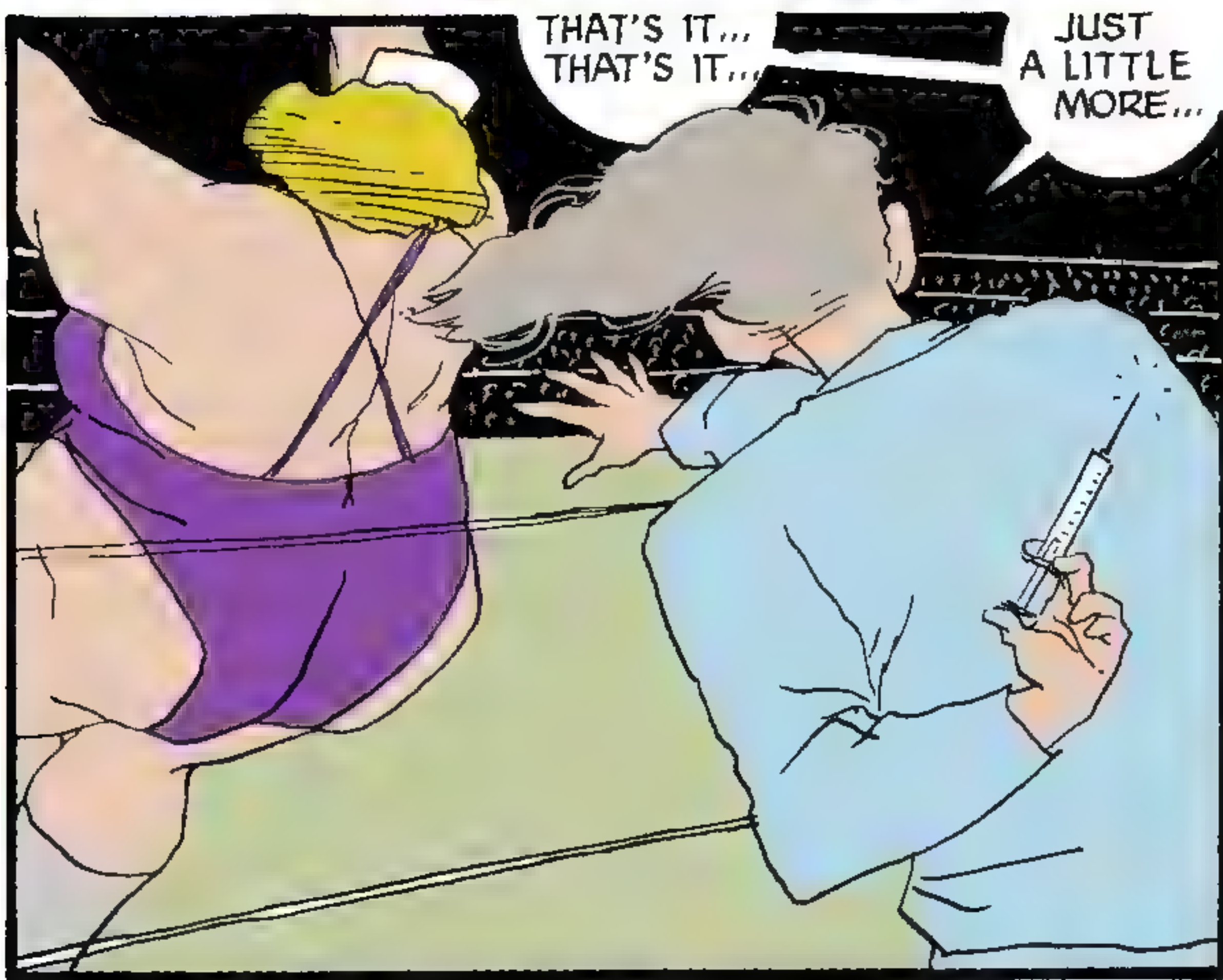
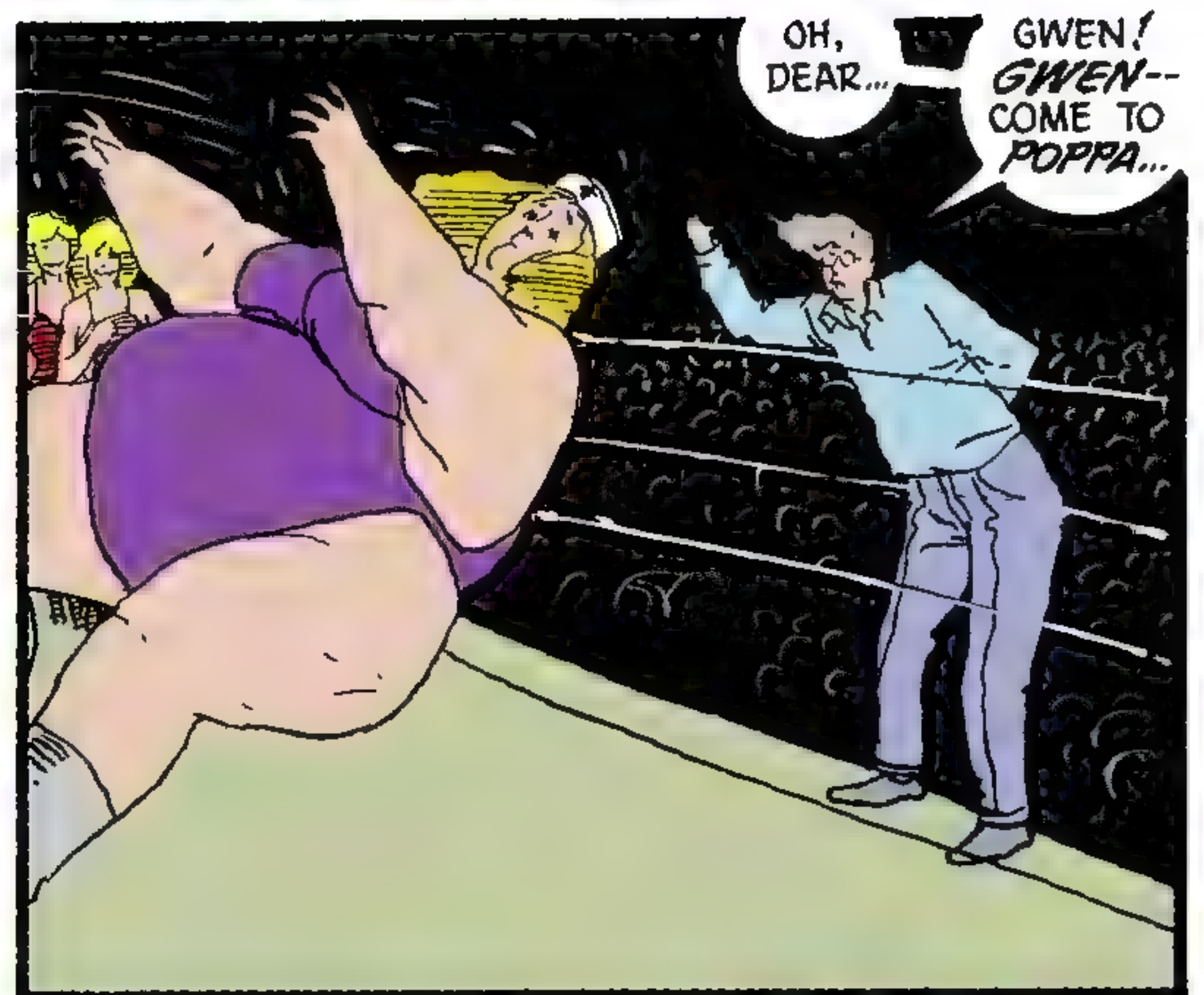
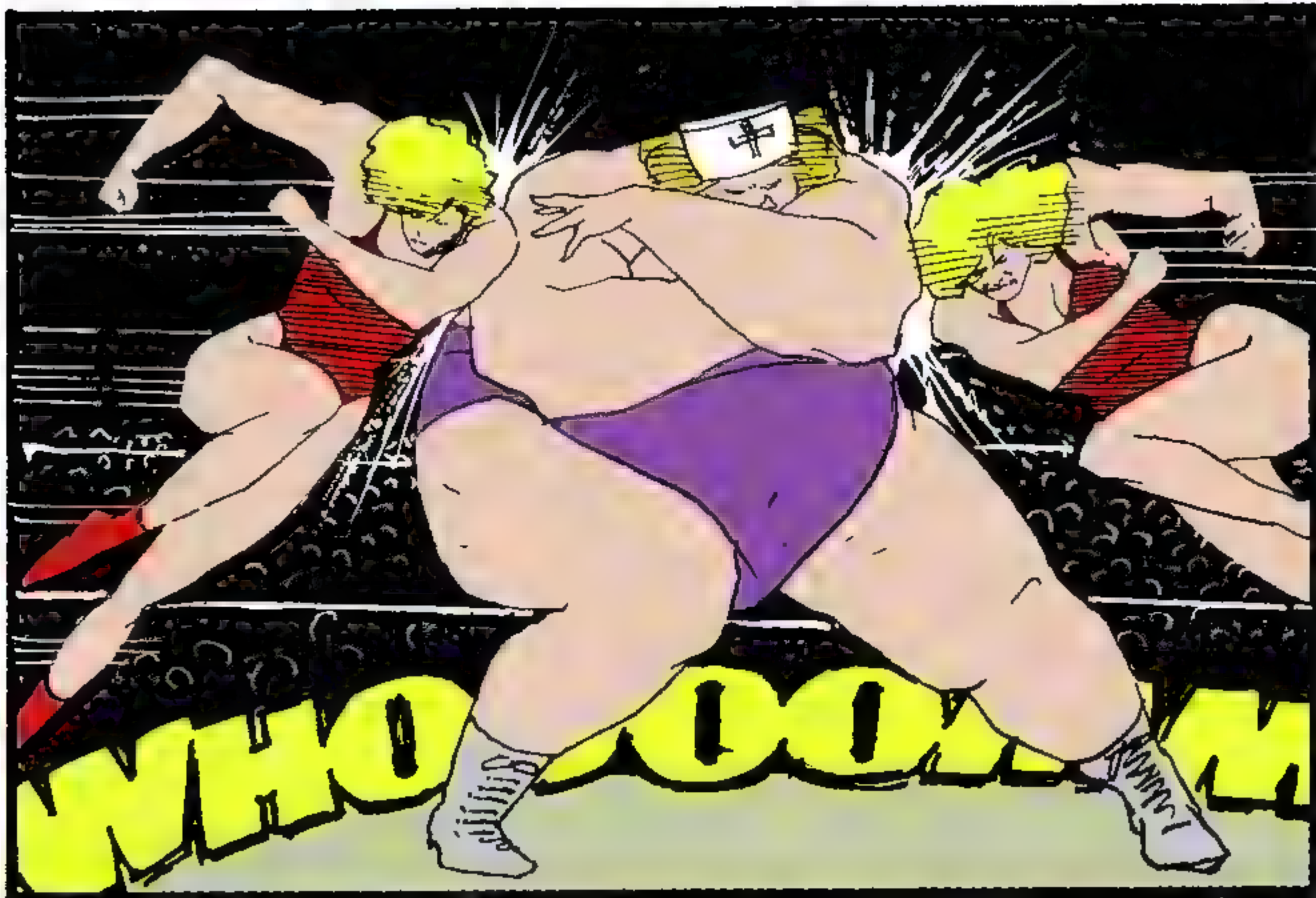
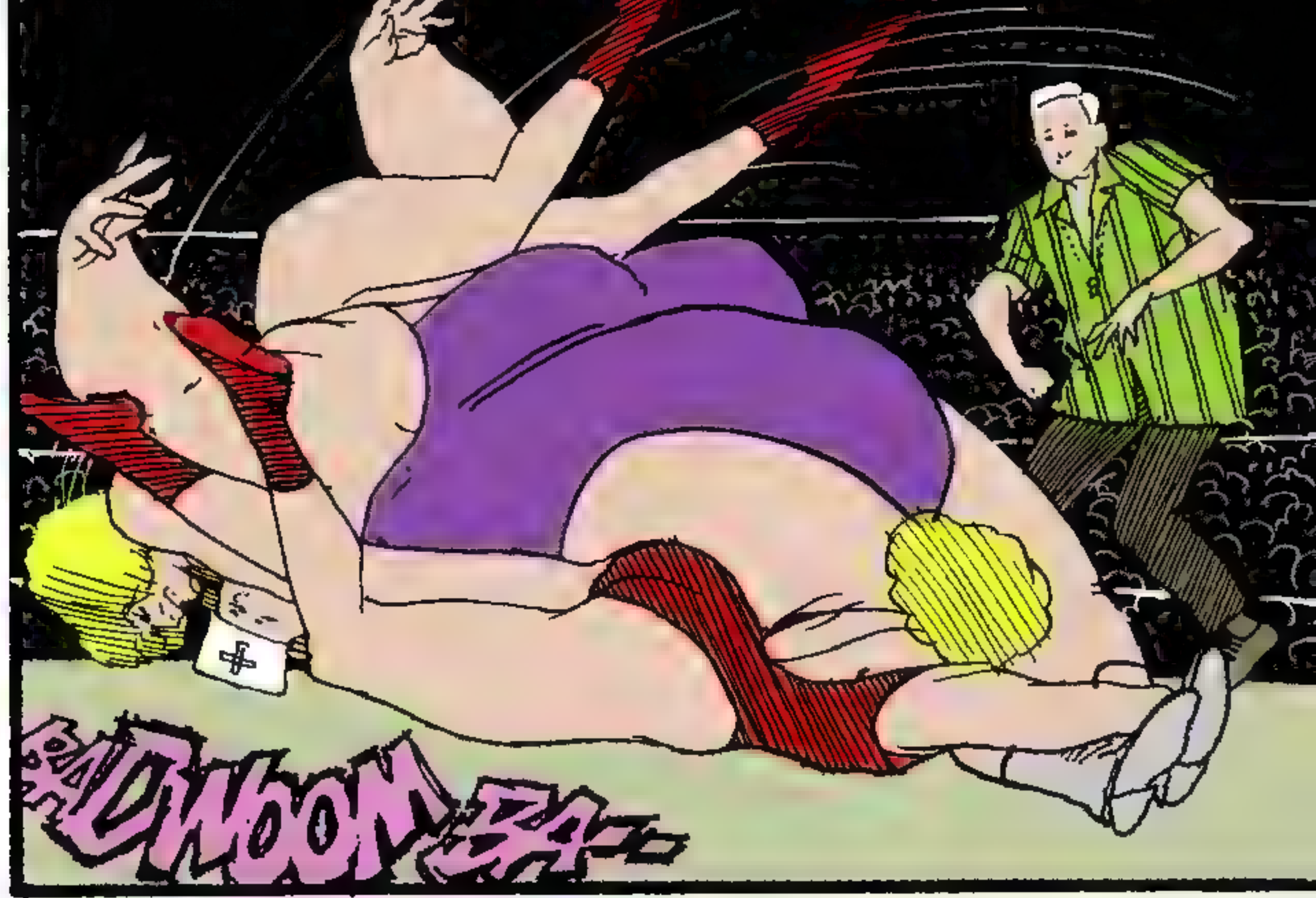
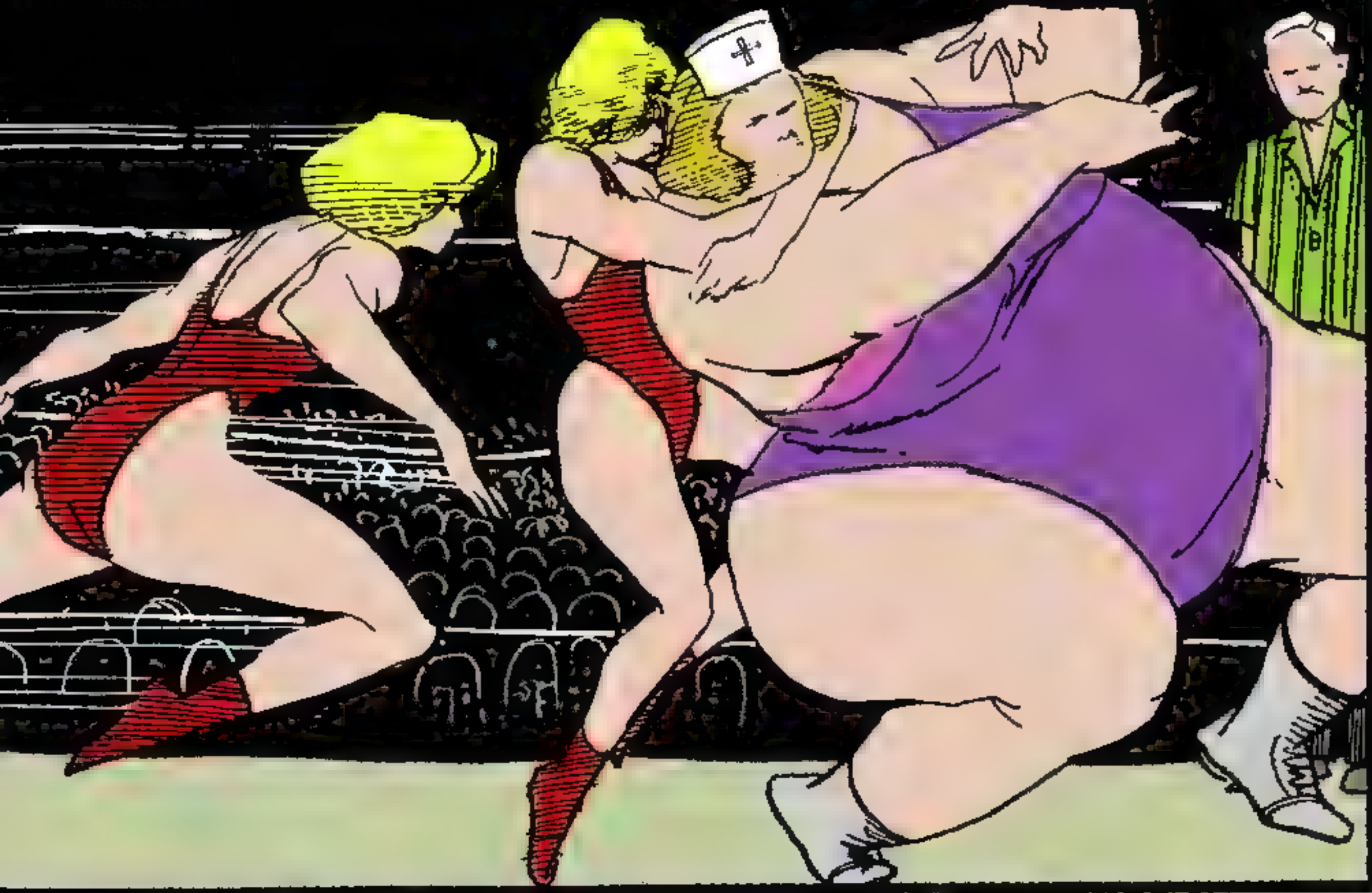
SWEET GWENDOLYN-- THE NIGHT NURSE!

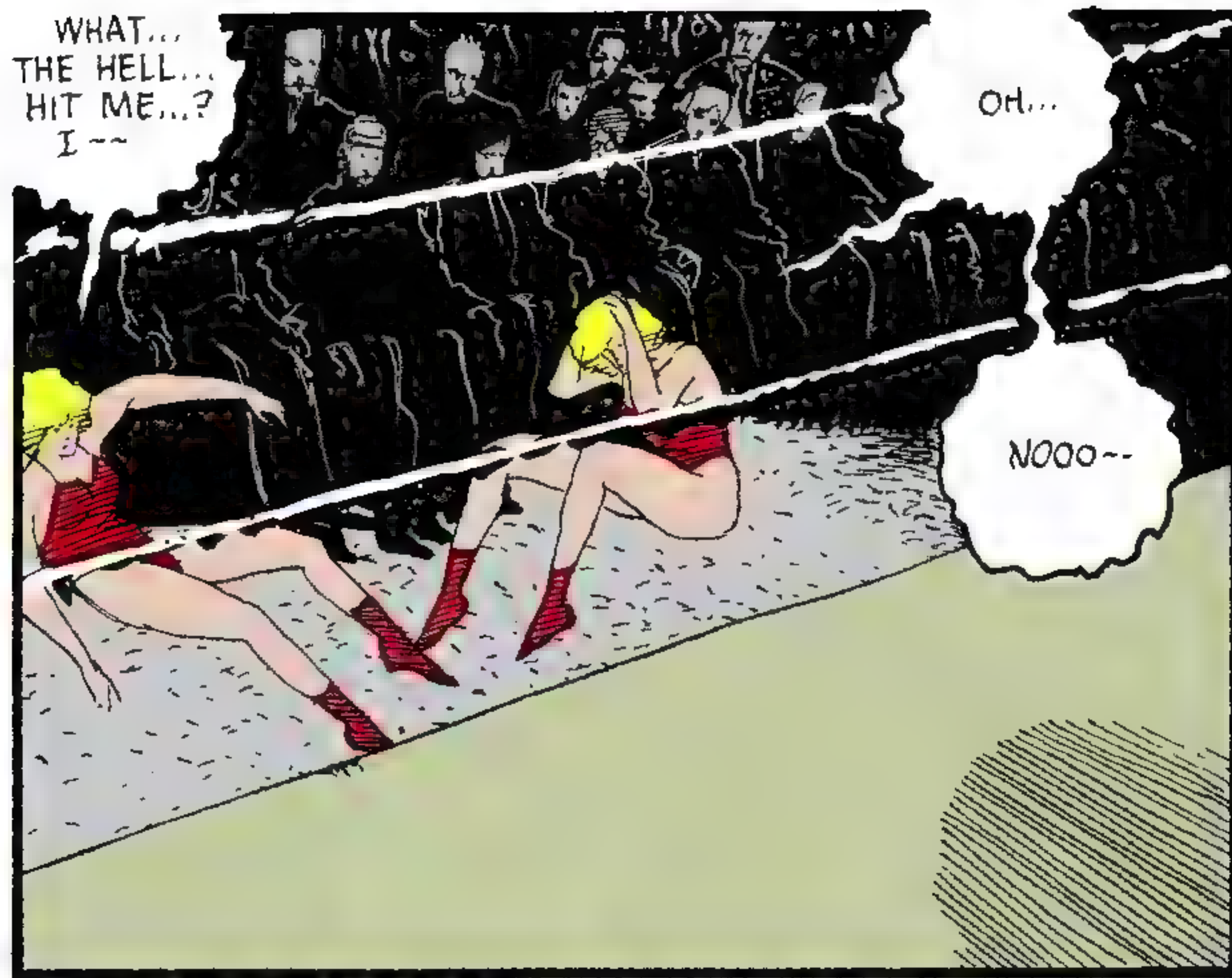
HOLY *SMOKES*! THAT'S *GWEN*-- AND *TWITCHKOWITZ*!

I THOUGHT THEY WERE *ON THE ROAD*-- HIDING OUT-- FROM *YOU*!

MASTER-- YOU... UH... AREN'T GOING TO DO ANYTHING *RASH*...?

DINGGGGG

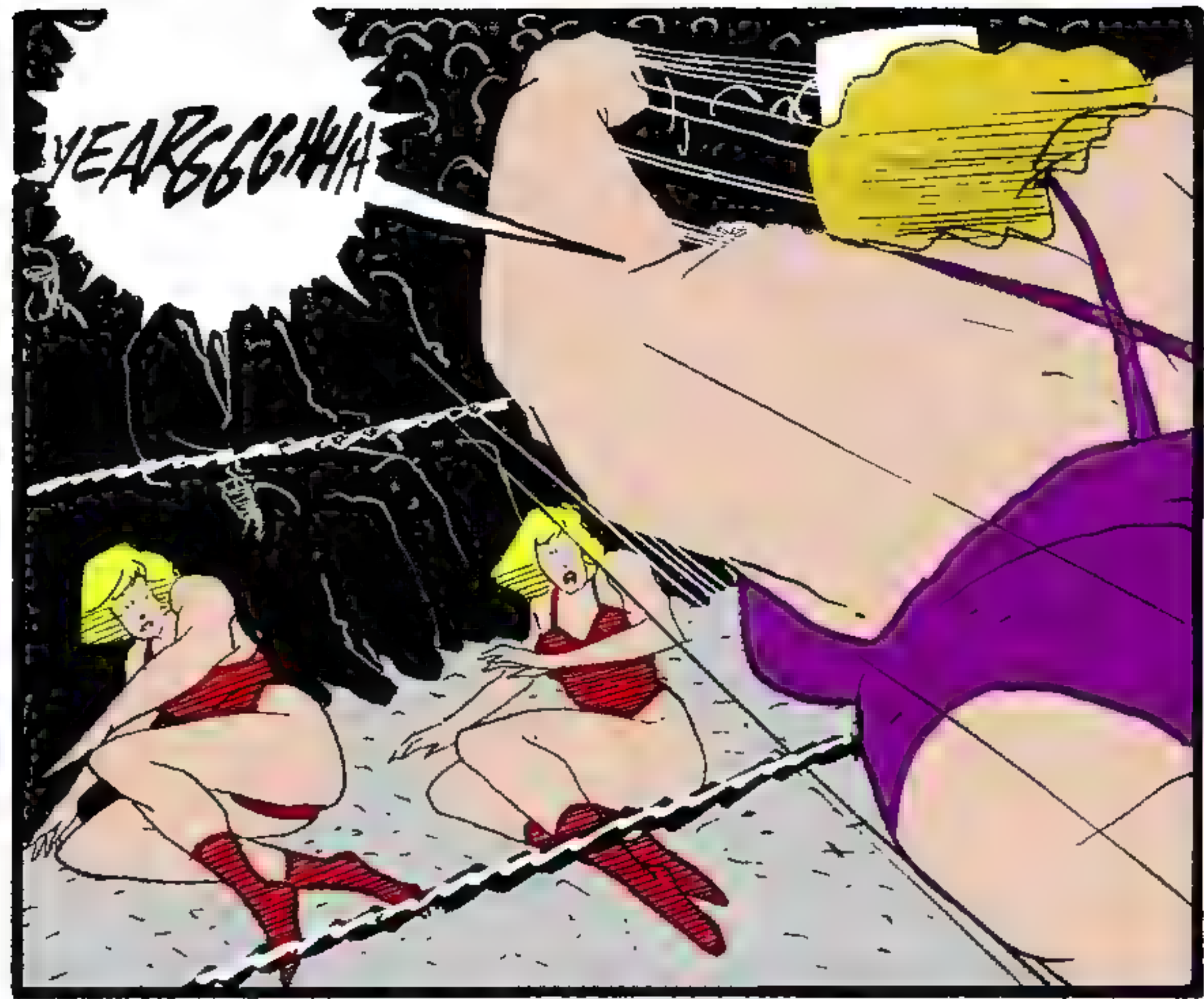




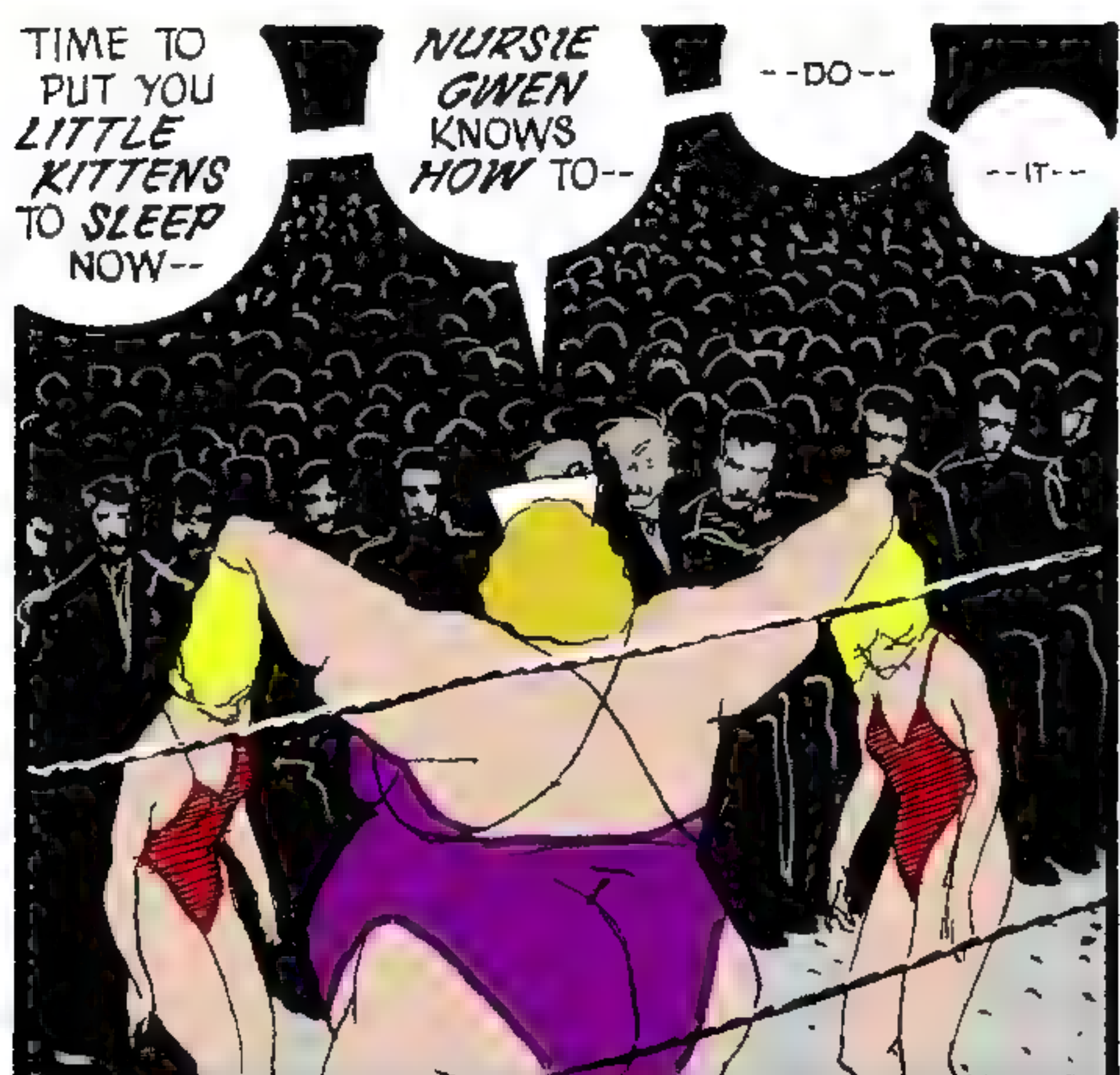
WHAT...
THE HELL...
HIT ME...?
I--

Oh...

NOOO--



YEARGGGHHH



TIME TO
PUT YOU
LITTLE
KITTENS
TO SLEEP
NOW--

NURSIE
GIVEN
KNOWS
HOW TO--

--DO--

--IT--

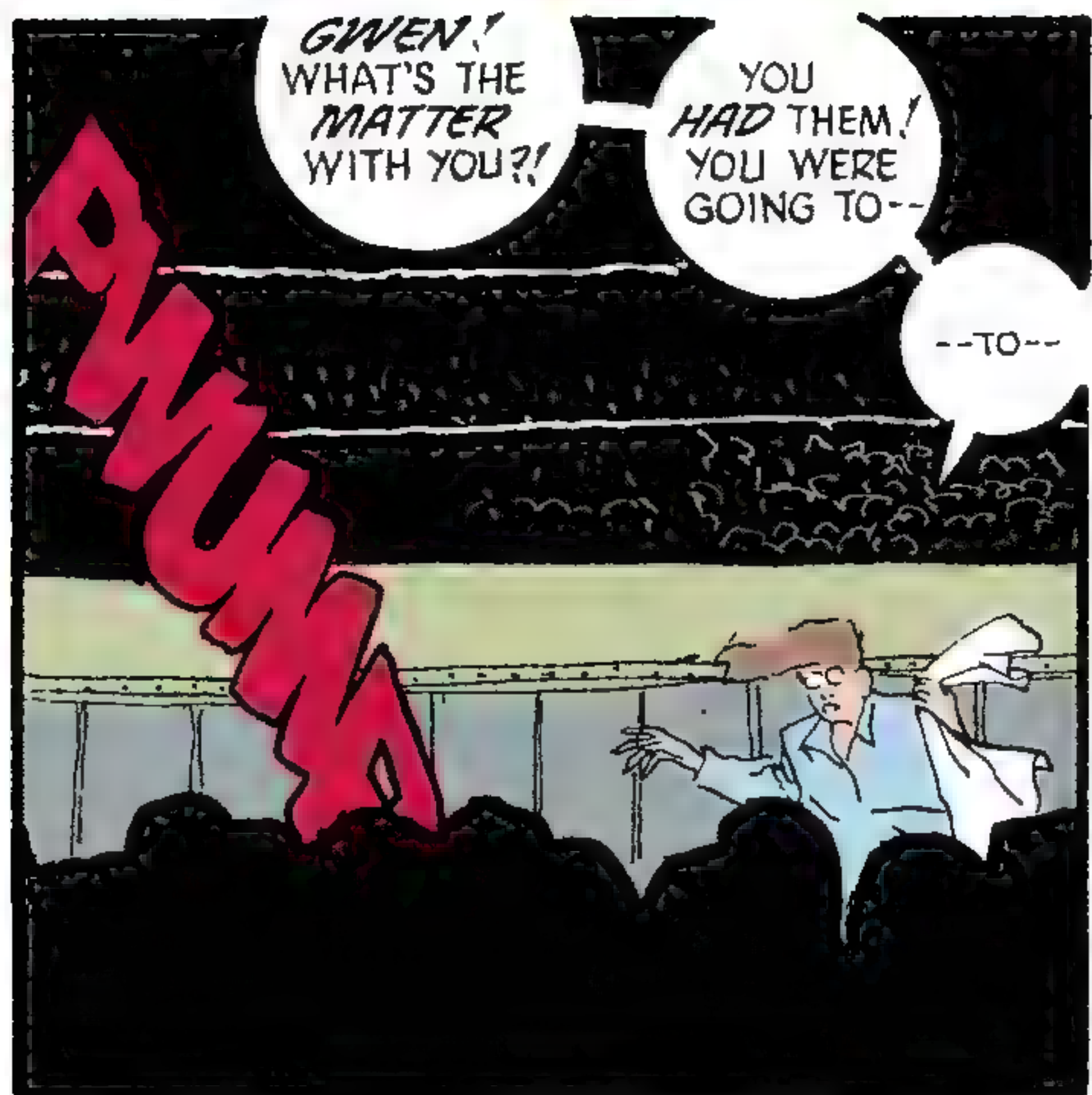


HELLO,
GIVEN?

I'VE
MISSED
YOU.



OYYYYYY



GIVEN!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER
WITH YOU?!

YOU
HAD THEM!
YOU WERE
GOING TO--

--TO--



TWITCHKOWITZ.

YOU'VE
BEEN AWAY
FAR TOO
LONG.



OOOHHHH



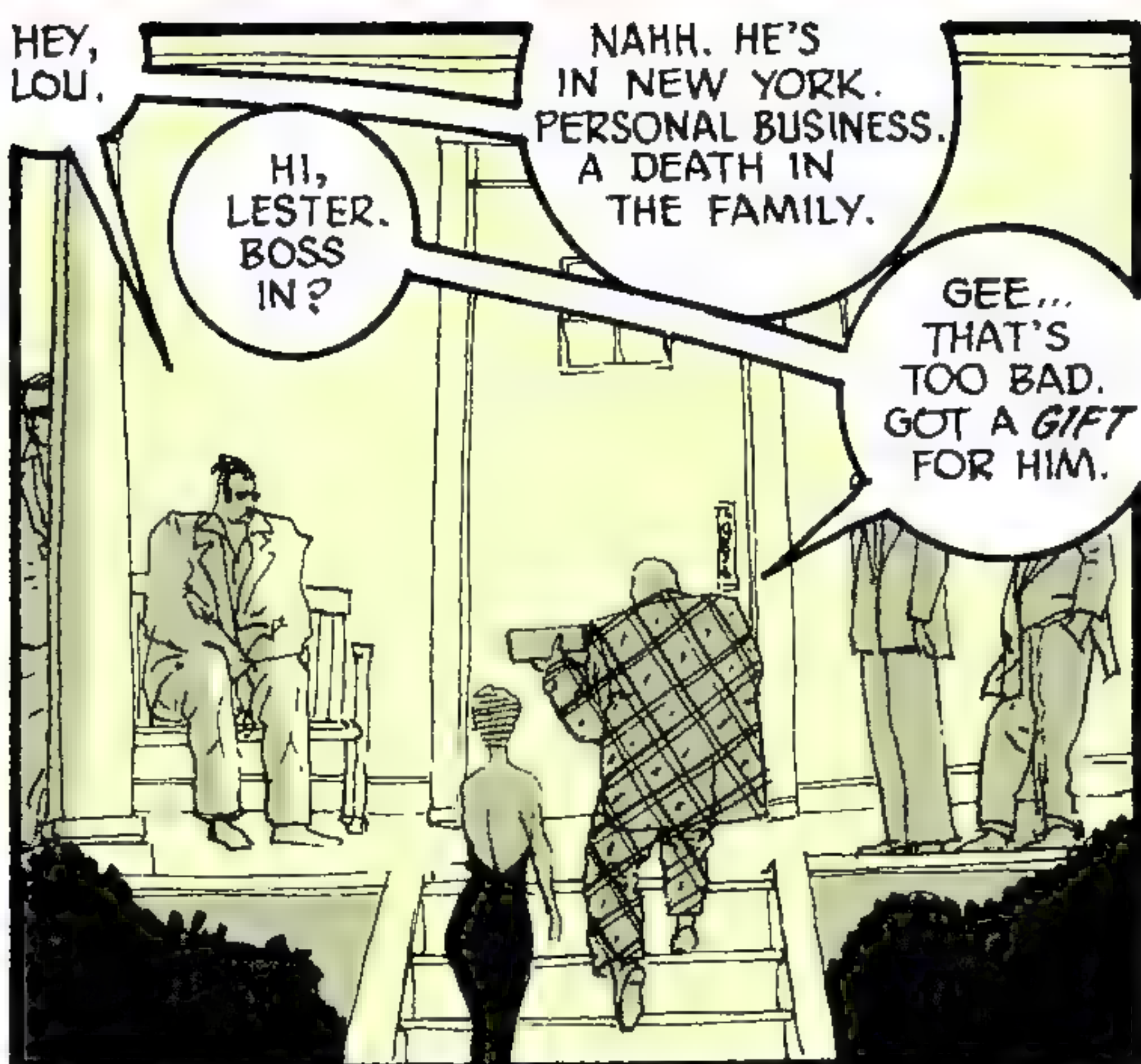
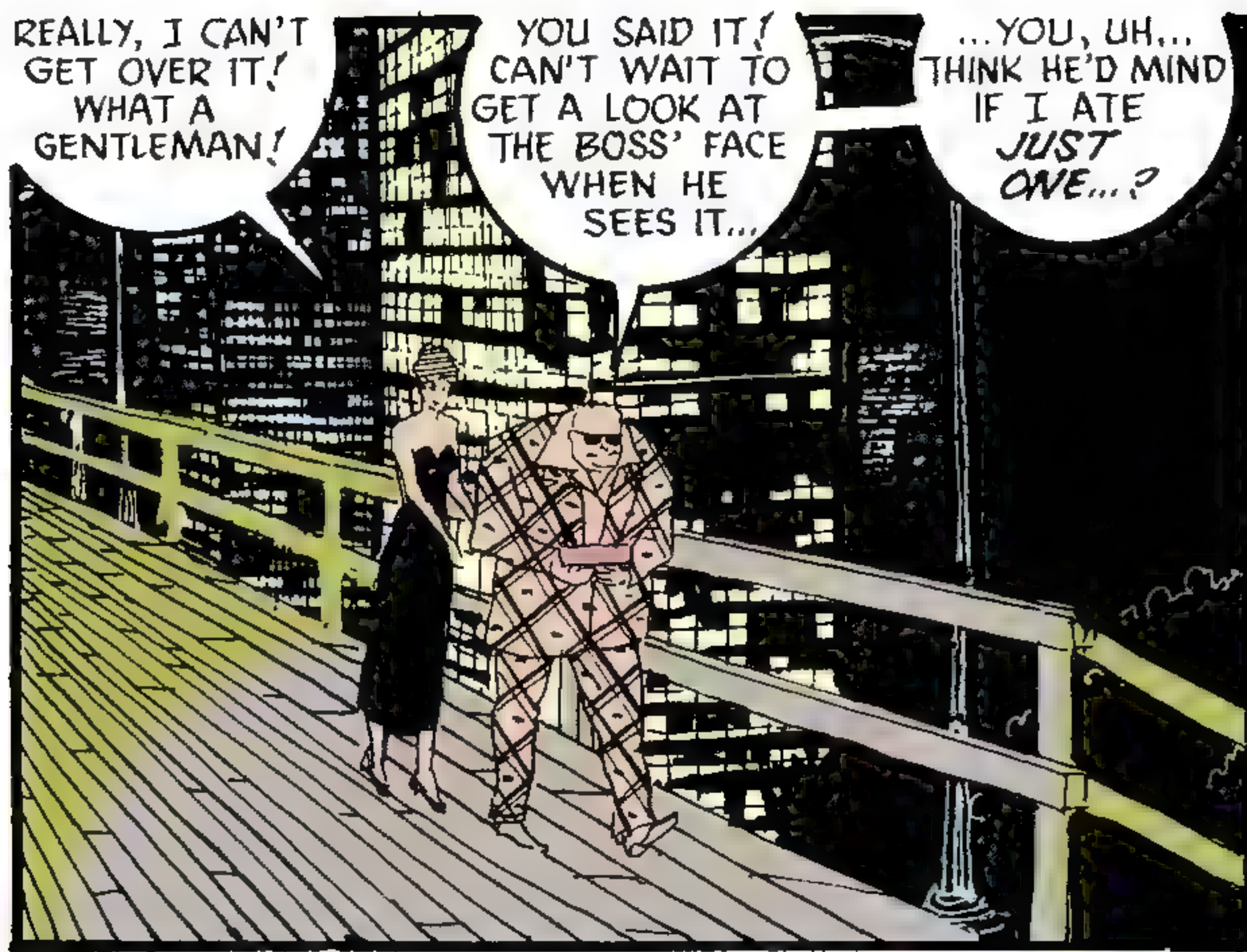
AN
INVIGORATING
MATCH.
TRULY.

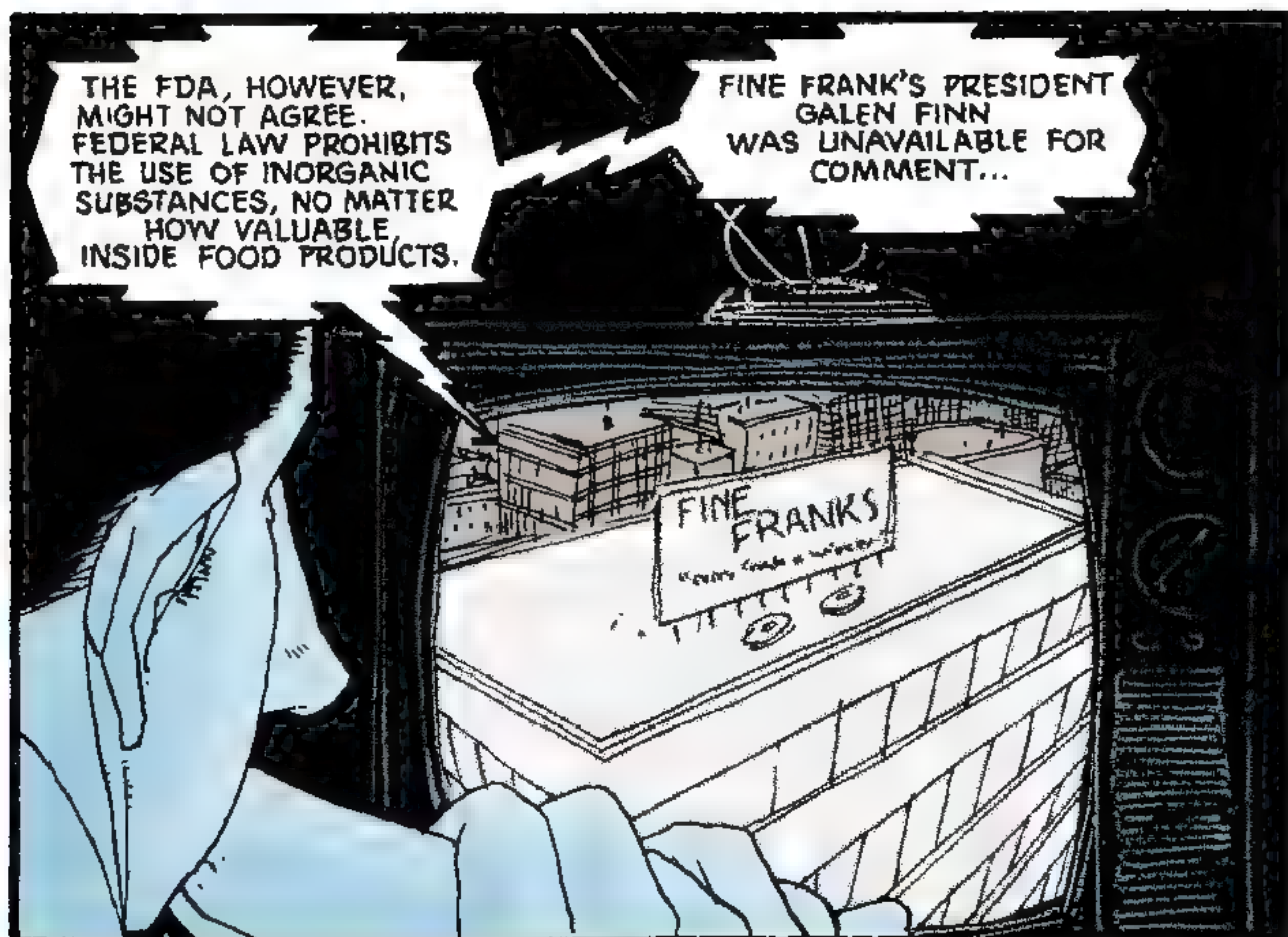
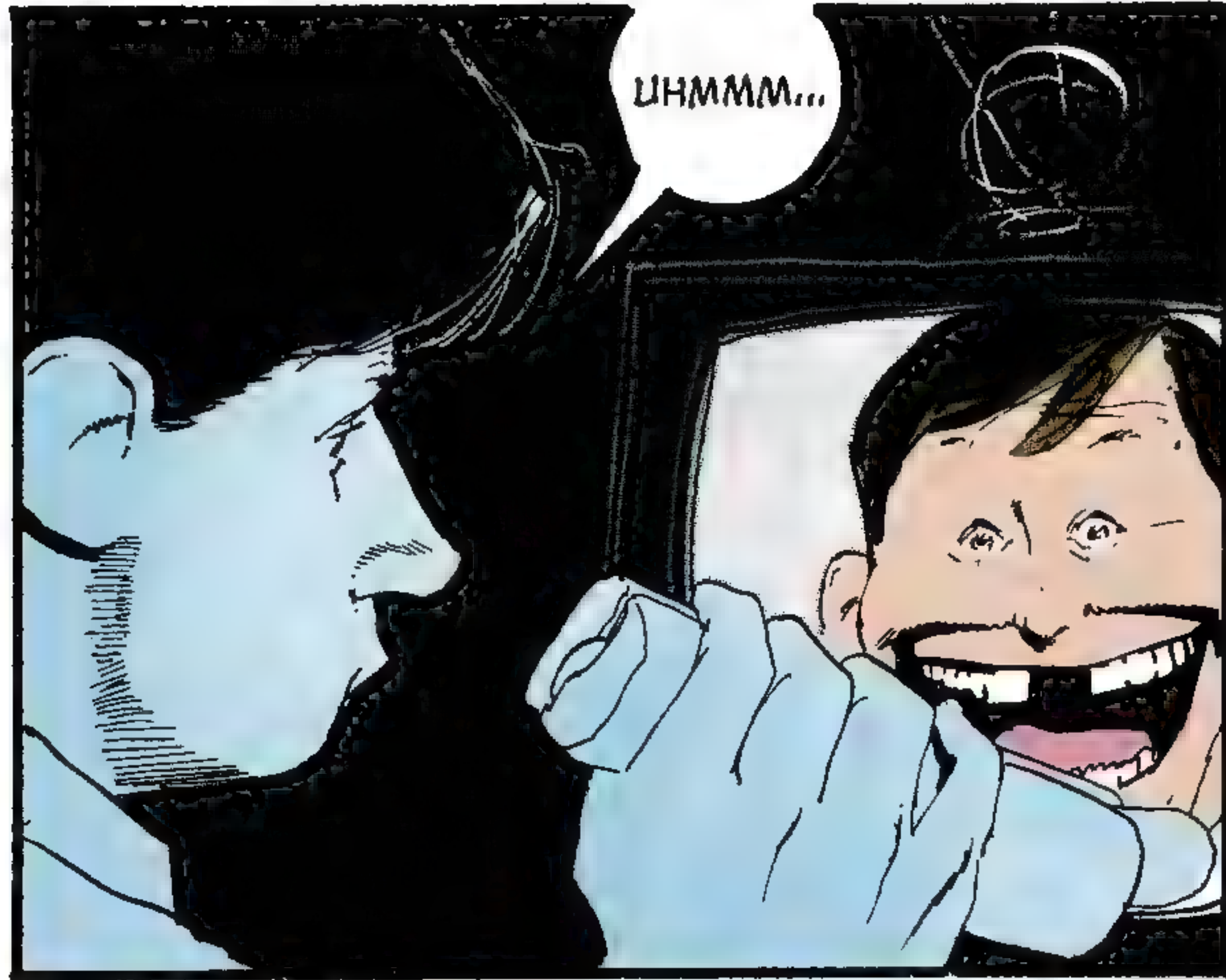
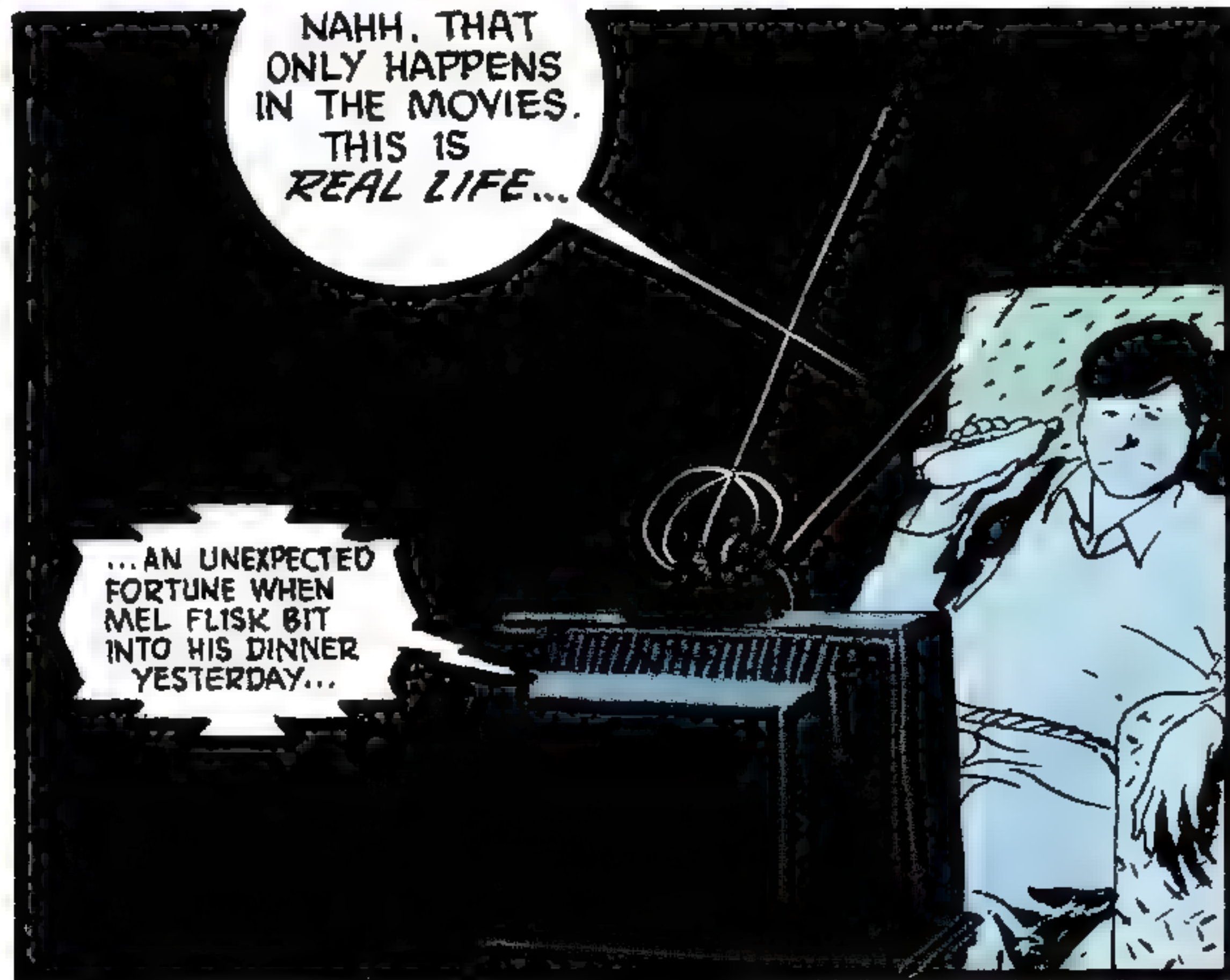
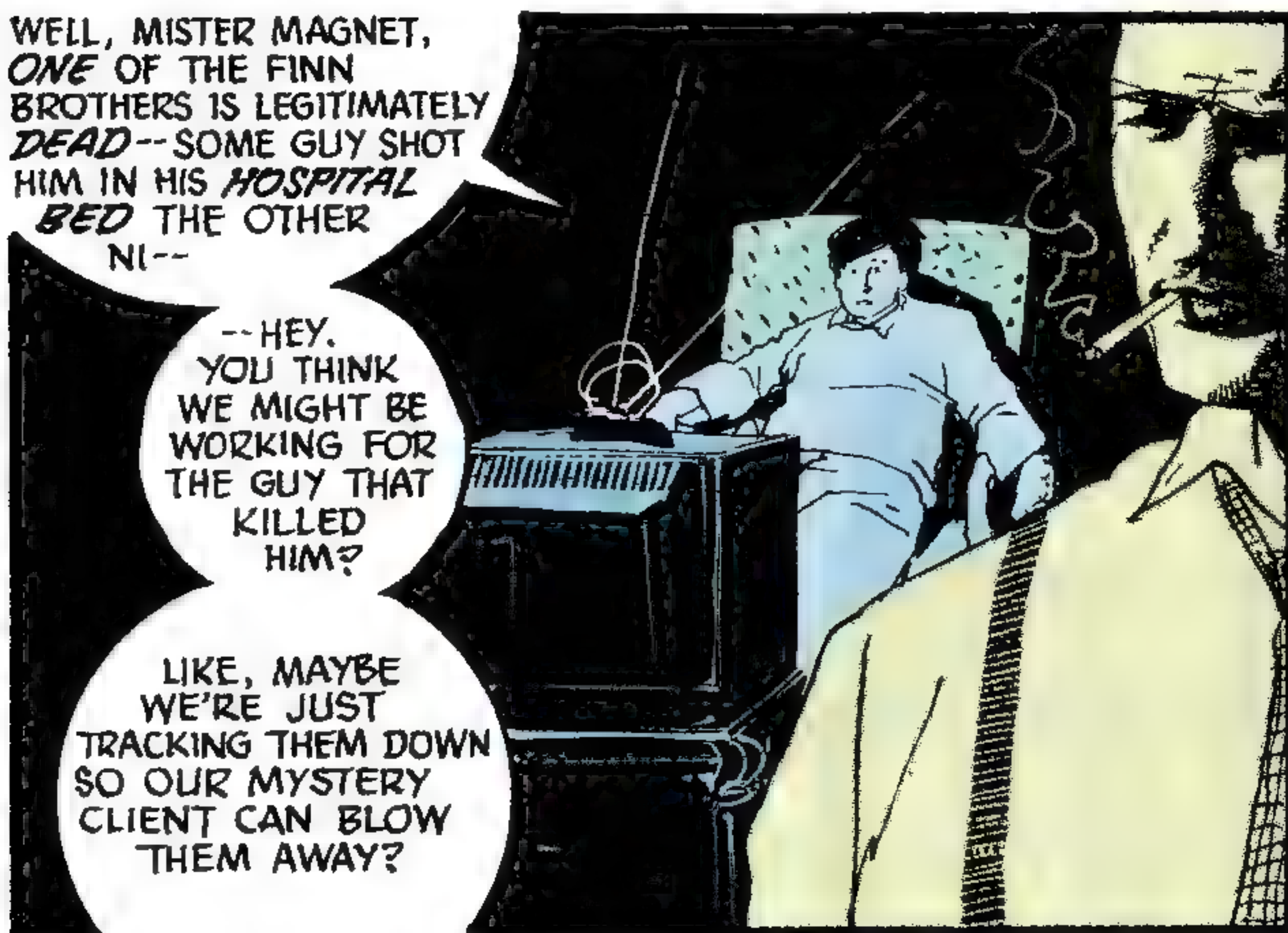
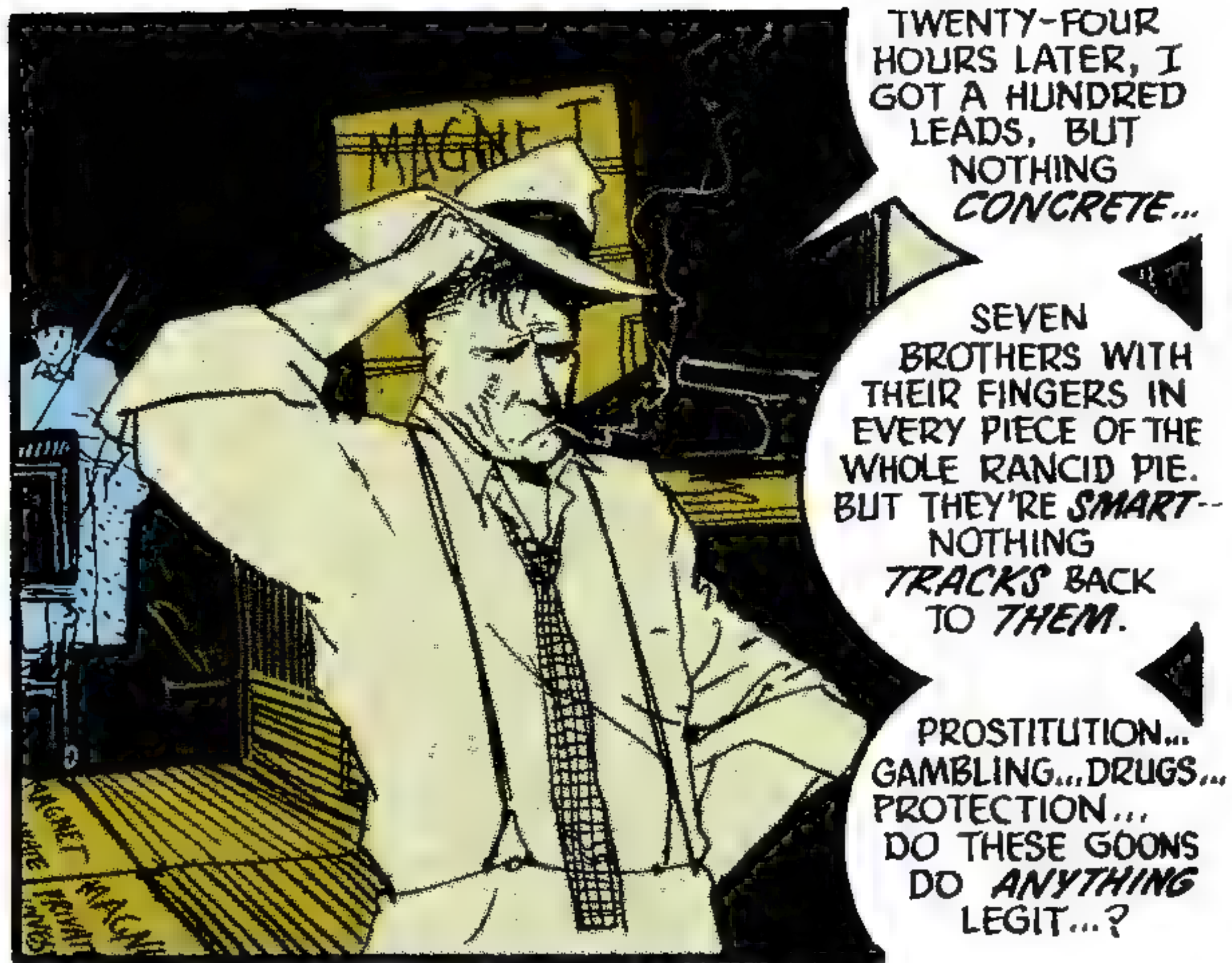
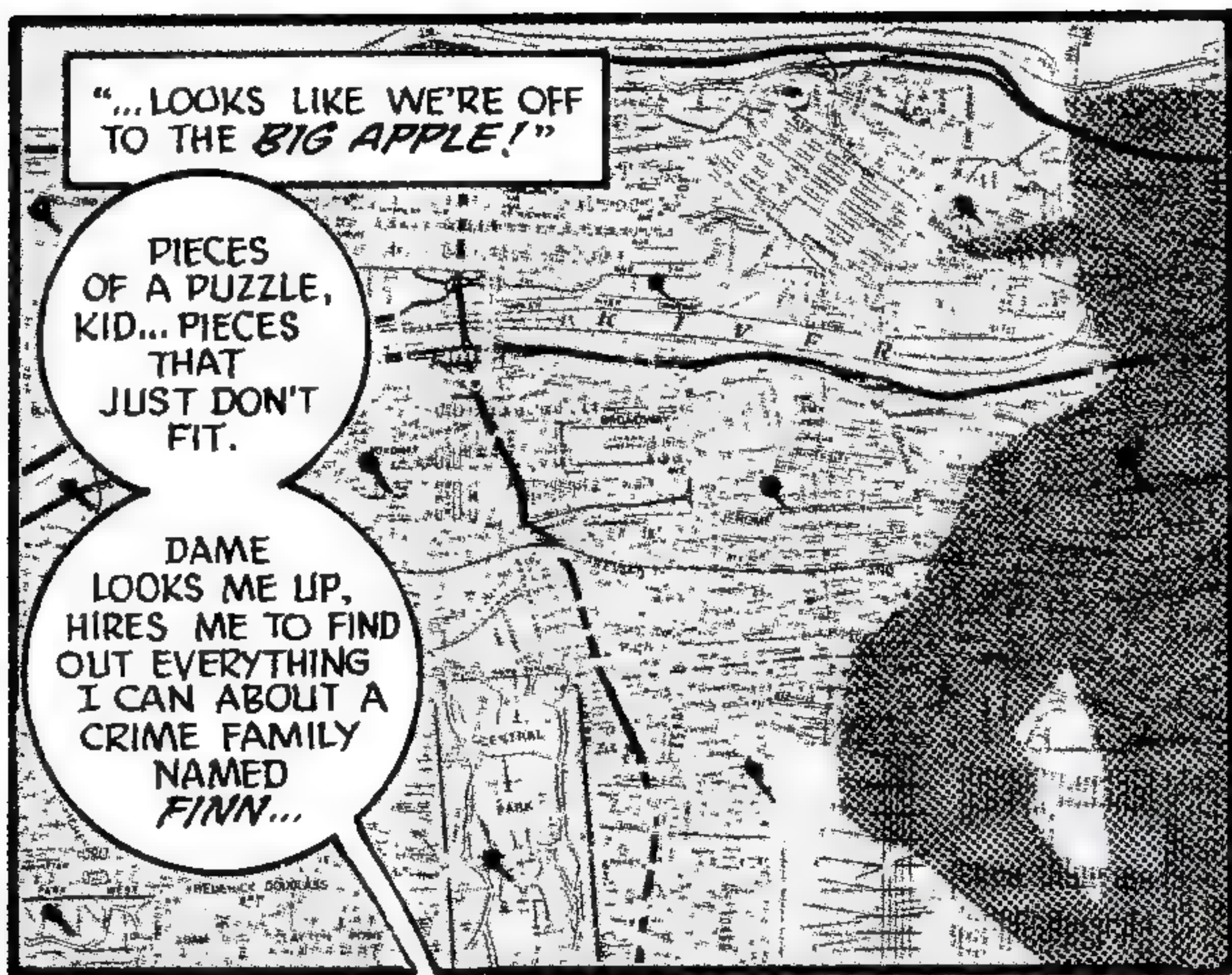
WH-
WHATEVER
YOU SAY,
MASTER.

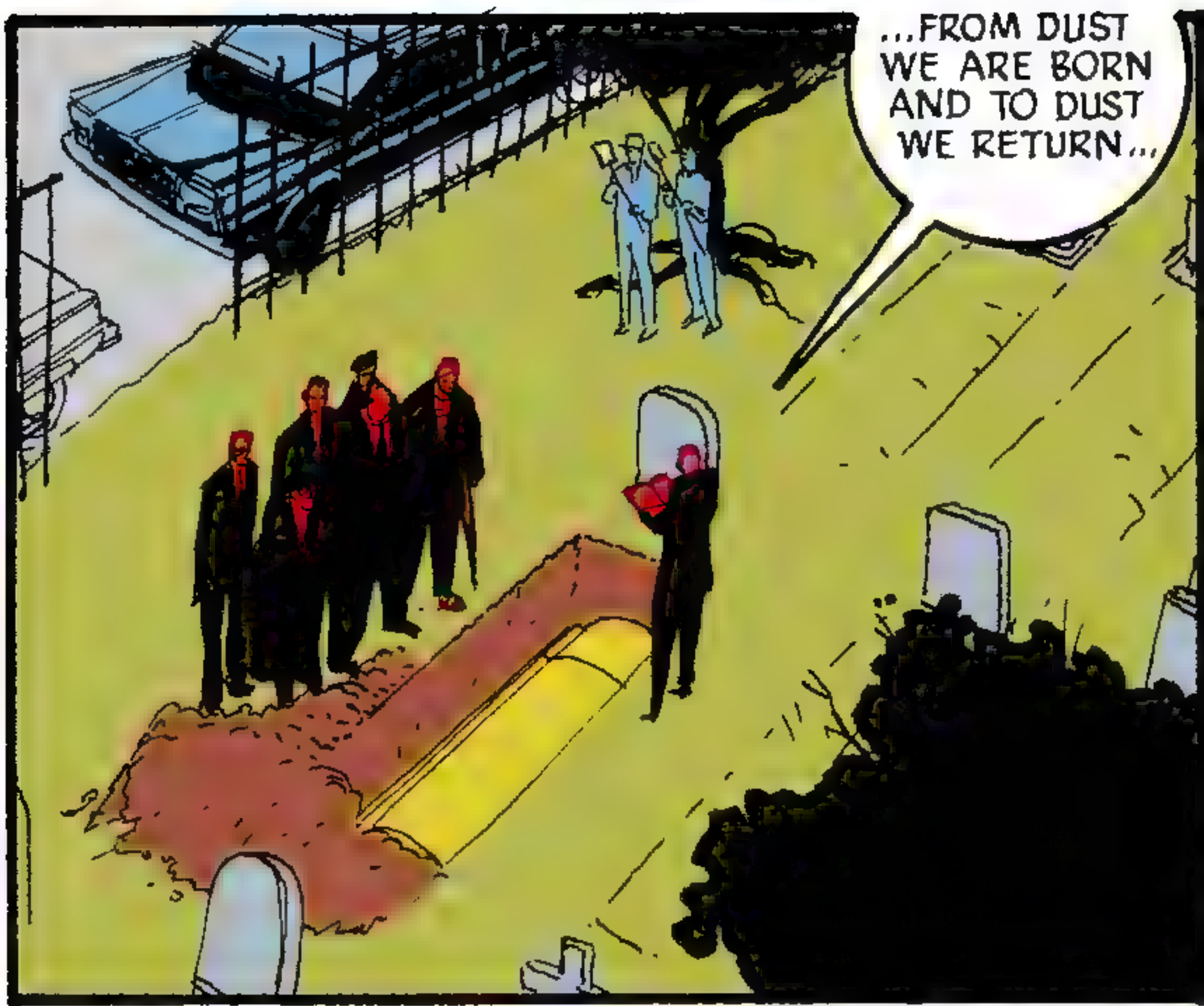
YES.
REMAIN HERE,
HARRY. AFTER
THEY'VE BEEN REVIVED,
TELL THEM I WANT
THEM BOTH TO REPORT
TO ME IN NEW
YORK CITY--
TOMORROW.

TELL THEM
THAT IF THEY DO
NOT COMPLY, I'LL
BE FORCED TO
FIND THEM AGAIN.
AND NEXT TIME,
I MAY NOT
BE SO...

...CHARMING...







...FROM DUST
WE ARE BORN
AND TO DUST
WE RETURN...

ERROL...YOU
OWED ME
SIX GRAND...

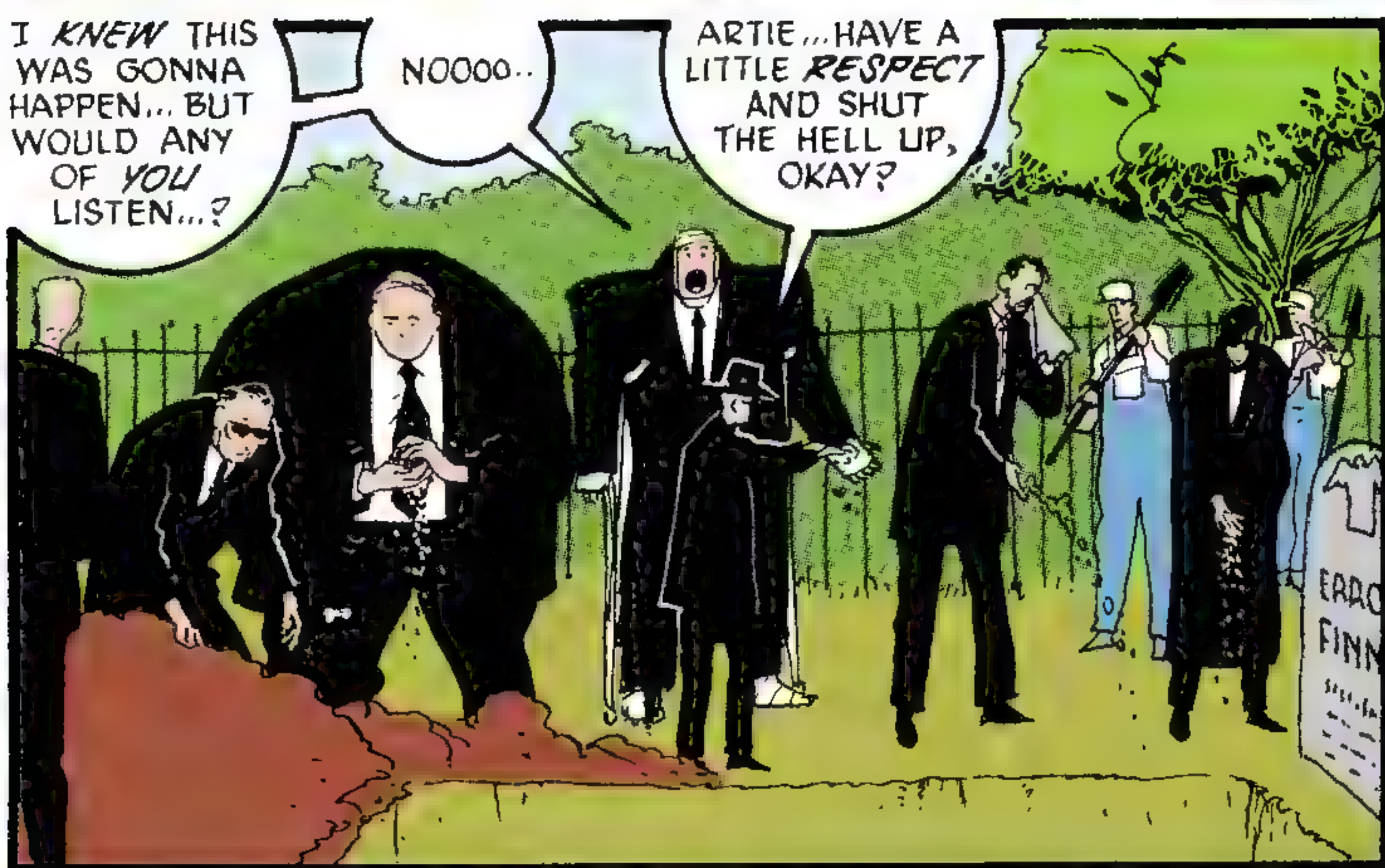
GONNA
GET THE MAN
WHO
DID THIS...

...CAN'T
BELIEVE IT...
HERE ONE DAY,
GONE
THE NEXT...

...NEVER
ANY GOOD,
BUT
NO FINN
DESERVES
THIS...

MAN,
I COULD
EAT A
HORSE...

...BETTER
YOU
THAN
ME...



I *KNEW* THIS
WAS GONNA
HAPPEN... BUT
WOULD ANY
OF *YOU*
LISTEN...?

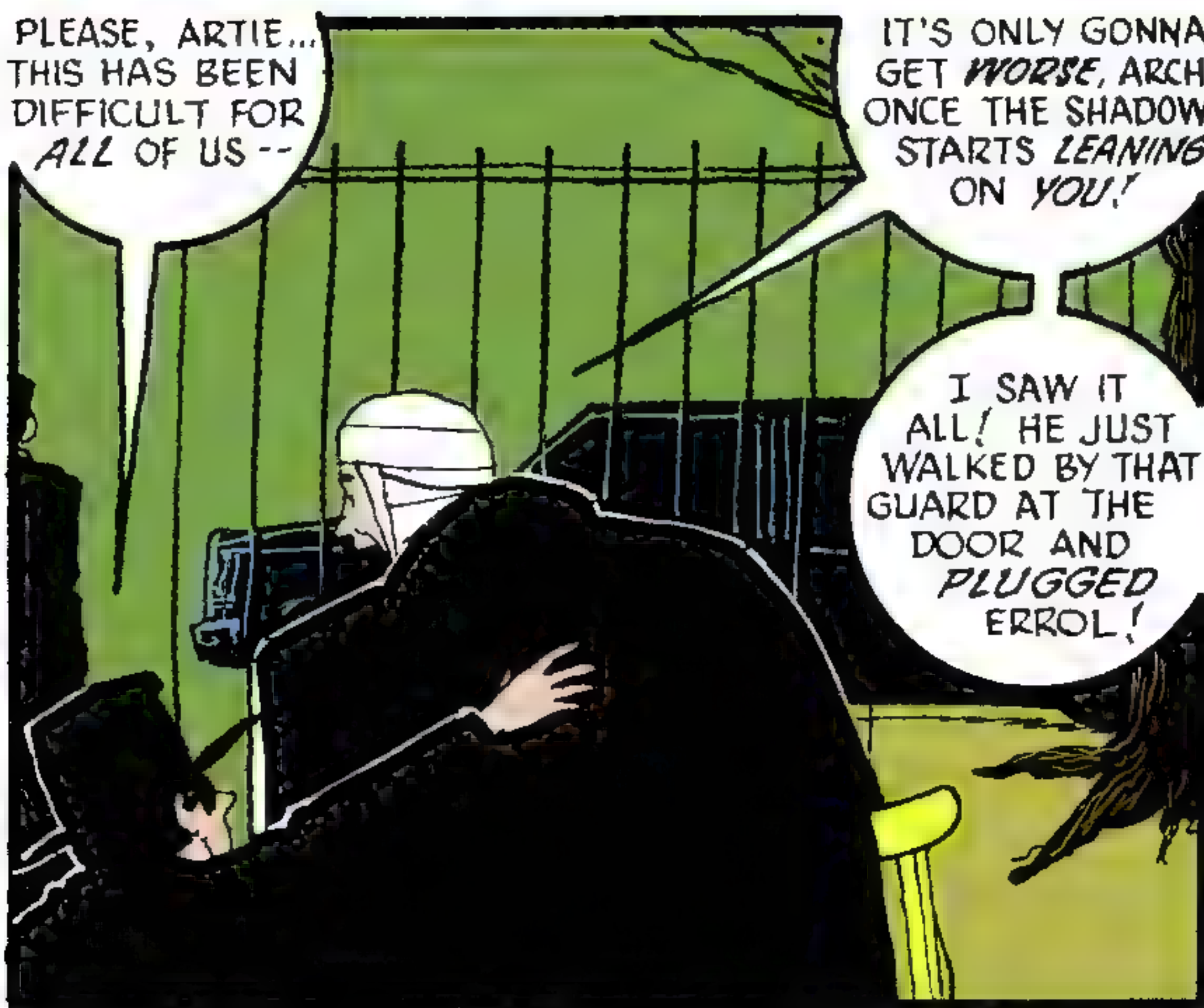
NOOOO...

ARTIE...HAVE A
LITTLE *RESPECT*
AND SHUT
THE HELL UP,
OKAY?

DON'T TELL ME,
LONNIE! I SHUT
UP *BEFORE*, AND
LOOK WHERE
IT GOT US!

AIN'T NO LOVE LOST
BETWEEN ERROL
AND ANY OF US,
BUT HE WAS A
FINN,
DAMMIT!

NOW
HE'S DEAD--
I'M PUNCHED
FULL OF *HOLES*
AND MAYBE
YOU'RE
NEXT!



PLEASE, ARTIE...
THIS HAS BEEN
DIFFICULT FOR
ALL OF US --

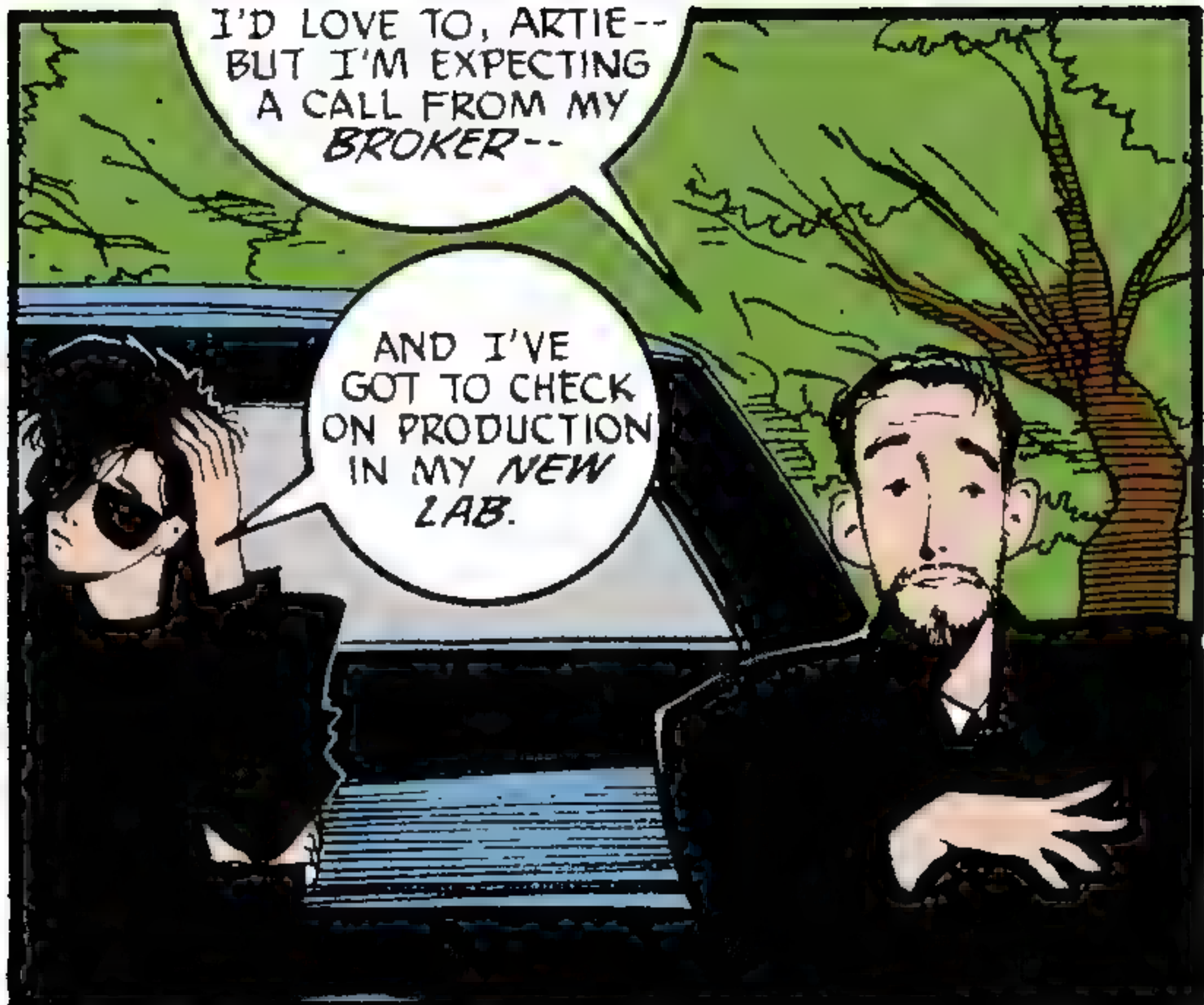
IT'S ONLY GONNA
GET *WORSE*, ARCH--
ONCE THE SHADOW
STARTS *LEANING*
ON *YOU*!

I SAW IT
ALL! HE JUST
WALKED BY THAT
GUARD AT THE
DOOR AND
PLUGGED
ERROL!

WE'VE ALREADY
DEALT
WITH THE GUARD.
IN FACT, YOUR
MEN SHOULD BE
FINISHING UP
WITH HIM AS
WE SPEAK.

DON'T BRUSH IT OFF,
PAT-- I'M DOING
WHAT I GOTTA DO--
WHAT I *SHOULD'A*
DONE *DAYS*
AGO.

IT'S
ALL SET UP--
GOT A MEETIN'
IN A FEW HOURS
TO SEAL THE DEAL.
YOU GUYS WITH
ME ON THIS?



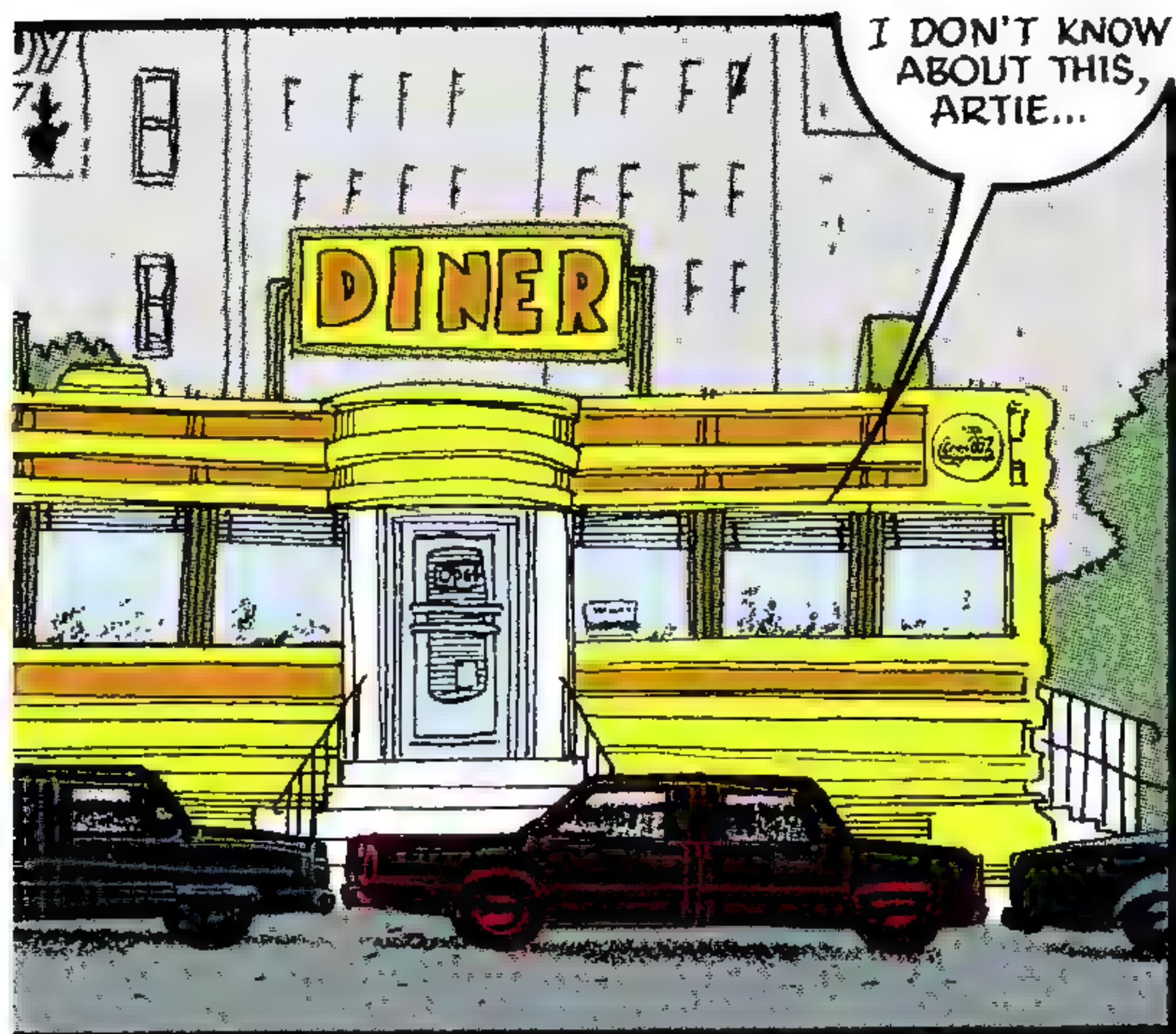
I'D LOVE TO, ARTIE--
BUT I'M EXPECTING
A CALL FROM MY
BROKER--

AND I'VE
GOT TO CHECK
ON PRODUCTION
IN MY *NEW*
LAB.

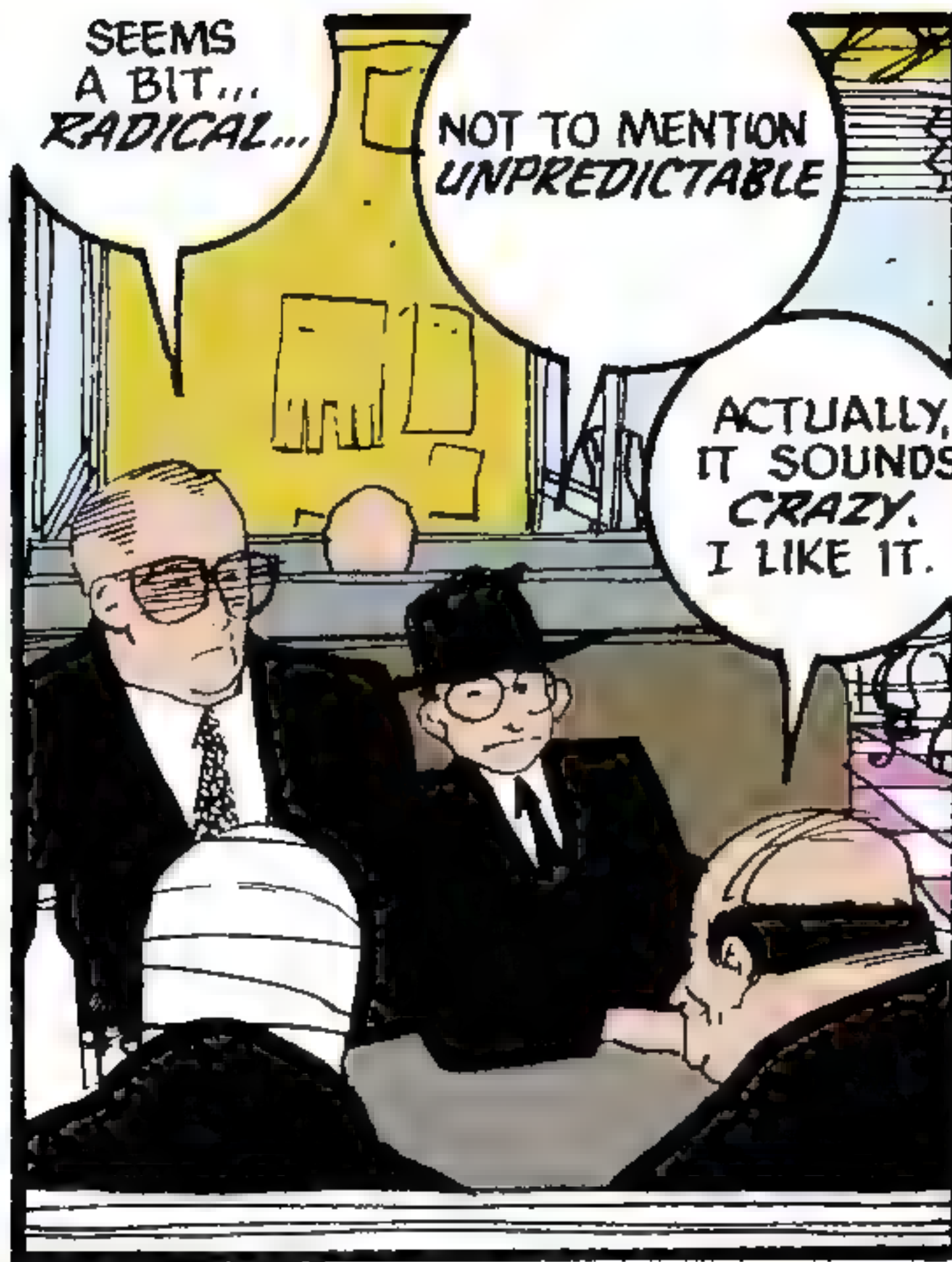


GREAT. DO WHATEVER
YOU WANT. EVERYONE
WHO'S *IN*--LET'S GET
SOMETHING TO
EAT.

GOOD
IDEA.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS, ARTIE...



SEEMS A BIT... **RADICAL**...

NOT TO MENTION **UNPREDICTABLE**

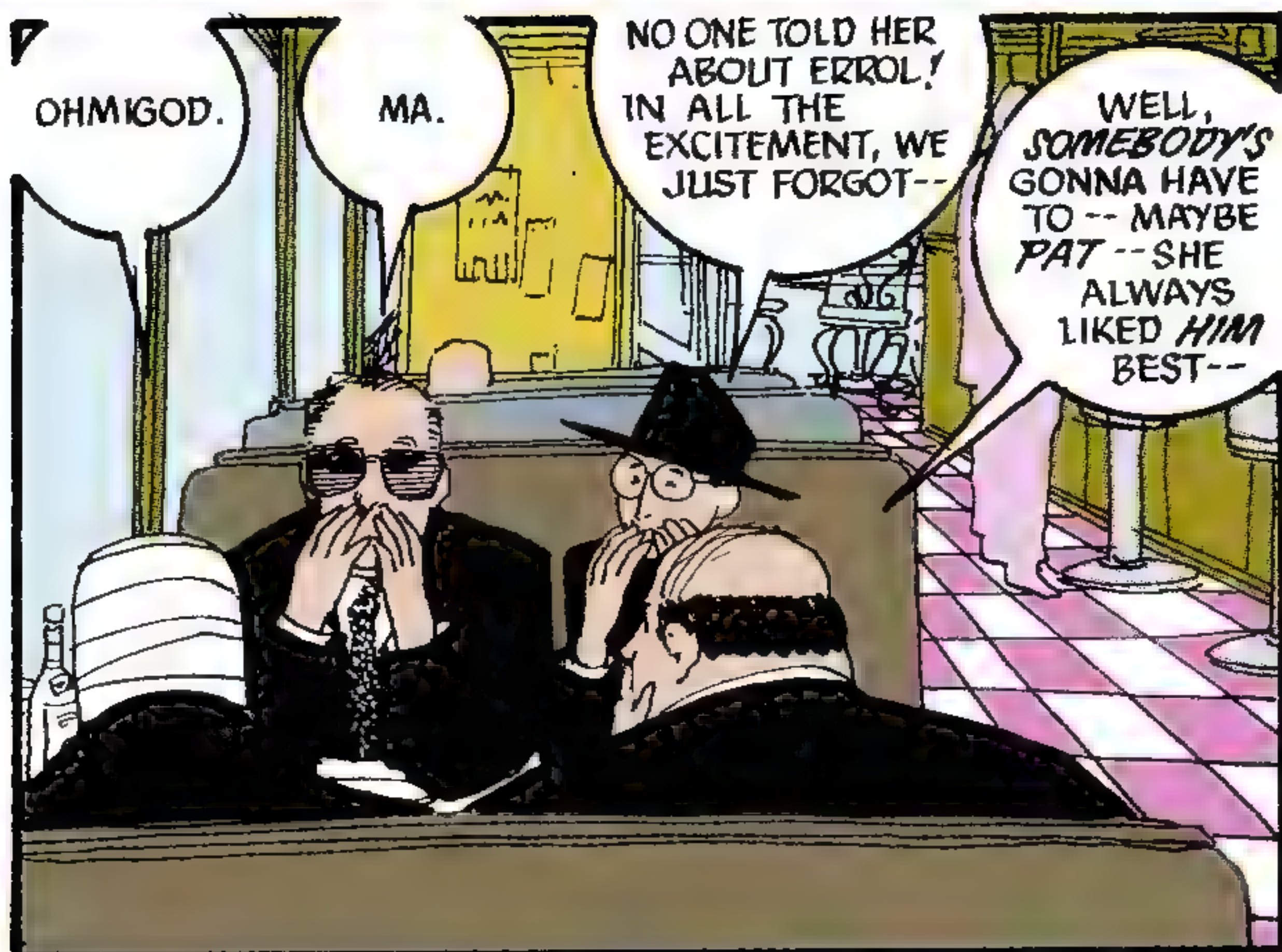
ACTUALLY, IT SOUNDS **CRAZY**. I LIKE IT.



Y'GOTTA FIGHT **FIRE** WITH **FIRE**. THIS **SHADOW'S NUTS**. HE **SPOOKS US**, HE **SPOOKS MY TROOPS**. **NOTHIN' GETS DONE**, NO ONE WANTS TO GO UP AGAINST 'IM.

THEN, ONCE THE GUYS **DEAD AND BURIED**, WE CAN GET BACK TO **BUSINESS AS USUAL**.

IT'S LIKE WHAT MA ALWAYS USED TO TELL US--



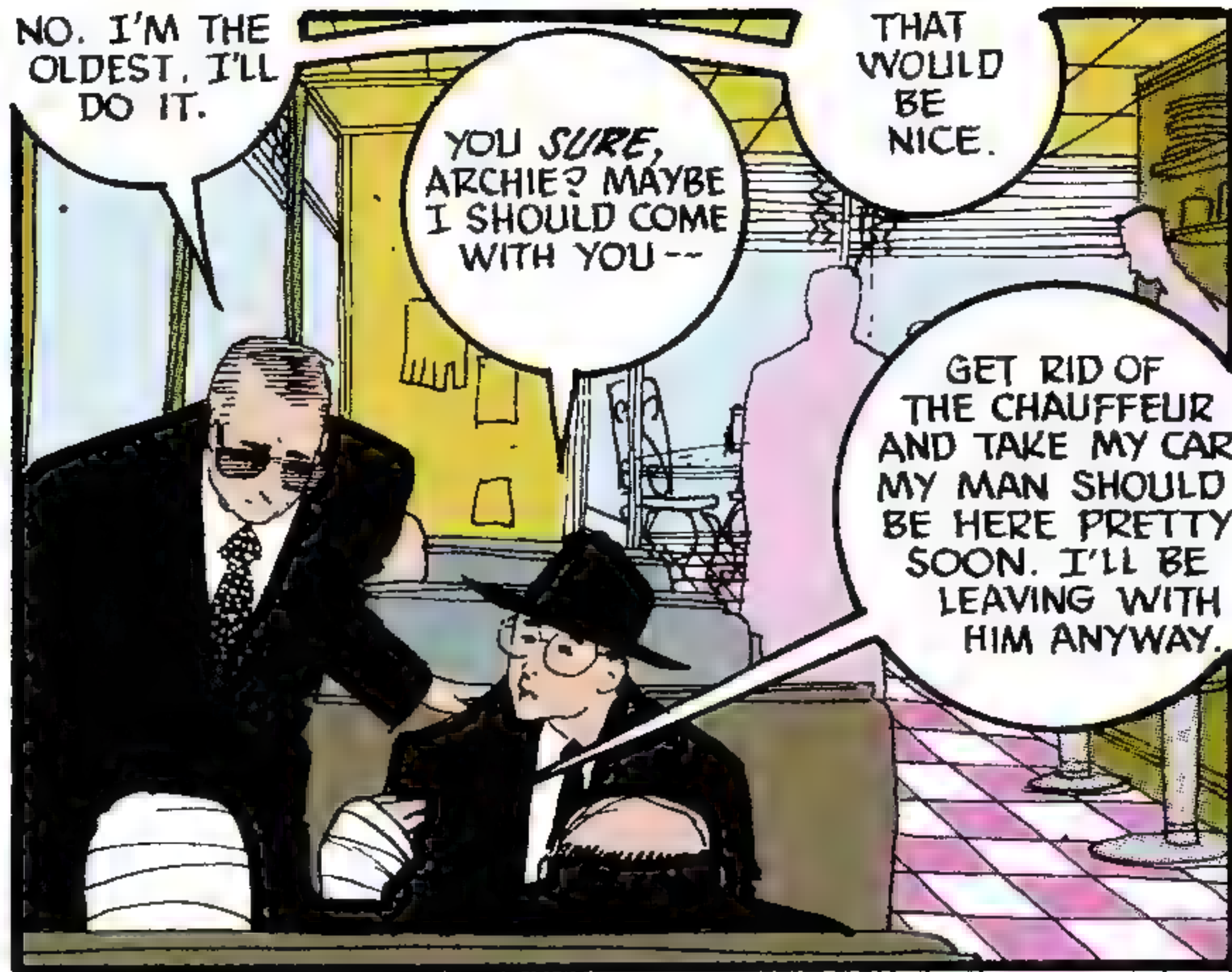
OHMIGOD.

MA.

NO ONE TOLD HER ABOUT **ERROL**! IN ALL THE **EXCITEMENT**, WE JUST FORGOT--

WELL, **SOMEBODY'S** GONNA HAVE TO -- MAYBE **PAT** -- SHE ALWAYS LIKED **HIM** BEST--

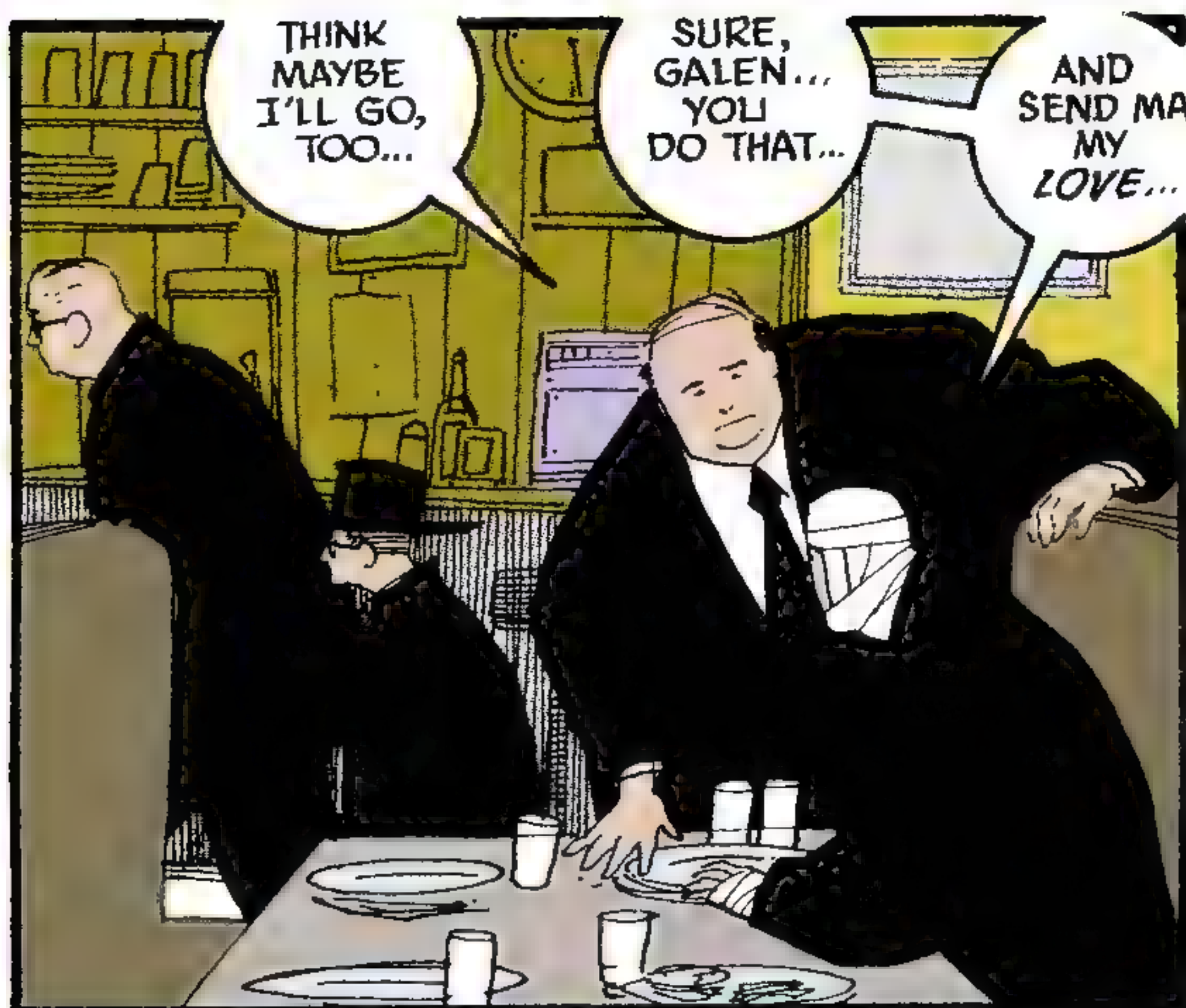
NO. I'M THE **OLDEST**, I'LL DO IT.



YOU **SURE**, **ARCHIE**? MAYBE I SHOULD COME WITH YOU --

THAT WOULD BE NICE.

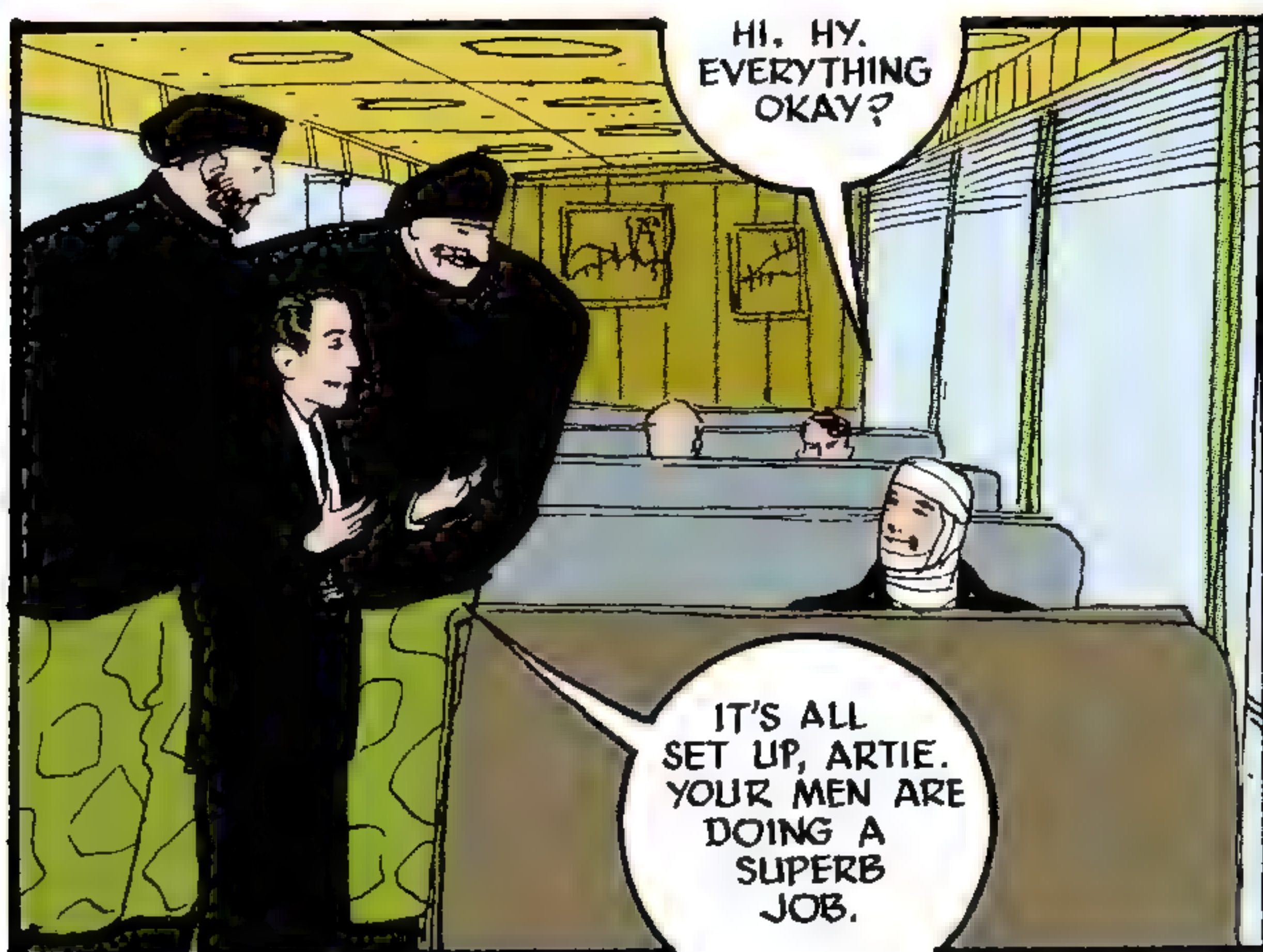
GET RID OF THE **CHAUFFEUR** AND TAKE MY CAR. MY MAN SHOULD BE HERE PRETTY SOON. I'LL BE LEAVING WITH HIM ANYWAY.



THINK MAYBE I'LL GO, TOO...

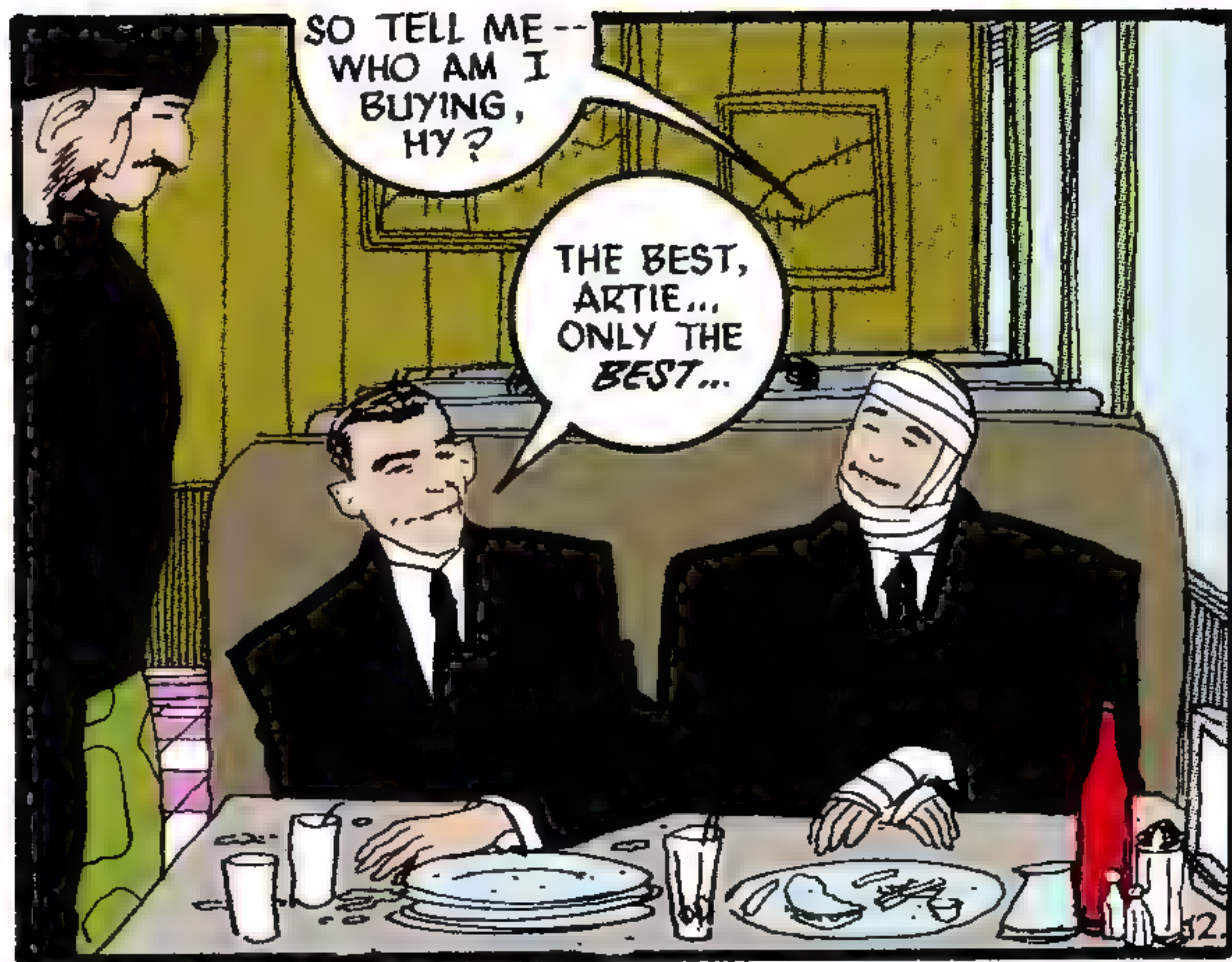
SURE, **GALEN**... YOU DO THAT...

AND SEND MA MY **LOVE**...



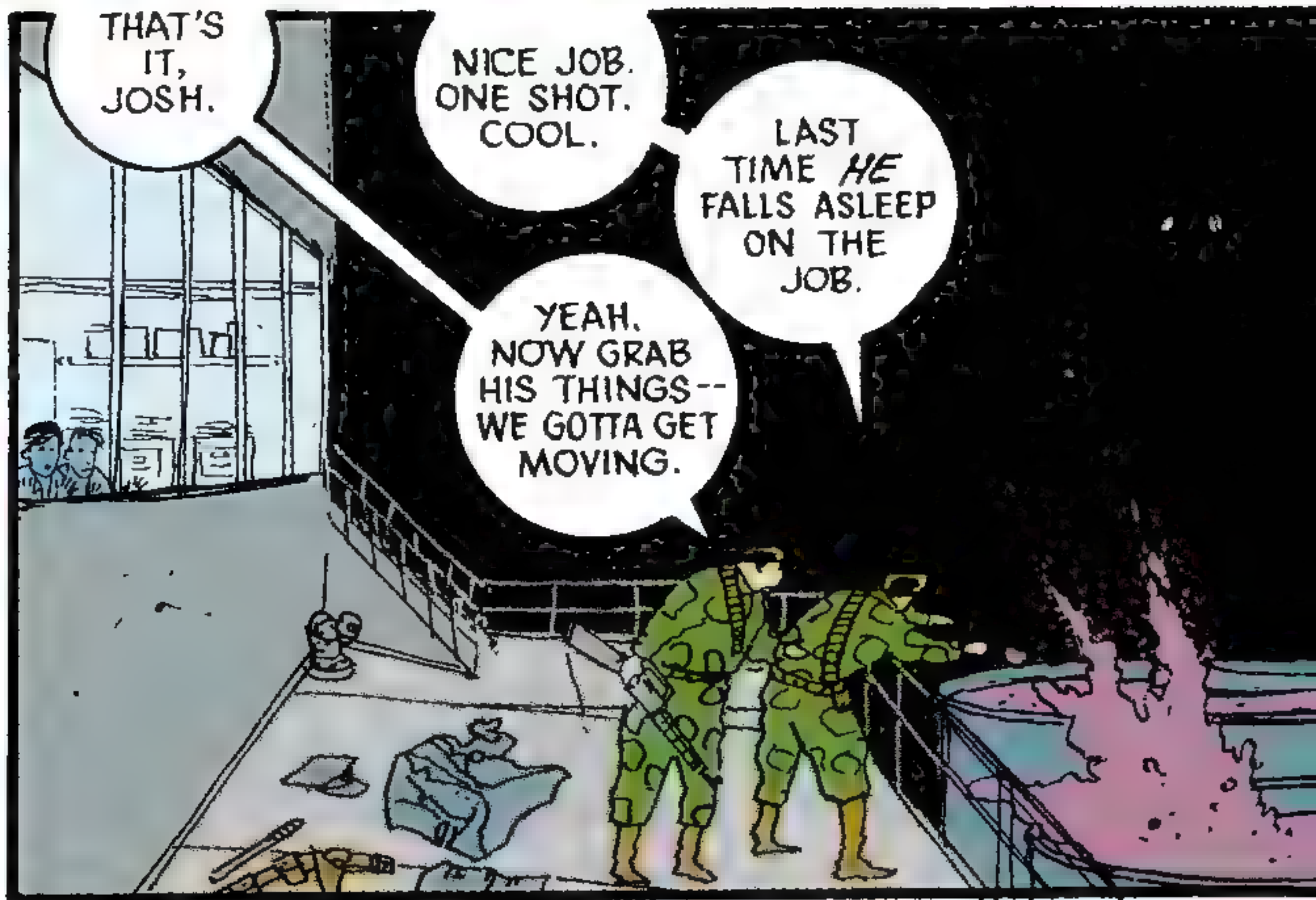
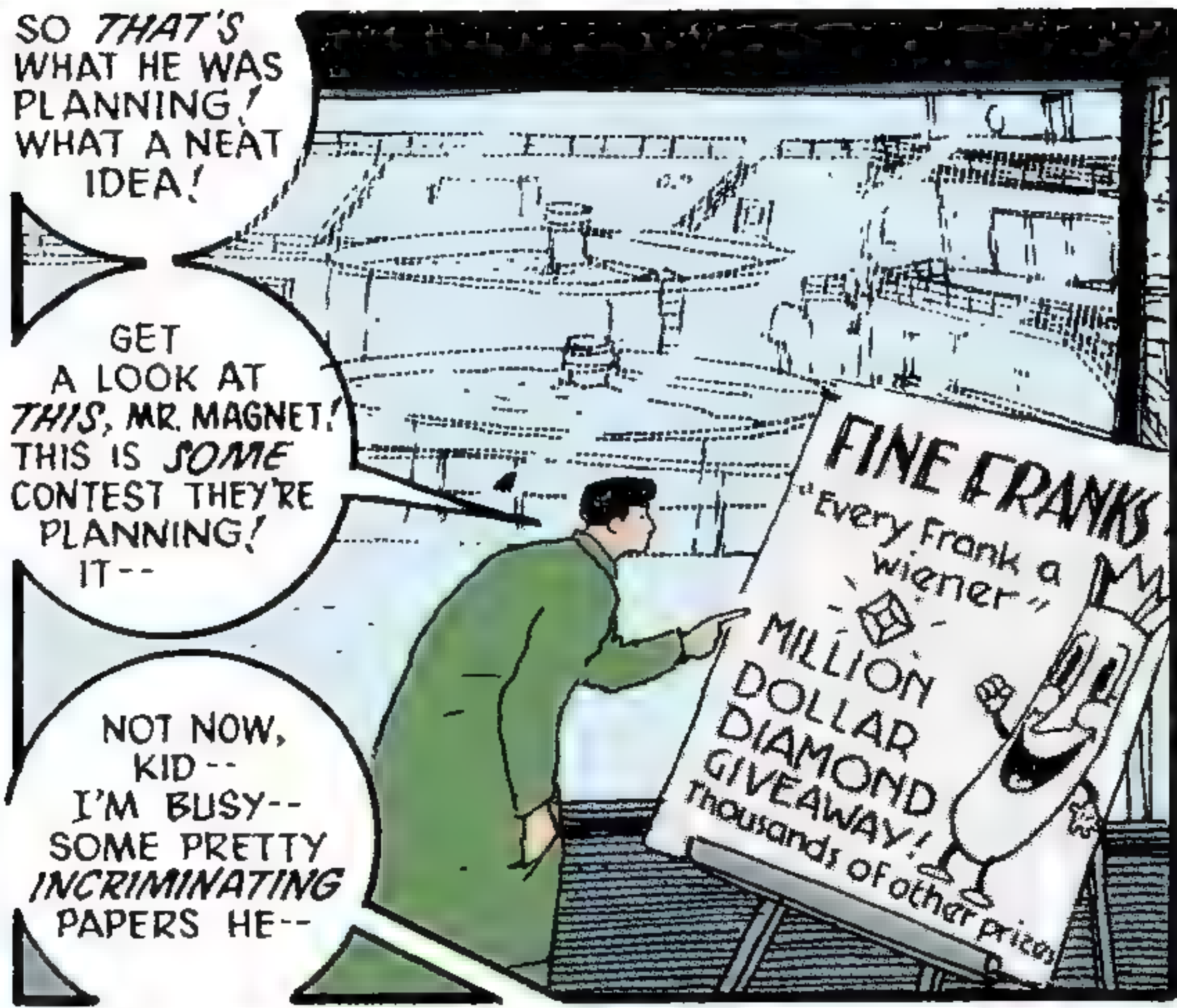
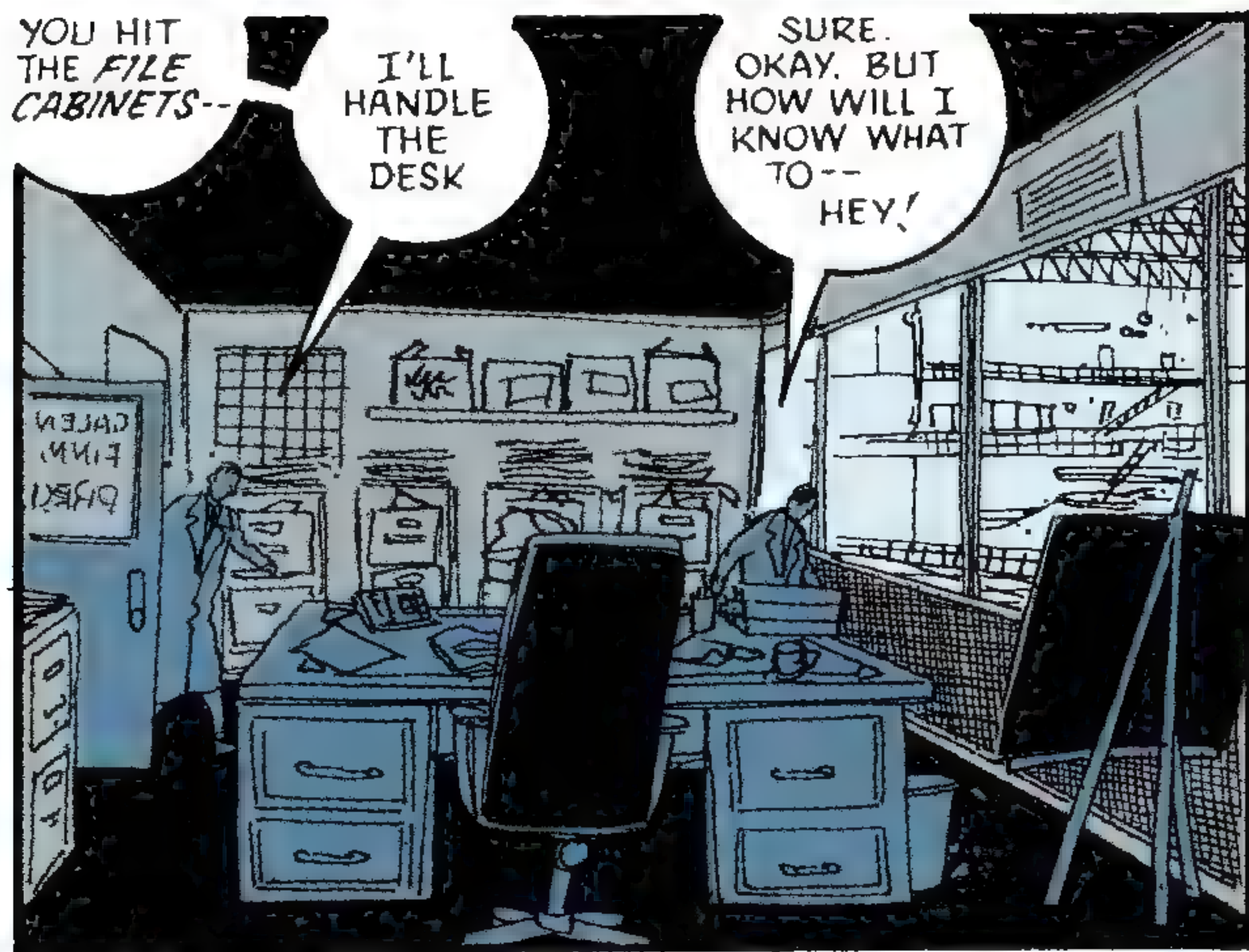
HI, HY. EVERYTHING OKAY?

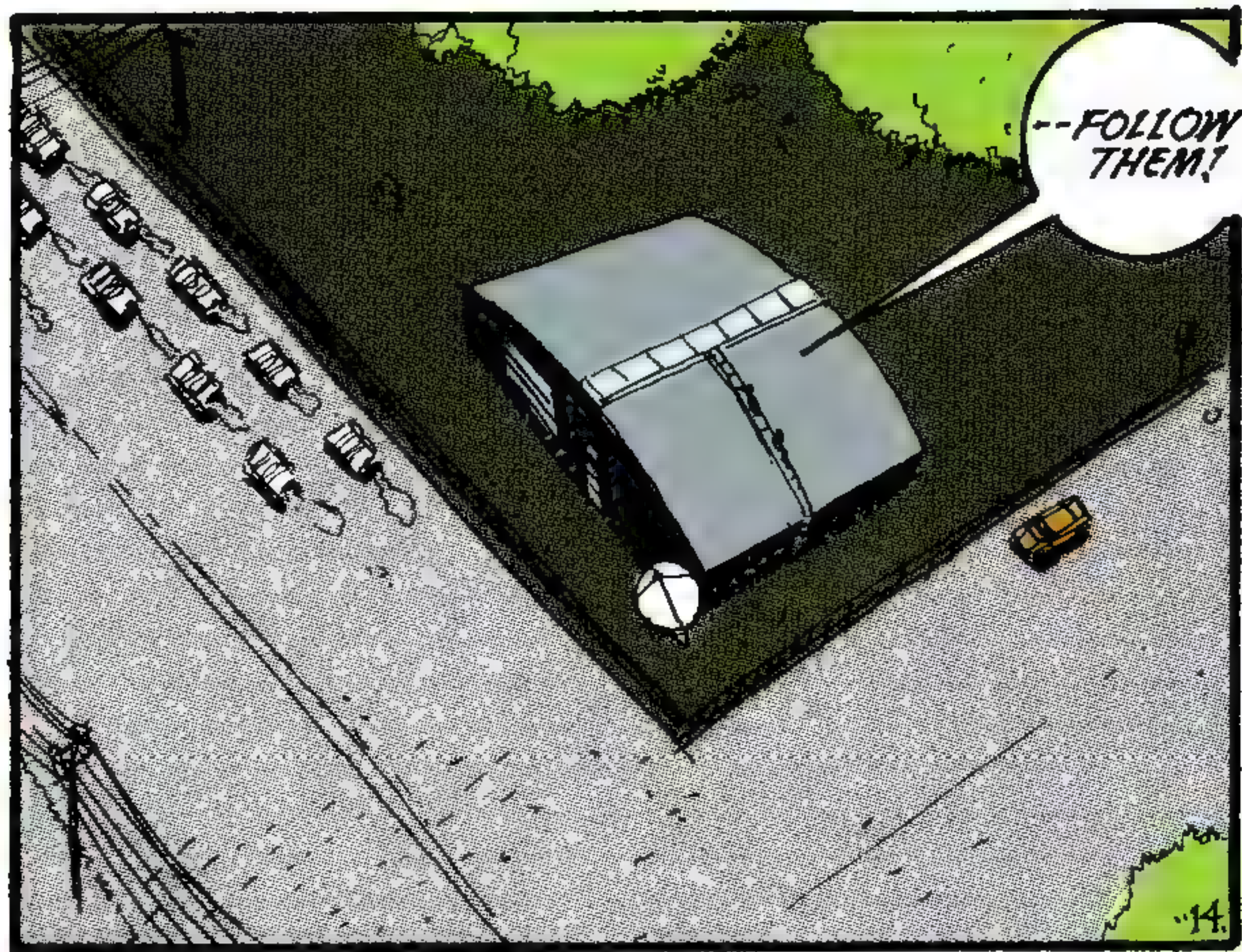
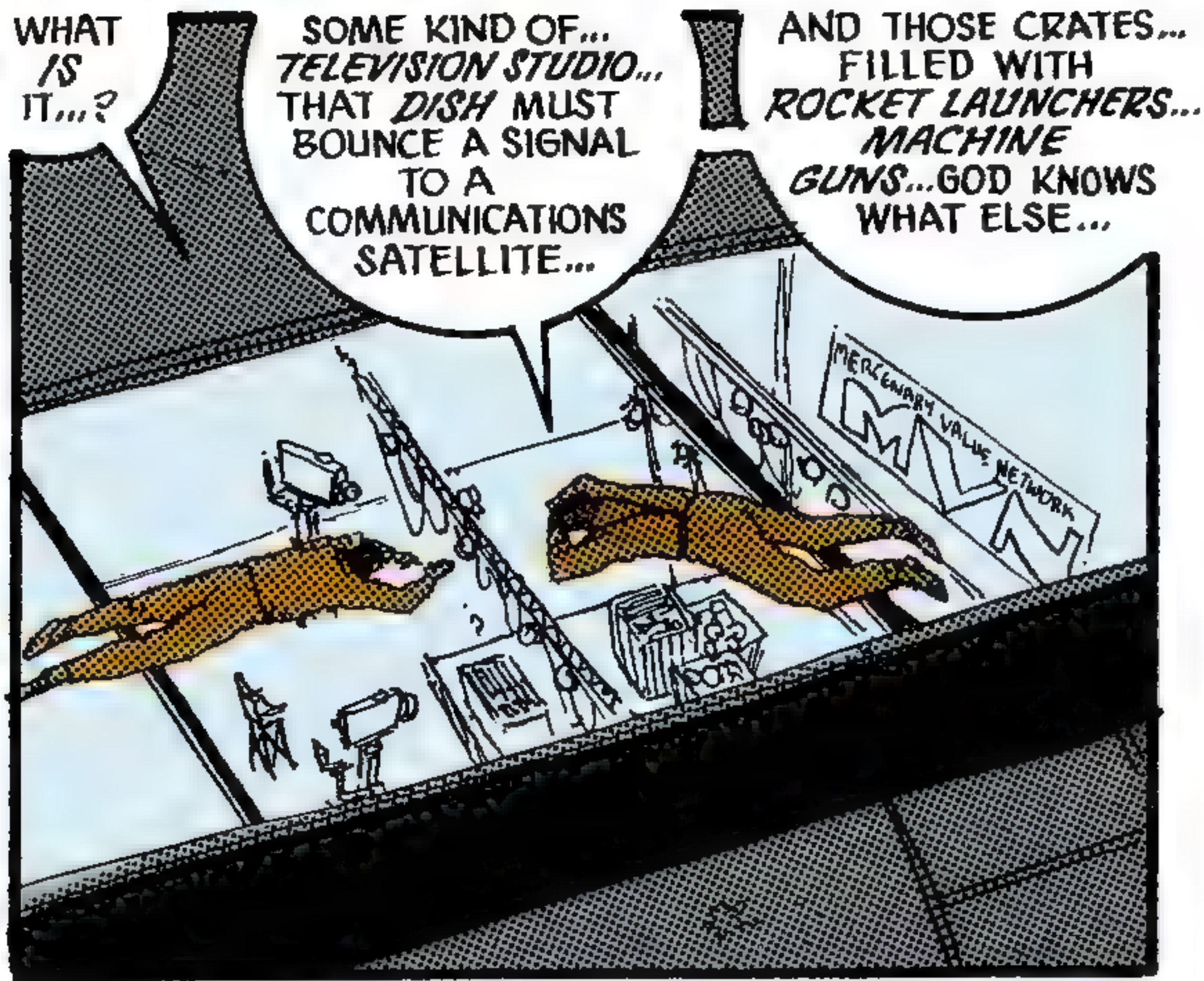
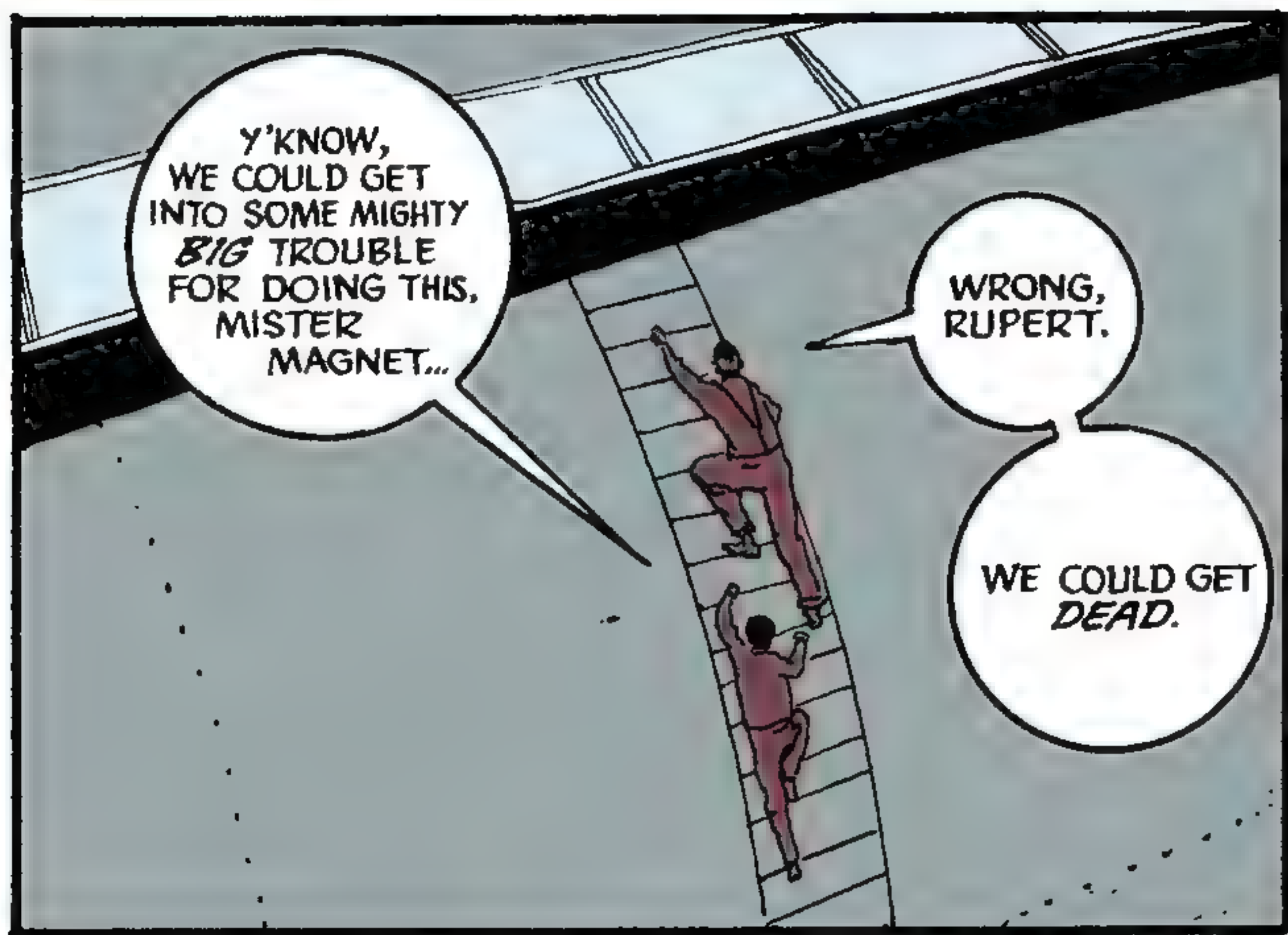
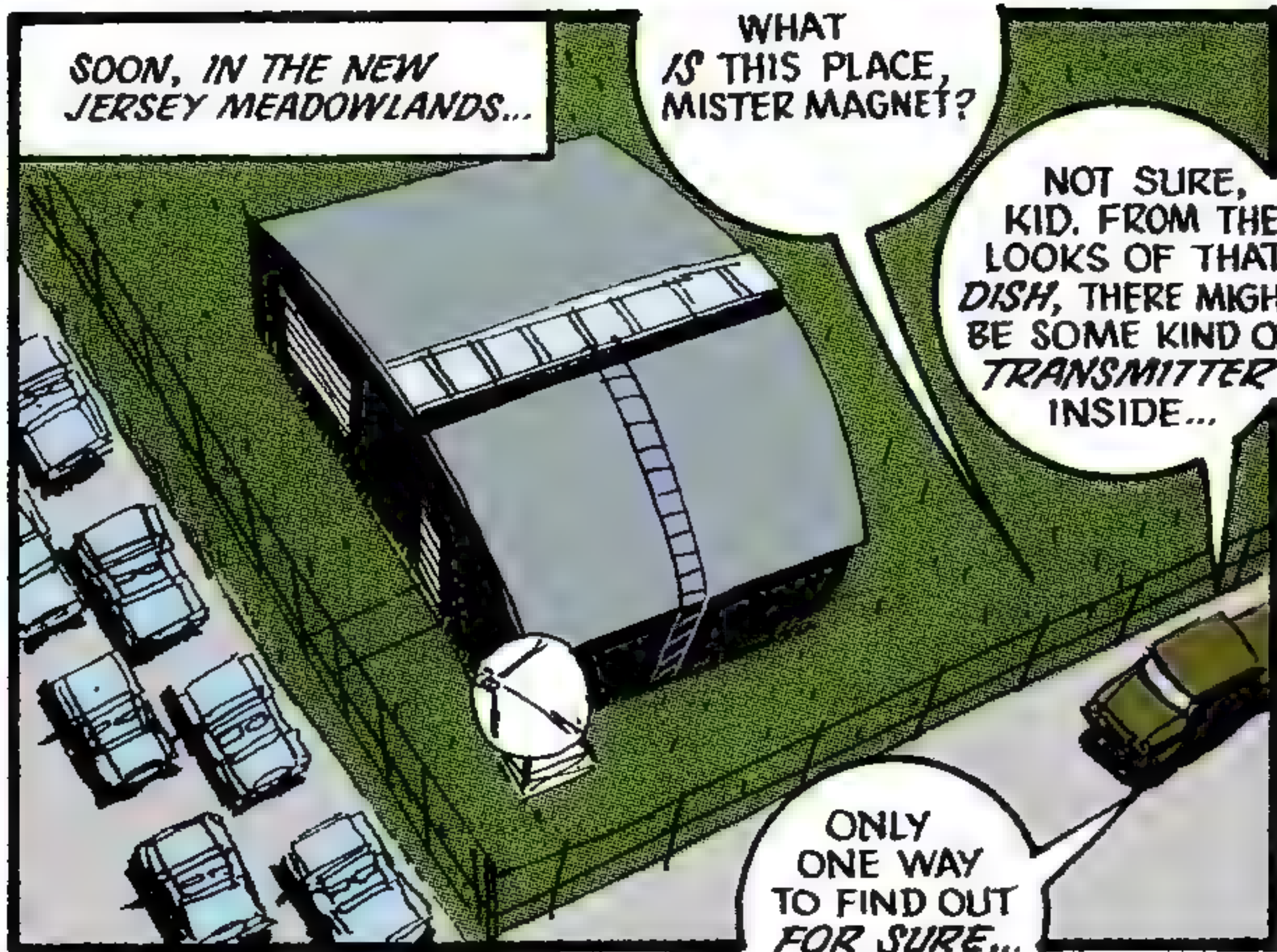
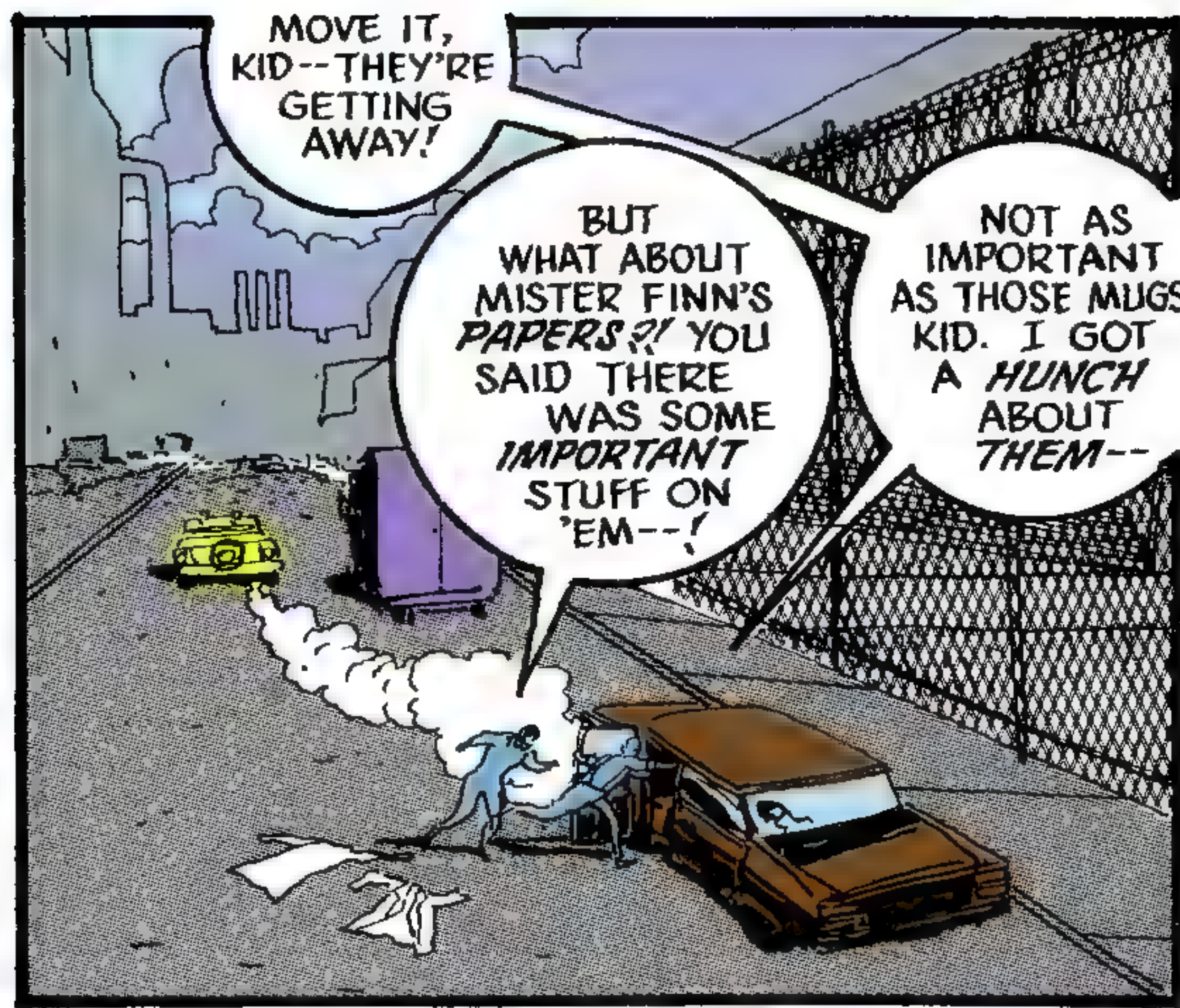
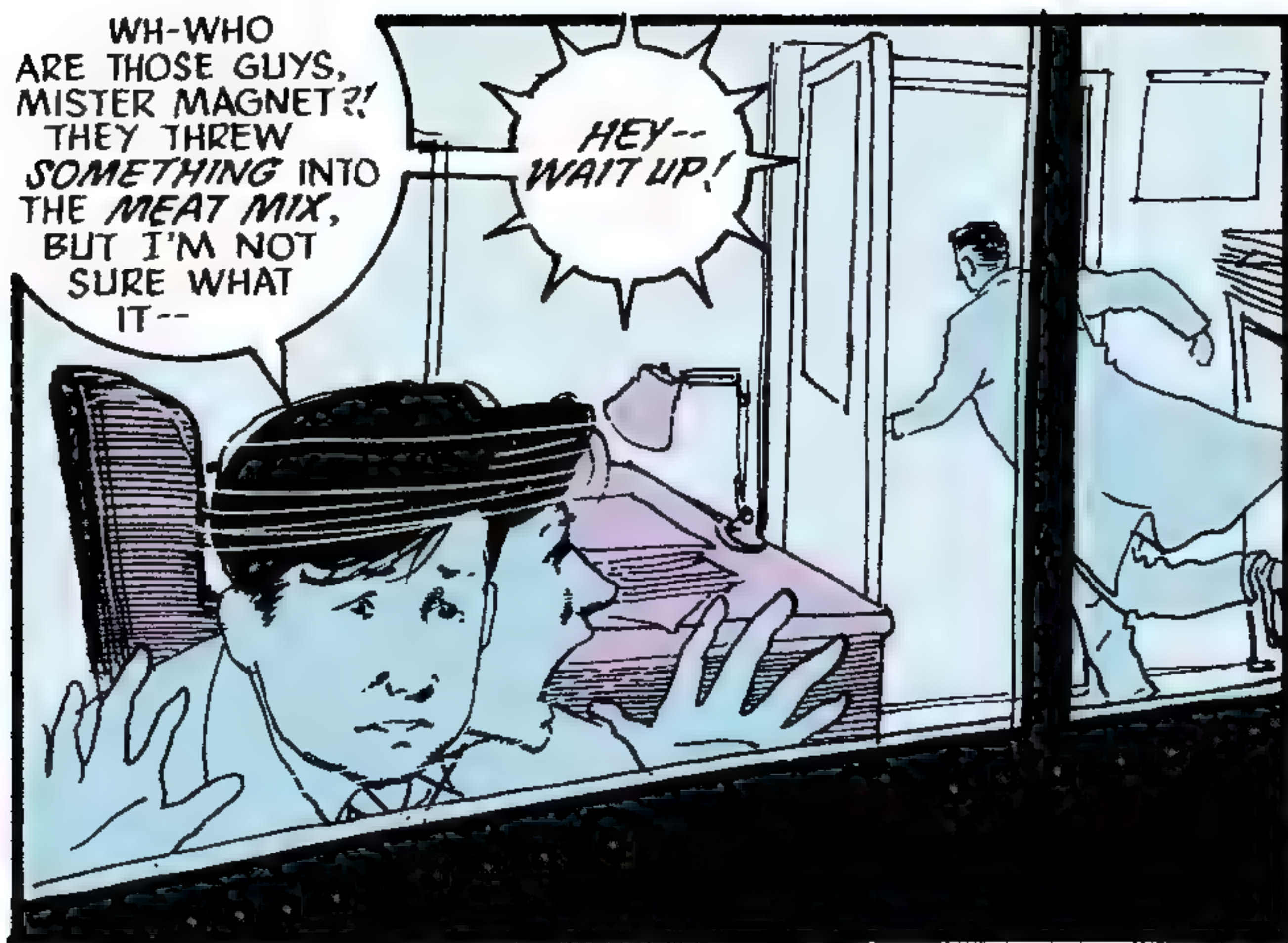
IT'S ALL SET UP, ARTIE. YOUR MEN ARE DOING A **SUPERB** JOB.

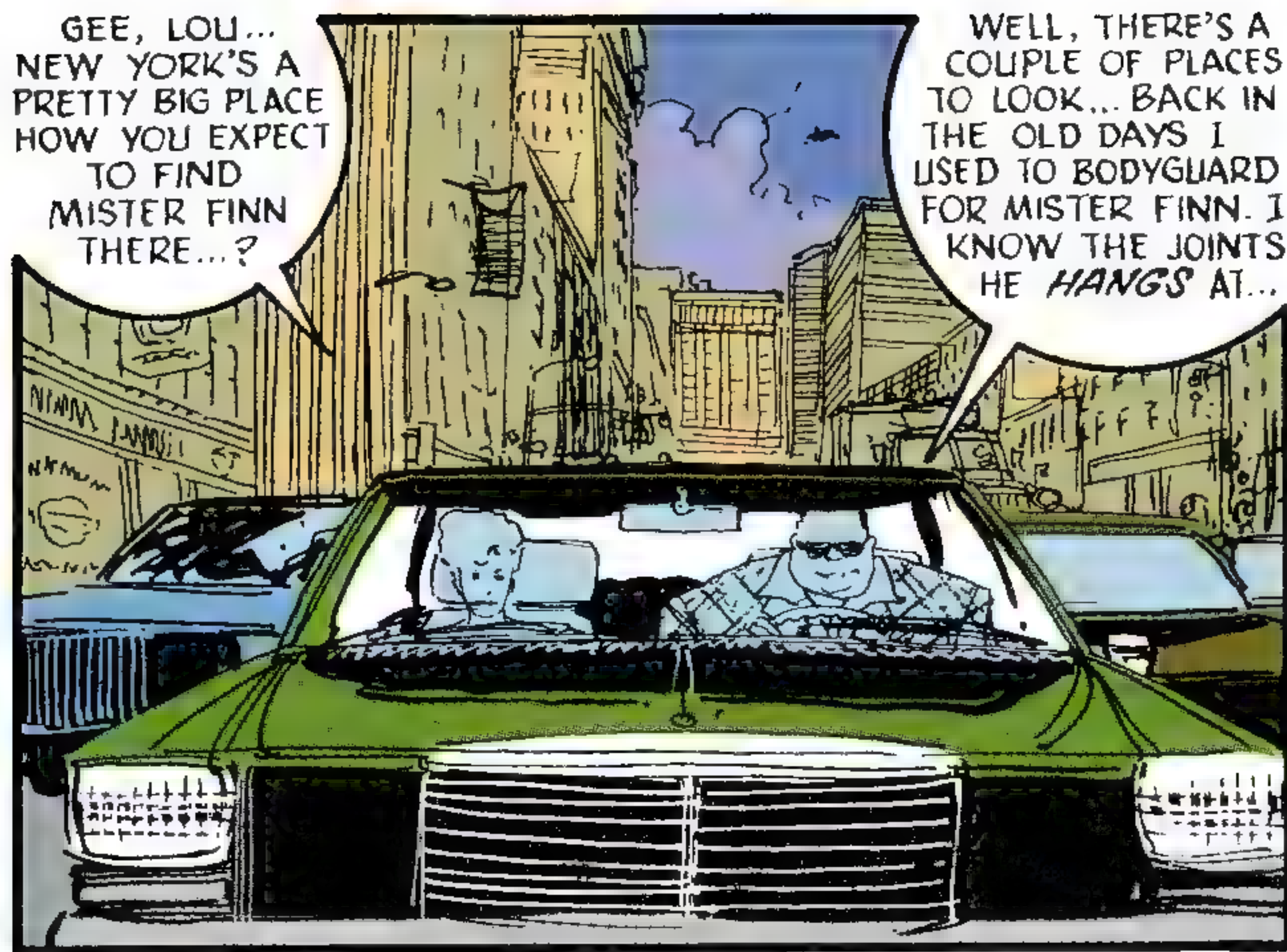


SO TELL ME -- WHO AM I BUYING, HY?

THE BEST, ARTIE... ONLY THE **BEST**...

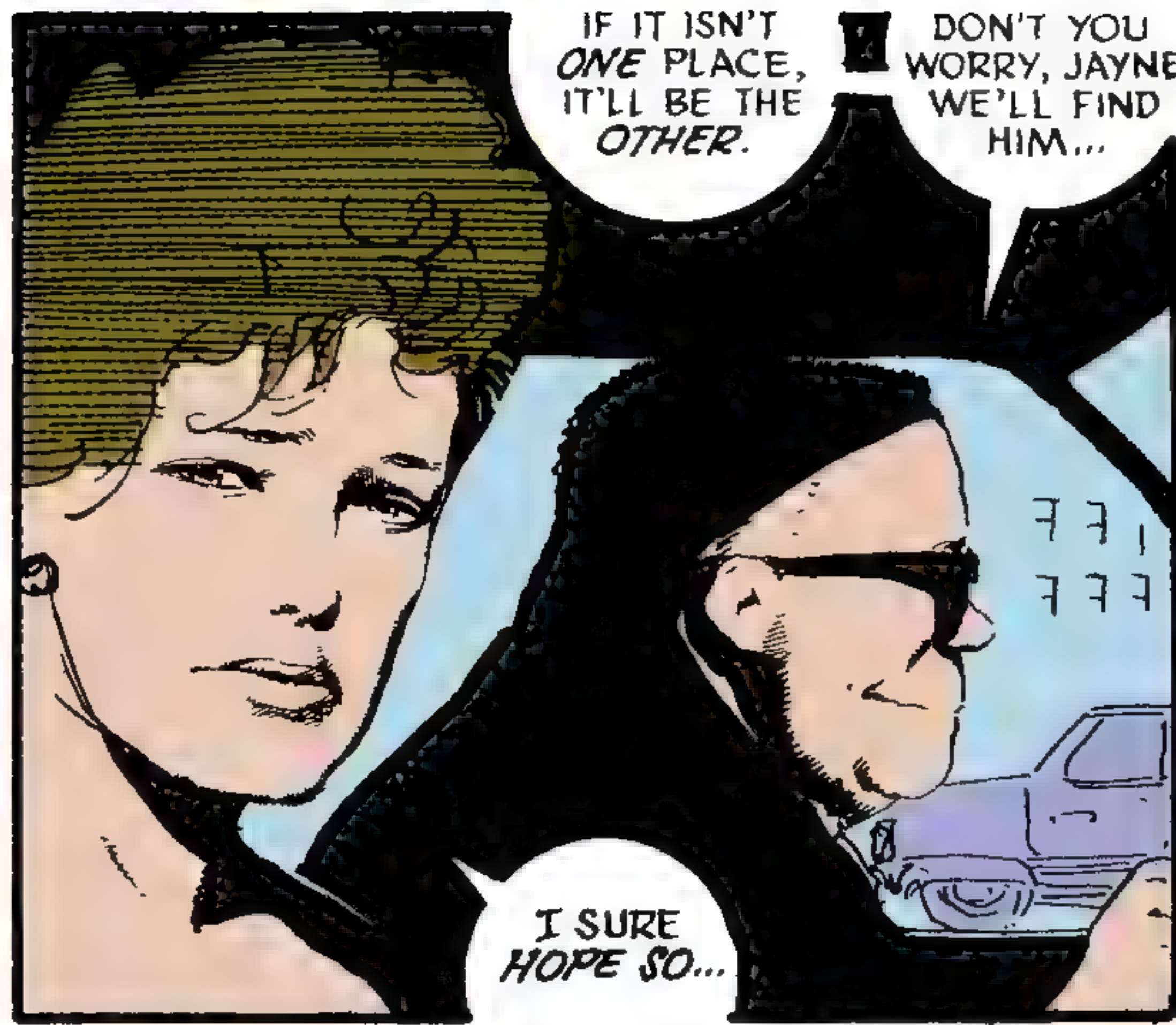






GEE, LOU...
NEW YORK'S A
PRETTY BIG PLACE
HOW YOU EXPECT
TO FIND
MISTER FINN
THERE...?

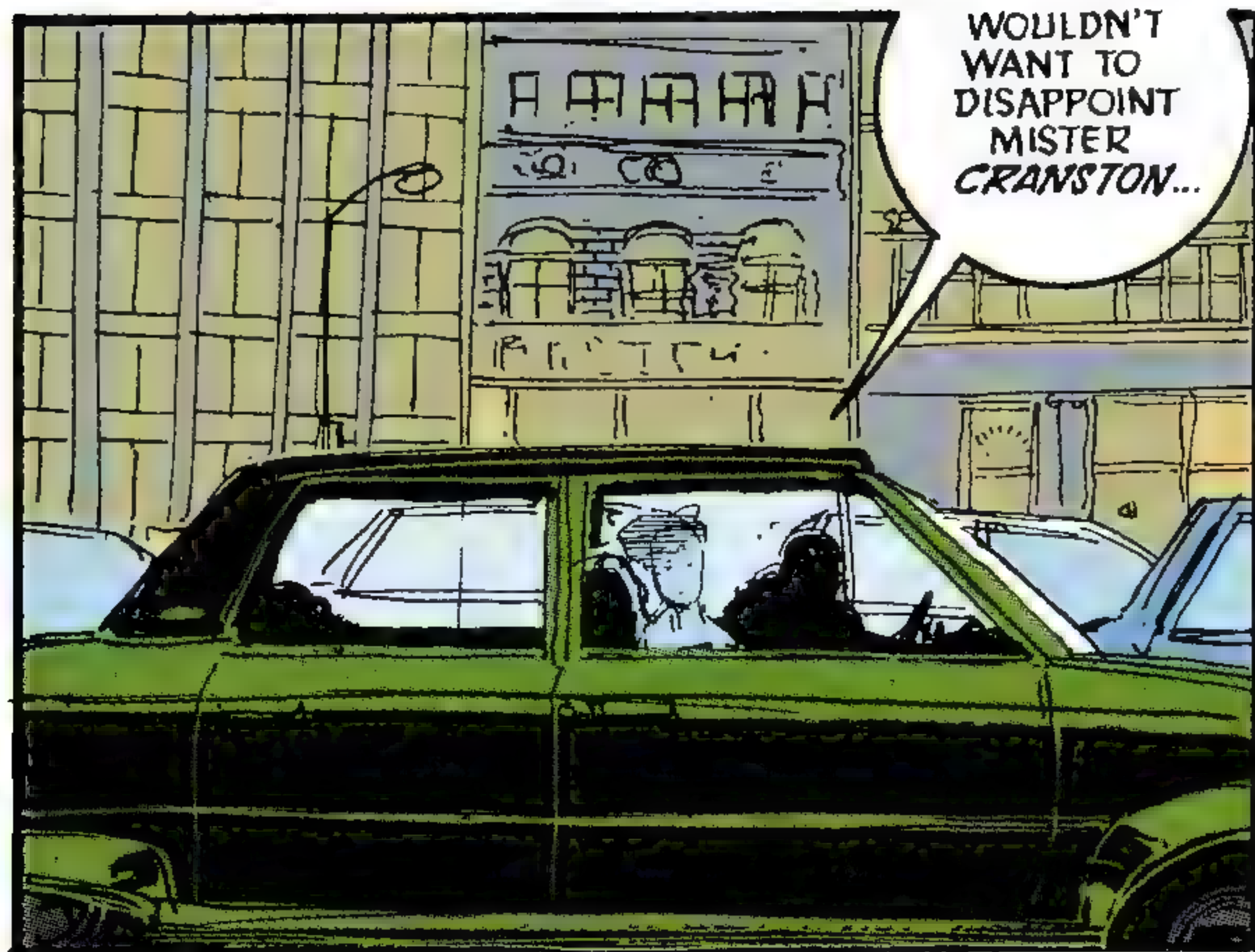
WELL, THERE'S A
COUPLE OF PLACES
TO LOOK... BACK IN
THE OLD DAYS I
USED TO BODYGUARD
FOR MISTER FINN. I
KNOW THE JOINTS
HE *HANGS* AT...



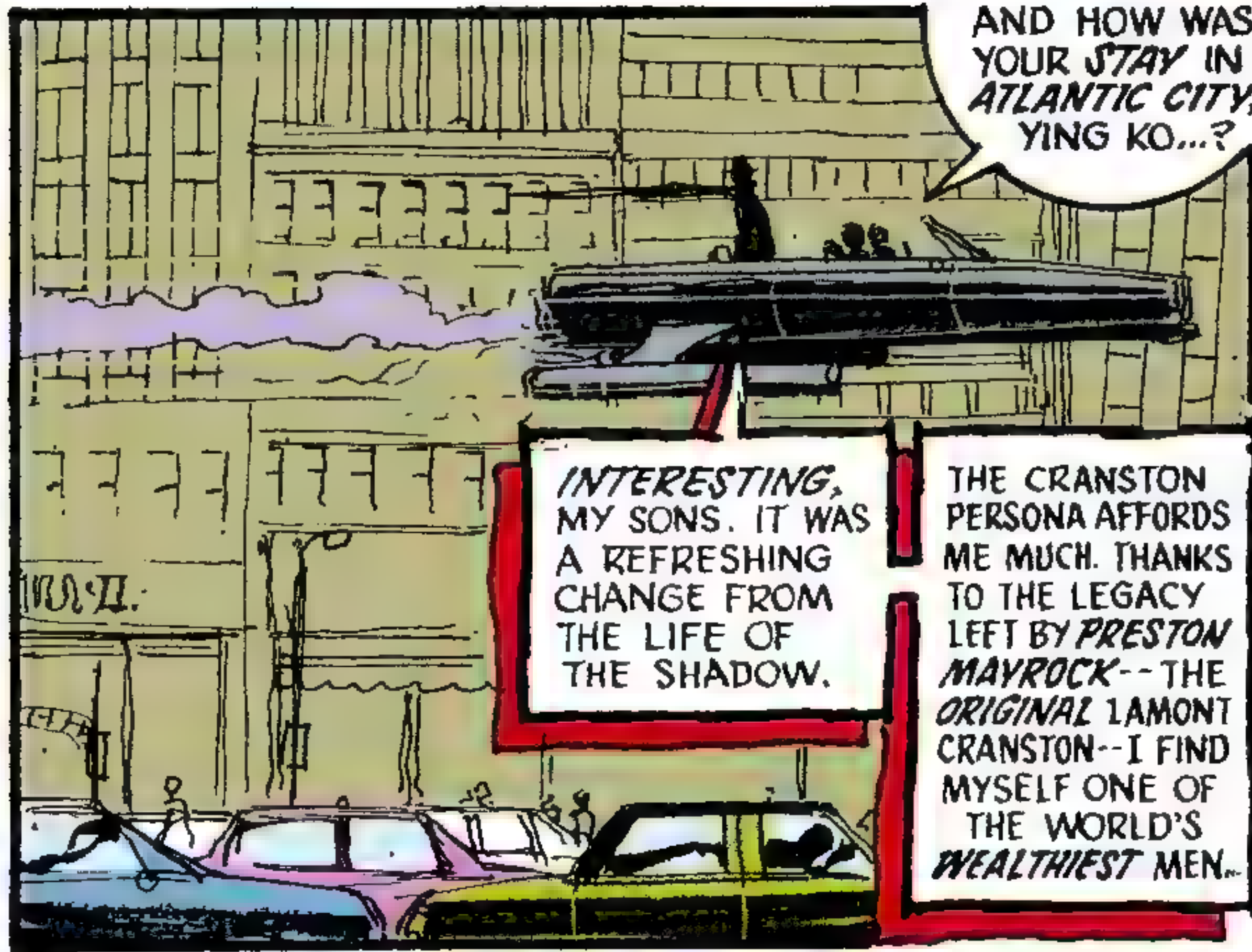
IF IT ISN'T
ONE PLACE,
IT'LL BE THE
OTHER.

DON'T YOU
WORRY, JAYNE
WE'LL FIND
HIM...

I SURE
HOPE SO...



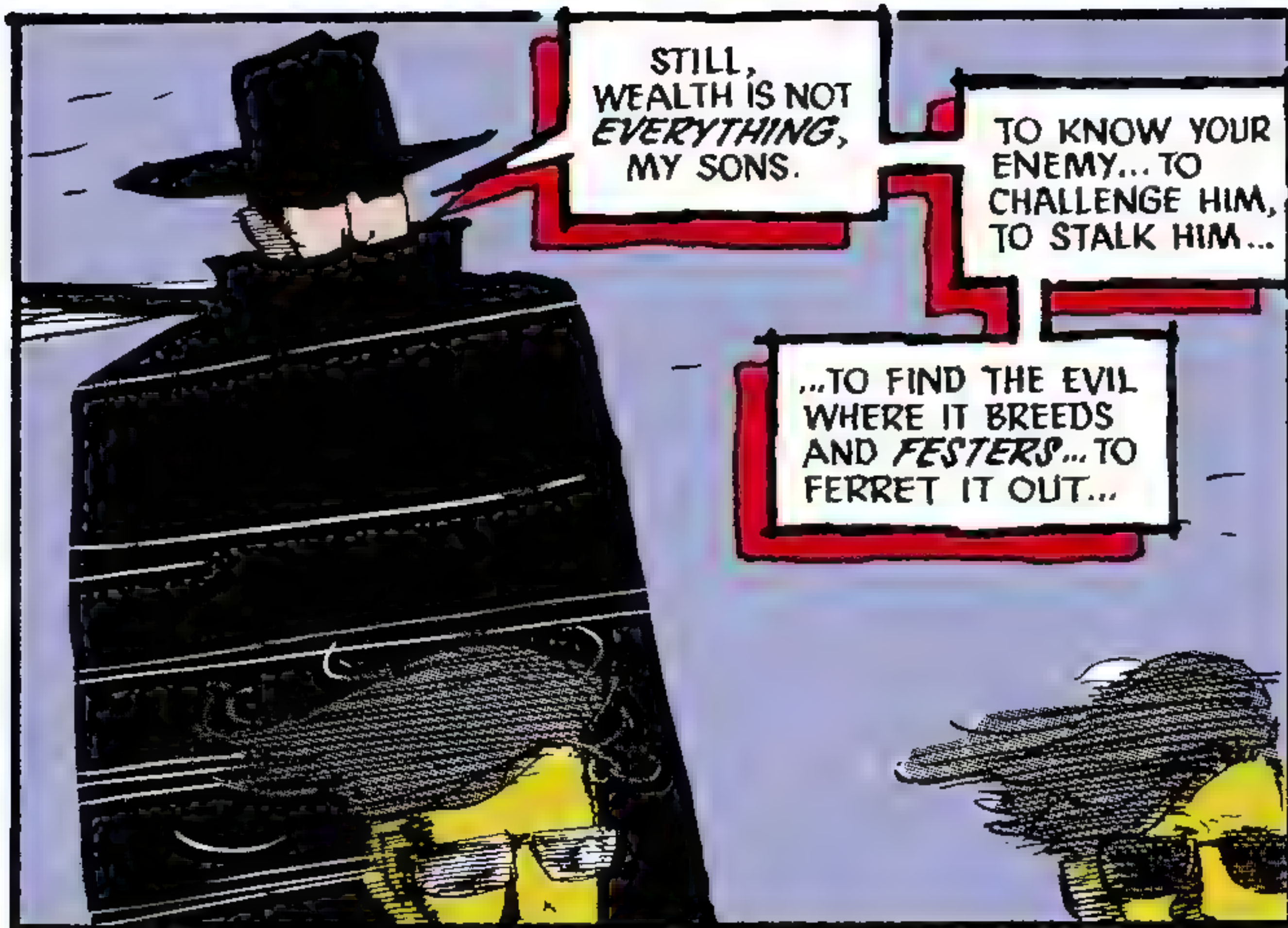
WOULDN'T
WANT TO
DISAPPOINT
MISTER
CRANSTON...



AND HOW WAS
YOUR *STAY* IN
ATLANTIC CITY,
YING KO...?

INTERESTING,
MY SONS. IT WAS
A REFRESHING
CHANGE FROM
THE LIFE OF
THE *SHADOW*.

THE *CRANSTON*
PERSONA AFFORDS
ME MUCH. THANKS
TO THE LEGACY
LEFT BY *PRESTON*
MAYROCK-- THE
ORIGINAL *LAMONT*
CRANSTON--I FIND
MYSELF ONE OF
THE WORLD'S
WEALTHIEST MEN...



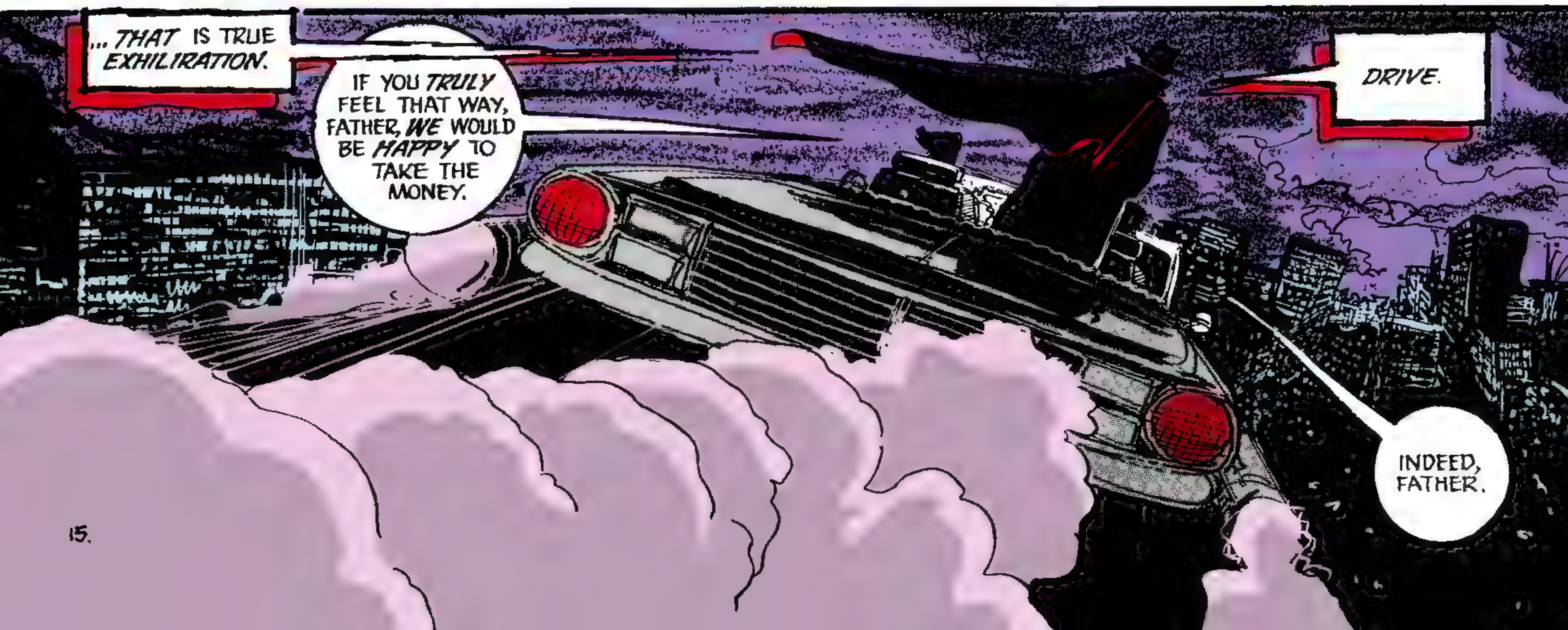
STILL,
WEALTH IS NOT
EVERYTHING,
MY SONS.

TO KNOW YOUR
ENEMY... TO
CHALLENGE HIM,
TO STALK HIM...

...TO FIND THE EVIL
WHERE IT BREEDS
AND *FESTERS*... TO
FERRET IT OUT...



...TO
EXTERMINATE IT
UTTERLY...



... *THAT* IS TRUE
EXHILARATION.

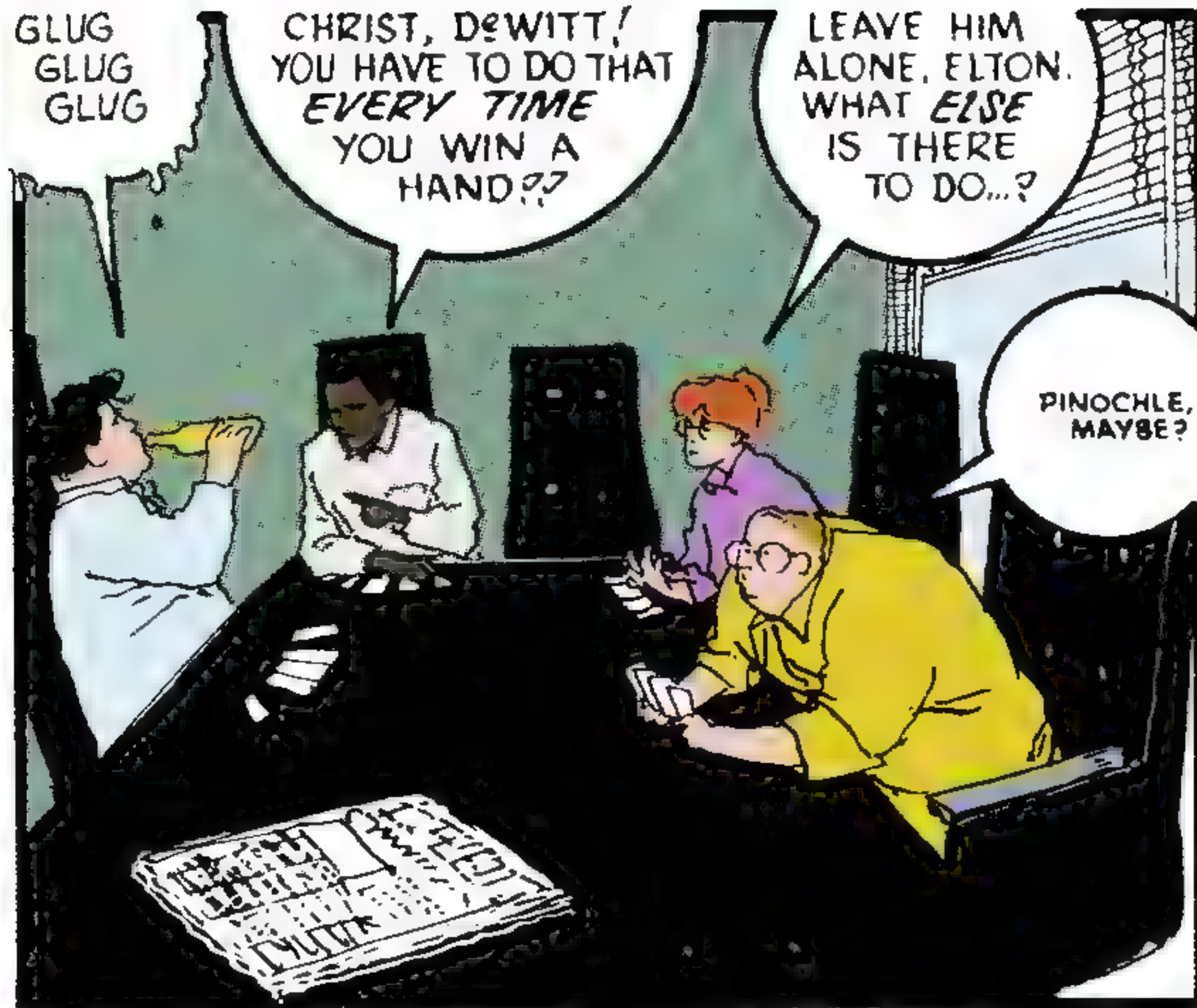
IF YOU *TRULY*
FEEL THAT WAY,
FATHER, *WE* WOULD
BE *HAPPY* TO
TAKE THE
MONEY.

DRIVE.

INDEED,
FATHER.



GIN!



GLUG
GLUG
GLUG

CHRIST, DEWITT!
YOU HAVE TO DO THAT
EVERY TIME
YOU WIN A
HAND??

LEAVE HIM
ALONE, ELTON.
WHAT **ELSE**
IS THERE
TO DO...?

PINOCHLE,
MAYBE?



I MEAN, THE
MASTER LEAVES US
HIGH AND DRY.
TAKING OFF FOR
GOD KNOWS
WHERE...

...THE
COMPUTERS DON'T
HAVE **ANYTHING**
TO SAY ABOUT
THE FINNS...

...AND OUR
HIRED HAND,
DICK MAGNET,
HASN'T GOT A
BLESSED THING
TO REPORT!

SHE'S RIGHT,
ELT, AIN'T NOTHIN'
LEFT TO DO BUT
ENJOY LIFE TO DA
FULLEST.

CARE TA
JOIN ME--?

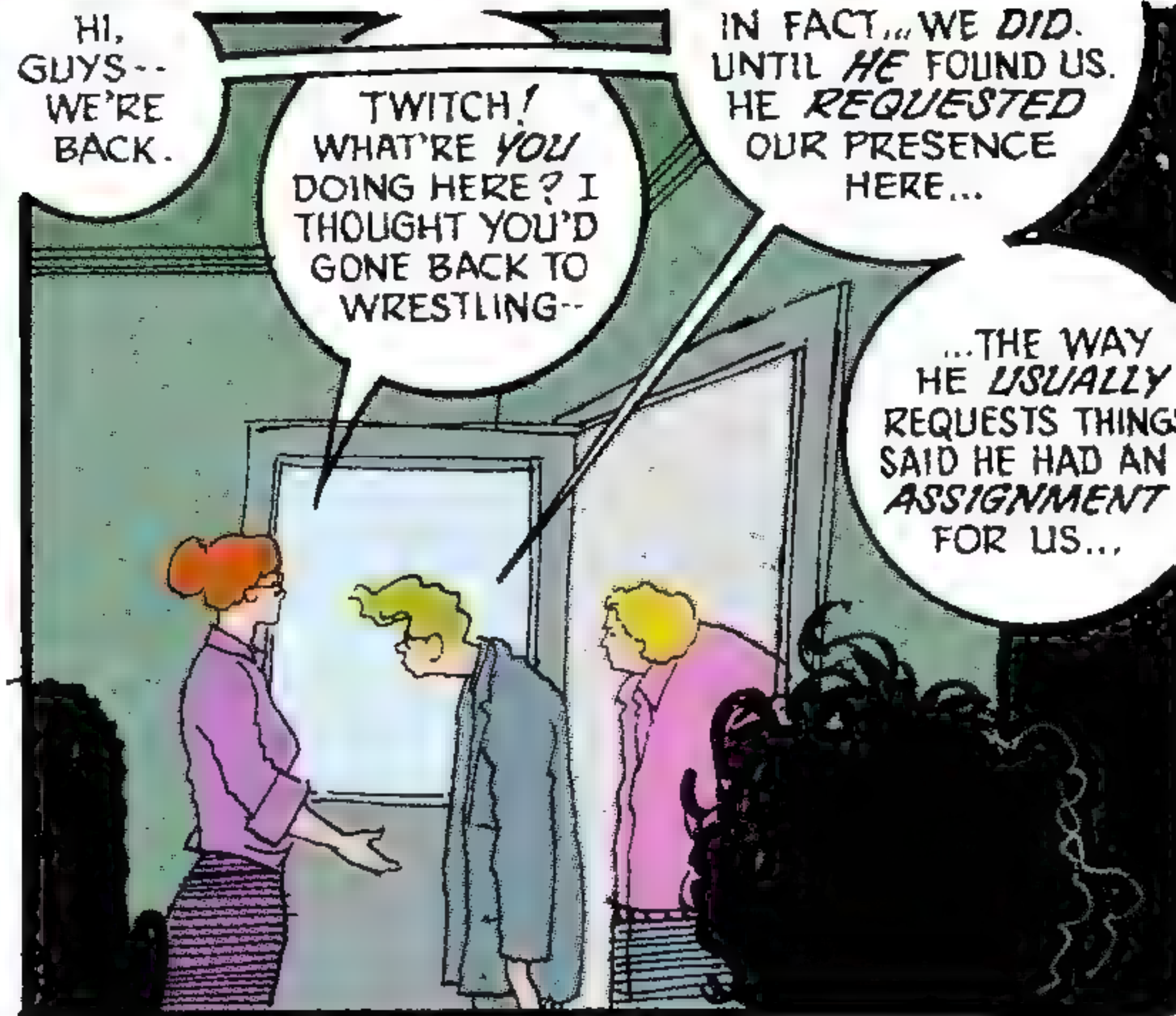


ONLY IF
YOU'VE GOT
A **GLASS**,
DEWITT.

GOD ONLY
KNOWS WHAT
DISEASES
YOU--

KNOCK KNOCK

NOW WHO--?



HI,
GUYS--
WE'RE
BACK.

TWITCH!
WHAT'RE **YOU**
DOING HERE? I
THOUGHT YOU'D
GONE BACK TO
WRESTLING--

IN FACT... WE **DID**.
UNTIL **HE** FOUND US.
HE **REQUESTED**
OUR PRESENCE
HERE...

...THE WAY
HE **USUALLY**
REQUESTS THINGS.
SAID HE HAD AN
ASSIGNMENT
FOR US...



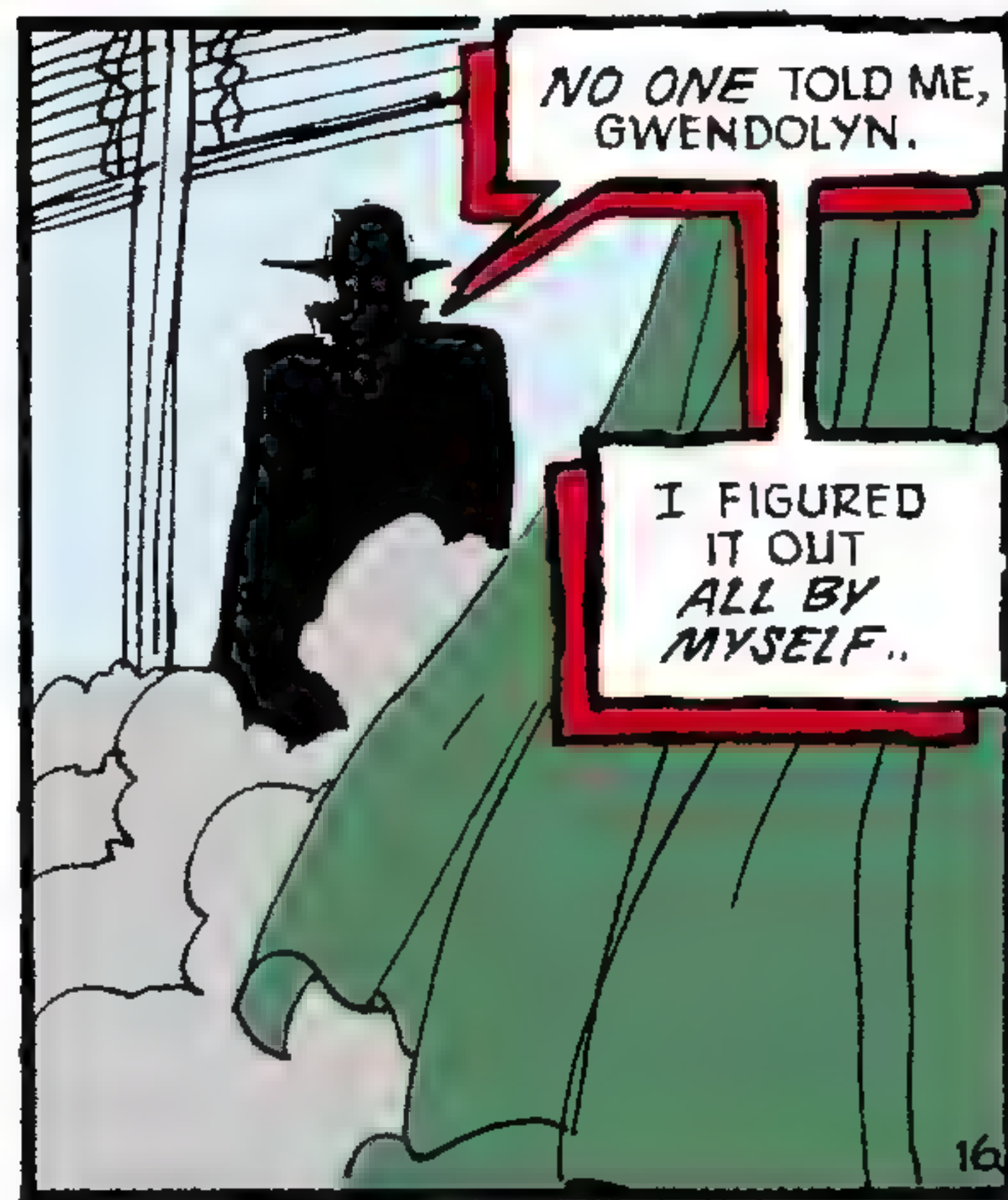
SO... WHICH
ONE'A YOU
TOLD HIM
WHERE WE
WERE...?

NOT ME!

NO WAY!

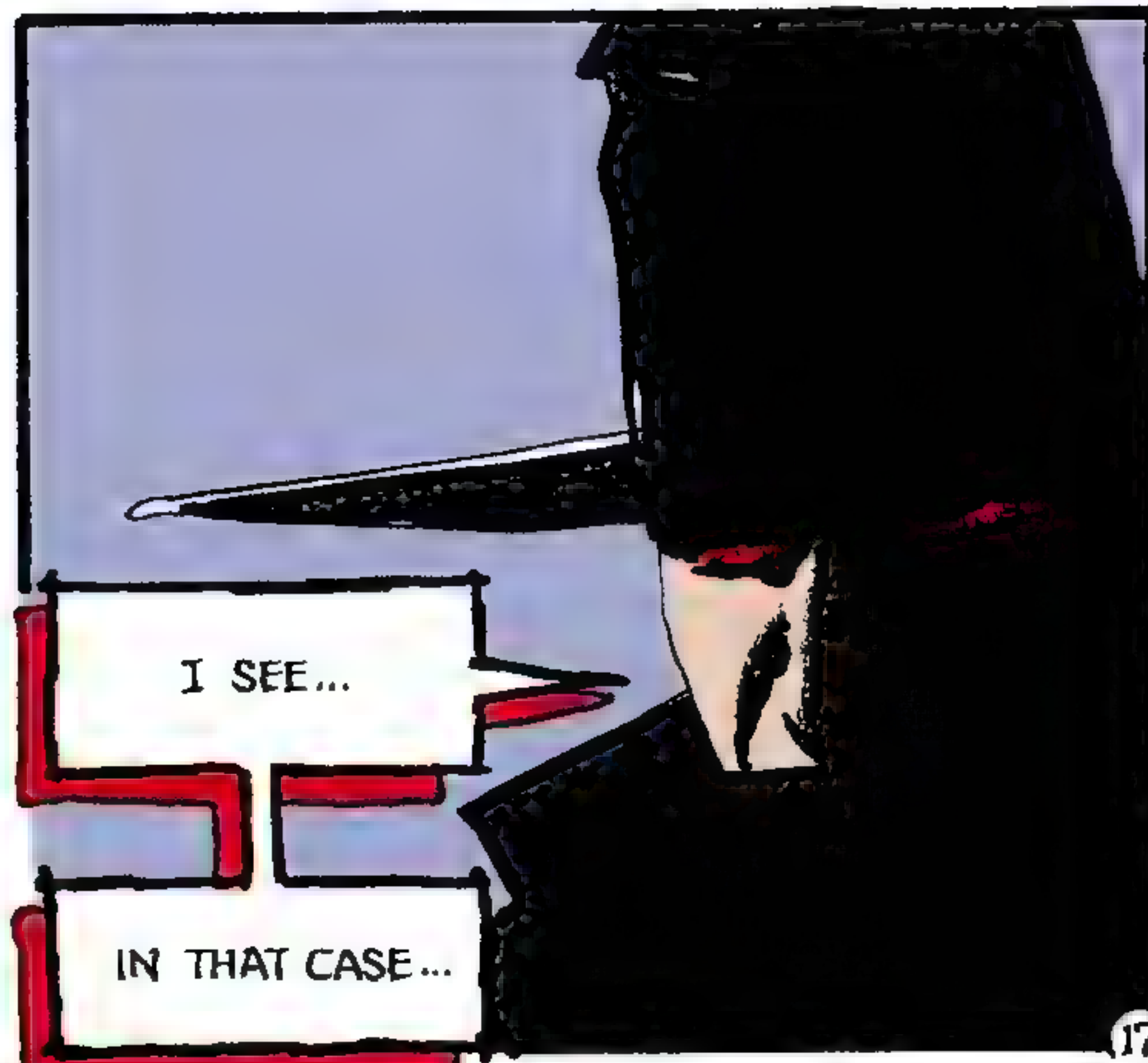
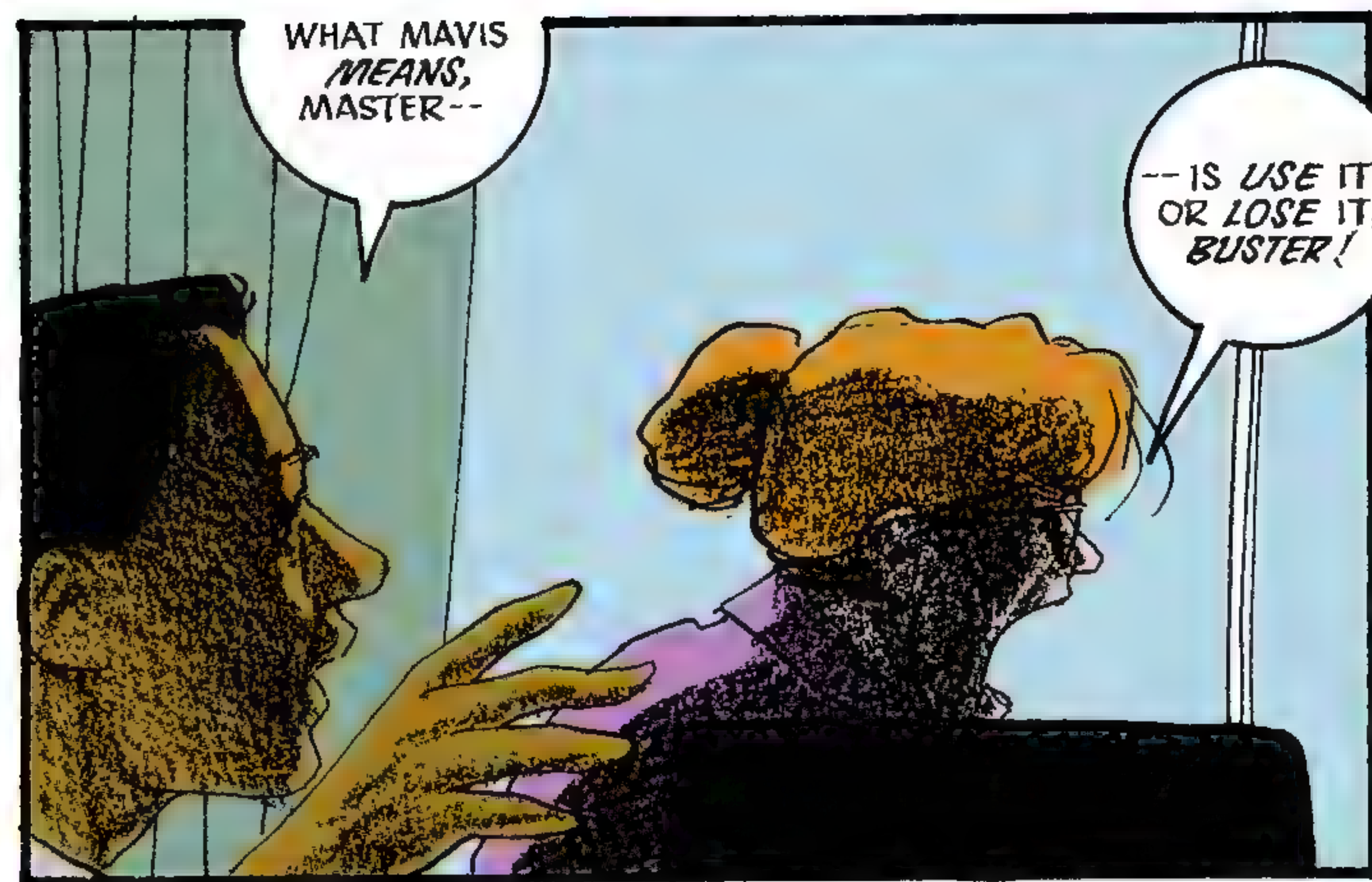
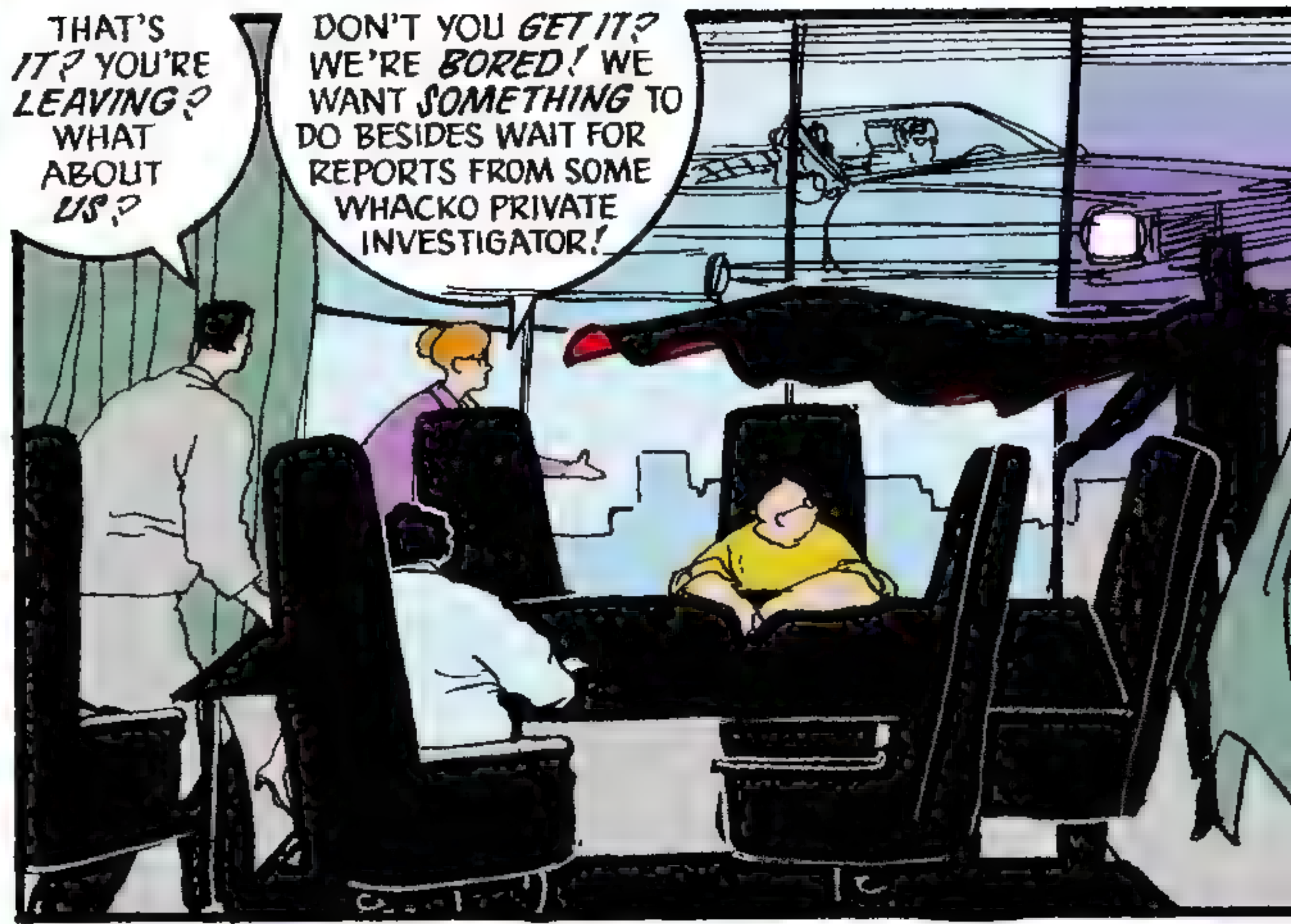
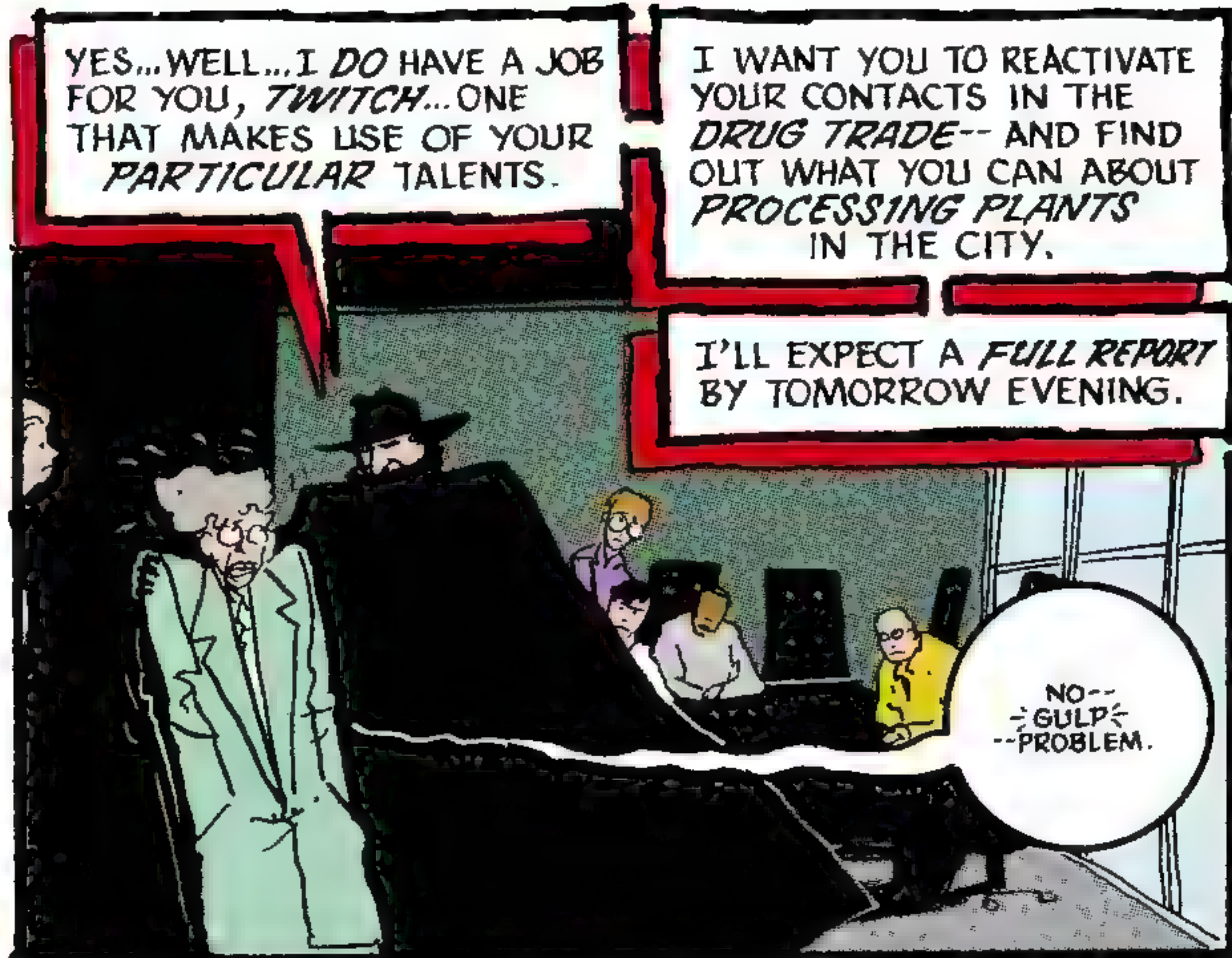
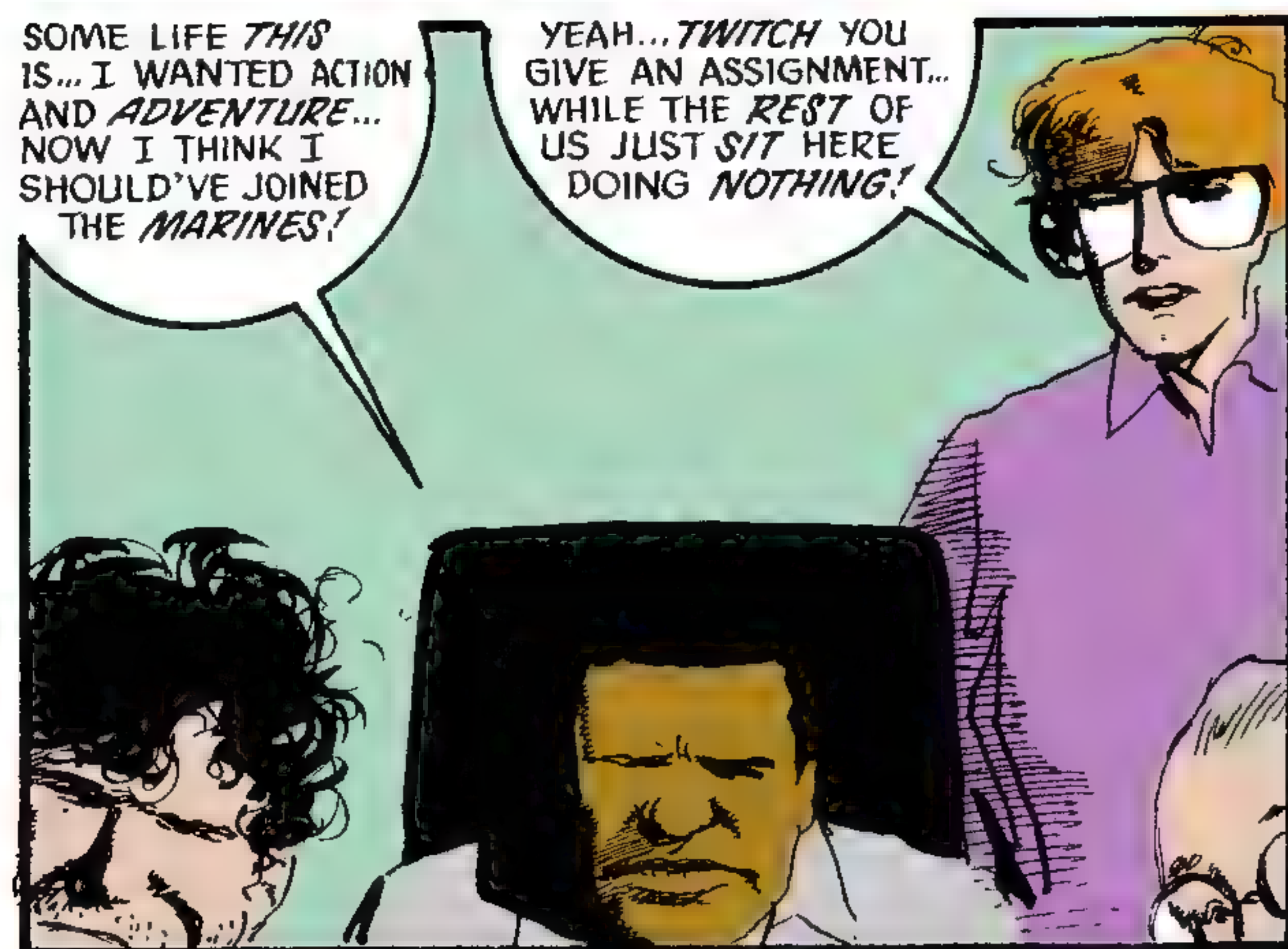
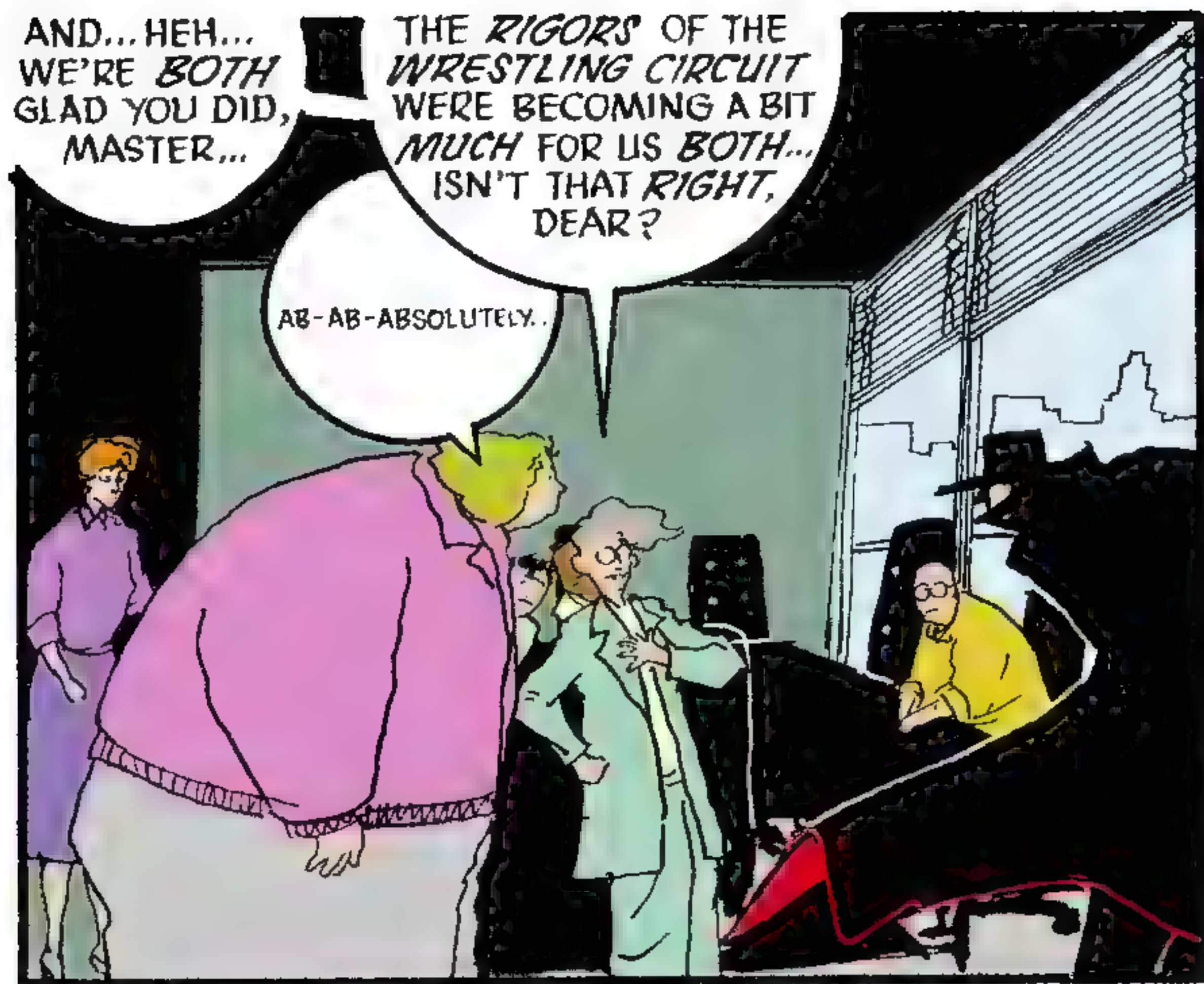
WILD HORSES
COULDN'T
DRAG IT
OUTTA ME!

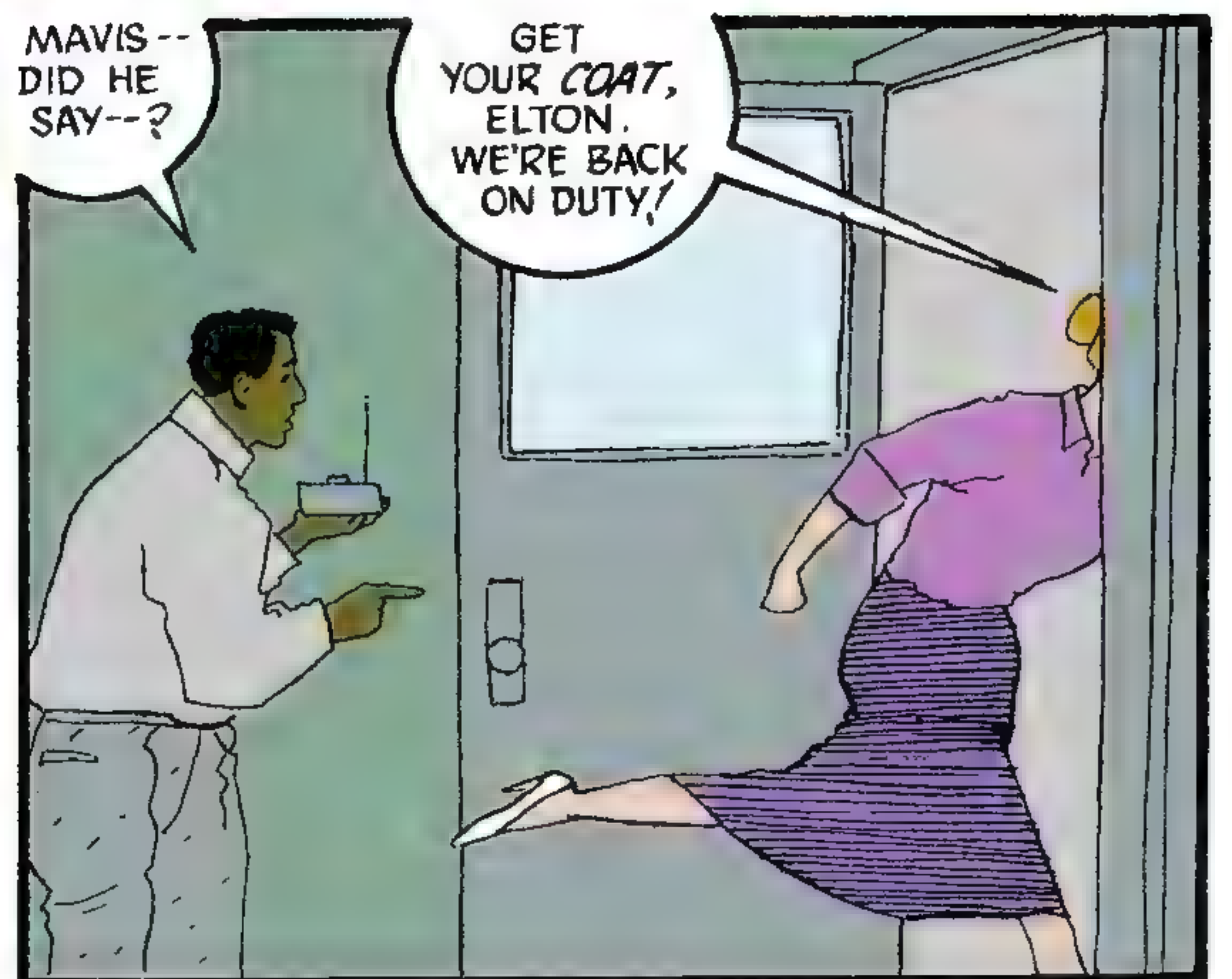
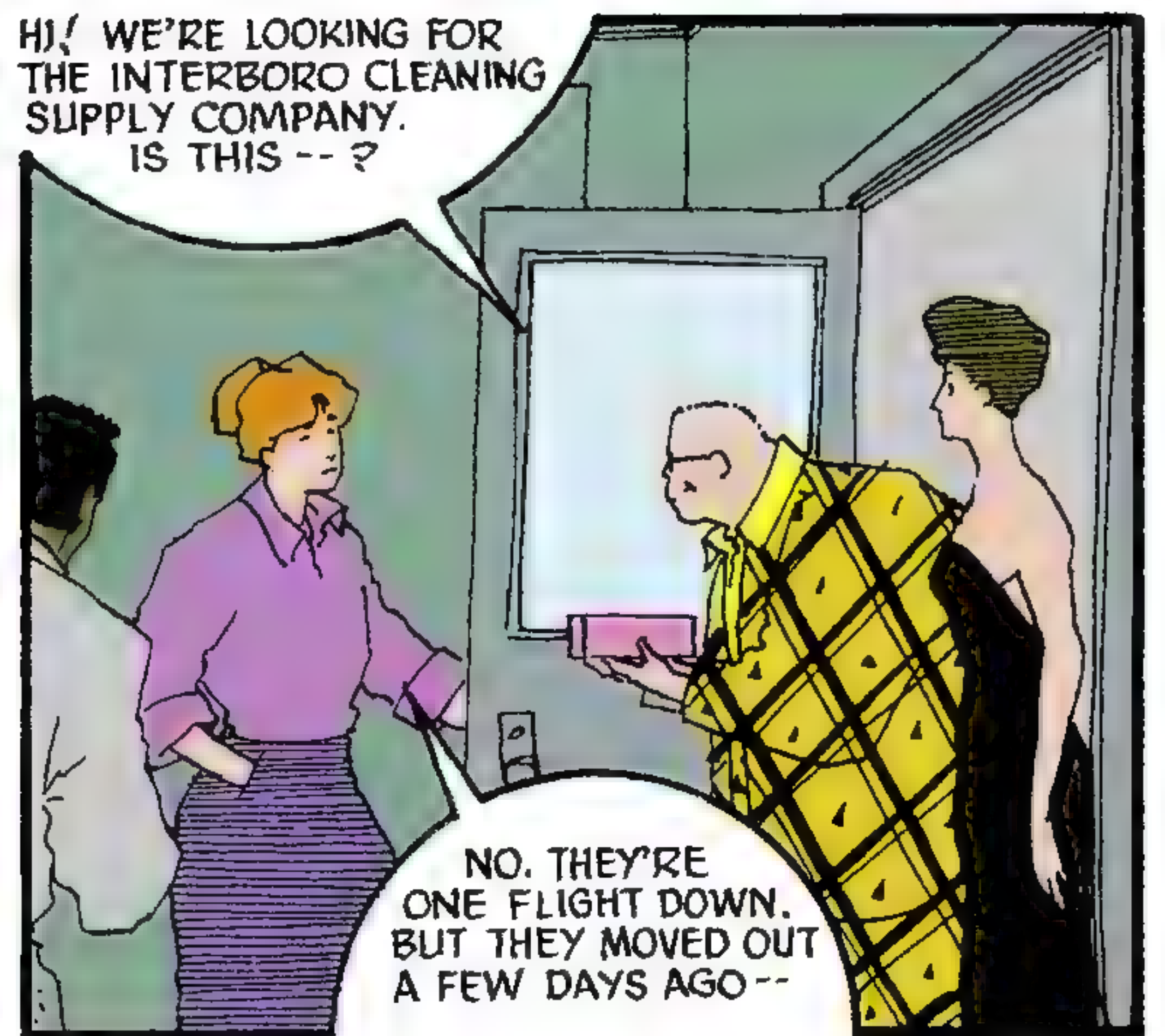
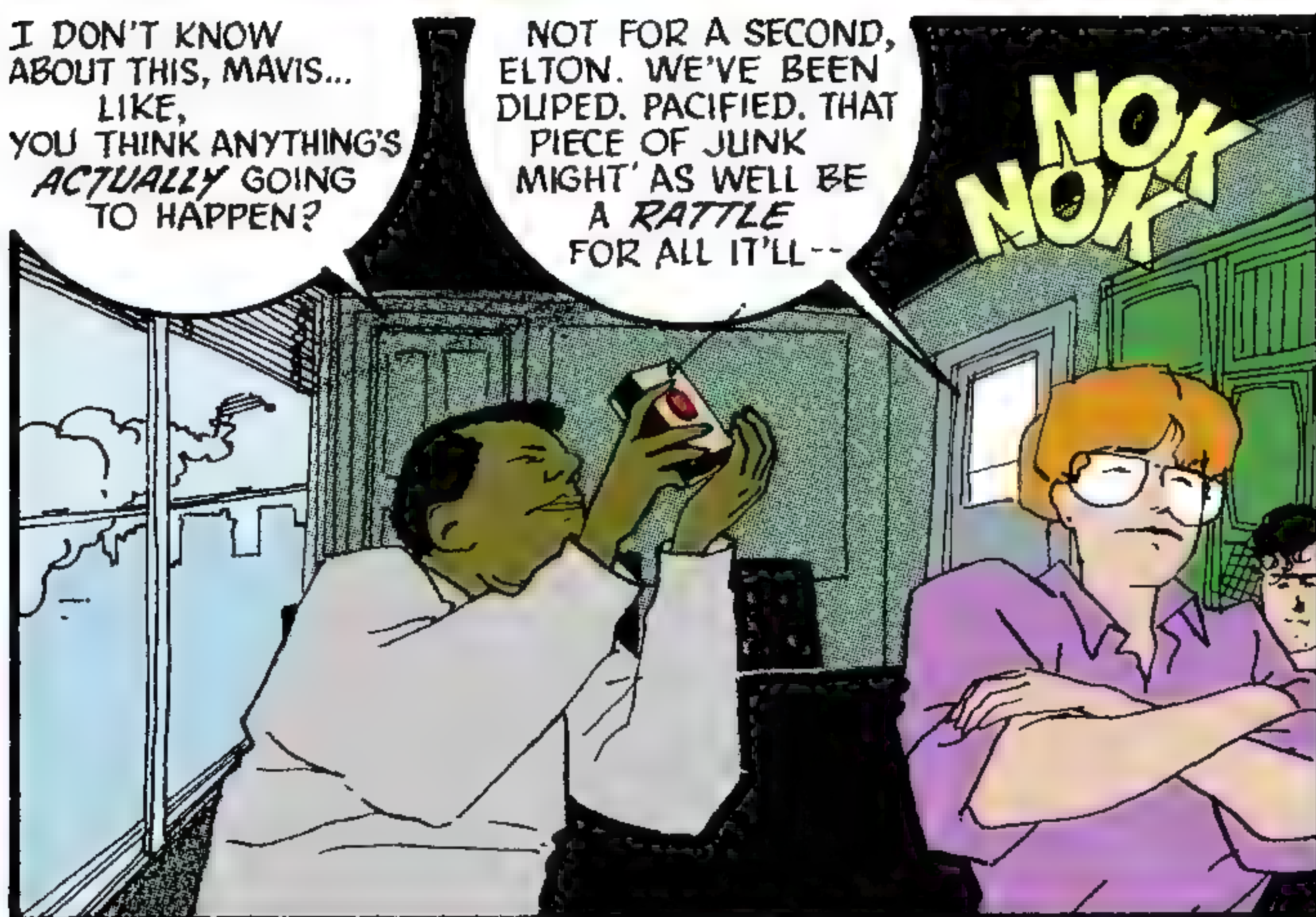
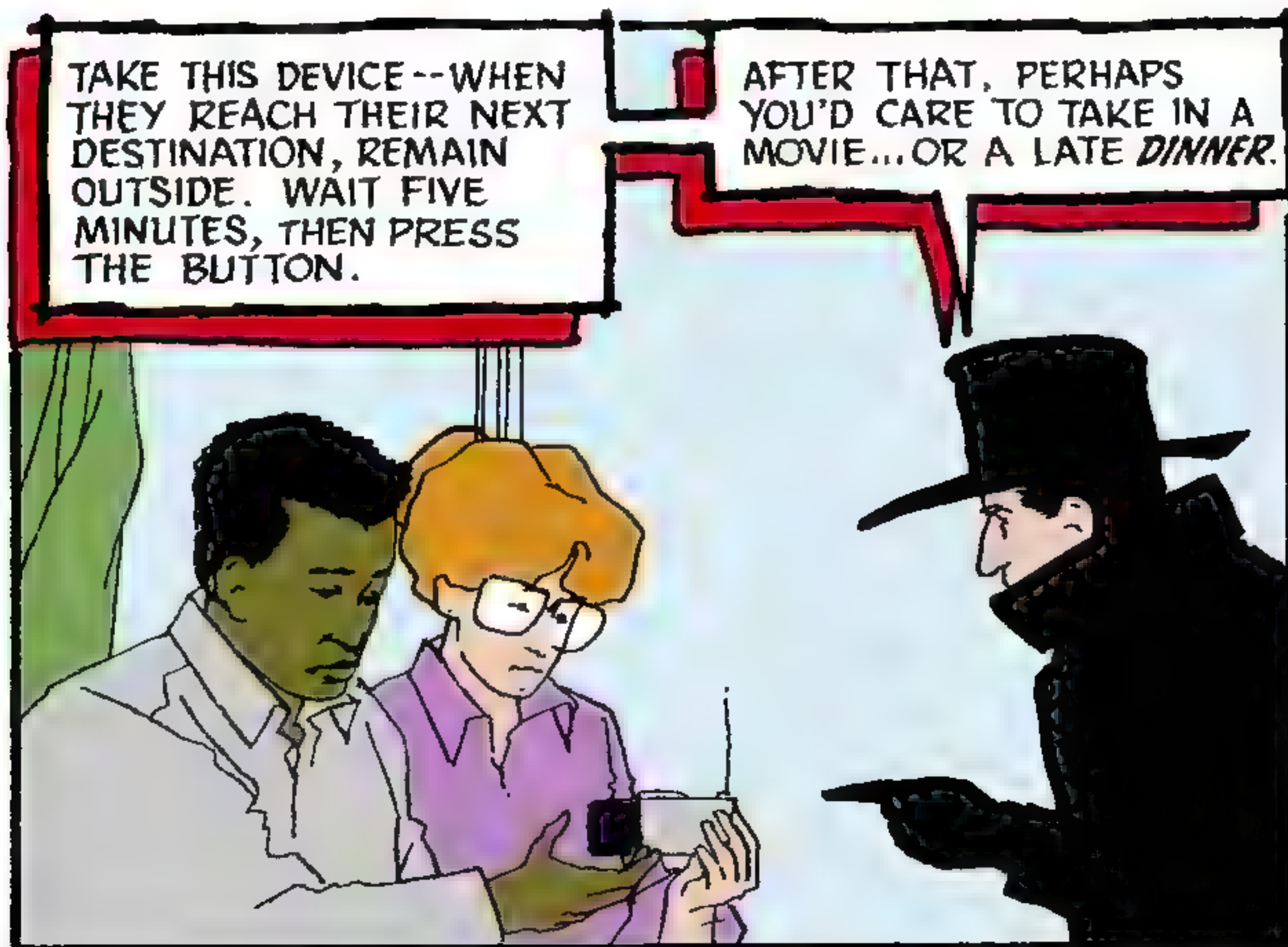
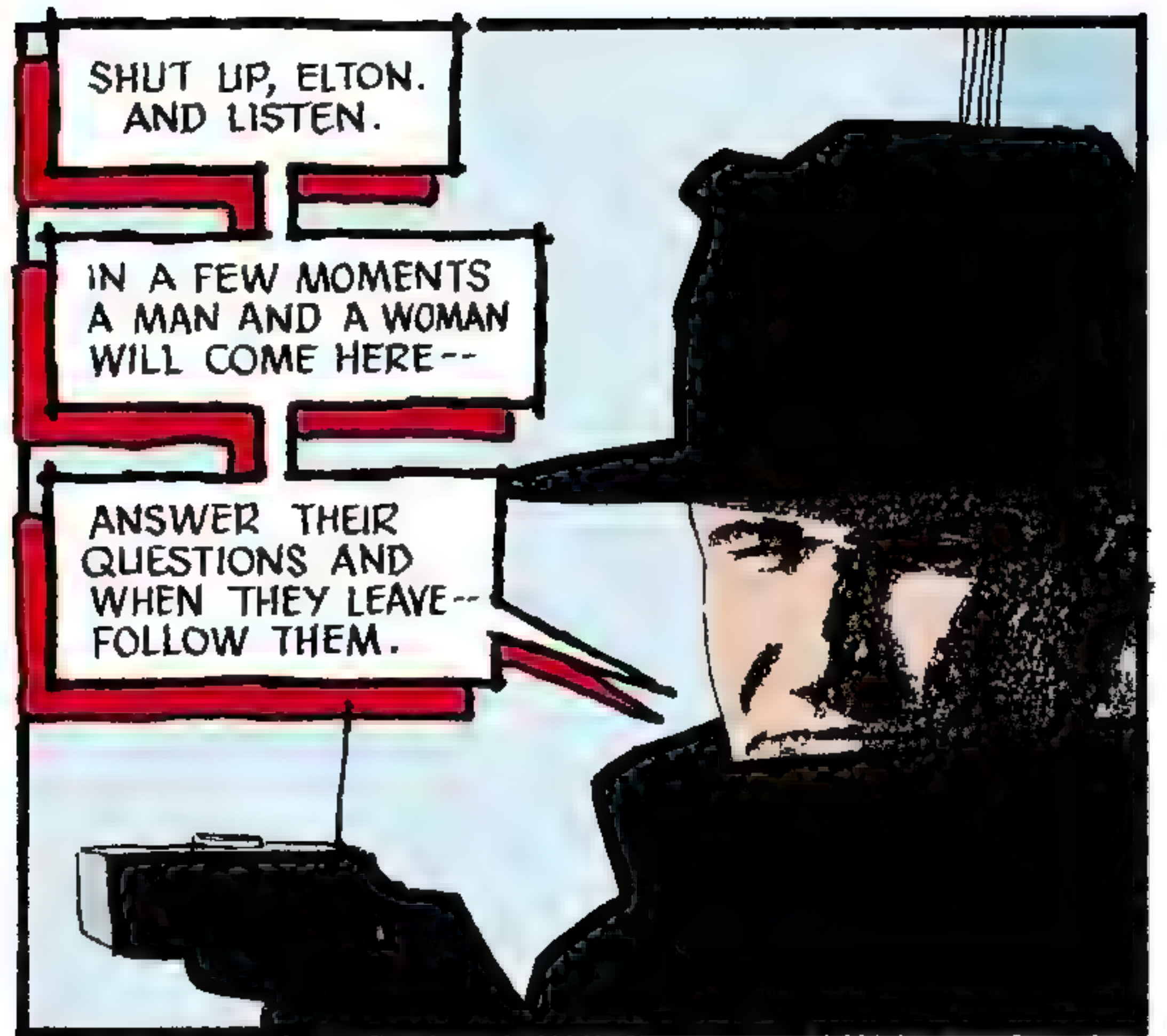
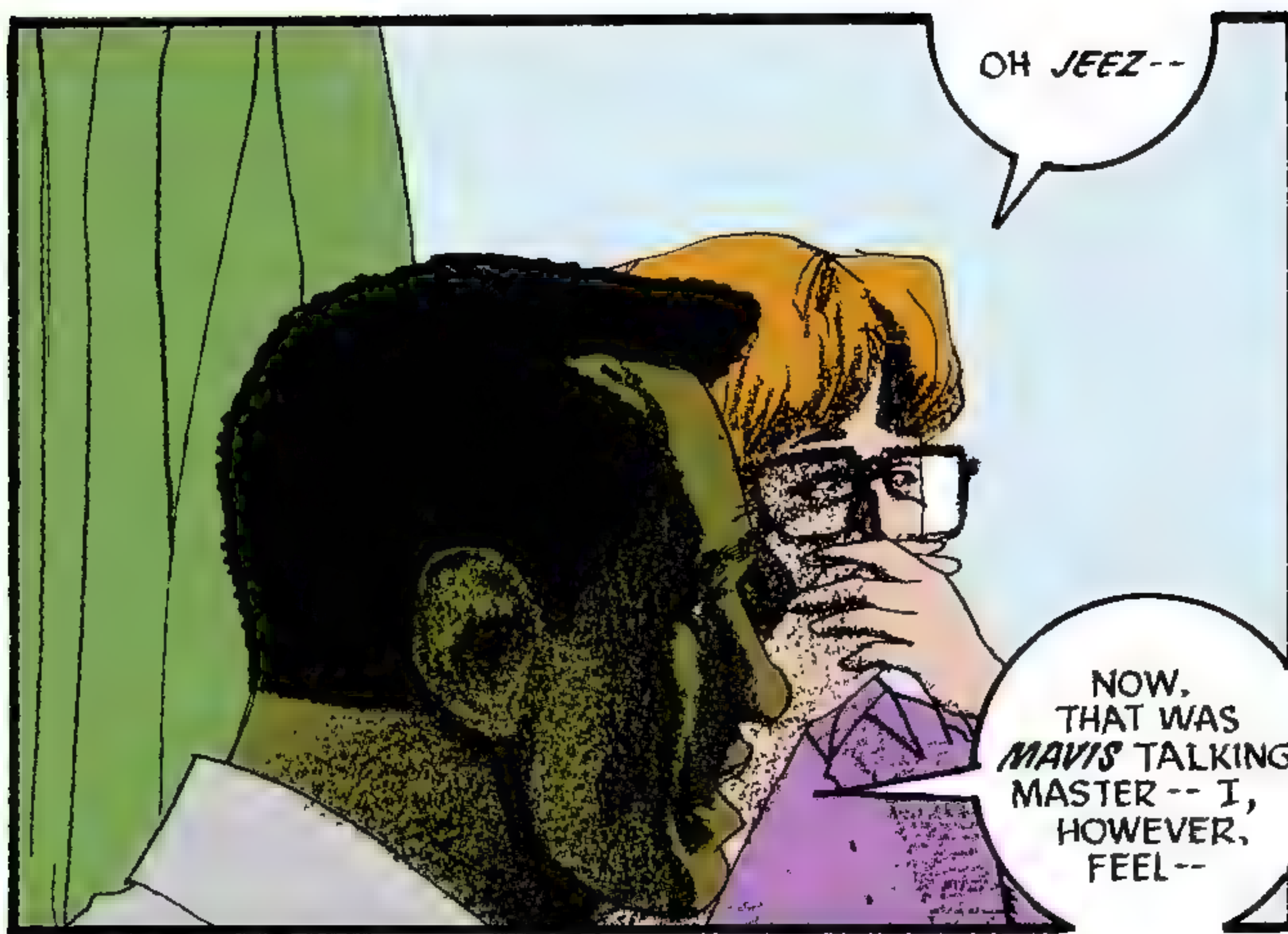
WHERE
WERE YOU...?

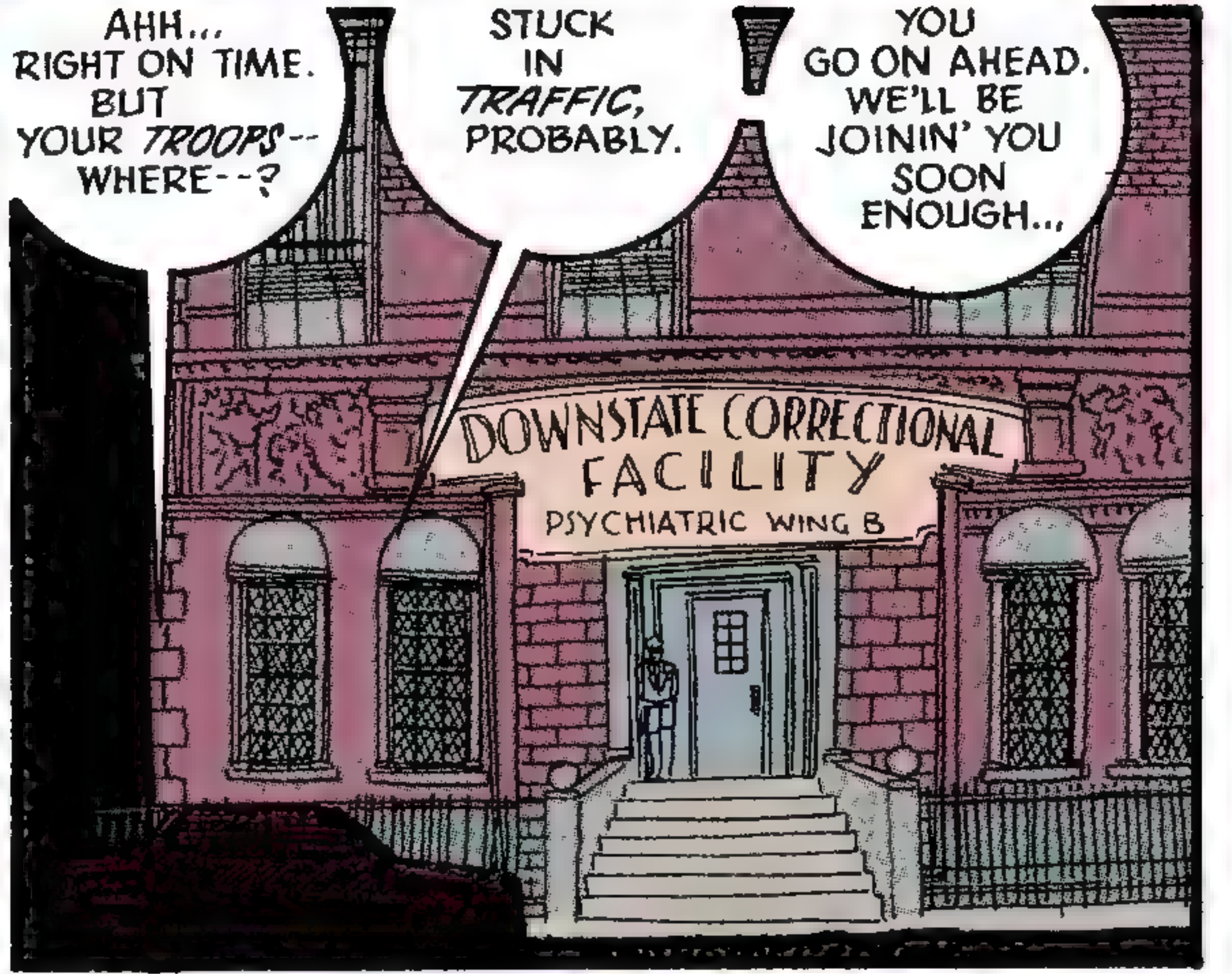
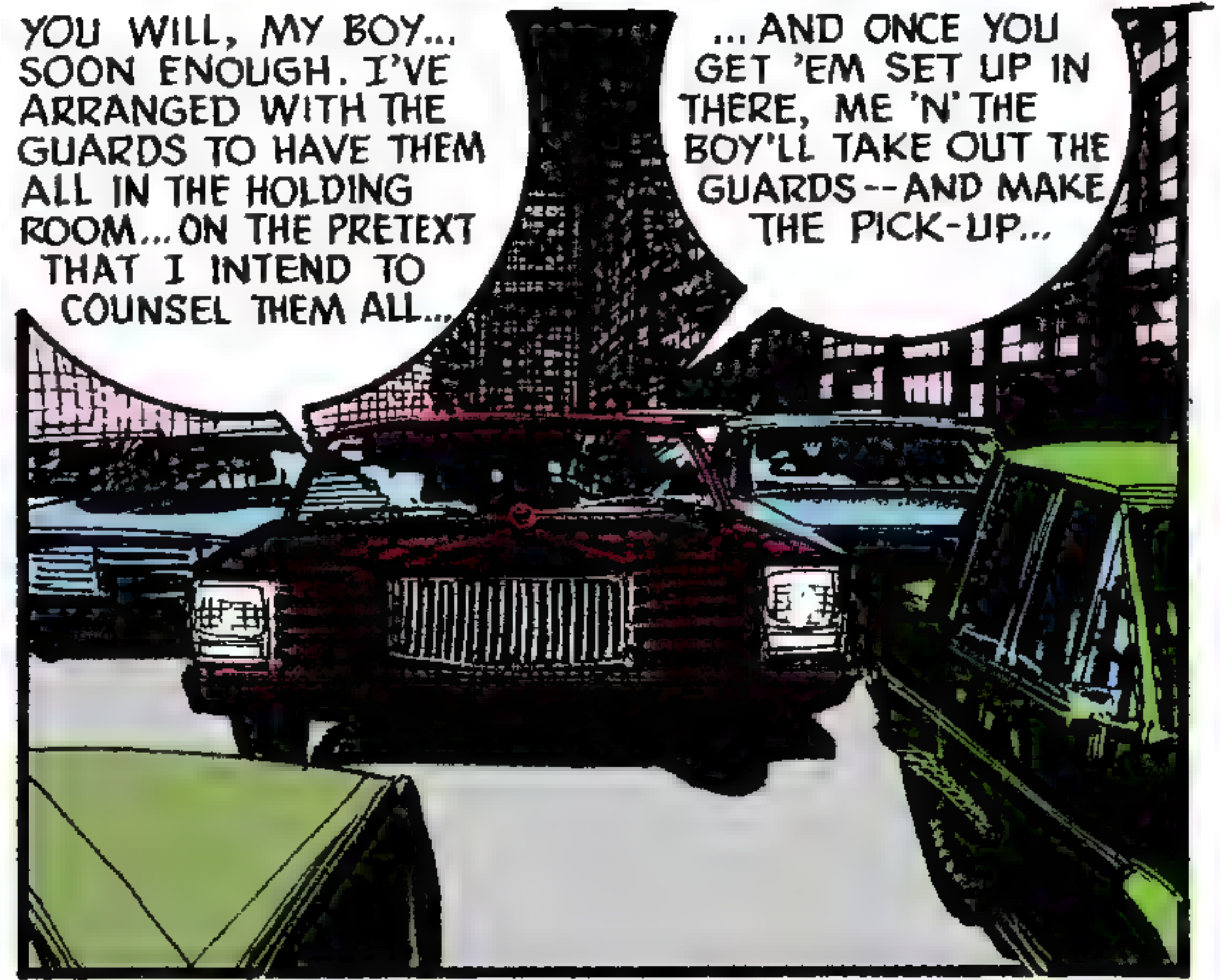
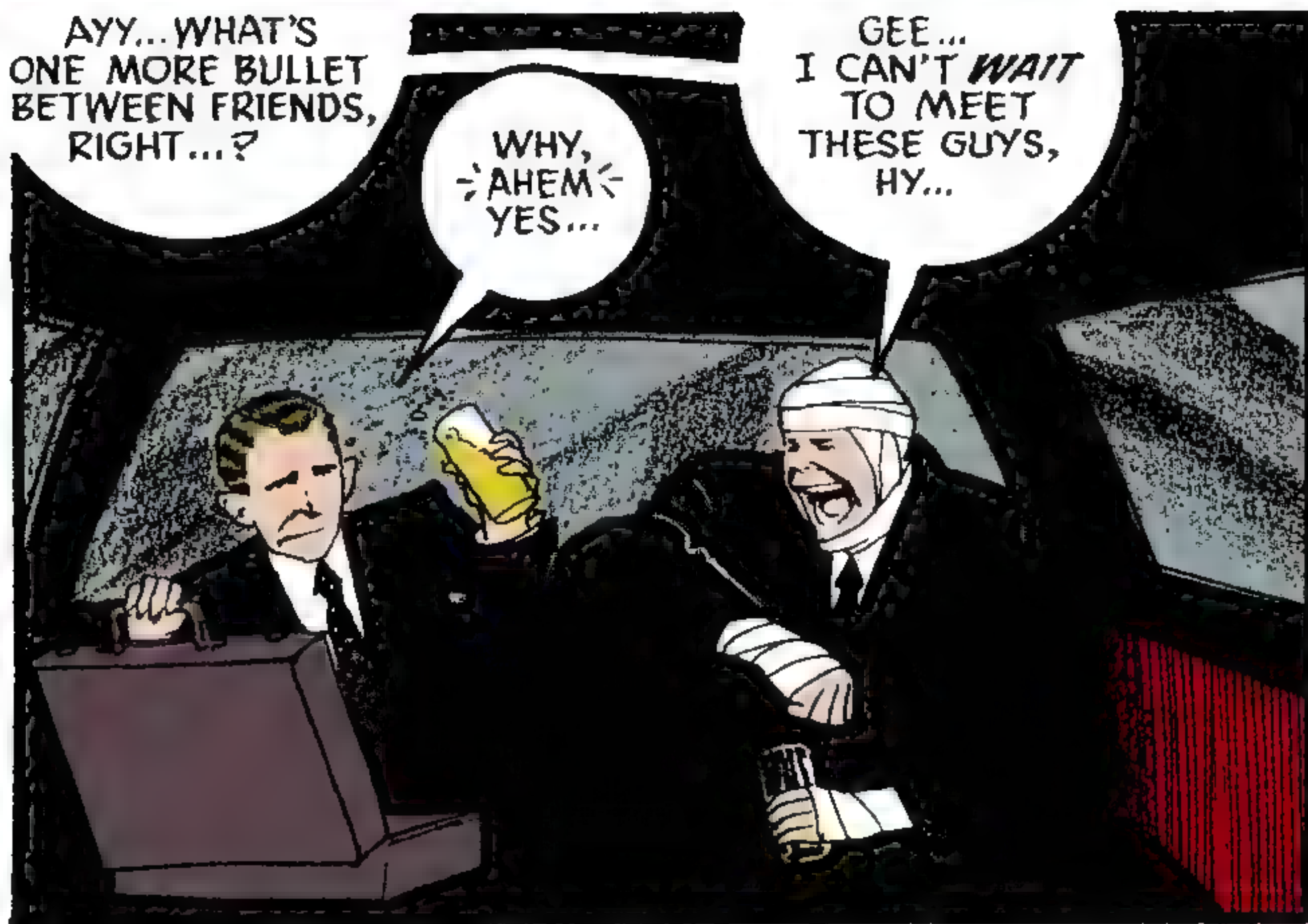
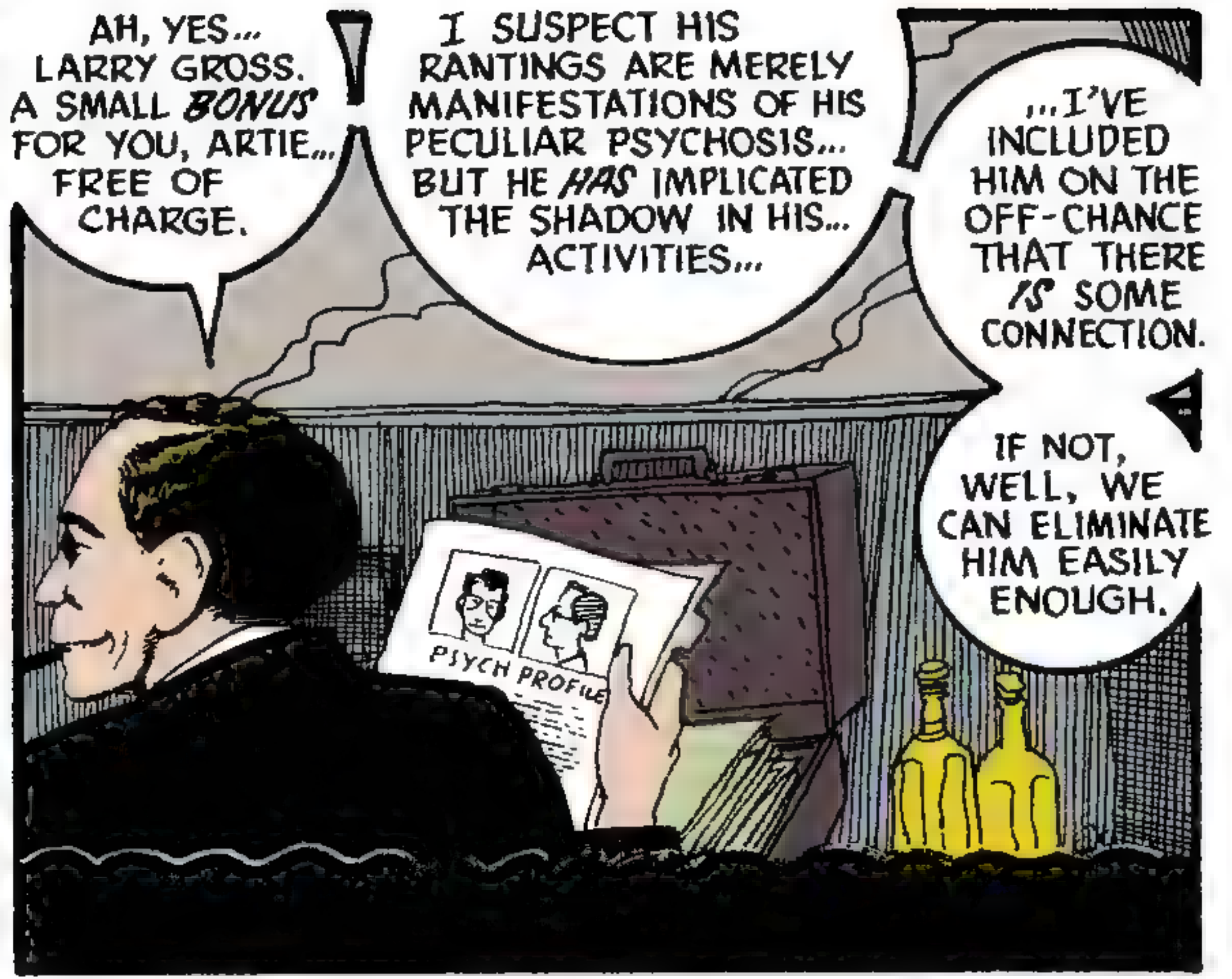
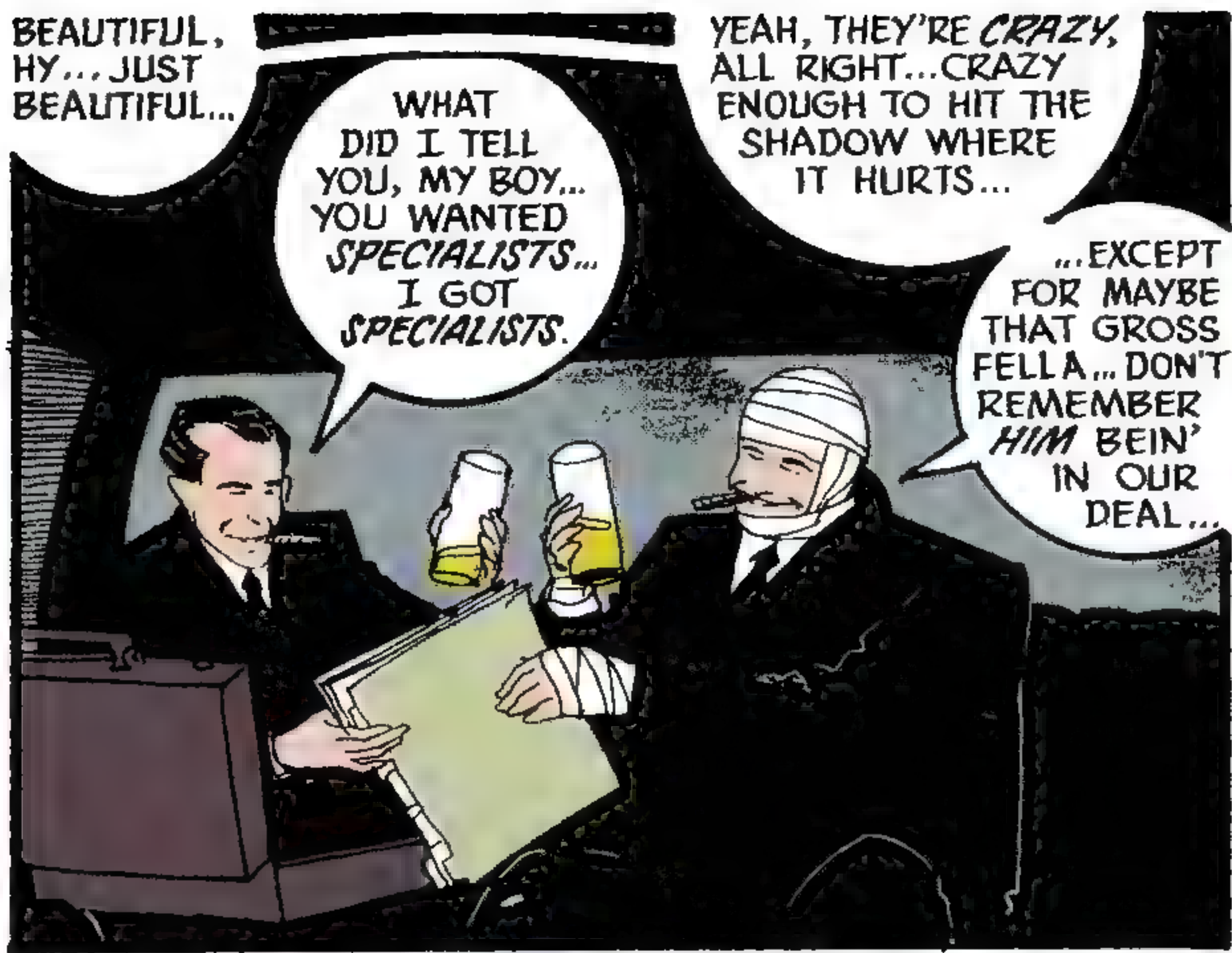


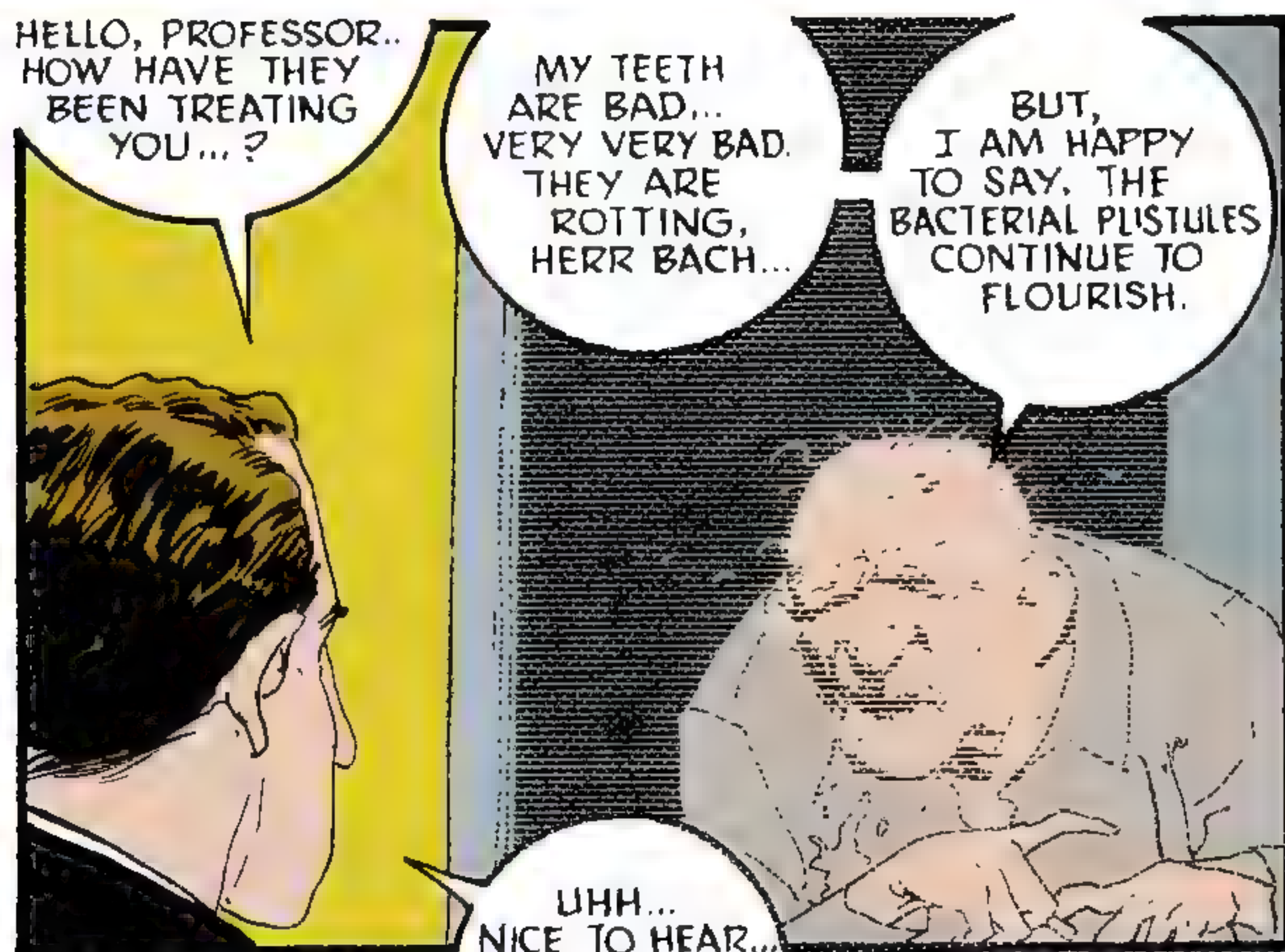
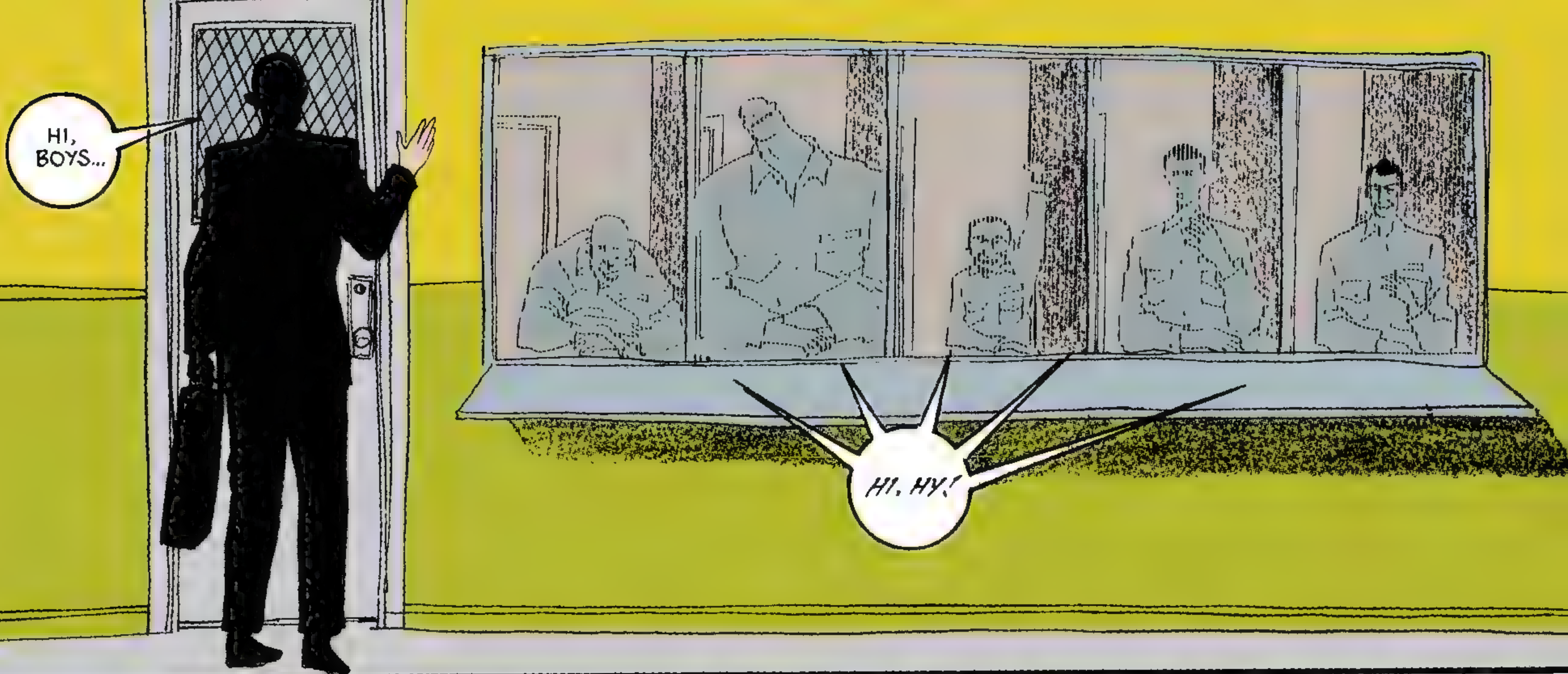
NO ONE TOLD ME,
GWENDOLYN.

I FIGURED
IT OUT
ALL BY
MYSELF..







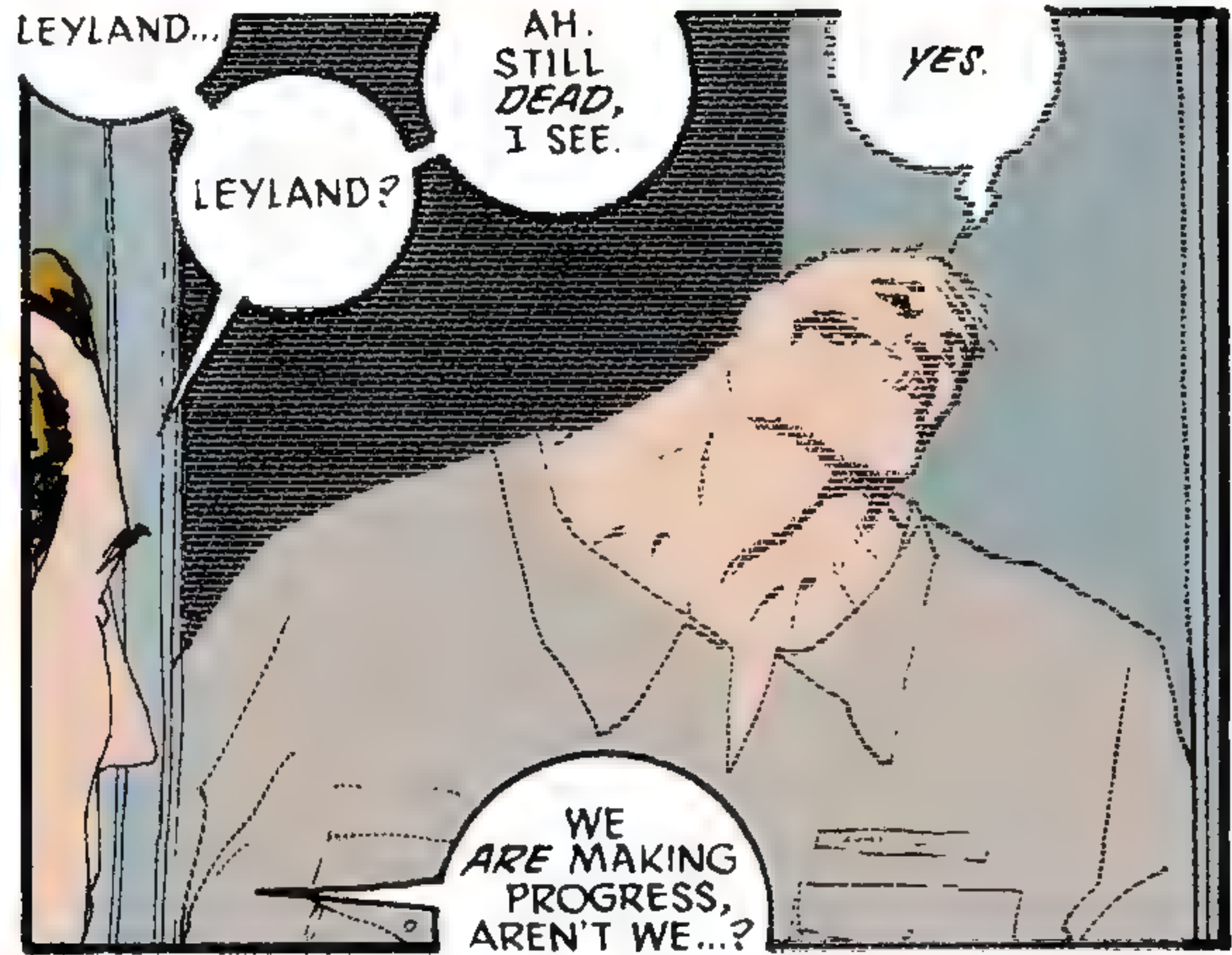


HELLO, PROFESSOR.. HOW HAVE THEY BEEN TREATING YOU...?

MY TEETH ARE BAD... VERY VERY BAD. THEY ARE ROTTING, HERR BACH...

BUT, I AM HAPPY TO SAY. THE BACTERIAL PLISTULES CONTINUE TO FLOURISH.

UHH... NICE TO HEAR...



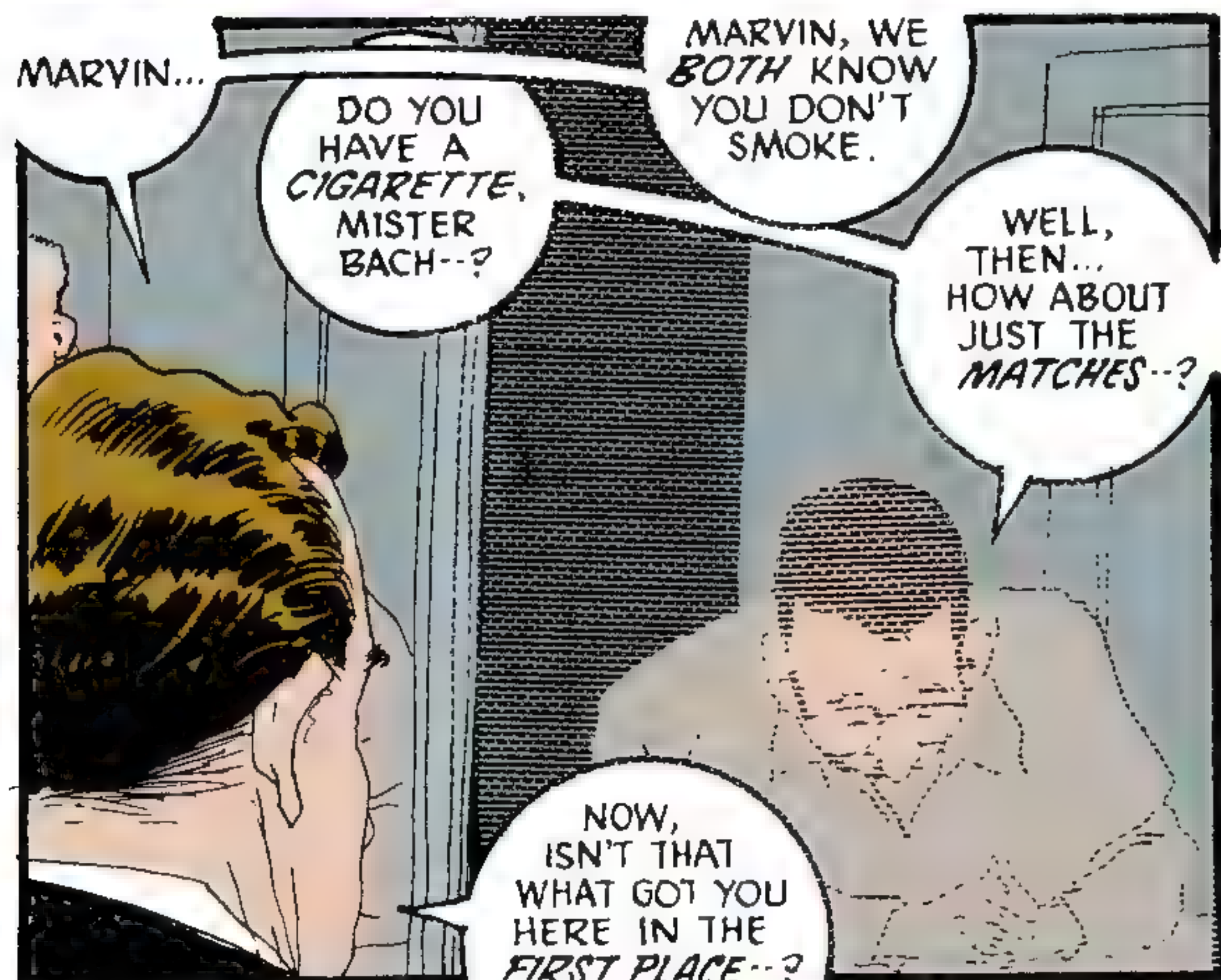
LEYLAND...

LEYLAND?

AH. STILL DEAD, I SEE.

YES.

WE ARE MAKING PROGRESS, AREN'T WE...?



MARVIN...

DO YOU HAVE A CIGARETTE, MISTER BACH--?

MARVIN, WE BOTH KNOW YOU DON'T SMOKE.

WELL, THEN... HOW ABOUT JUST THE MATCHES--?

NOW, ISN'T THAT WHAT GOT YOU HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE--?



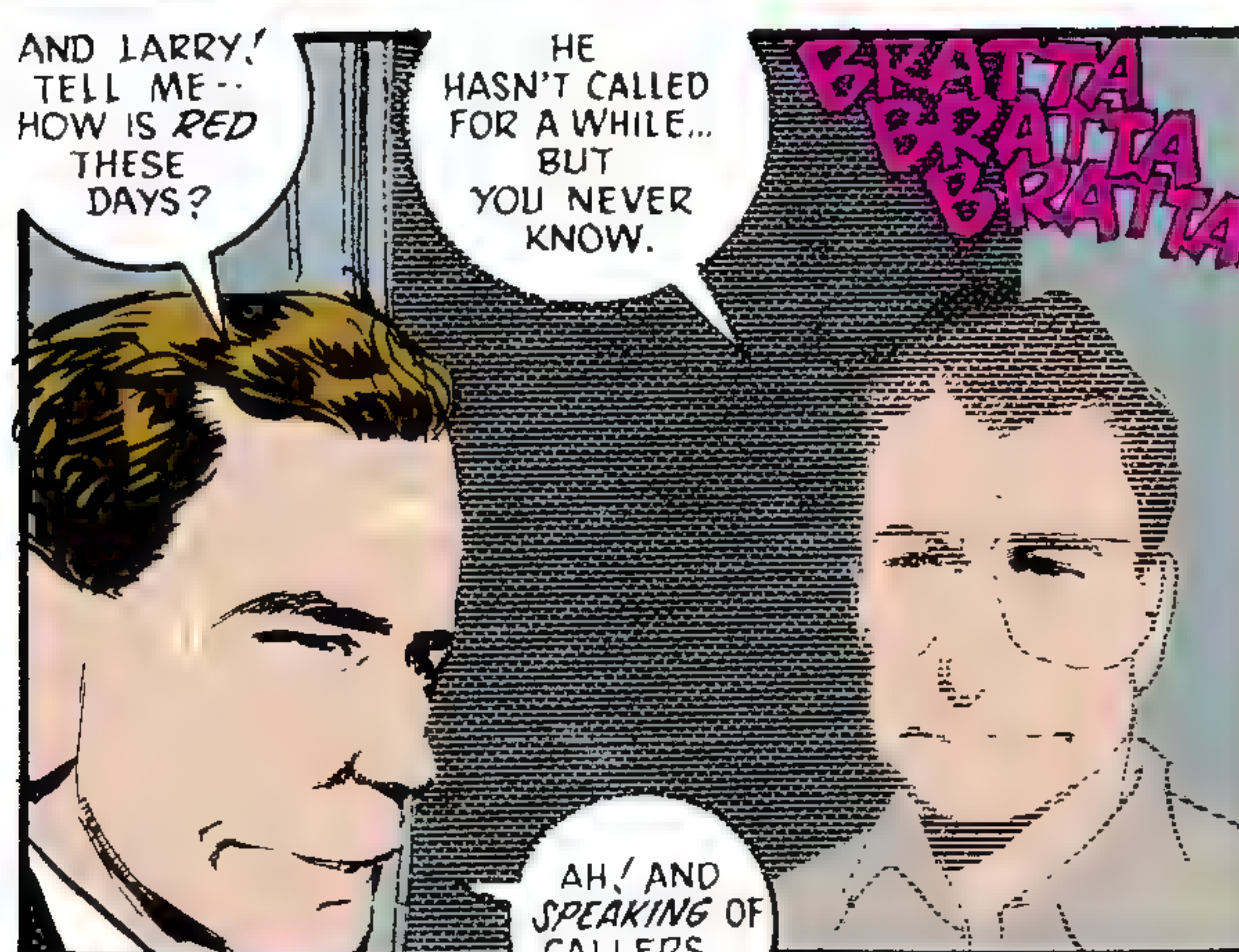
MISTER SKLAR-- YOU LOOK WELL TODAY--

AND MY FRIENDS?

THEY LOOK... FIRM.

THEY SHOULD. THEY'VE BEEN WORKING OUT.

I SEE.



AND LARRY! TELL ME-- HOW IS RED THESE DAYS?

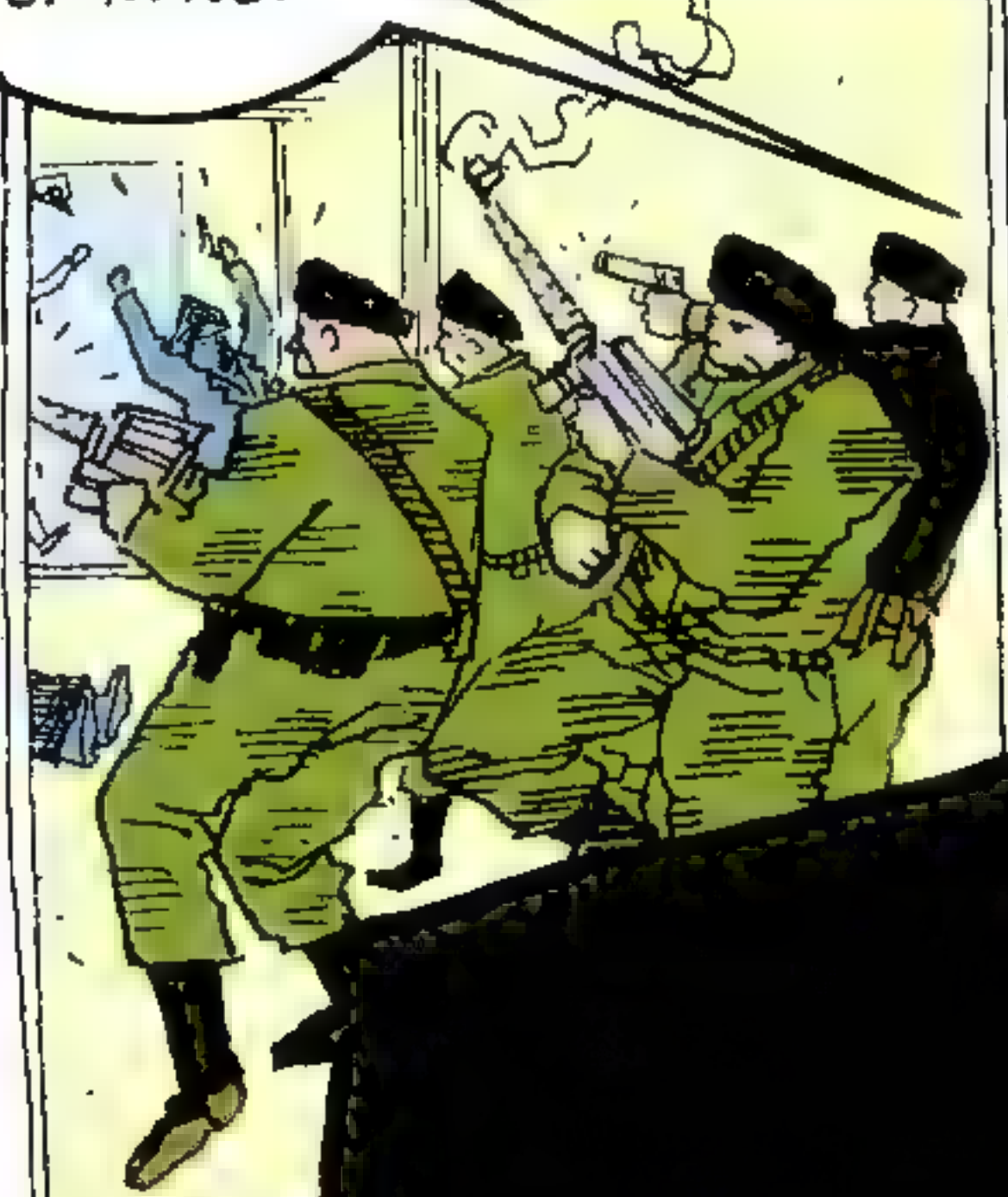
HE HASN'T CALLED FOR A WHILE... BUT YOU NEVER KNOW.

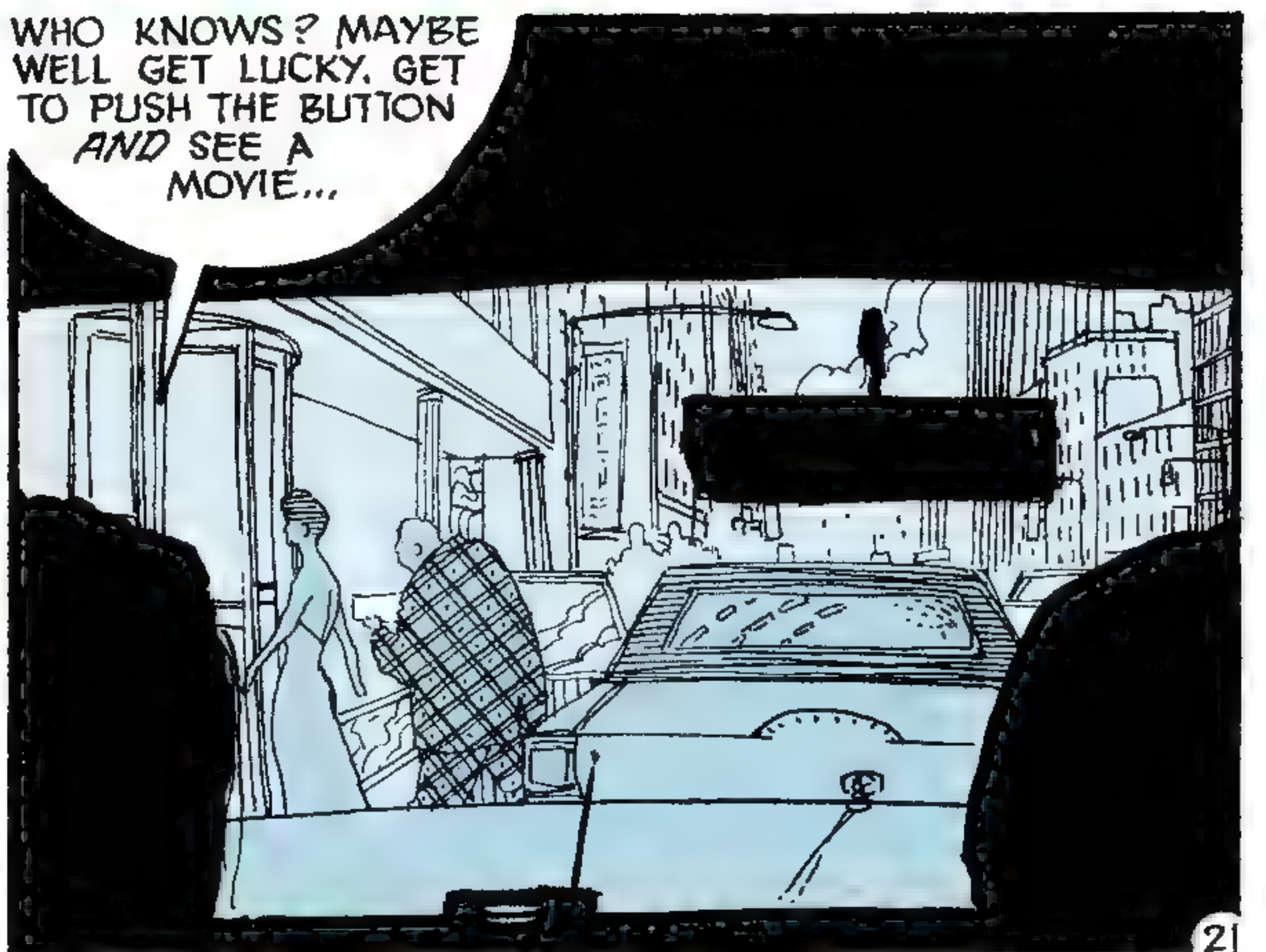
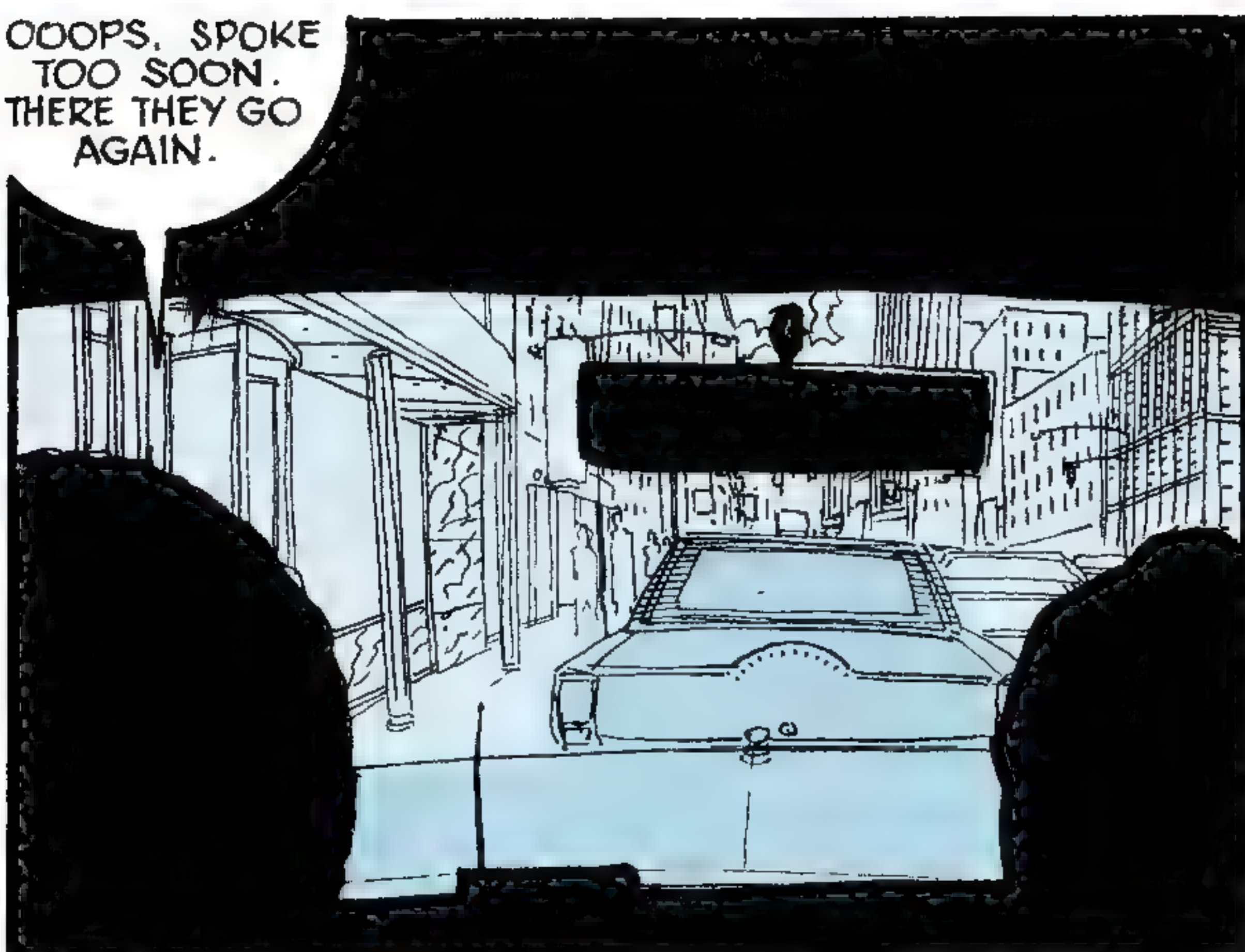
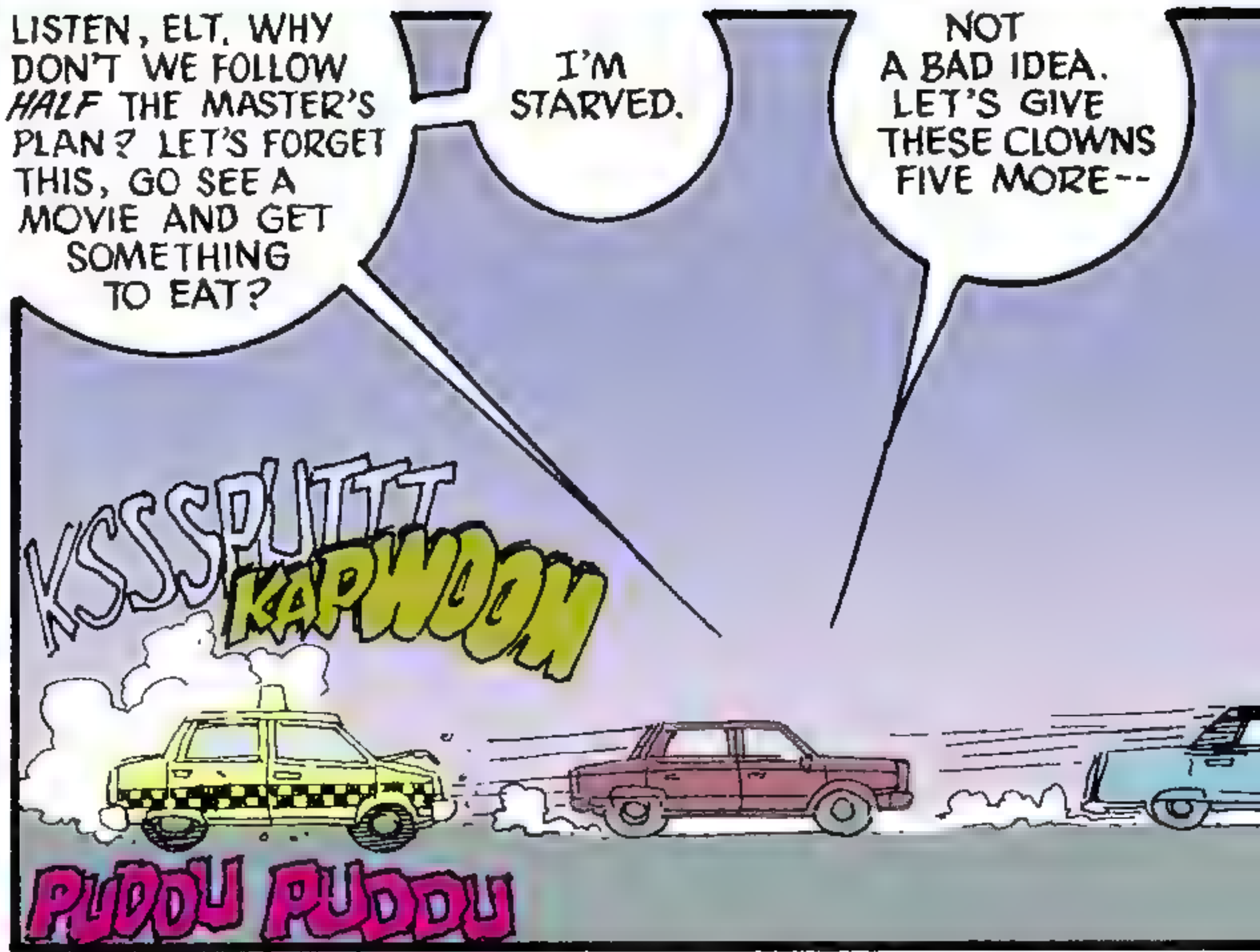
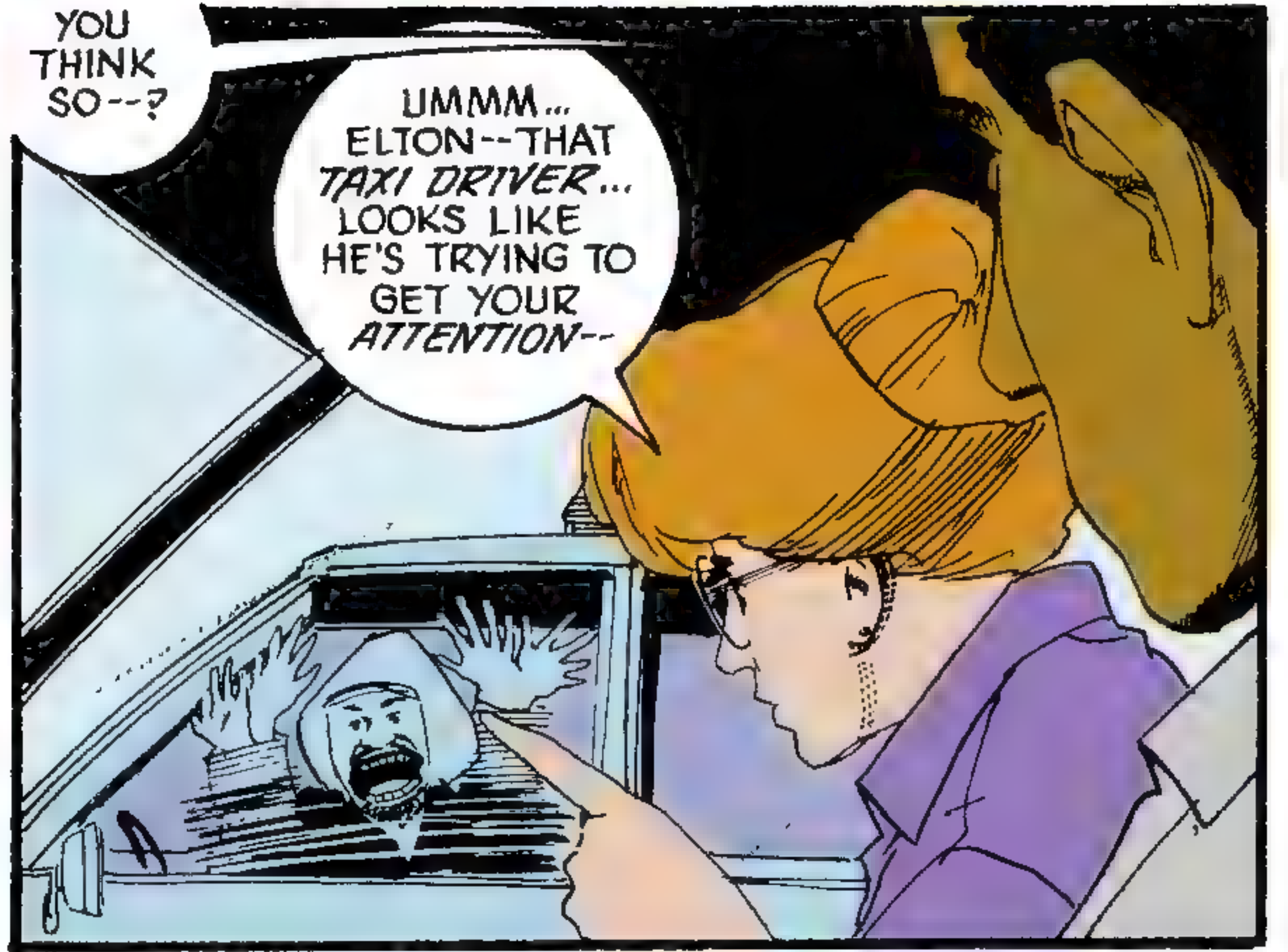
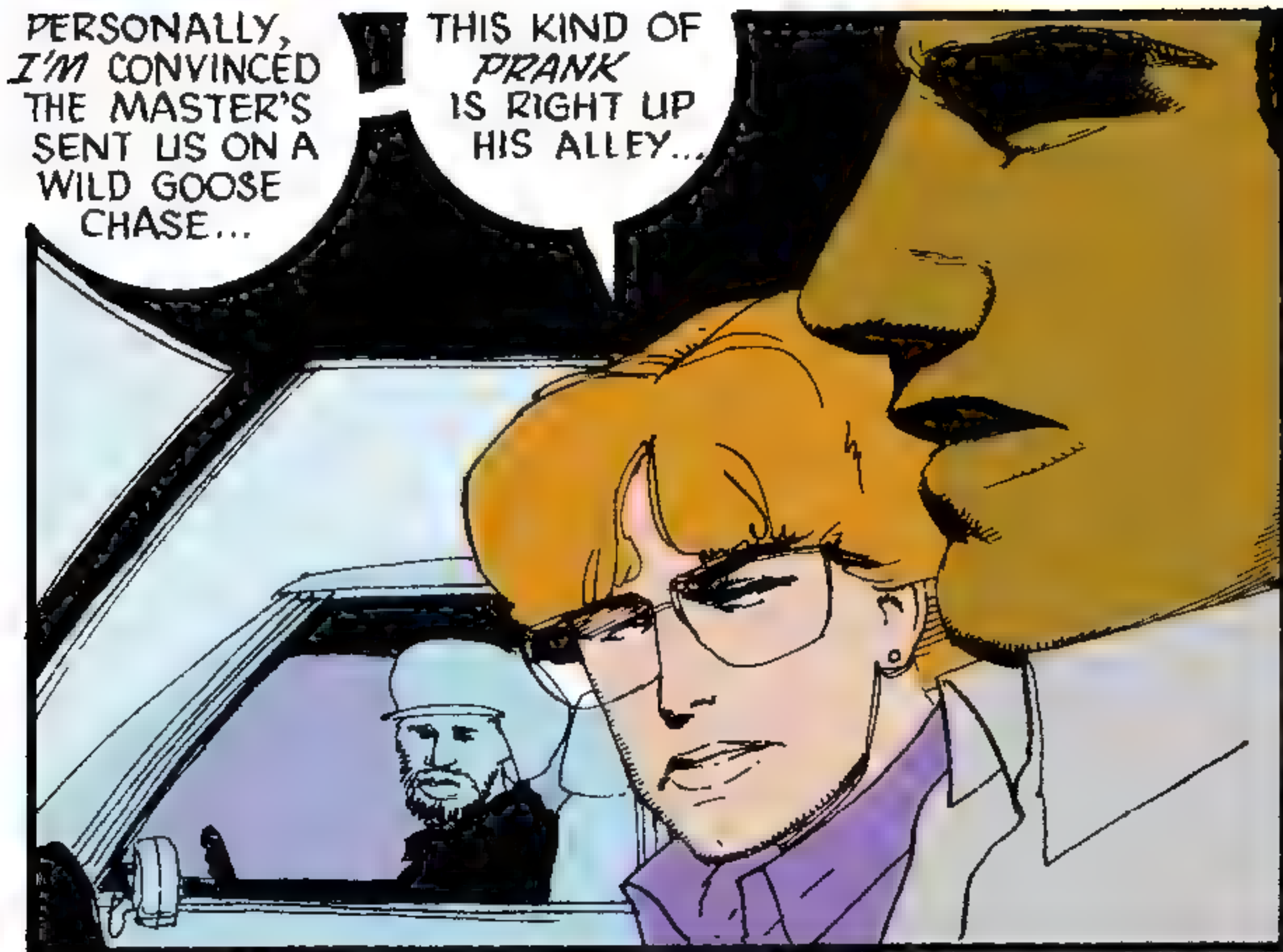
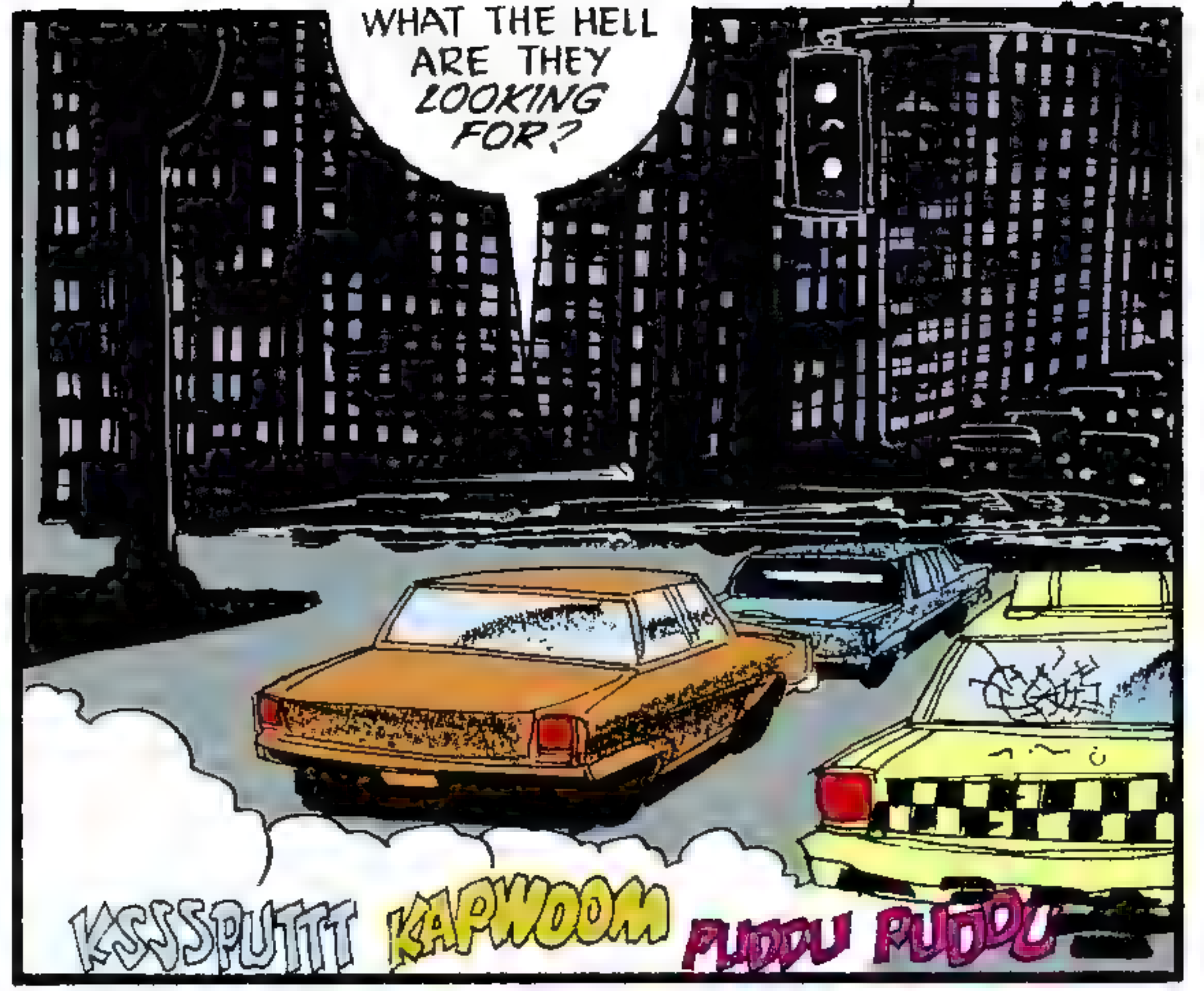
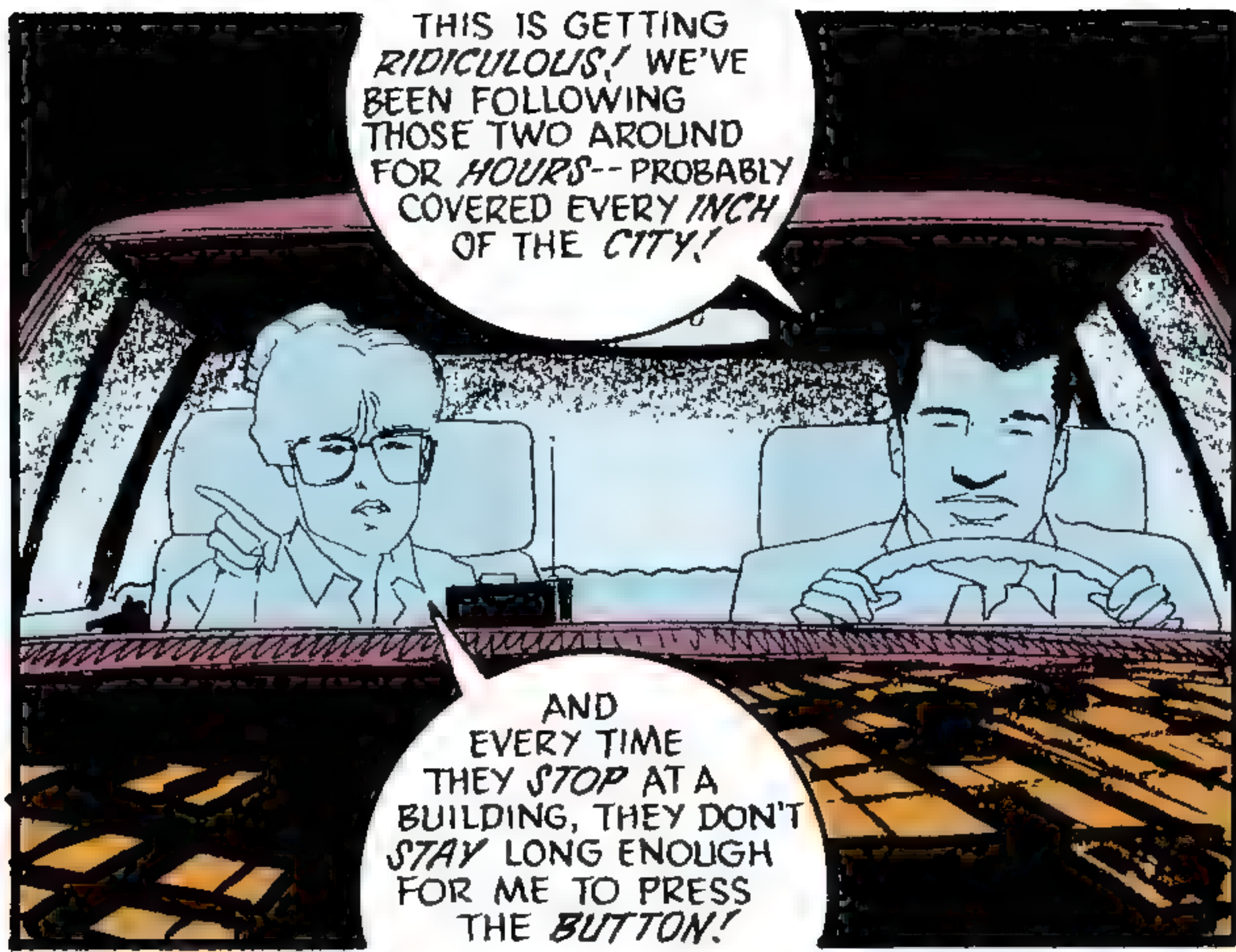
BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA

AH! AND SPEAKING OF CALLERS...



I'D LIKE YOU ALL TO MEET A COUPLE OF FRIENDS OF MINE...





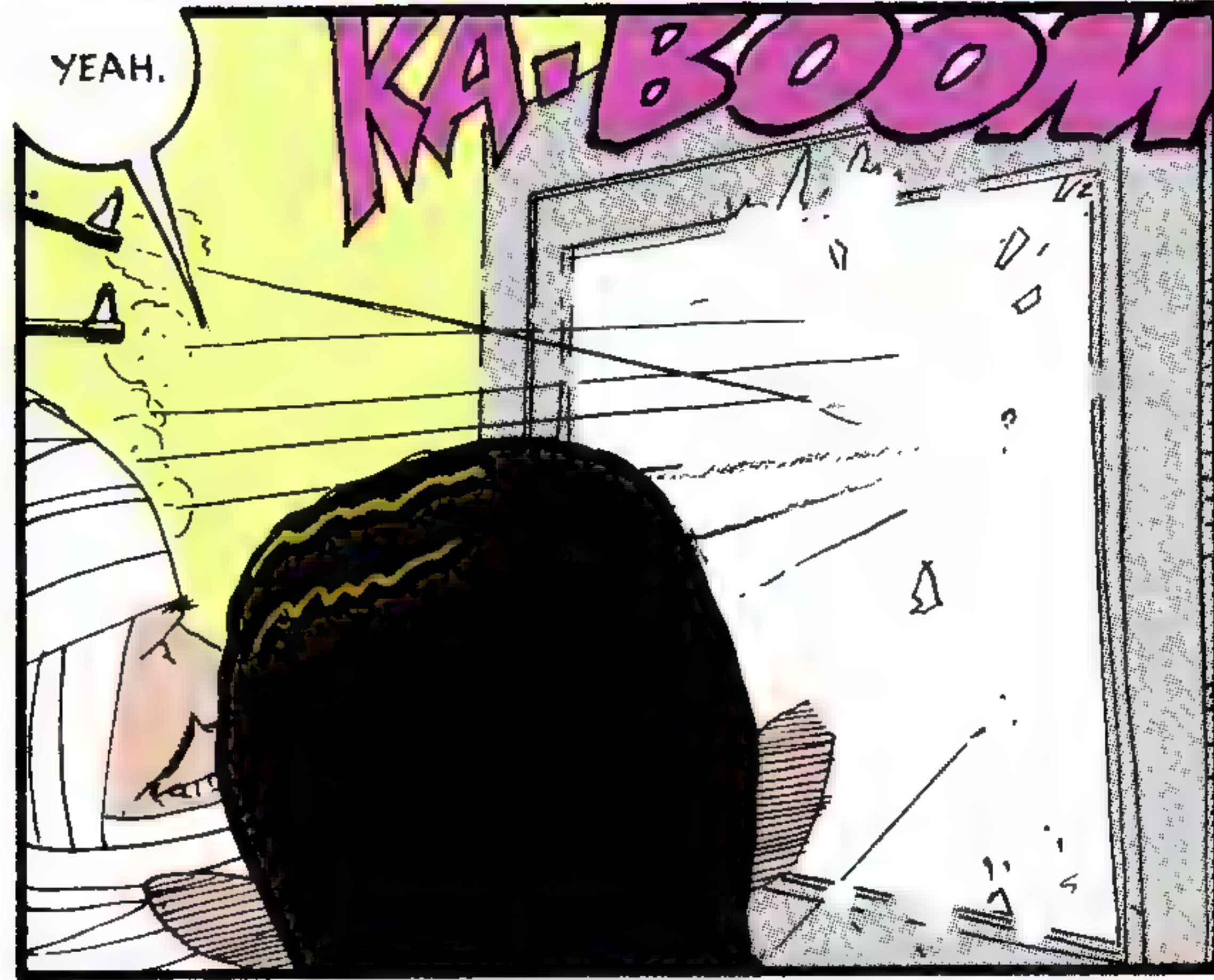
SO, THAT THEM,
EH? DON'T LOOK
SO TOUGH TO
ME--

THESE TYPES
SELDOM DO, ARTIE...
BUT I PERSONALLY
GUARANTEE THEIR
SAVAGERY...
WHEN
PROVOKED.

HOWEVER, IT
HARDLY SEEMS
YOU NEED *THEM*--
YOUR TROOPS
SEEM TO BE AS
SAVAGE AS
THEY COME...

NAHH...THEY'RE JUST YOUR
AVERAGE MILITARY-ADVISOR
TYPES...GOOD FER PUTTIN'
DOWN A REVOLUTION OR
BLOWIN' UP AN EMBASSY...
BUT NOT MUCH
ELSE...

WELL, THEY'RE *THOROUGH*,
I'LL GIVE THEM *THAT*
THEY SEEM TO HAVE
KILLED *EVERY* GUARD
IN THE FACILITY...



ANYWAY, LET'S
BRING THE TEAM
OUT HERE, TAKE
A GOOD LOOK
AT 'EM--

JACK--
RAY--?

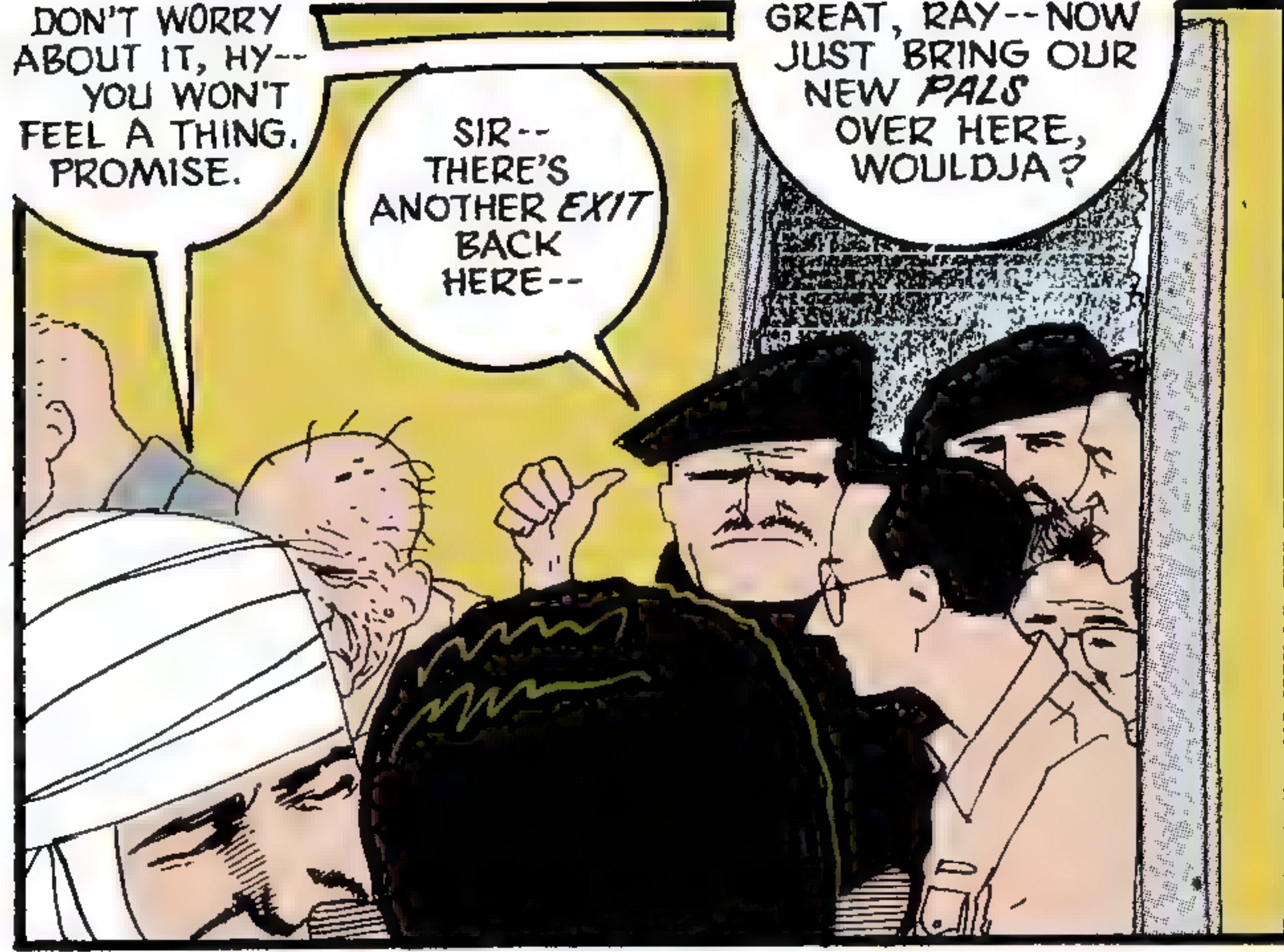
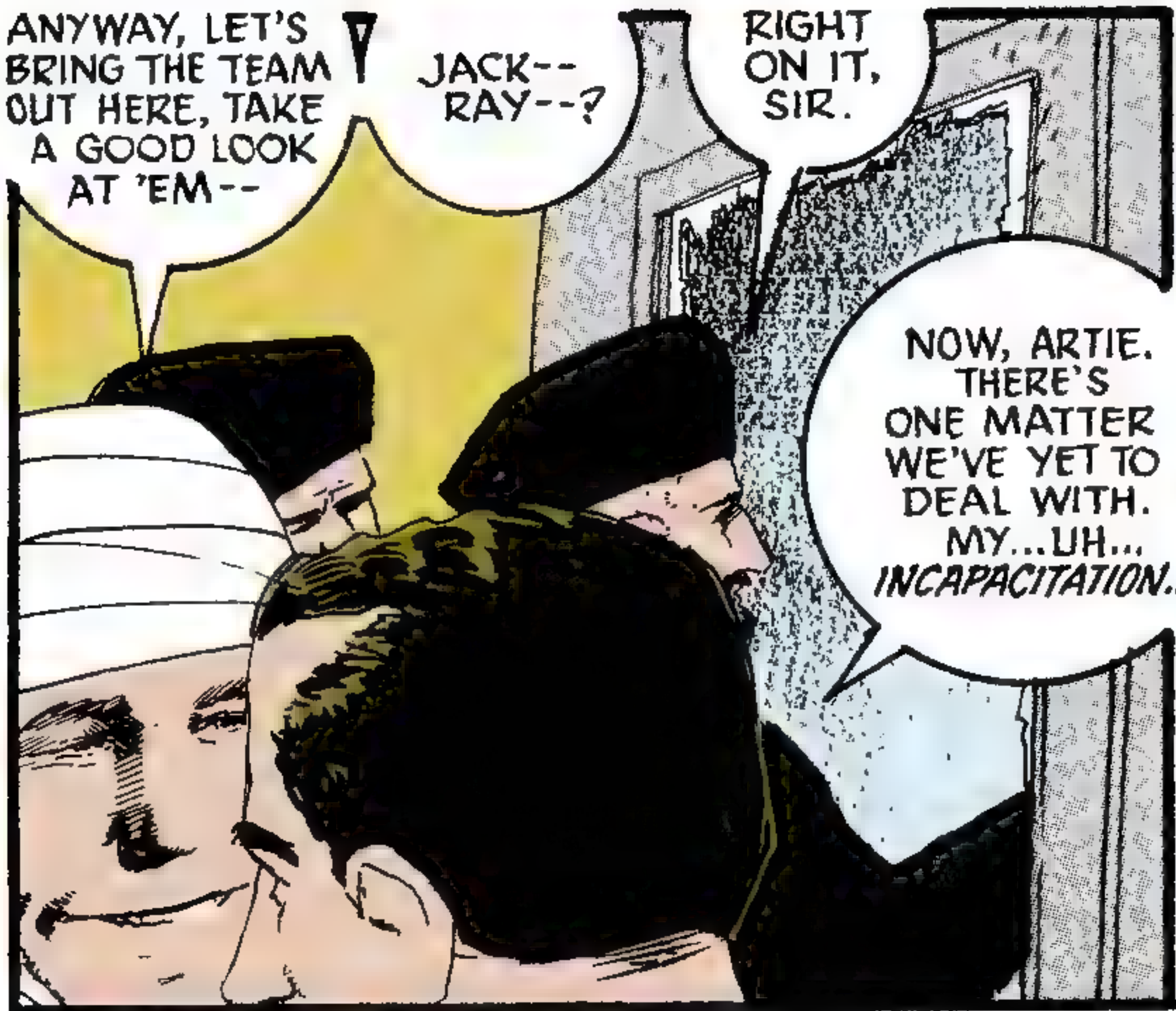
RIGHT
ON IT,
SIR.

NOW, ARTIE.
THERE'S
ONE MATTER
WE'VE YET TO
DEAL WITH.
MY...UH...
INCAPACITATION...

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT, HY--
YOU WON'T
FEEL A THING.
PROMISE.

SIR--
THERE'S
ANOTHER *EXIT*
BACK
HERE--

GREAT, RAY--NOW
JUST BRING OUR
NEW *PALS*
OVER HERE,
WOULDJA?

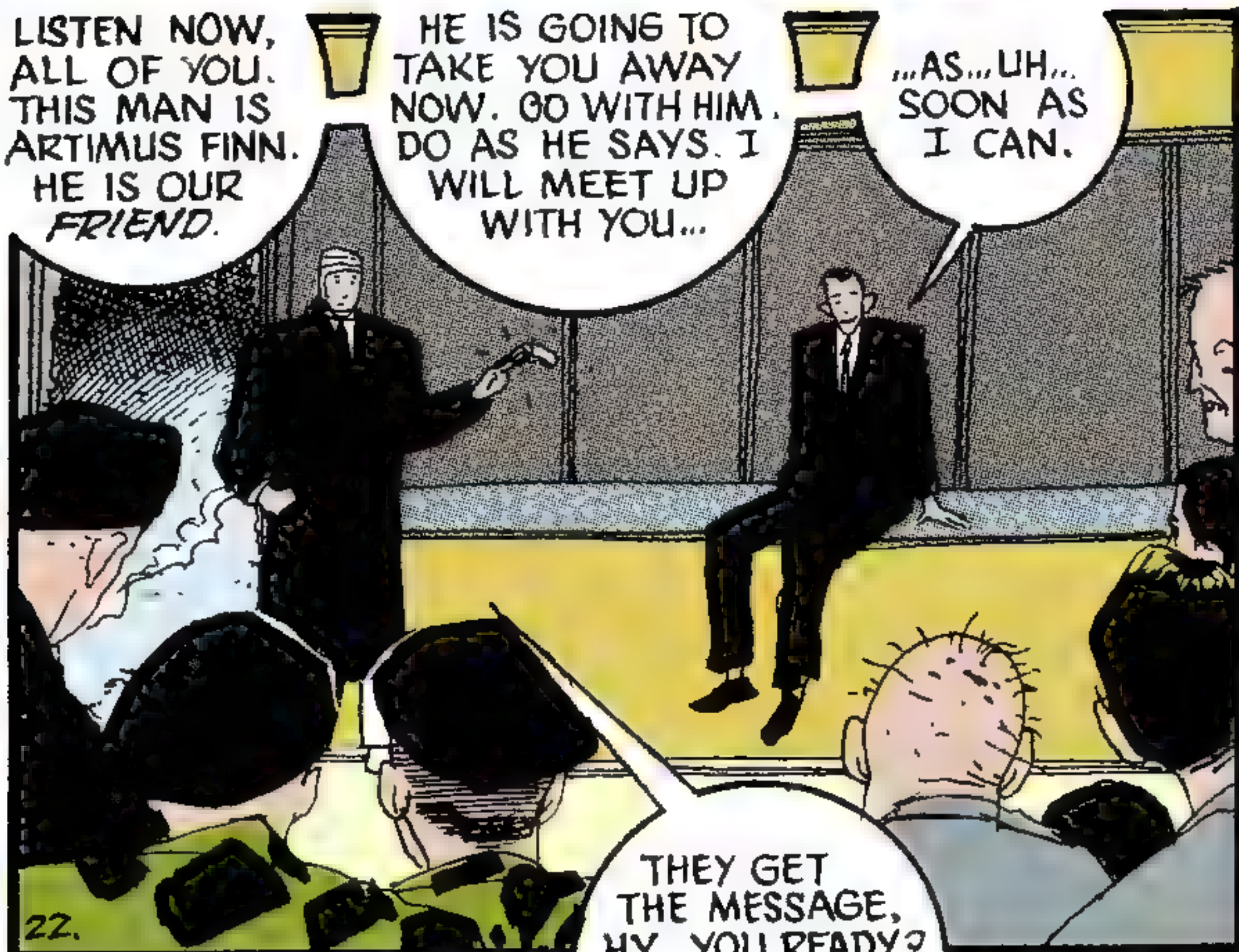


LISTEN NOW,
ALL OF YOU.
THIS MAN IS
ARTIMUS FINN.
HE IS OUR
FRIEND.

HE IS GOING TO
TAKE YOU AWAY
NOW. GO WITH HIM.
DO AS HE SAYS. I
WILL MEET UP
WITH YOU...

...AS...UH...
SOON AS
I CAN.

THEY GET
THE MESSAGE,
HY. YOU READY?



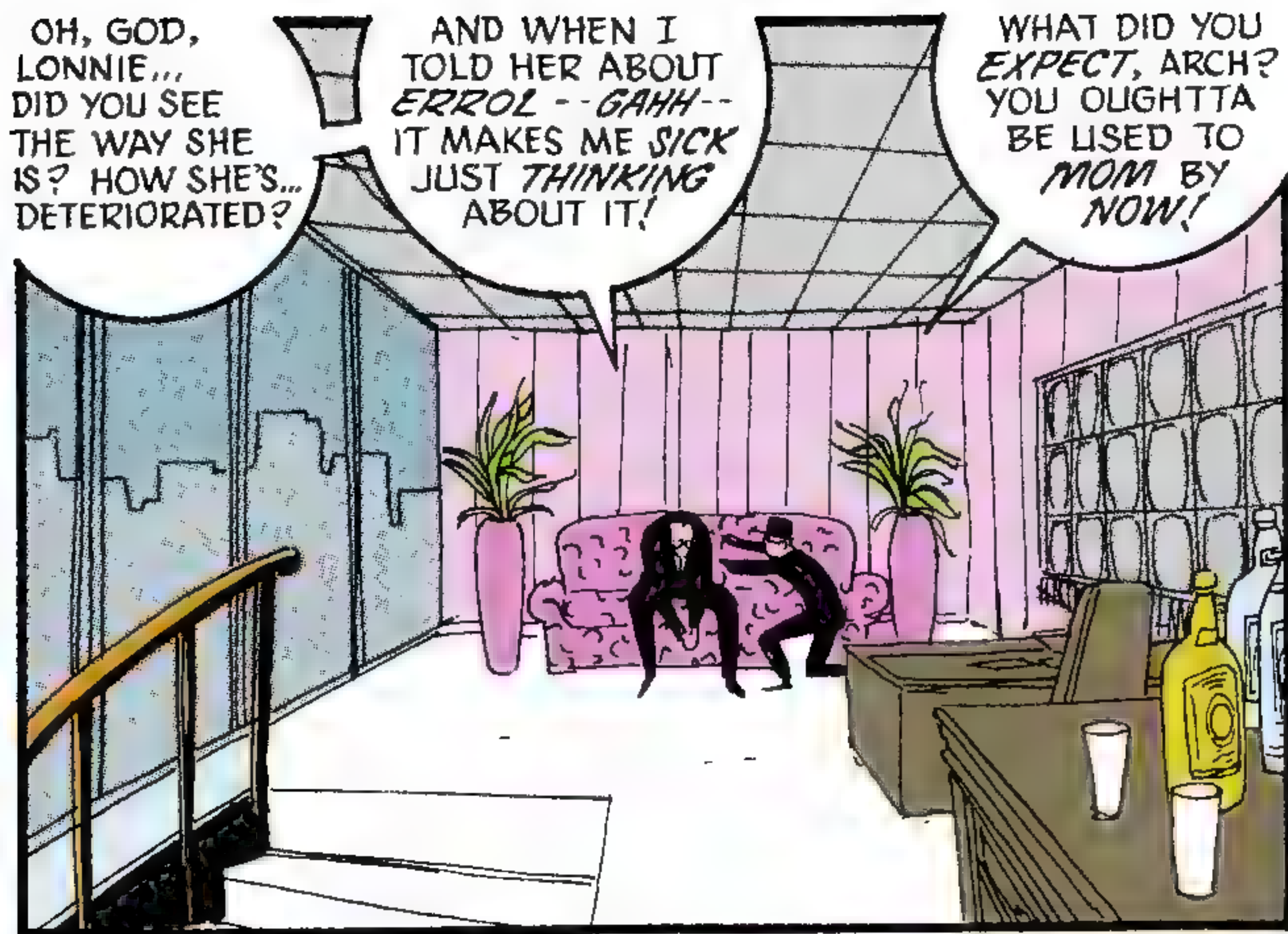
I...SUPPOSE...

RELAX!
DIDN'T I SAY
IT WOULDN'T
HURT?

YES...

I LIED.

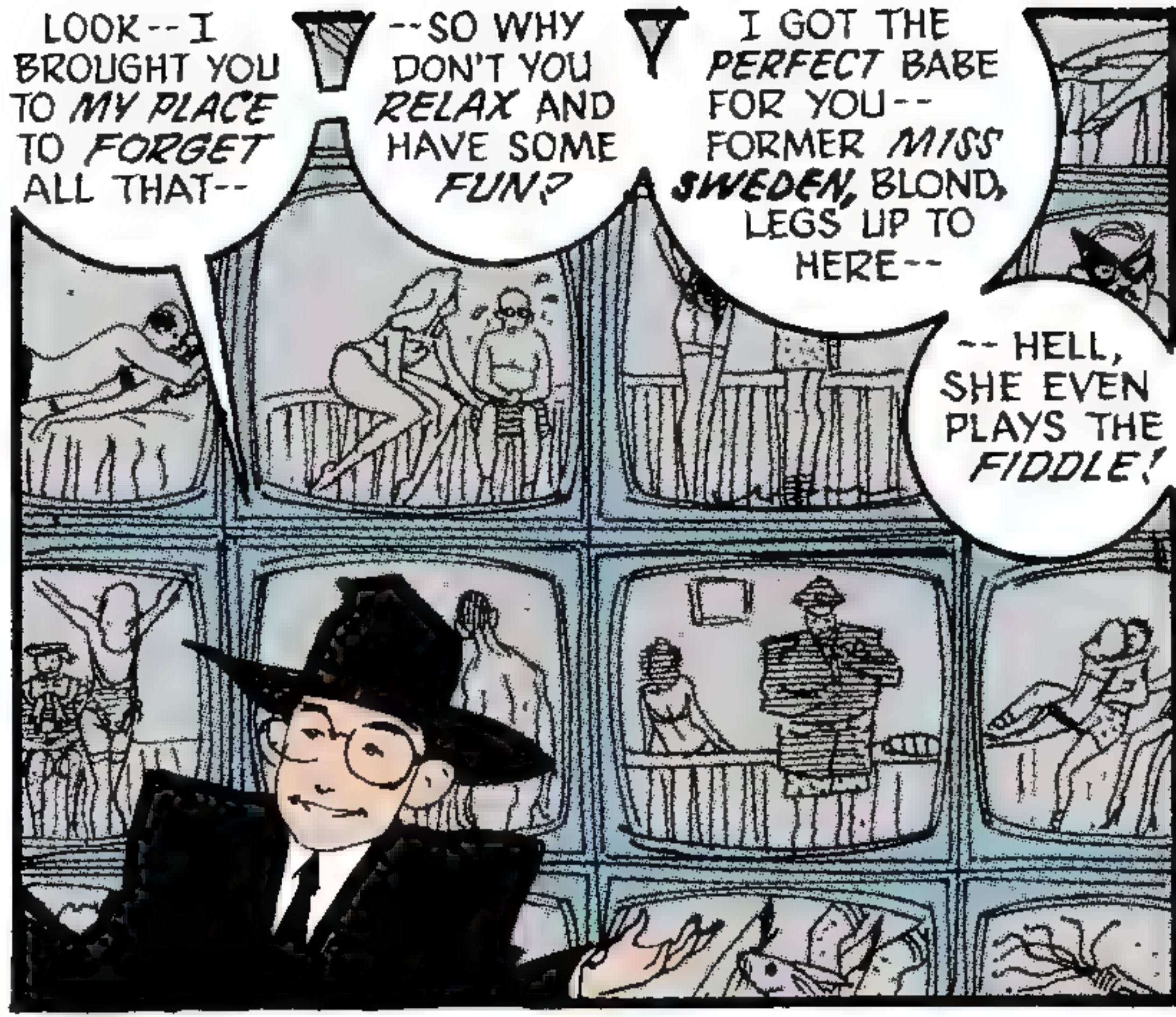




OH, GOD, LONNIE... DID YOU SEE THE WAY SHE IS? HOW SHE'S... DETERIORATED?

AND WHEN I TOLD HER ABOUT ERROL -- GAHH-- IT MAKES ME SICK JUST THINKING ABOUT IT!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT, ARCH? YOU OUGHTTA BE USED TO MOM BY NOW!



LOOK-- I BROUGHT YOU TO MY PLACE TO FORGET ALL THAT--

--SO WHY DON'T YOU RELAX AND HAVE SOME FUN?

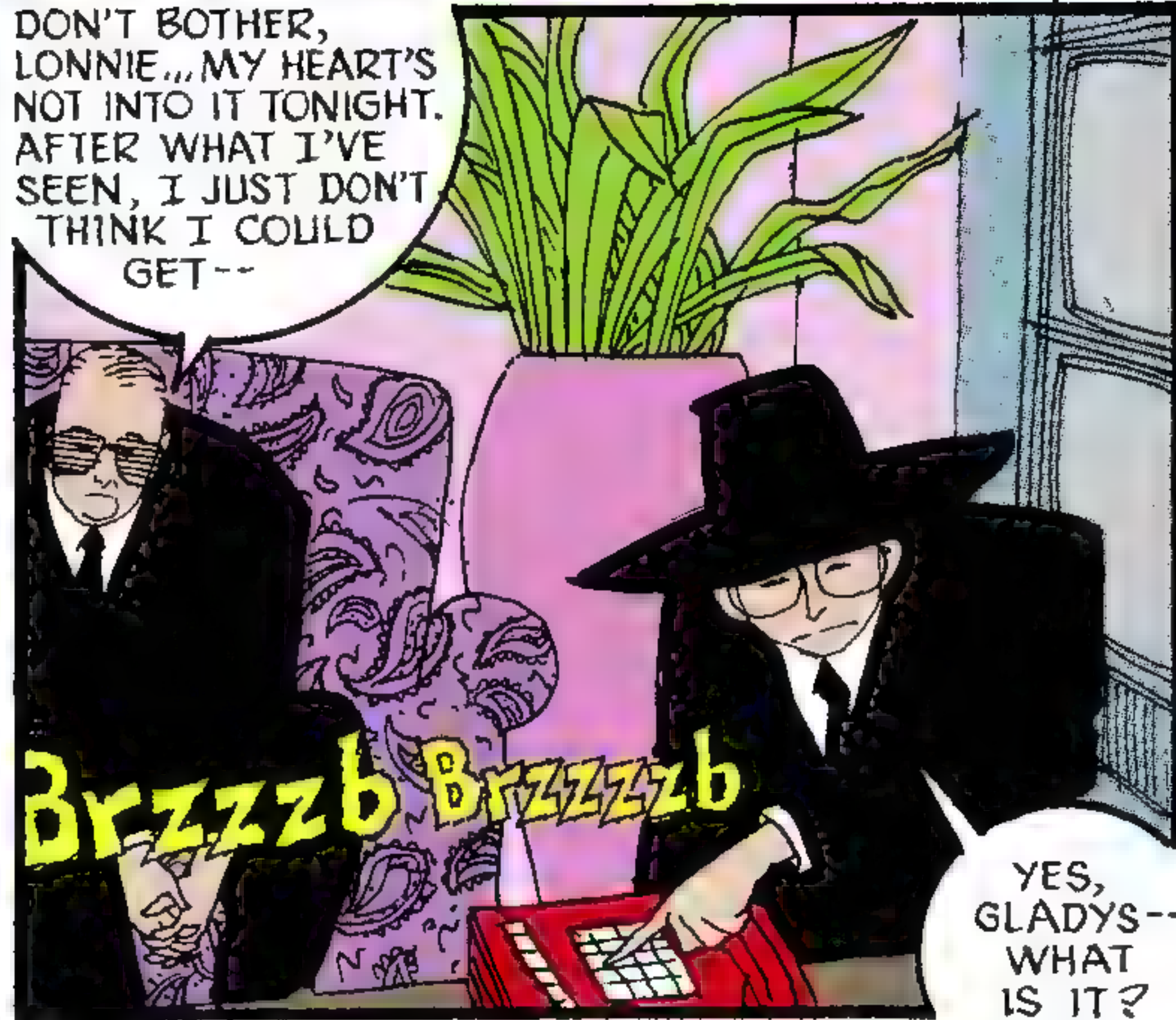
I GOT THE PERFECT BABE FOR YOU-- FORMER MISS SWEDEN, BLOND, LEGS UP TO HERE--

-- HELL, SHE EVEN PLAYS THE FIDDLE!



NOW YOU JUST GET YOURSELF COMFORTABLE AND I'LL HAVE HER SENT UP...

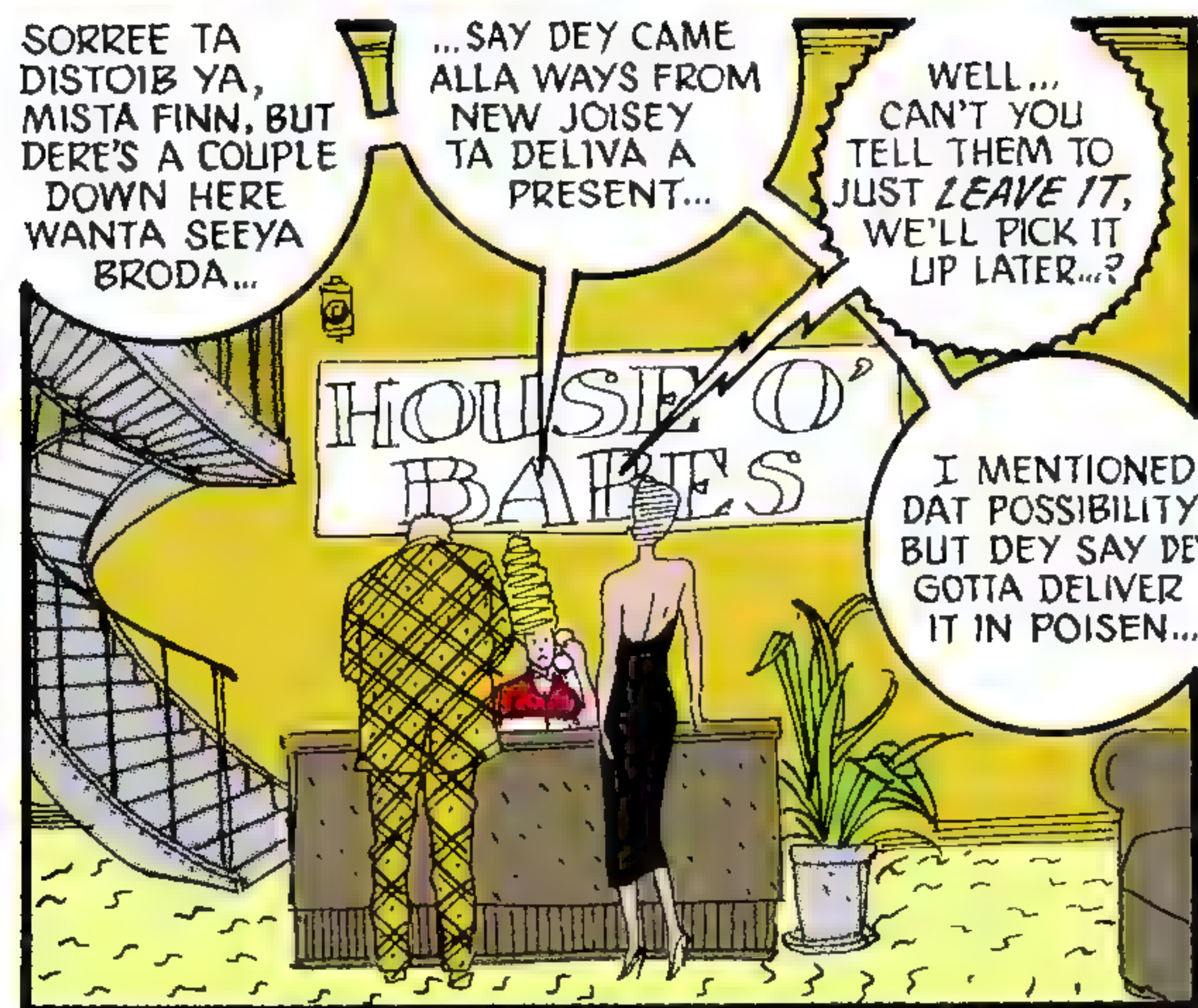
...SHE SHOULD BE FINISHED WITH COMMISSIONER MARX BY NOW...



DON'T BOTHER, LONNIE... MY HEART'S NOT INTO IT TONIGHT. AFTER WHAT I'VE SEEN, I JUST DON'T THINK I COULD GET--

Brzzzzb Brzzzzb

YES, GLADYS-- WHAT IS IT?



SORREE TA DISTOIB YA, MISTA FINN, BUT DERE'S A COUPLE DOWN HERE WANTA SEEYA BRODA...

...SAY DEY CAME ALLA WAYS FROM NEW JOISEY TA DELIVA A PRESENT...

WELL... CAN'T YOU TELL THEM TO JUST LEAVE IT, WE'LL PICK IT UP LATER...?

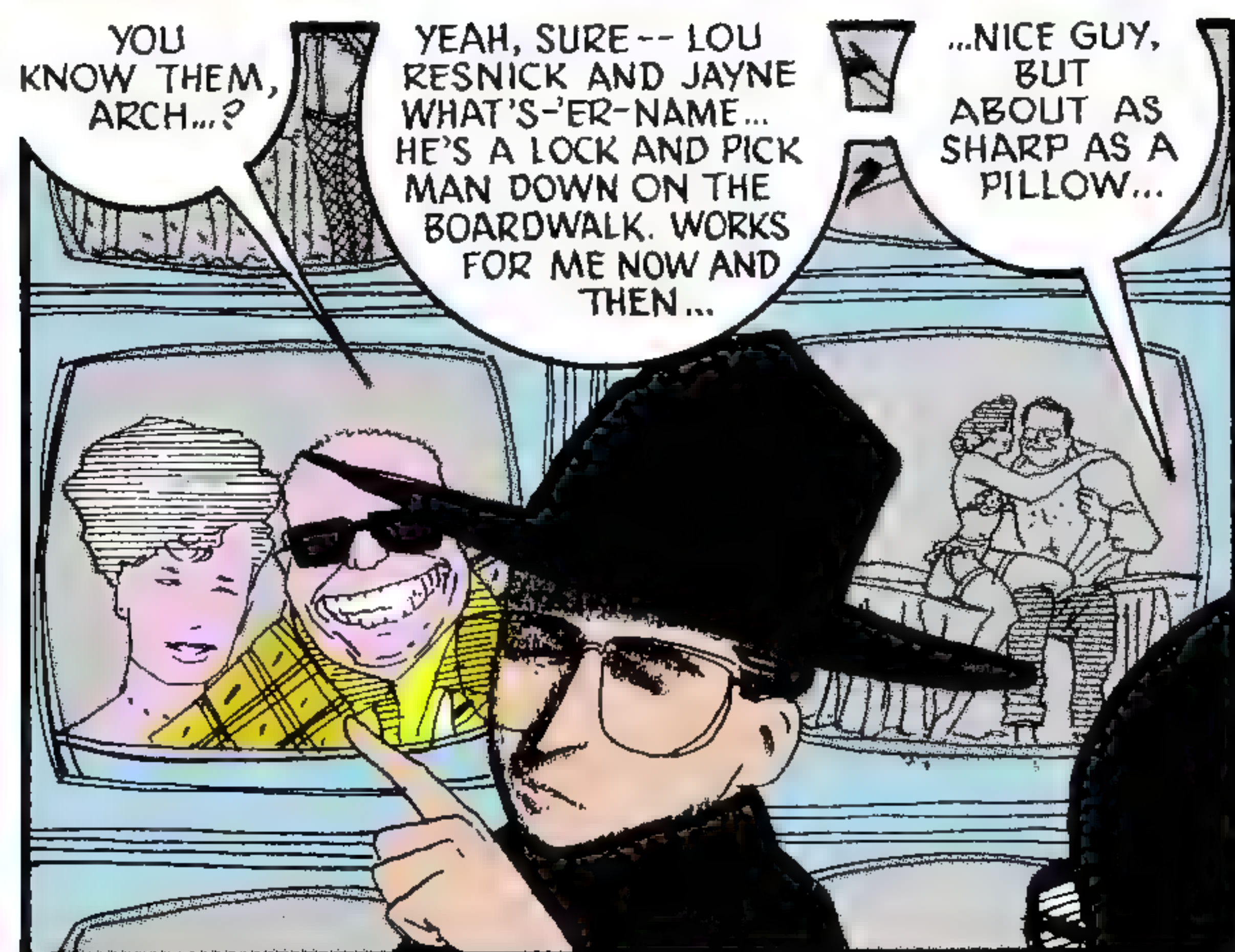
I MENTIONED DAT POSSIBILITY, BUT DEY SAY DEY GOTTA DELIVER IT IN POISEN...



>SIGH<... WHO ARE THEY, LONNIE...?

HANG ON A SECOND, ARCH...

GLADYS-- GIVE ME A VISUAL ON CAMERA TWO, PLEASE--



YOU KNOW THEM, ARCH...?

YEAH, SURE-- LOU RESNICK AND JAYNE WHAT'S-ER-NAME... HE'S A LOCK AND PICK MAN DOWN ON THE BOARDWALK. WORKS FOR ME NOW AND THEN...

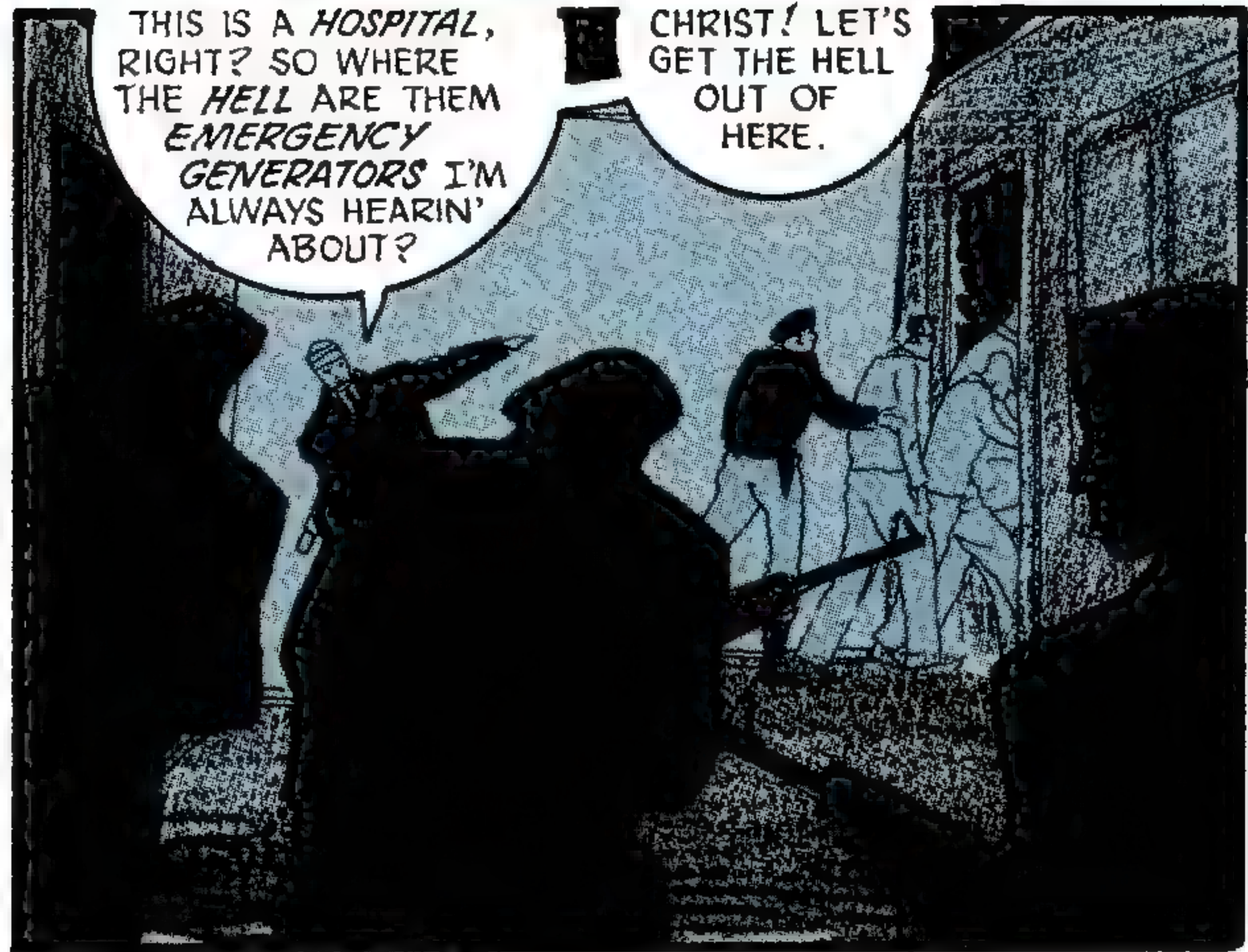
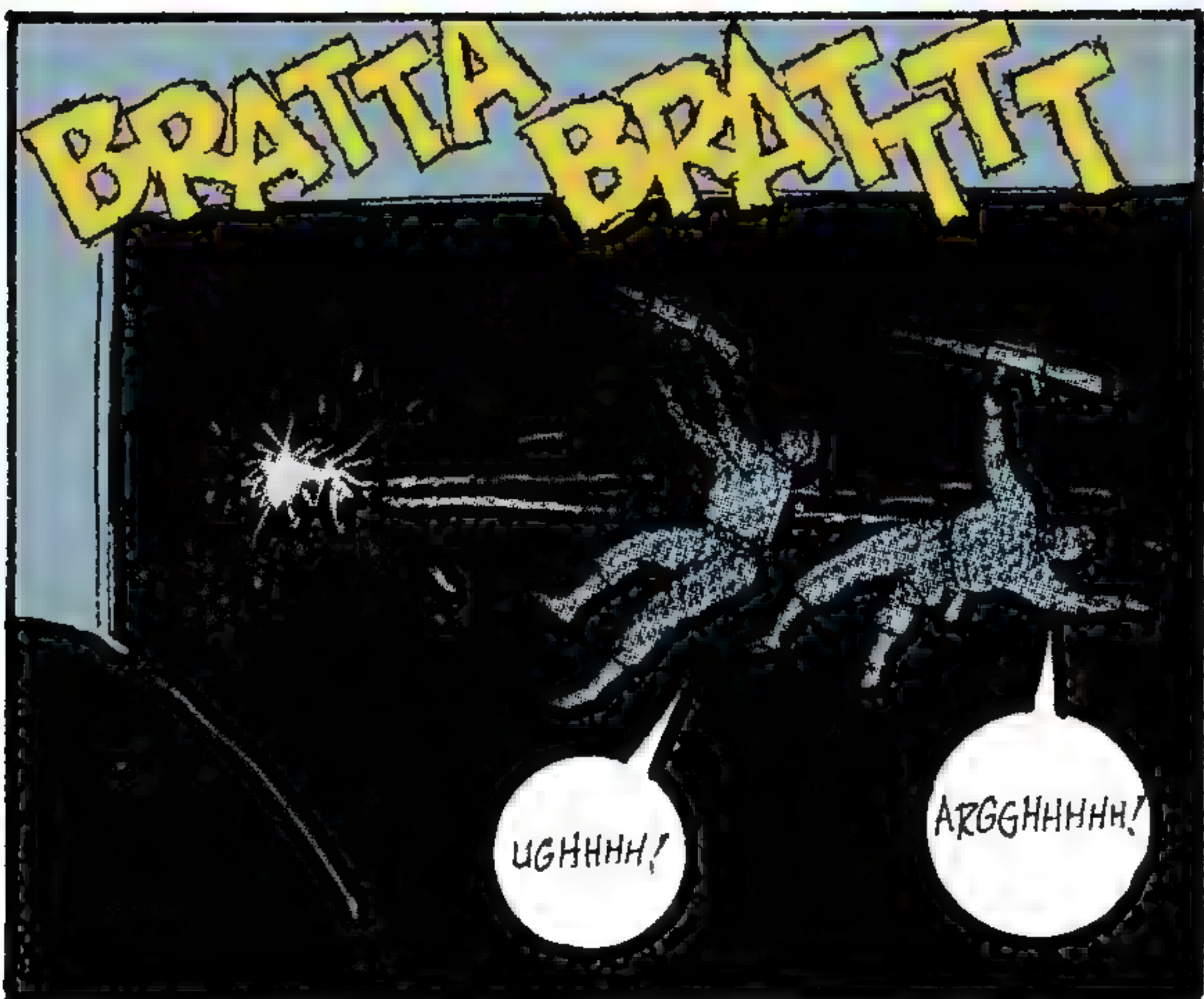
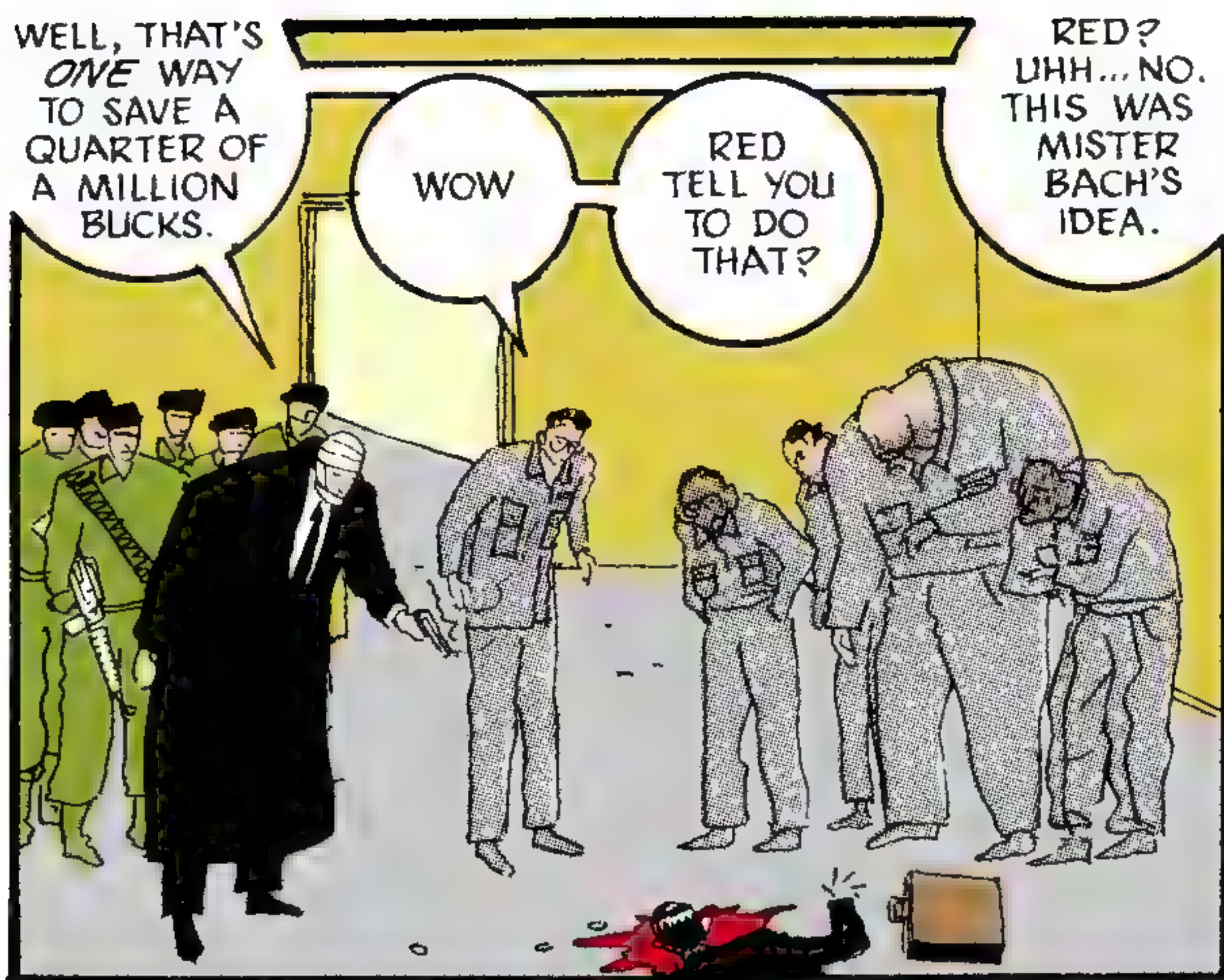
...NICE GUY, BUT ABOUT AS SHARP AS A PILLOW...



WANT TO SEE THEM...?

YOUR RECEPTIONIST SAID THEY HAD A PRESENT FOR ME, RIGHT?

WHAT THE HELL. SEND 'EM UP. MAYBE THEY BROUGHT SOMETHING THAT'LL CHEER ME UP...





MISTER FINN...
HAVE WE GOT A
SURPRISE
FOR YOU!

THAT'S
NICE OF YOU,
LOU... BUT YOU
REALLY DIDN'T
HAVE TO GO
TO ALL THIS
TROUBLE...

TROUBLE?
NO TROUBLE
AT ALL--
HONEST!

HECK-- WE DID
IT AS MUCH FOR
MISTER **CRANSTON**
AS FOR **YOU**--

HE'S
SUCH A
NICE
MAN--

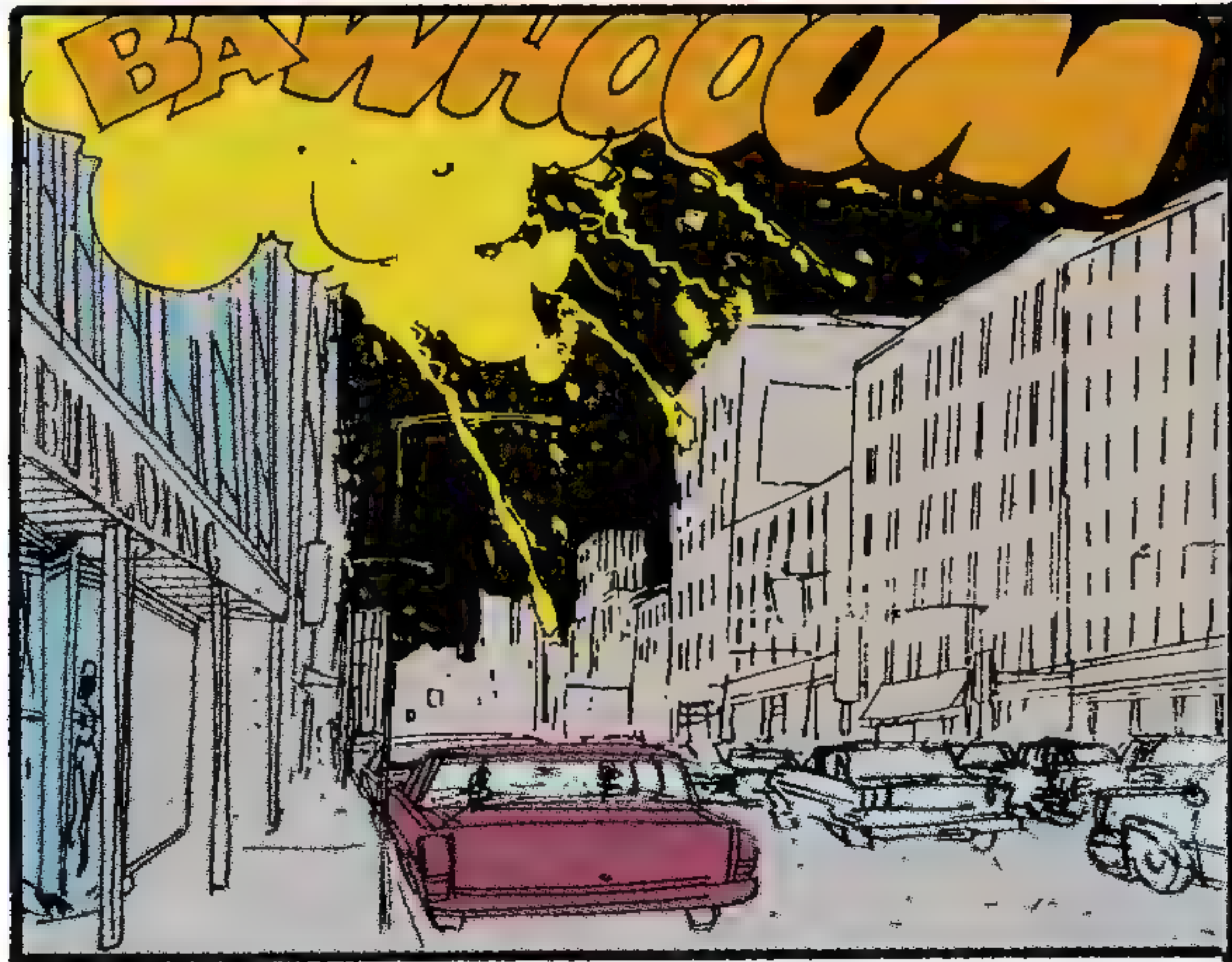
CRANSTON?
WHAT DOES **HE**
HAVE TO DO
WITH--



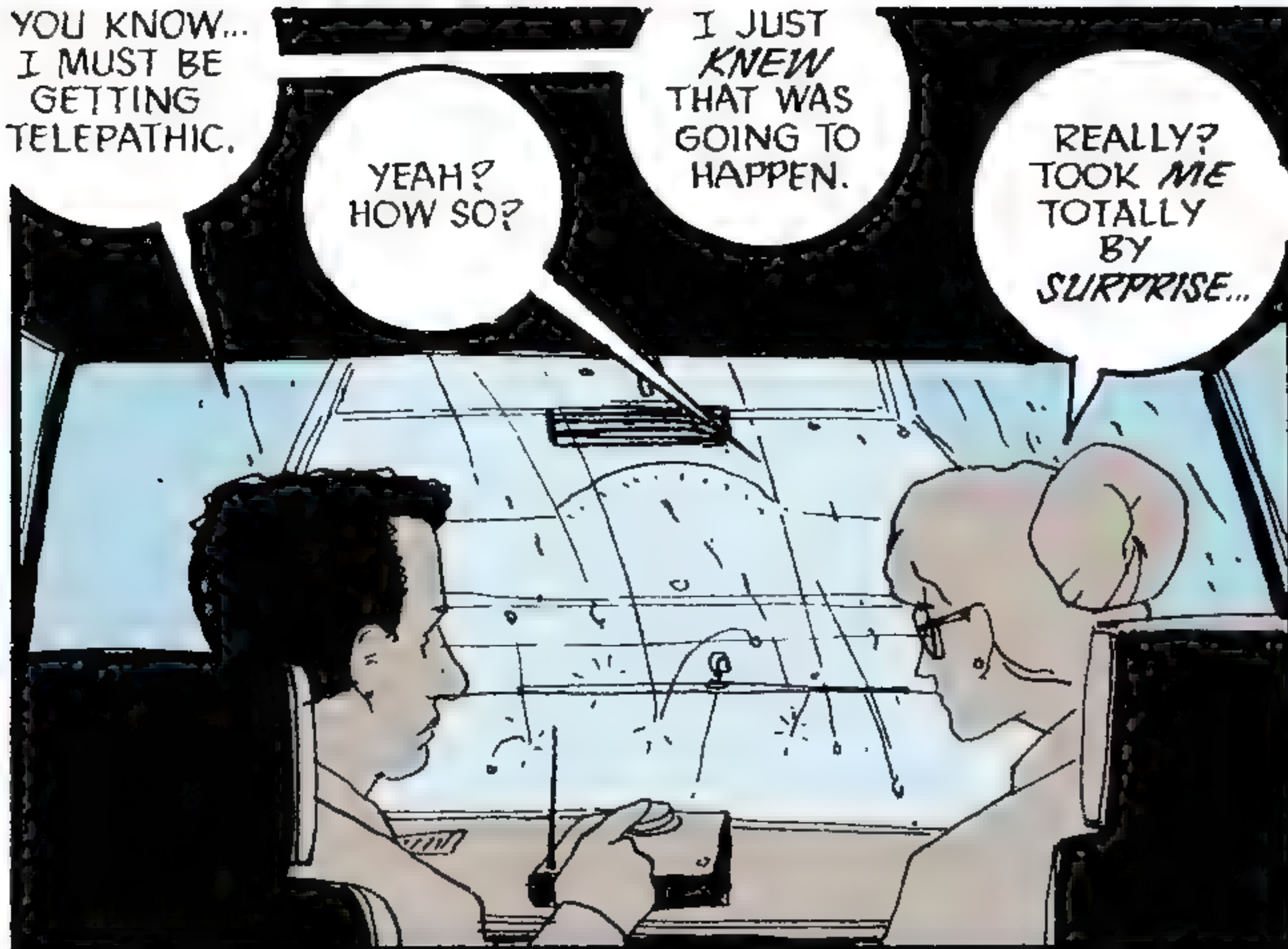
GOTCHA.

TIME.

TOK



BAWHOOOM



YOU KNOW...
I MUST BE
GETTING
TELEPATHIC.

YEAH?
HOW SO?

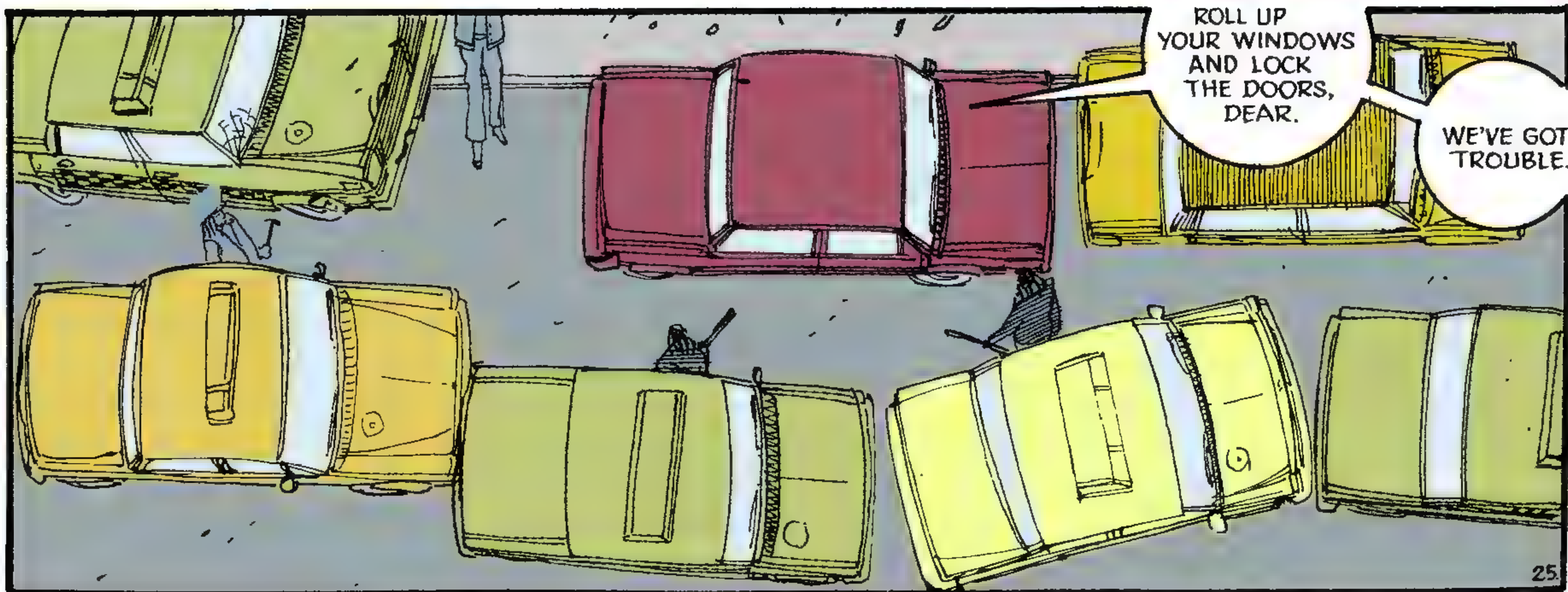
I JUST
KNEW
THAT WAS
GOING TO
HAPPEN.

REALLY?
TOOK **ME**
TOTALLY
BY
SURPRISE...

WELL, **THIS** JOB'S
DONE... I THINK IT'S
TIME WE TOOK IN
THAT **FLICK**,
MISTER
BUTTERFIELD--

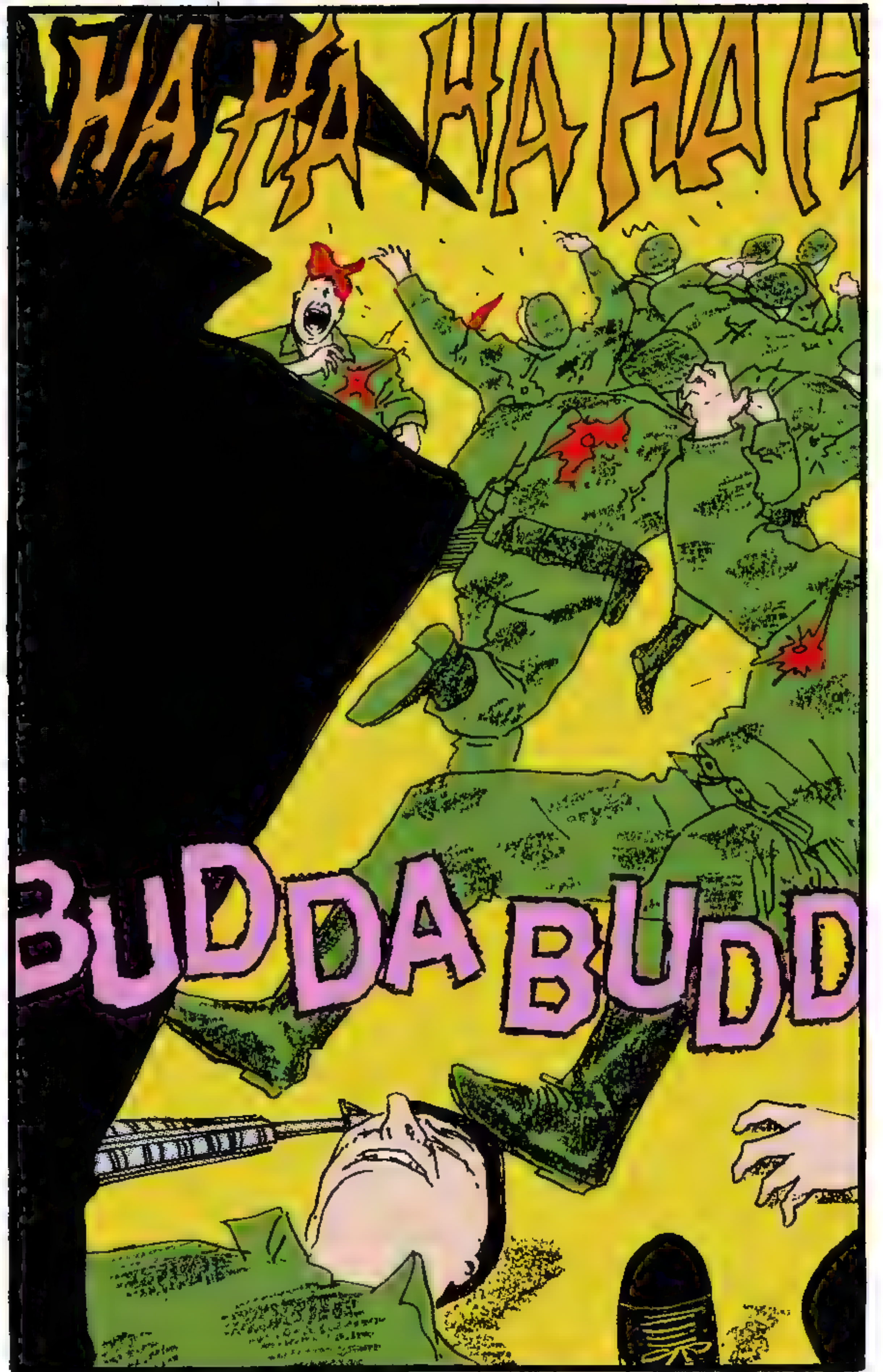
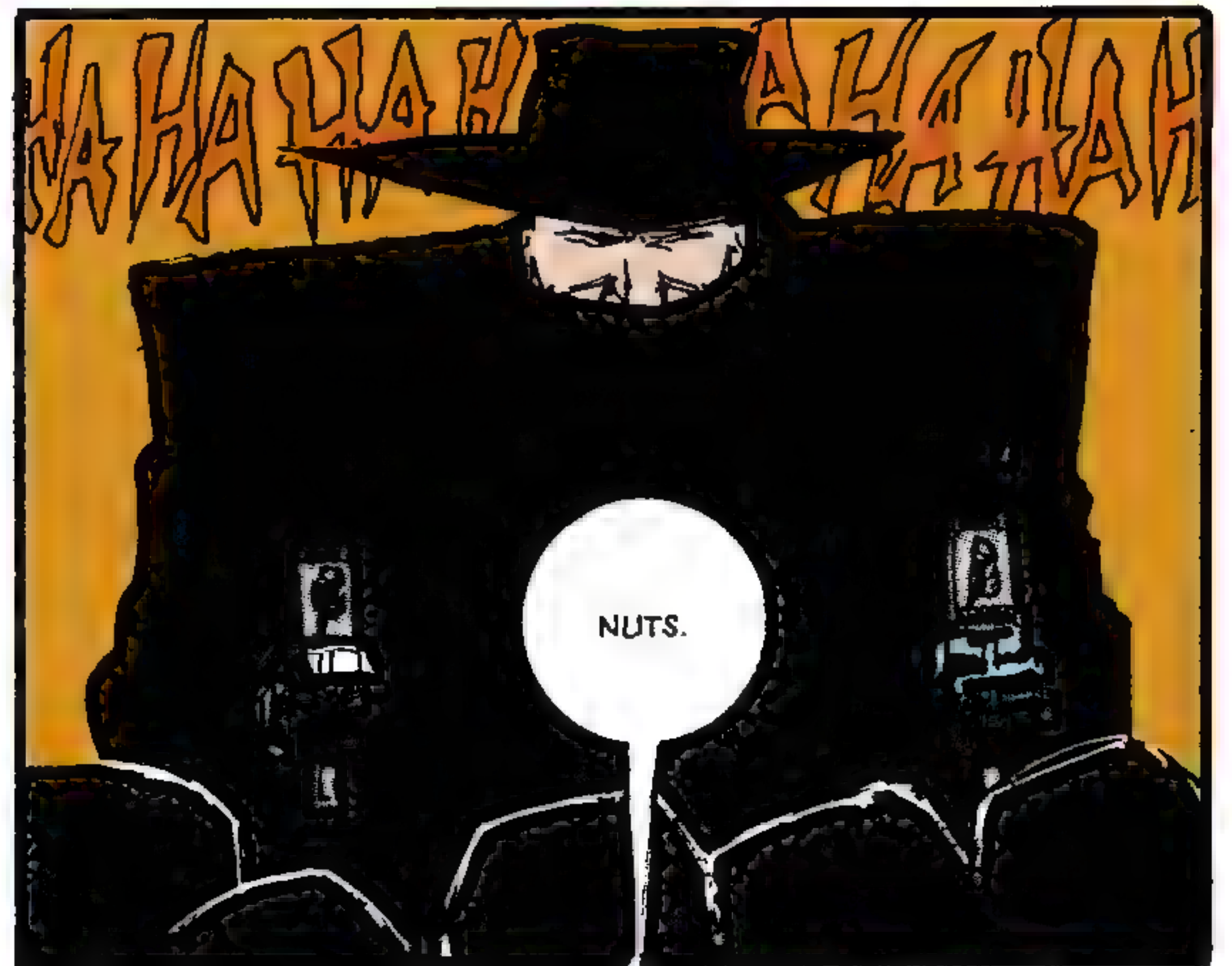
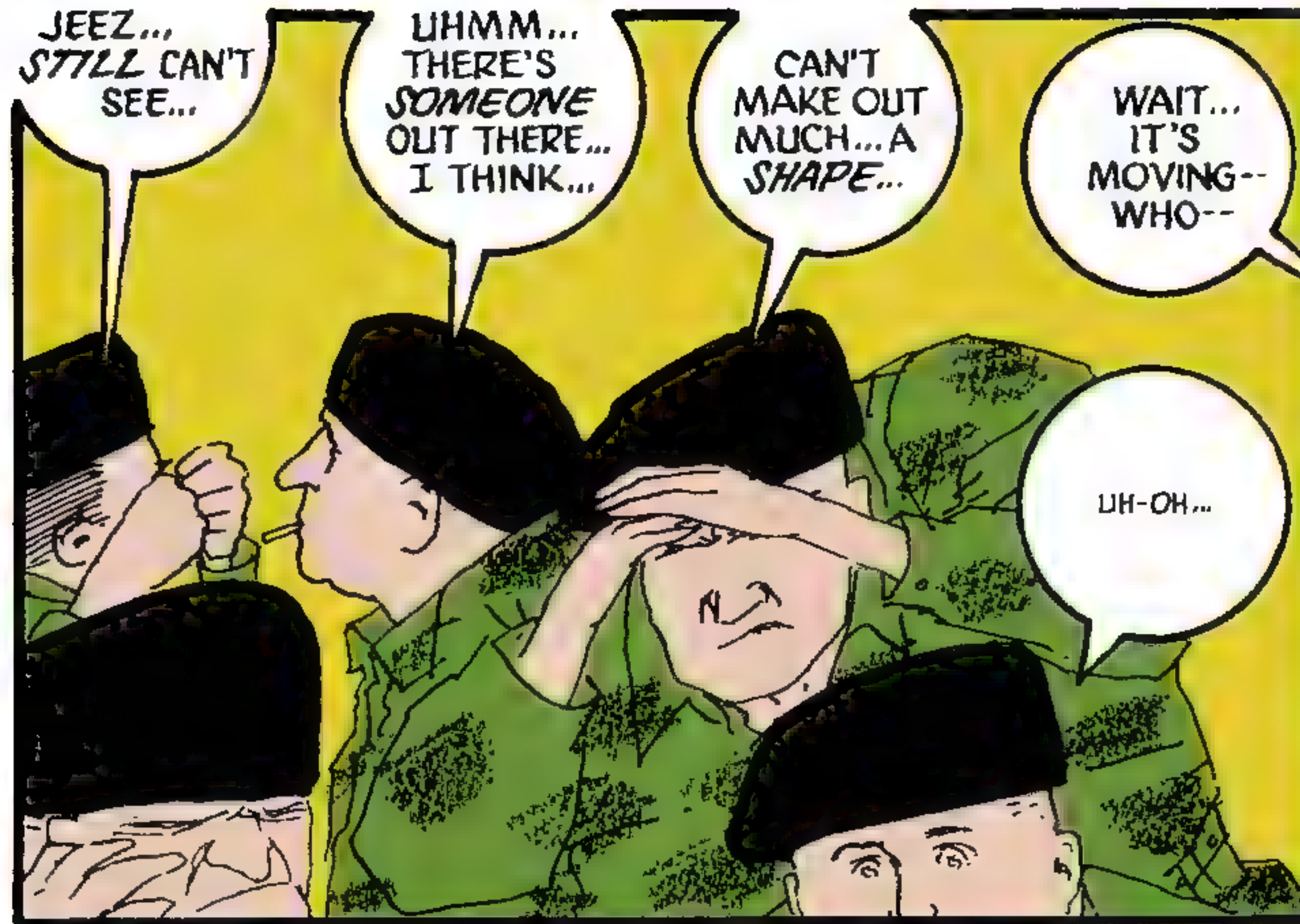
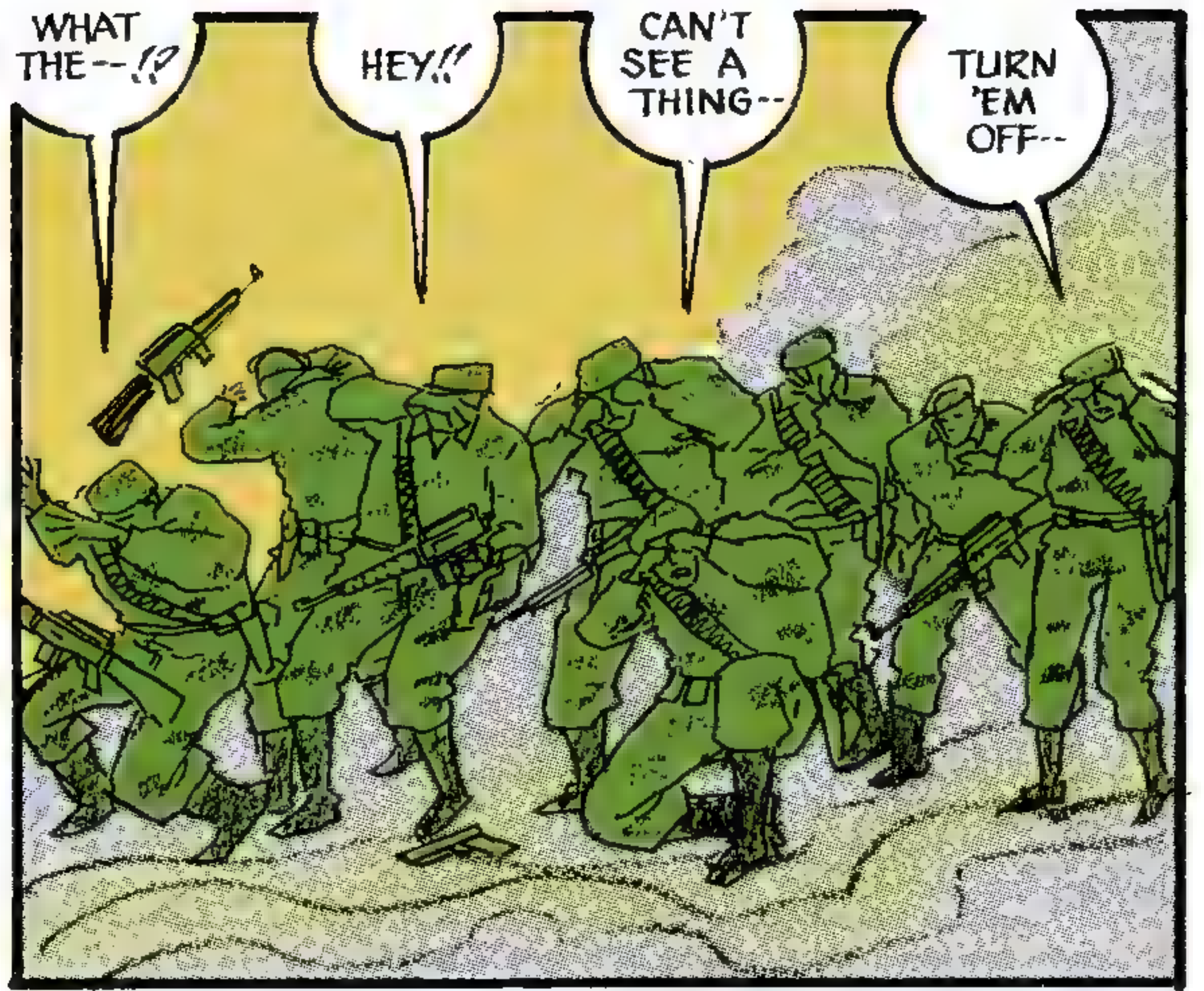
WHAT THE--?
THERE'S THAT
CAB AGAIN
BEHIND ME--
BLOCKING
MY--

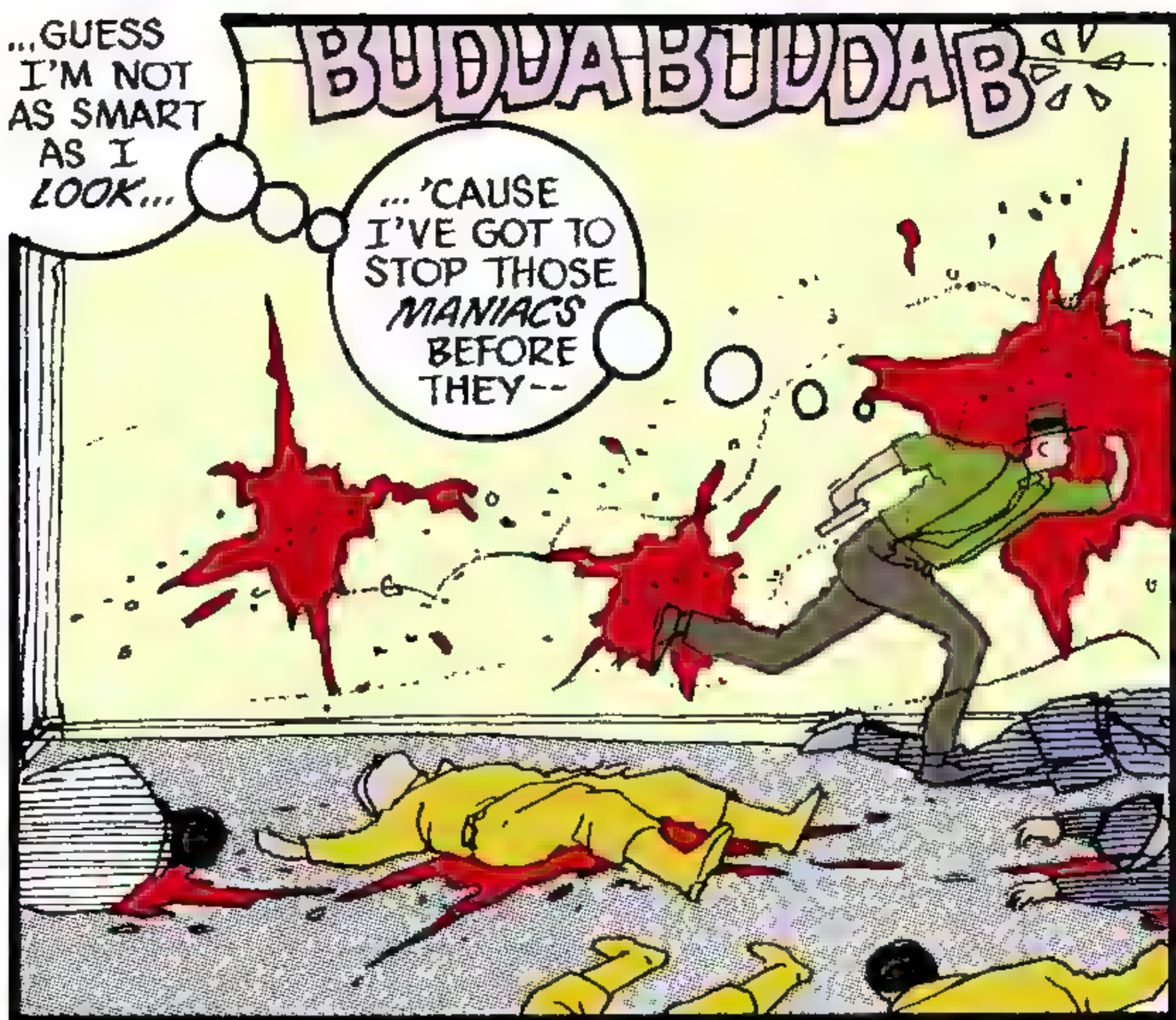
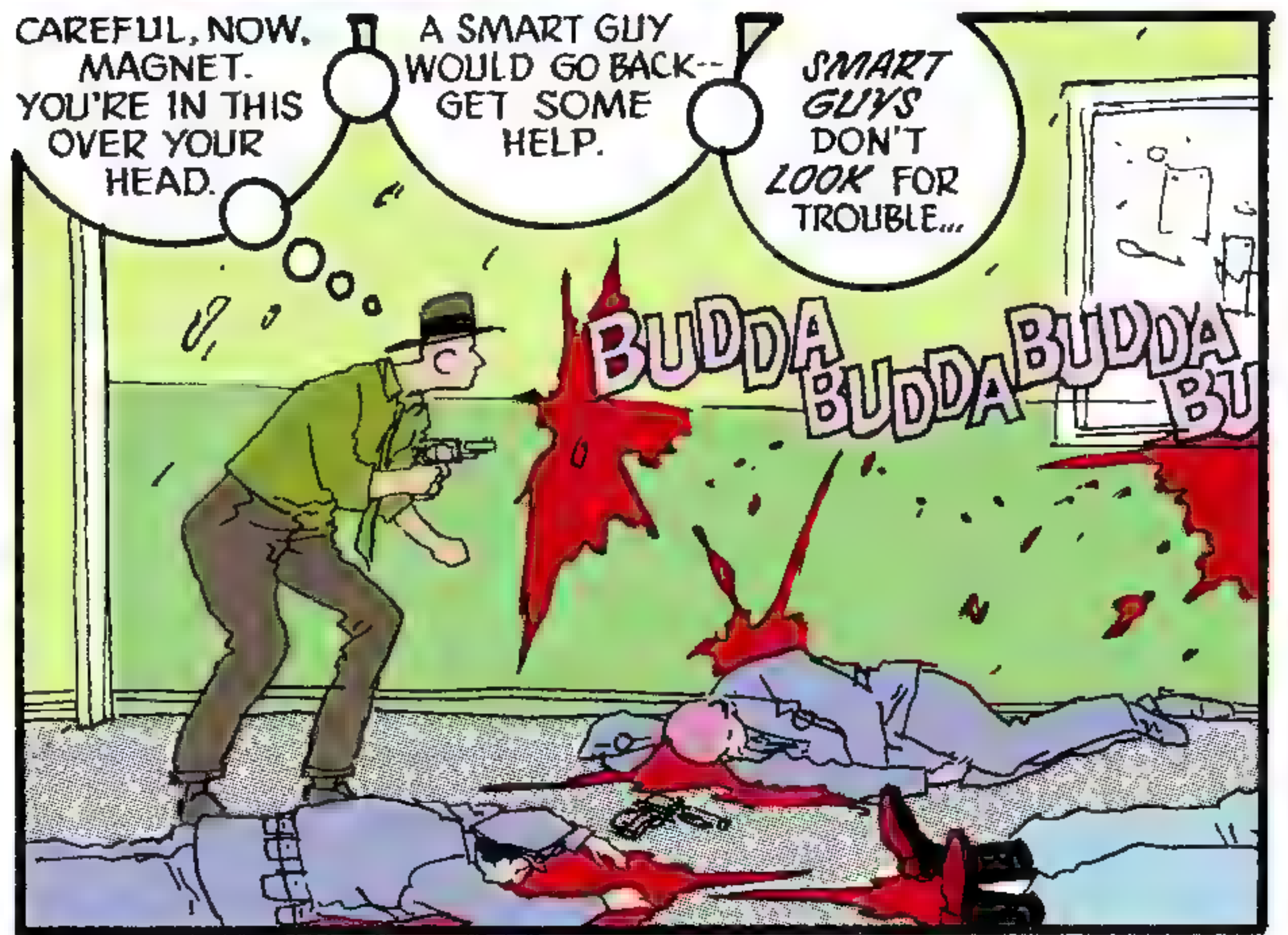
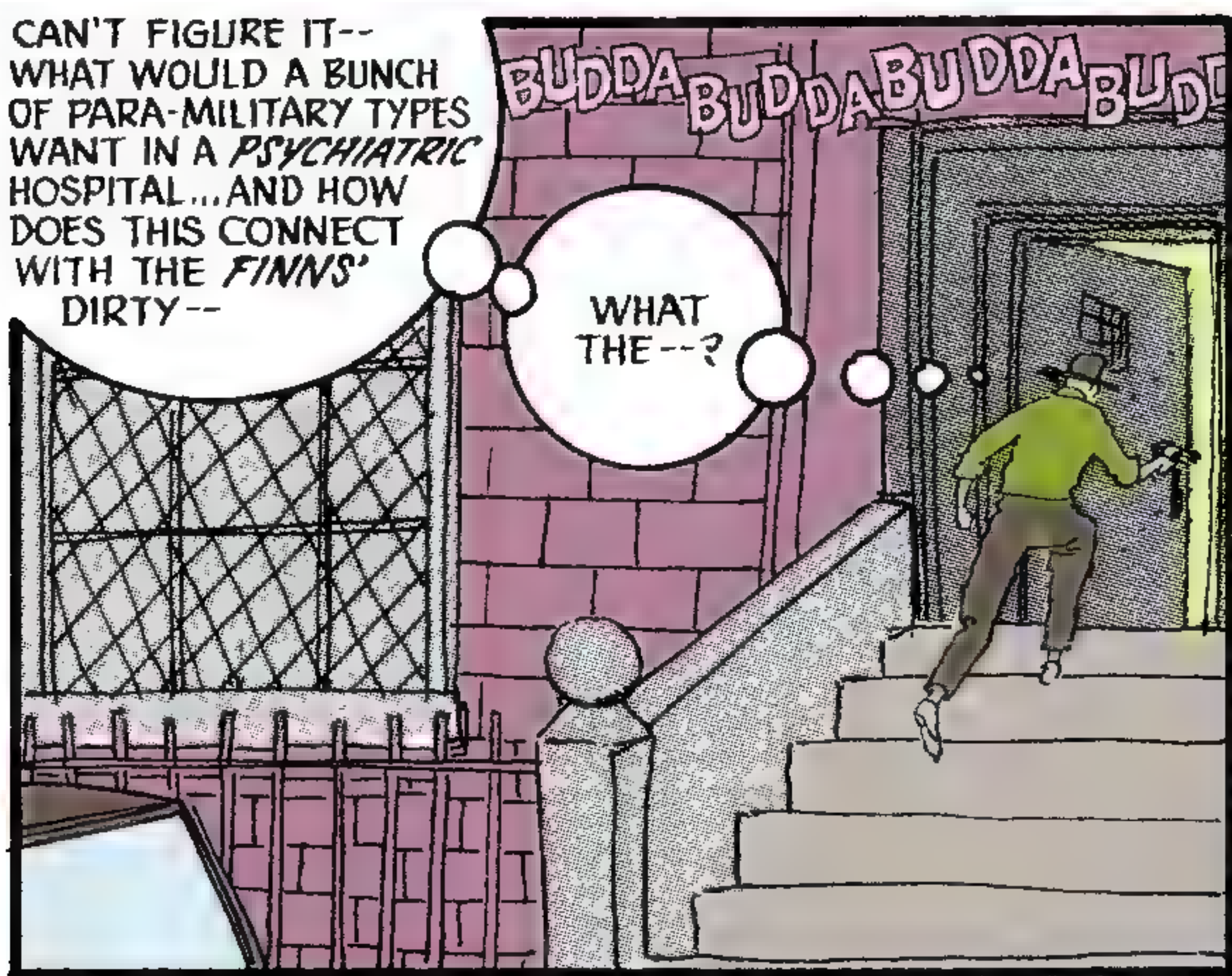
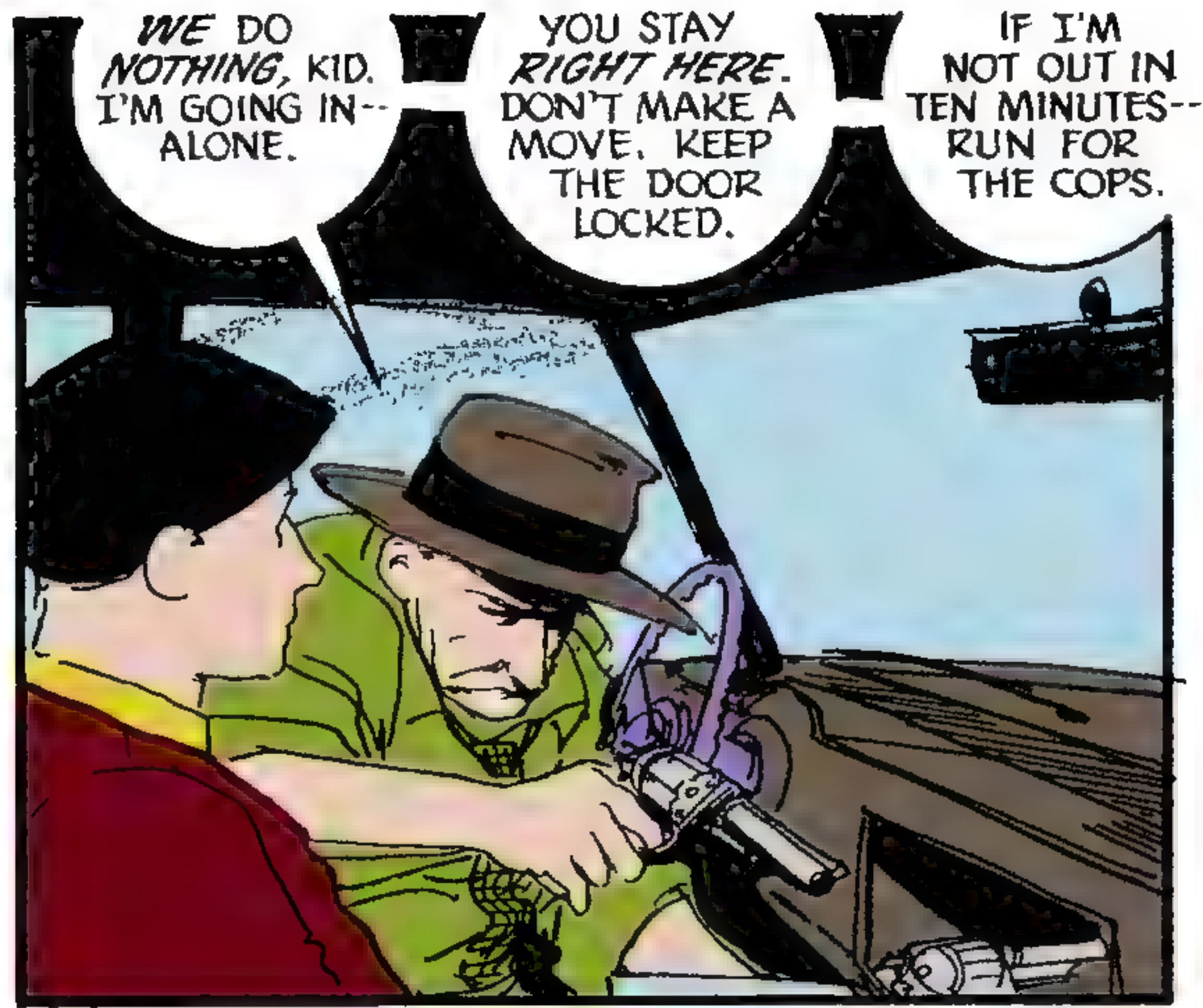
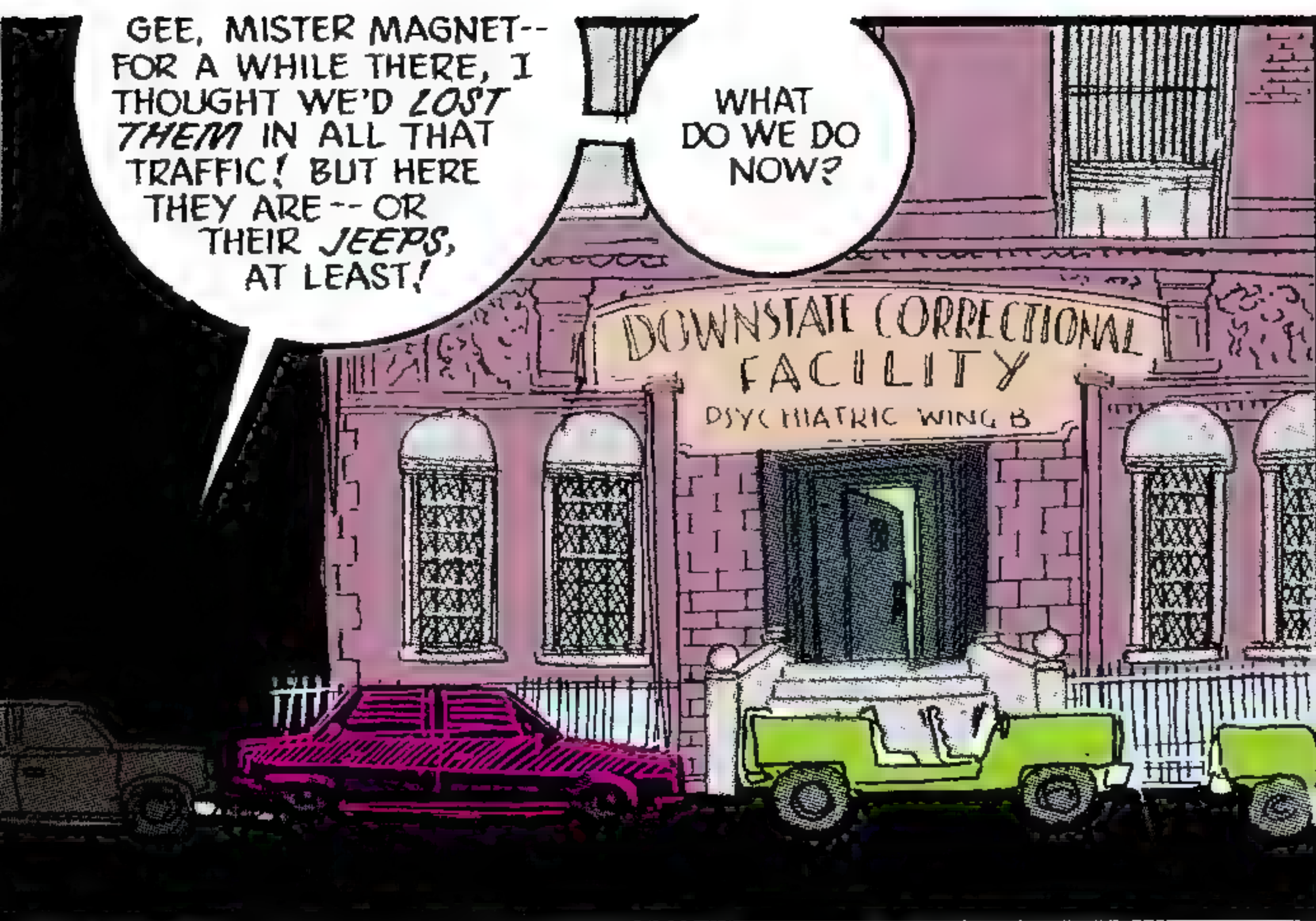
UH-OH.



ROLL UP
YOUR WINDOWS
AND LOCK
THE DOORS,
DEAR.

WE'VE GOT
TROUBLE.





NEXT: PRIME TIME



#11

cover art by KYLE BAKER

UPTOWN...

< WAIT, WAIT, WAIT...
BROTHER, I AM
BEGINNING TO THINK
FATHER REGARDS US
AS LITTLE MORE
THAN
CHAUFFEURS... >

< ALWAYS, HE
LEAVES US BEHIND
TO WREAK *HAVOC*
ON HIS OWN... ALWAYS,
WE, HIS *HEIRS*, ARE
DEPRIVED OF HIS
INSTRUCTION IN
THE WAYS OF
DEATH... >

< WE ARE *PALADINS*--
NOT *DRAY HORSES*!
THIS IS *BENEATH US*!
FATHER
MUST BE TOLD! >

< YOU
TELL
HIM. >

< NO,
YOU. >

< AH, BROTHER, IT IS DURING
TIMES SUCH AS THESE THAT I
LONG FOR OUR HOME IN
SHAMBALA... FOR THE LUSH,
VERDANT FIELDS... THE WARM,
AUGUST MOUNTAINTOPS...
THE BRILLIANT CRIMSON
SUNSETS... >

< DO NOT FORGET
THE INCREDIBLY
SOPHISTICATED
VIDEO GAMES... >

< AH, YES...
THEM, TOO. >

DARN!
MISTER MAGNET
TOLD ME TO *SIT
TIGHT*-- BUT
HE'S IN THERE
ALL *ALONE*--

-- AGAINST
AN *ARMY* OF
ARTIMUS FINN'S
NASTIEST
GOONS!

WHAT IF
HE'S BEEN *HURT*?
WHAT IF HE'S GETTIN'
TORTURED?? THEY
COULD BE STICKIN'
NEEDLES UNDER
HIS FINGERNAILS
RIGHT NOW--

-- I
GOTTA
*HELP
HIM!*

WOW. EVERYBODY'S
DEAD. IT'S GONNA
TAKE *WEEKS* TO
CLEAN UP THIS--

FREEZE,
SUCKER--
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST.

THAT'S
HIM!

SOUNDS
LIKE MAYBE
HE'S *OKAY*--
LIKE IT'S JUST
HIM AGAINST
ONE GUY...

MAKE
ONE MOVE
AND
YOU'RE GOING
DOWN.

I MEAN IT

REALLY

OH MY

GOSH--!



SPRAWL

HAHAHAHAHA

WHA--
OWWW

BUDDA BUDDA

POOM

HSU-TEI--
LOOK OUT!

MISTER
MAGNET--
GET
DOWN!!!

THE SHADOW

THE SEVEN DEADLY FINNS, PART 4: PRIME TIME

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|---------------------|---|----------------------|
| ANDREW HELFER WRITER | IMPLEMENTED KYLE BAKER ARTIST | WITH A MEASURE OF MORBID CURIOSITY BY BOB LAPPAN LETTERS | TOM ZIUKO COLORS | RENEE WITTERSTAETTER ASSISTANT EDITS | MIKE CARLIN EDITS |
|-------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|---------------------|---|----------------------|



JEEPERS--
GET AWAY
FROM HIM,
YOU--

STUD MAGAZINE
WAS RIGHT! YOU
ARE A KILLER--
A BLOODTHIRSTY
MANIAC--!

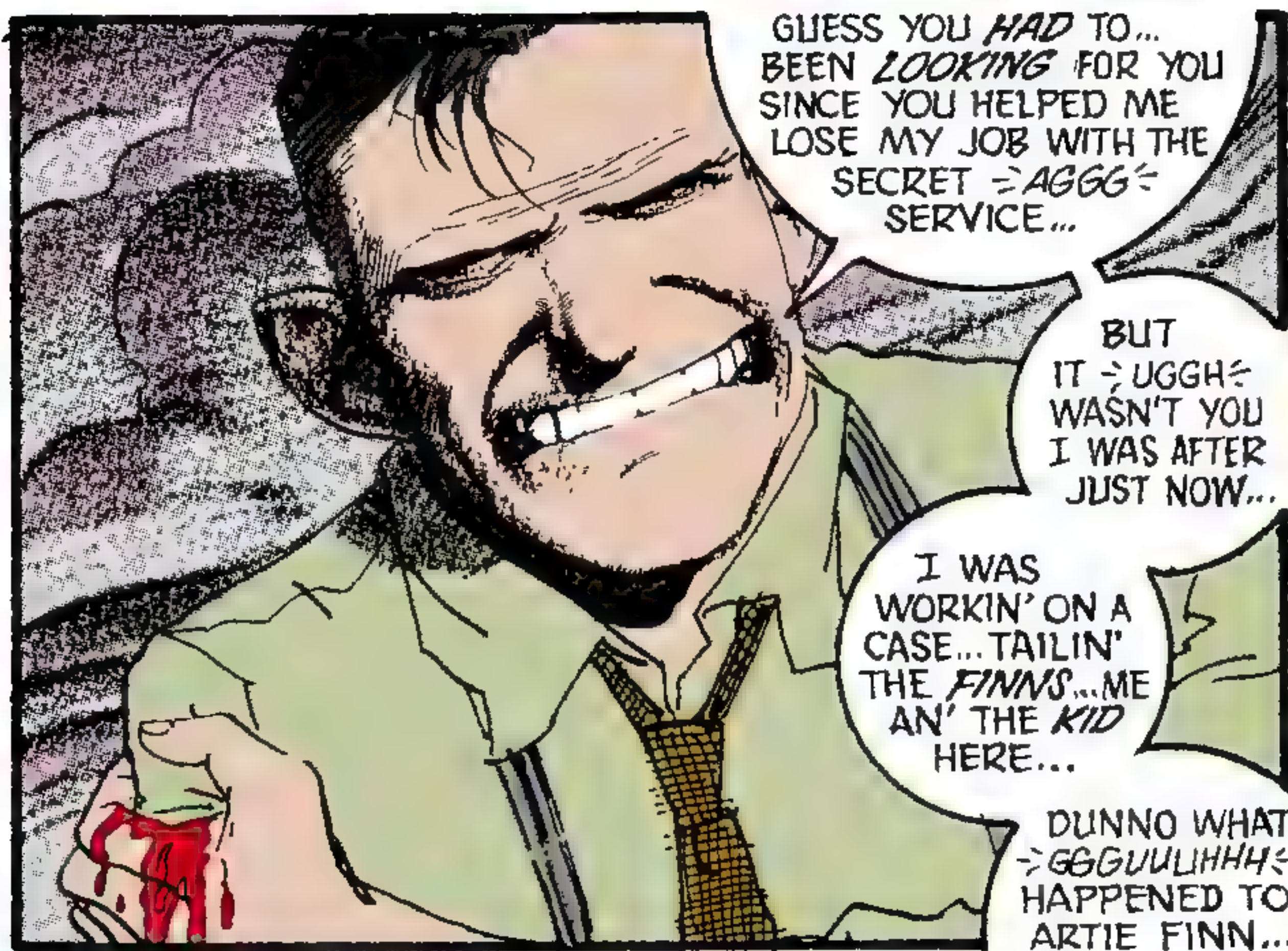
THEIR REPORT WAS...
IMPARTIAL, YES...
BUT--

NO BUTS--
THE ONLY WAY
YOU'RE GONNA KILL
MISTER MAGNET
IS OVER MY
DEAD BODY!



MAGNET...?
THE DETECTIVE
MAGNET...?

TH-THAT'S
RIGHT,
SHADOW... YOU
HEARD 'A ME, I
=NGGGH=
SEE...



GUESS YOU HAD TO...
BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU
SINCE YOU HELPED ME
LOSE MY JOB WITH THE
SECRET =AGGG=
SERVICE...

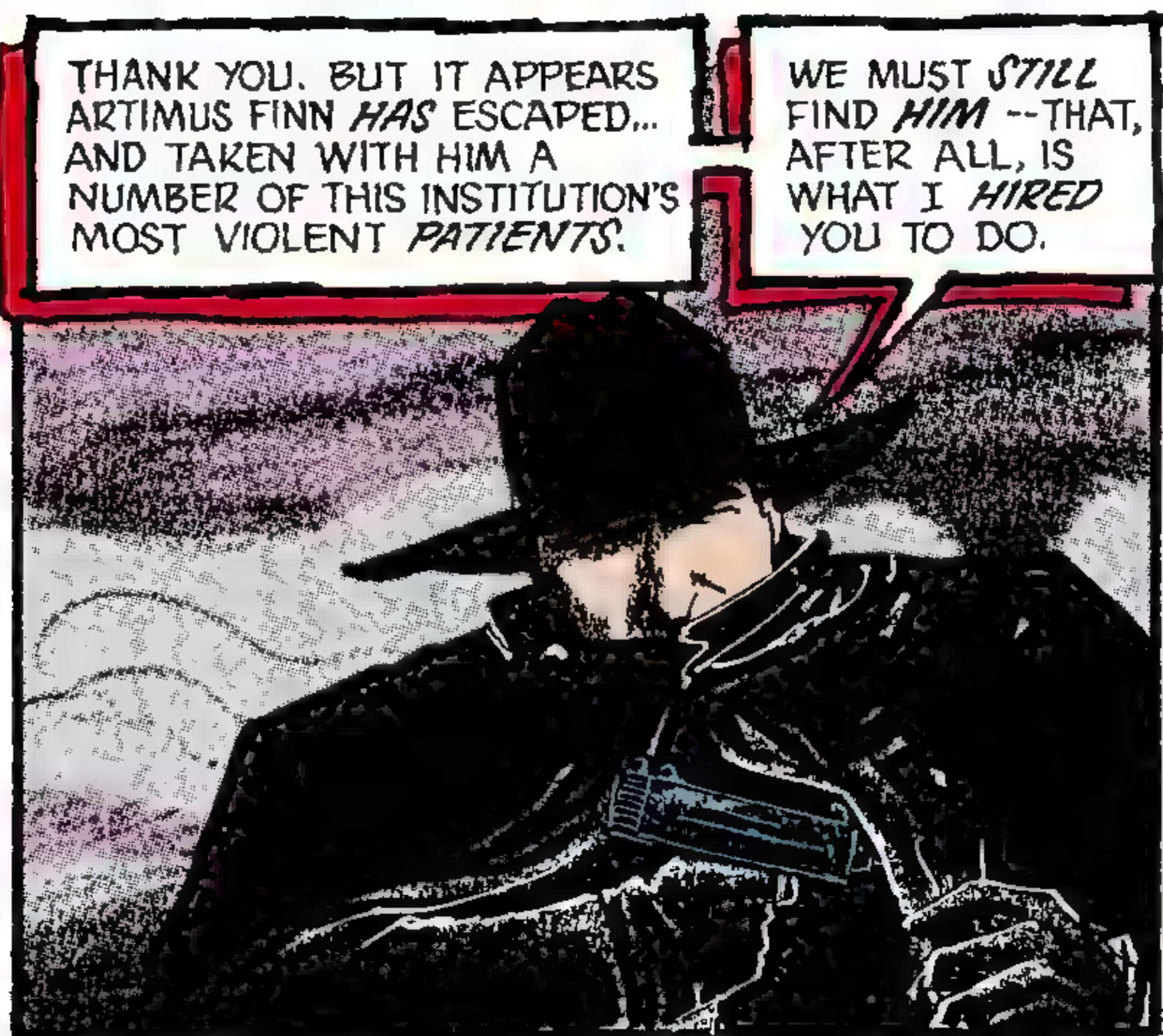
BUT
IT =UGGH=
WASN'T YOU
I WAS AFTER
JUST NOW...

I WAS
WORKIN' ON A
CASE... TAILIN'
THE FINNS... ME
AN' THE KID
HERE...

DUNNO WHAT
=GGGUULIHHH=
HAPPENED TO
ARTIE FINN...

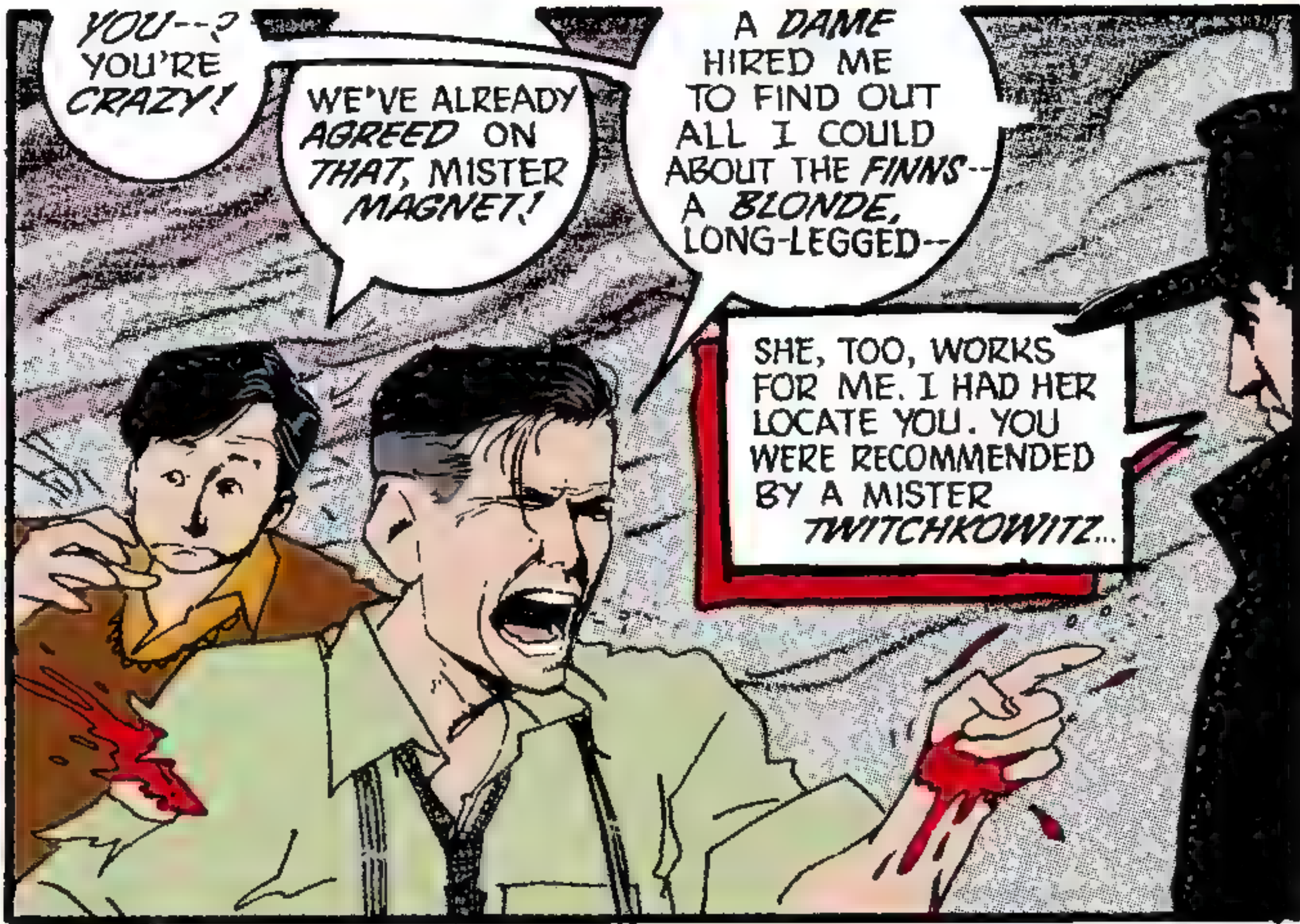


... BUT
YOU SURE
=NGGN=
DID A NUMBER
ON HIS
TROOPS...



THANK YOU. BUT IT APPEARS
ARTIMUS FINN HAS ESCAPED...
AND TAKEN WITH HIM A
NUMBER OF THIS INSTITUTION'S
MOST VIOLENT PATIENTS.

WE MUST STILL
FIND HIM --THAT,
AFTER ALL, IS
WHAT I HIRED
YOU TO DO.

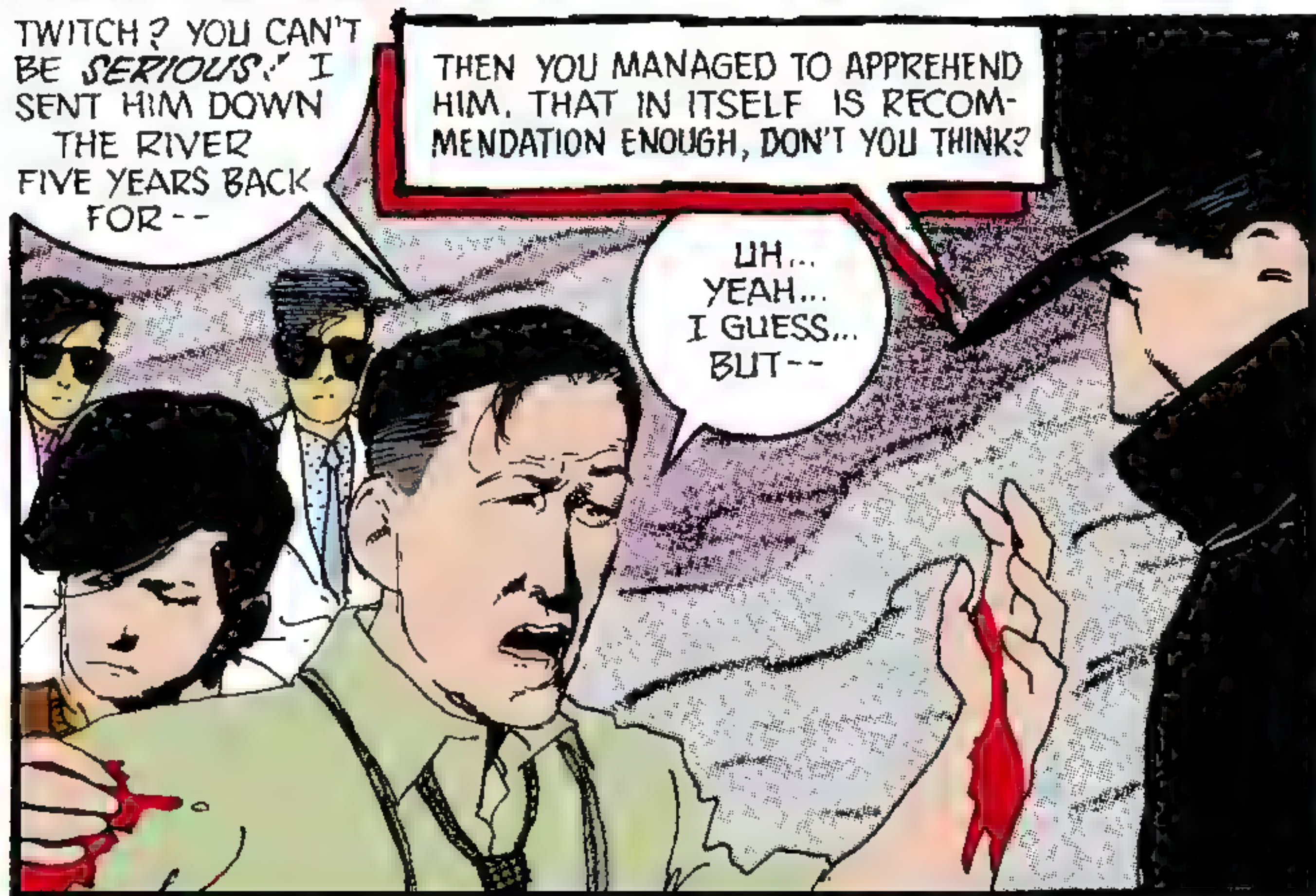


YOU--?
YOU'RE
CRAZY!

WE'VE ALREADY
AGREED ON
THAT, MISTER
MAGNET!

A DAME
HIRED ME
TO FIND OUT
ALL I COULD
ABOUT THE FINNS--
A BLONDE,
LONG-LEGGED--

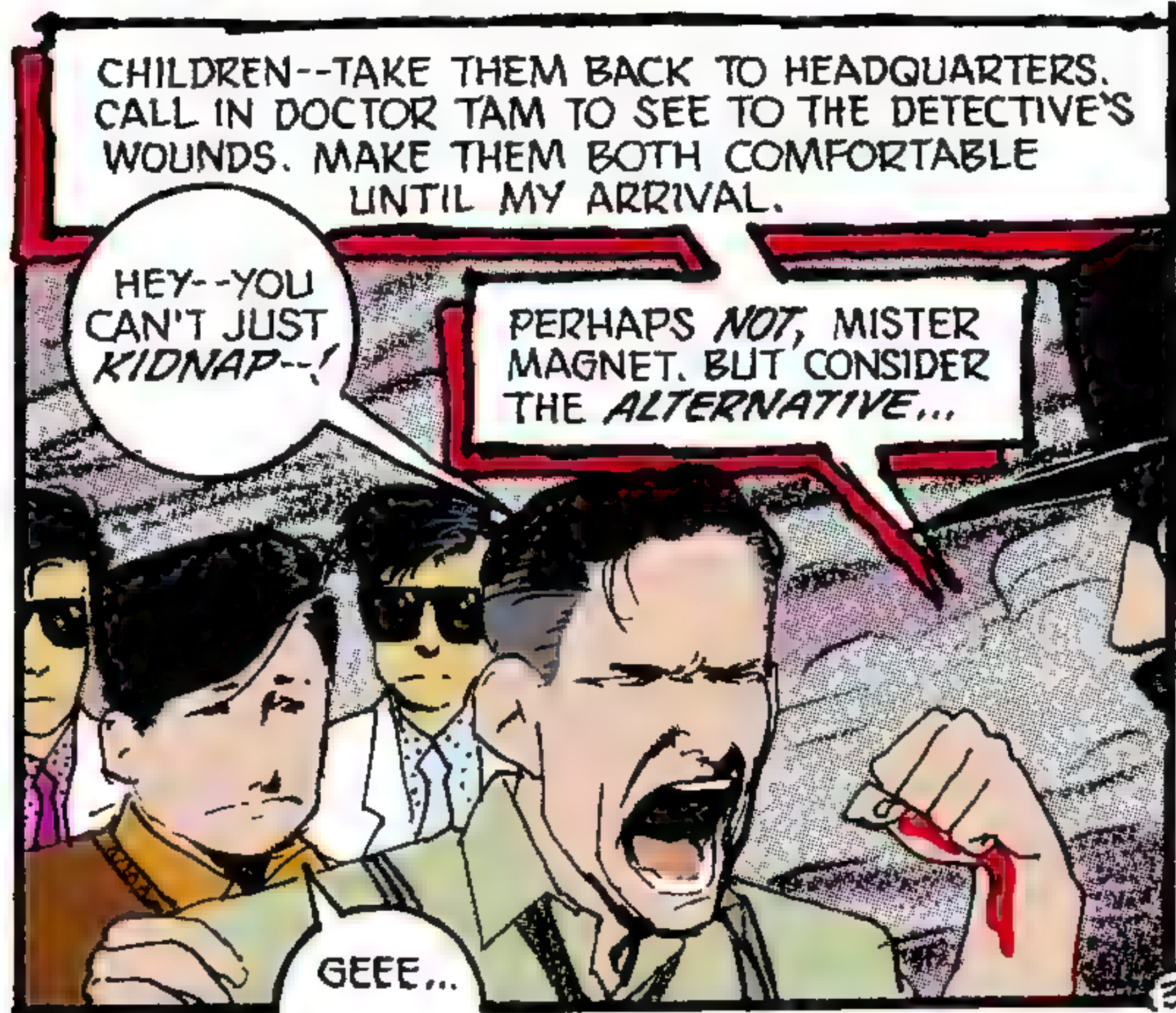
SHE, TOO, WORKS
FOR ME. I HAD HER
LOCATE YOU. YOU
WERE RECOMMENDED
BY A MISTER
TWITCHKOWITZ...



TWITCH? YOU CAN'T
BE SERIOUS! I
SENT HIM DOWN
THE RIVER
FIVE YEARS BACK
FOR--

THEN YOU MANAGED TO APPREHEND
HIM, THAT IN ITSELF IS RECOM-
MENDATION ENOUGH, DON'T YOU THINK?

UH...
YEAH...
I GUESS...
BUT--

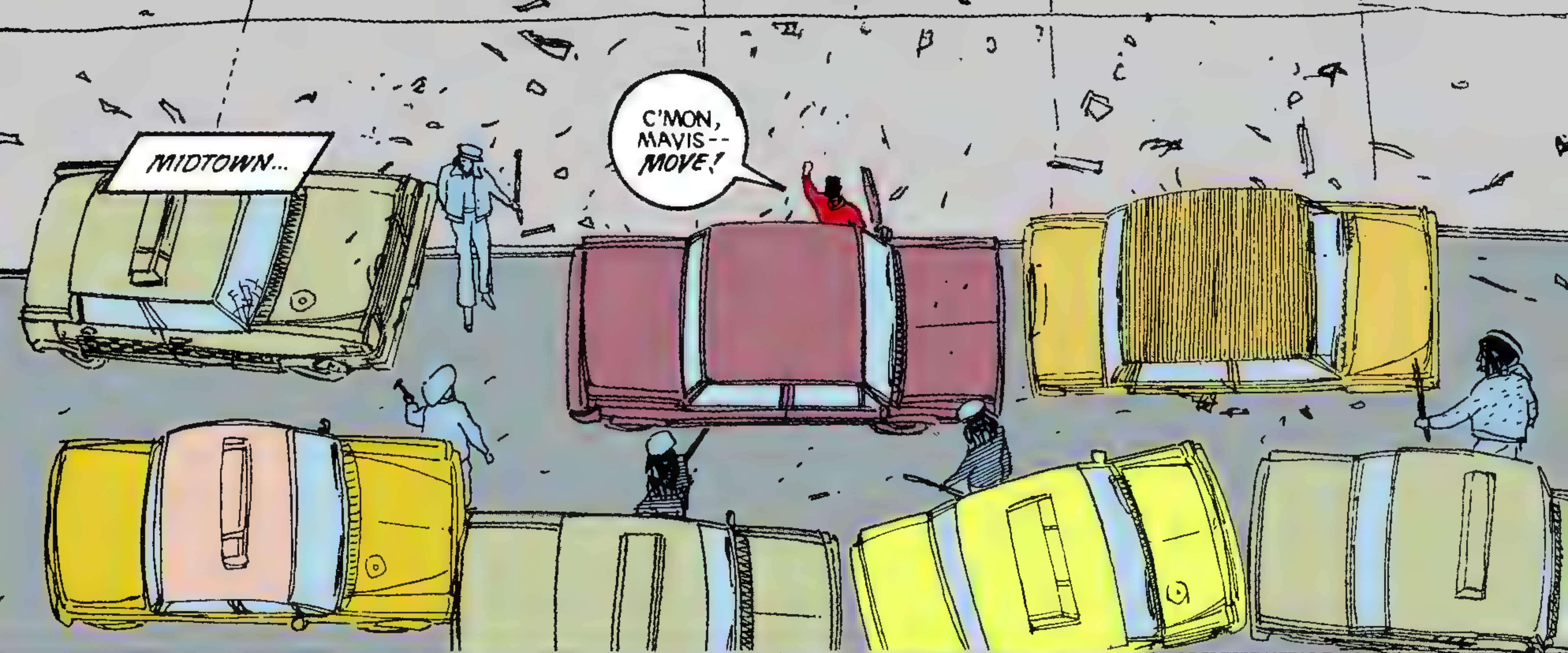


CHILDREN--TAKE THEM BACK TO HEADQUARTERS.
CALL IN DOCTOR TAM TO SEE TO THE DETECTIVE'S
WOUNDS. MAKE THEM BOTH COMFORTABLE
UNTIL MY ARRIVAL.

HEY--YOU
CAN'T JUST
KIDNAP--!

PERHAPS NOT, MISTER
MAGNET. BUT CONSIDER
THE ALTERNATIVE...

GEEE...



SOME EASY JOB THIS TURNED OUT TO BE!

WE WERE JUST SUPPOSED TO WAIT IN THE CAR AND PRESS A BUTTON-- THEN TAKE IN A FLICK AND A MEAL...



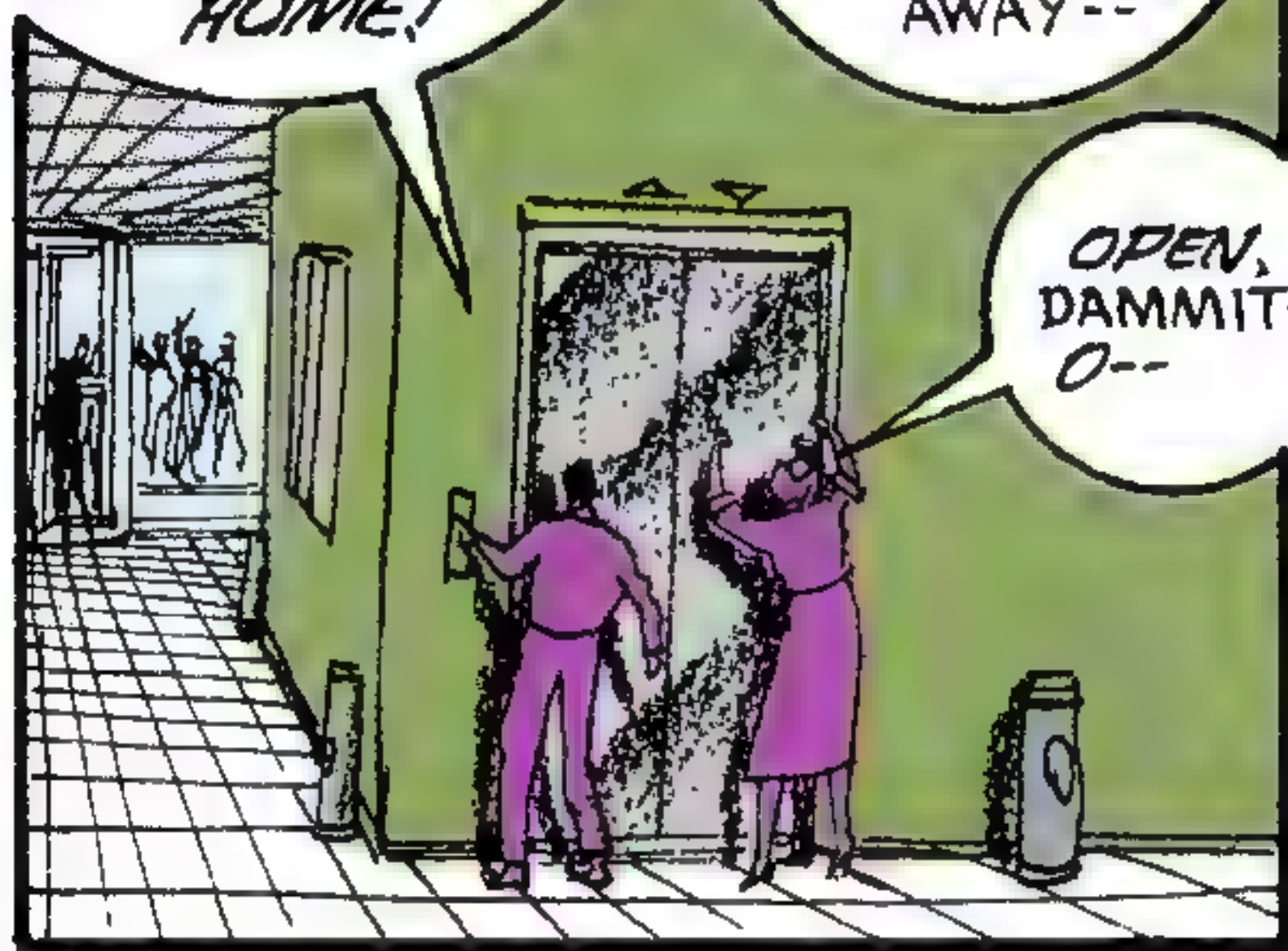
...THE MASTER NEVER TOLD US THERE'D BE CRAZED RASTAFARIANS TO DEAL WITH!!



F'GOD SAKES, MAVIS-- THOSE'RE THE SAME NUTS THAT *TOTALED* HARRY AND MARGO'S *VAN* THE OTHER NIGHT--THE SAME ONES THAT ATTACKED THEM IN THEIR *HOME*!

I DON'T *KNOW WHY* THEY'RE AFTER THEM *OR* US-- BUT UNLESS WE CAN GET AWAY--

OPEN, DAMMIT-- O--



--HELL..



WHO THE HELL ARE *THEY*?

MUST BE THE GROUP THAT WAS UP THERE WHEN THE BOMB WENT OFF--

--WE DETONATED A BOMB WHEN I PUSHED THAT BUTTON, REMEMBER?

YEAR, SURE-- BUT IT'S PAST *MIDNIGHT*-- DON'T TELL ME THOSE PEOPLE WERE *WORKING LATE*--



"--AND BESIDES-- DON'T THE *LADIES* SEEM DRESSED A BIT *ODDLY* TO YOU?"

"TRY NOT TO DWELL ON IT, MAVIS-- JUST *GET IN*...!"



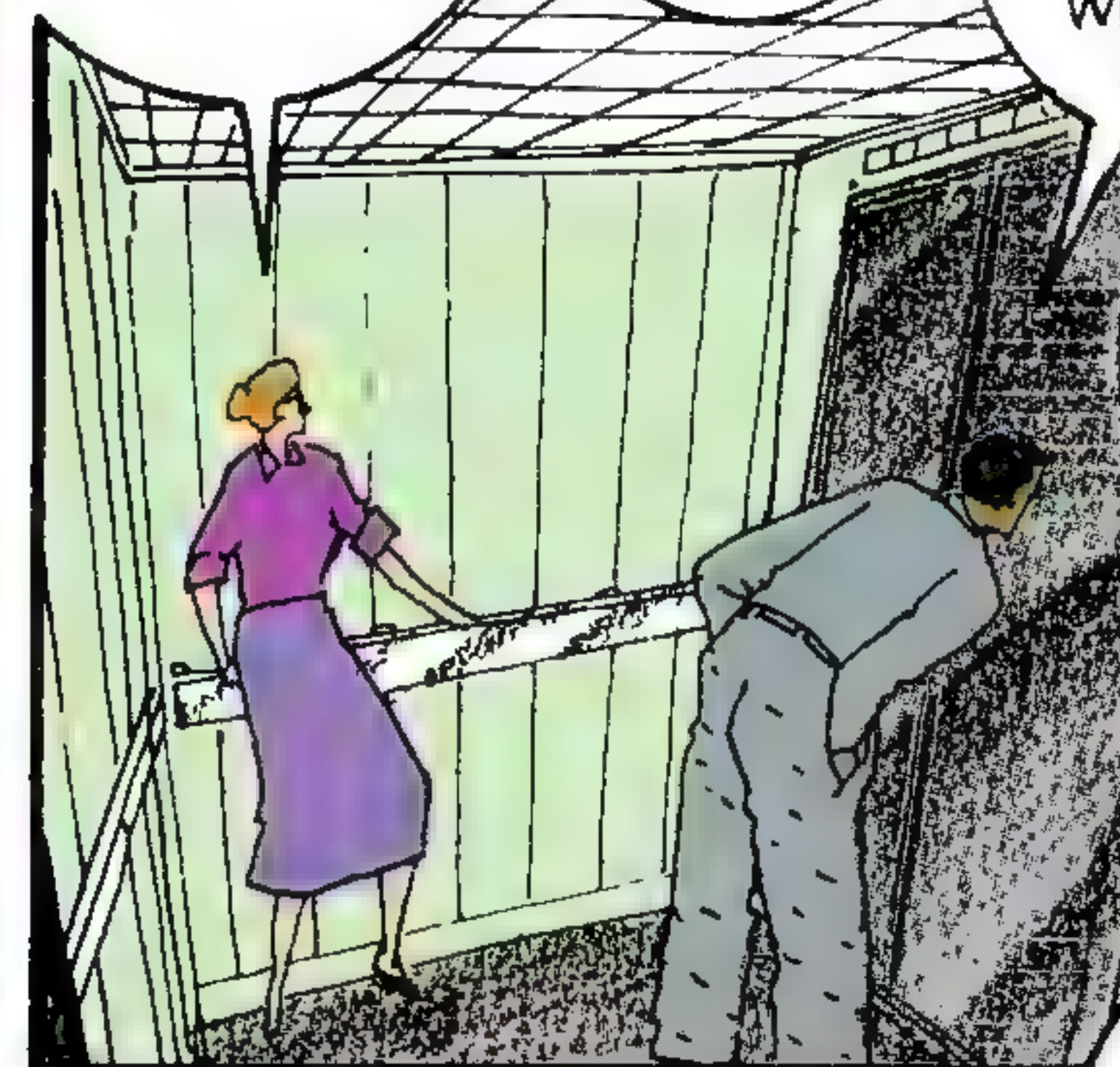
THANK GOD, WE GOT THE *RASTAS* OFF OUR TAILS FOR A MINUTE...

WHAT NOW, ELTON?

UMMN... 'FRAID THERE'S NOT MUCH WE *CAN* DO, MAVIS...

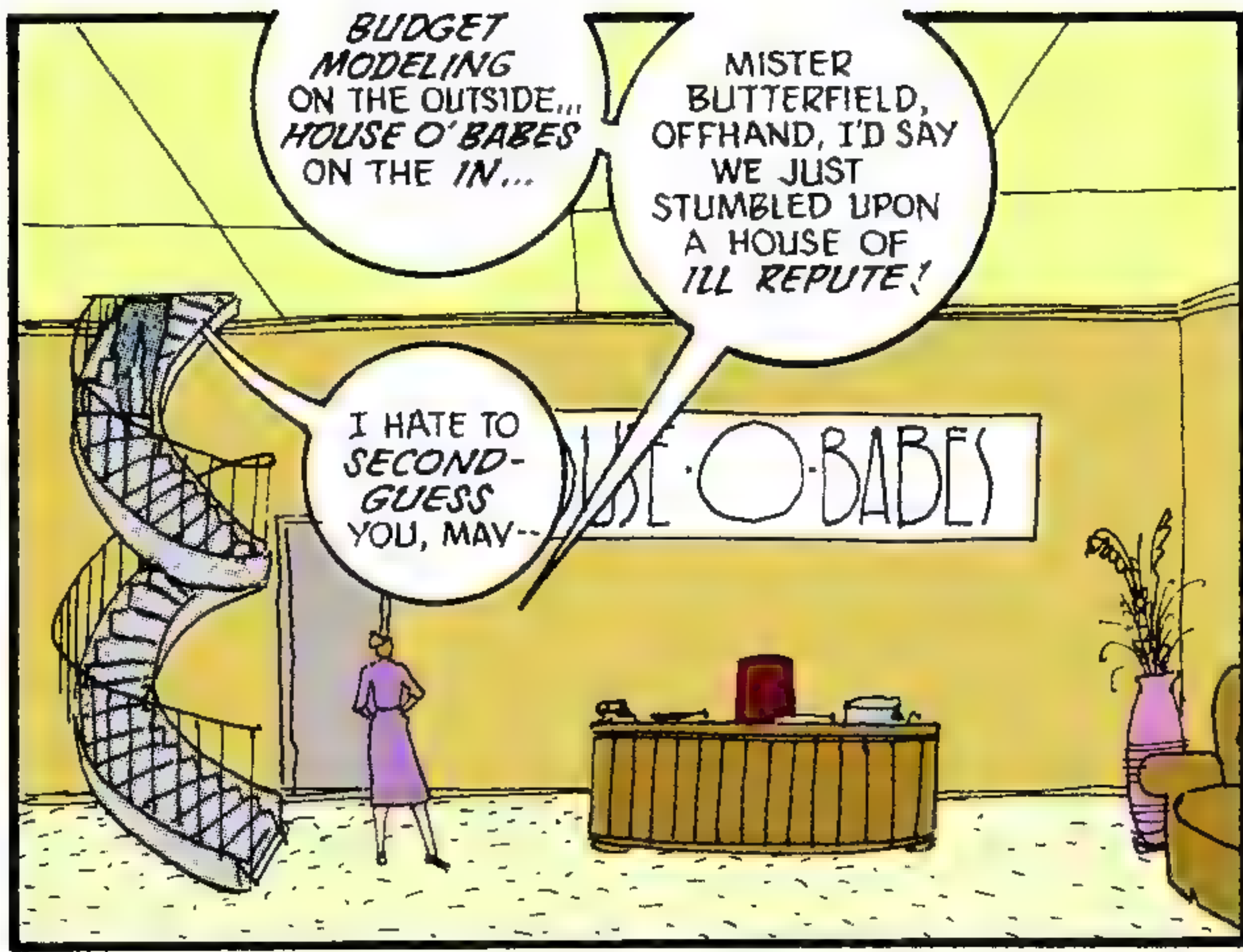
APPEARS THIS IS AN *EXPRESS ELEVATOR*-- AND WE'RE HEADED TO SOME PLACE CALLED--

--"BUDGET MODELING SERVICES?"





RIGHT.



BUDGET
MODELING
ON THE OUTSIDE...
HOUSE O' BABES
ON THE IN...

MISTER
BUTTERFIELD,
OFFHAND, I'D SAY
WE JUST
STUMBLED UPON
A HOUSE OF
ILL REPUTE!

I HATE TO
SECOND-
GUESS
YOU, MAY--

HOUSE O' BABES



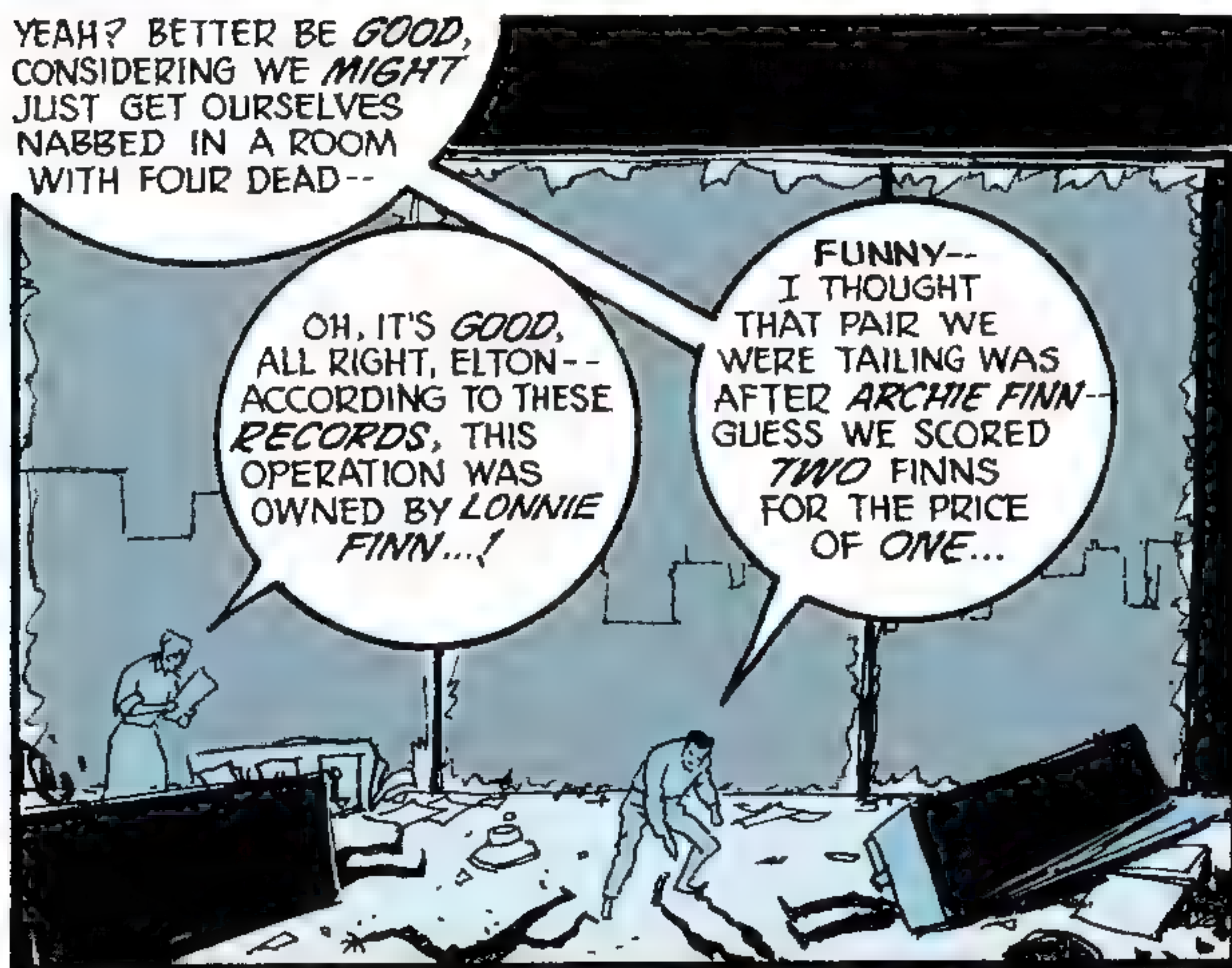
-- BUT I'D SAY
WE JUST
BLEW ONE
UP!

HMM... YOU
MIGHT BE RIGHT
AT THAT, ELT... BUT
THIS LOOKS LIKE SOME
KIND OF OFFICE... WHOEVER
OWNED THIS ENTERPRISE
WORKED OUT OF
HERE...

PROBABLY
ONE OF THEM.
DON'T KNOW
IF I WANT
TO--

UH-OH... HERE COME THE
COPS... WE'D BETTER DROP
THIS INVESTIGATION
AND FIGURE OUT A WAY
TO MAKE OURSELVES
SCARCE...

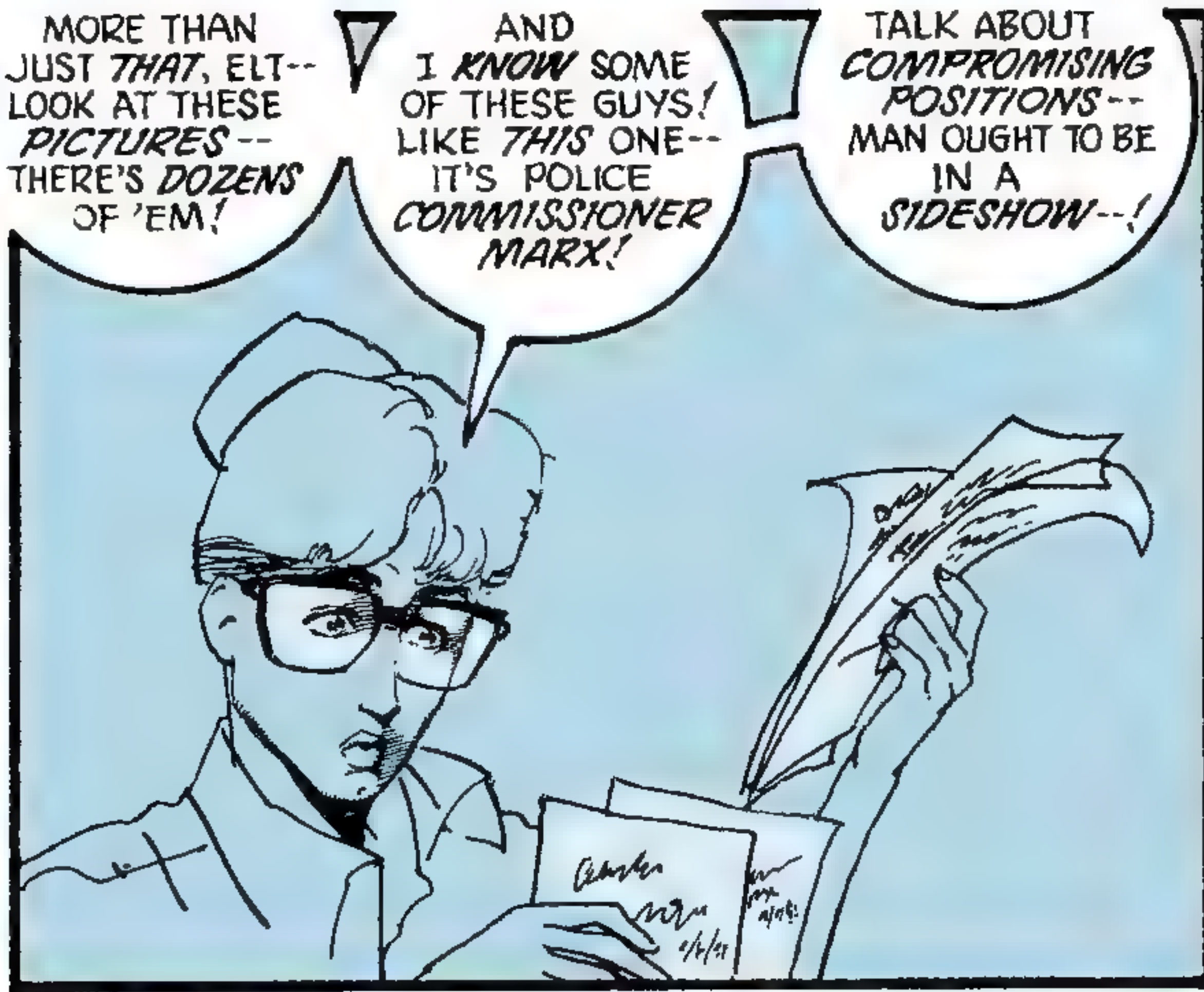
JUST A SEC,
ELTON... GOT
SOMETHING
INTERESTING
HERE...



YEAH? BETTER BE GOOD,
CONSIDERING WE MIGHT
JUST GET OURSELVES
NABBED IN A ROOM
WITH FOUR DEAD--

OH, IT'S GOOD,
ALL RIGHT, ELTON--
ACCORDING TO THESE
RECORDS, THIS
OPERATION WAS
OWNED BY LONNIE
FINN...!

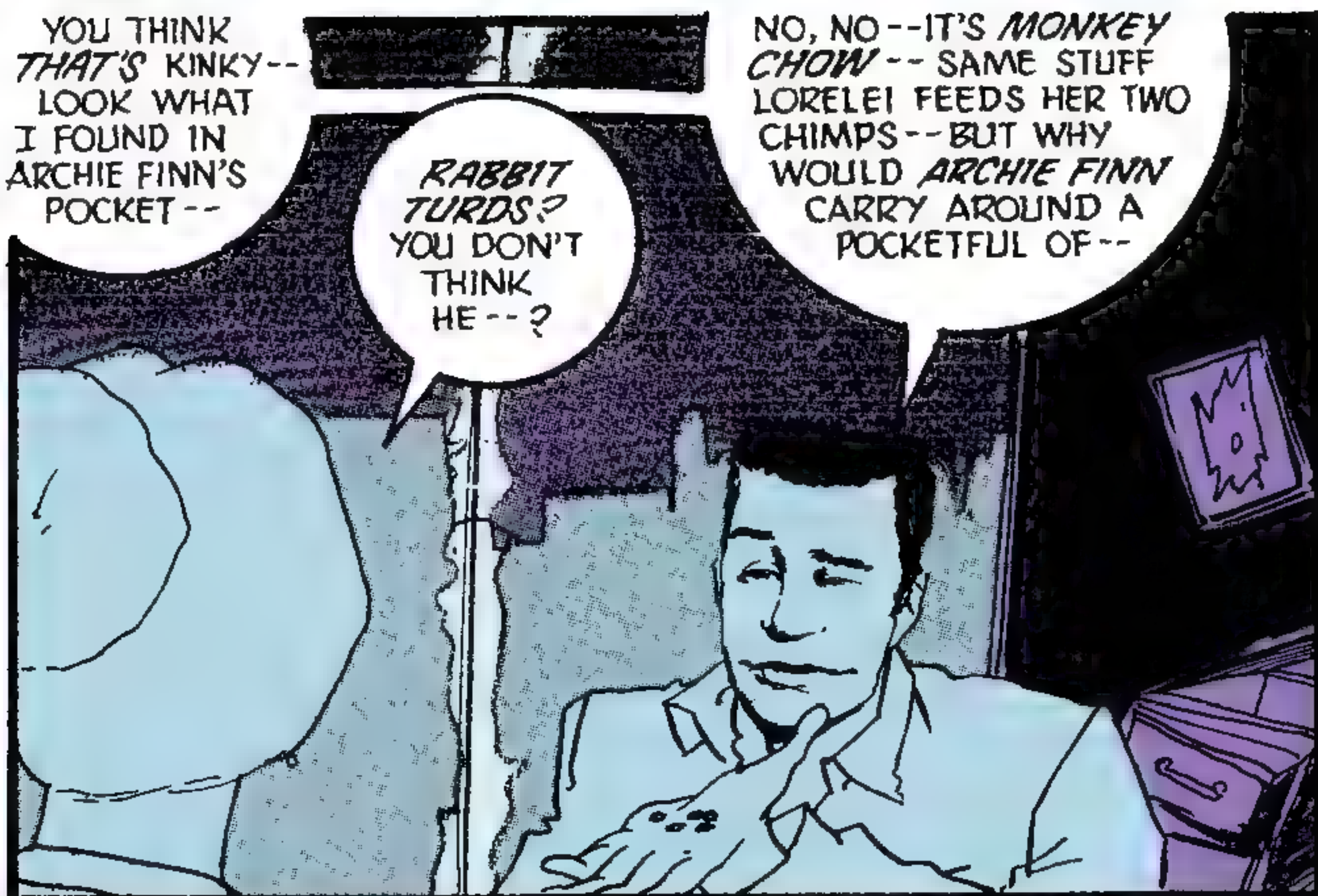
FUNNY--
I THOUGHT
THAT PAIR WE
WERE TAILING WAS
AFTER ARCHIE FINN--
GUESS WE SCORED
TWO FINNS
FOR THE PRICE
OF ONE...



MORE THAN
JUST THAT, ELT--
LOOK AT THESE
PICTURES--
THERE'S DOZENS
OF 'EM!

AND
I KNOW SOME
OF THESE GUYS!
LIKE THIS ONE--
IT'S POLICE
COMMISSIONER
MARX!

TALK ABOUT
COMPROMISING
POSITIONS--
MAN OUGHT TO BE
IN A
SIDESHOW--!



YOU THINK
THAT'S KINKY--
LOOK WHAT
I FOUND IN
ARCHIE FINN'S
POCKET--

RABBIT
TURDS?
YOU DON'T
THINK
HE--?

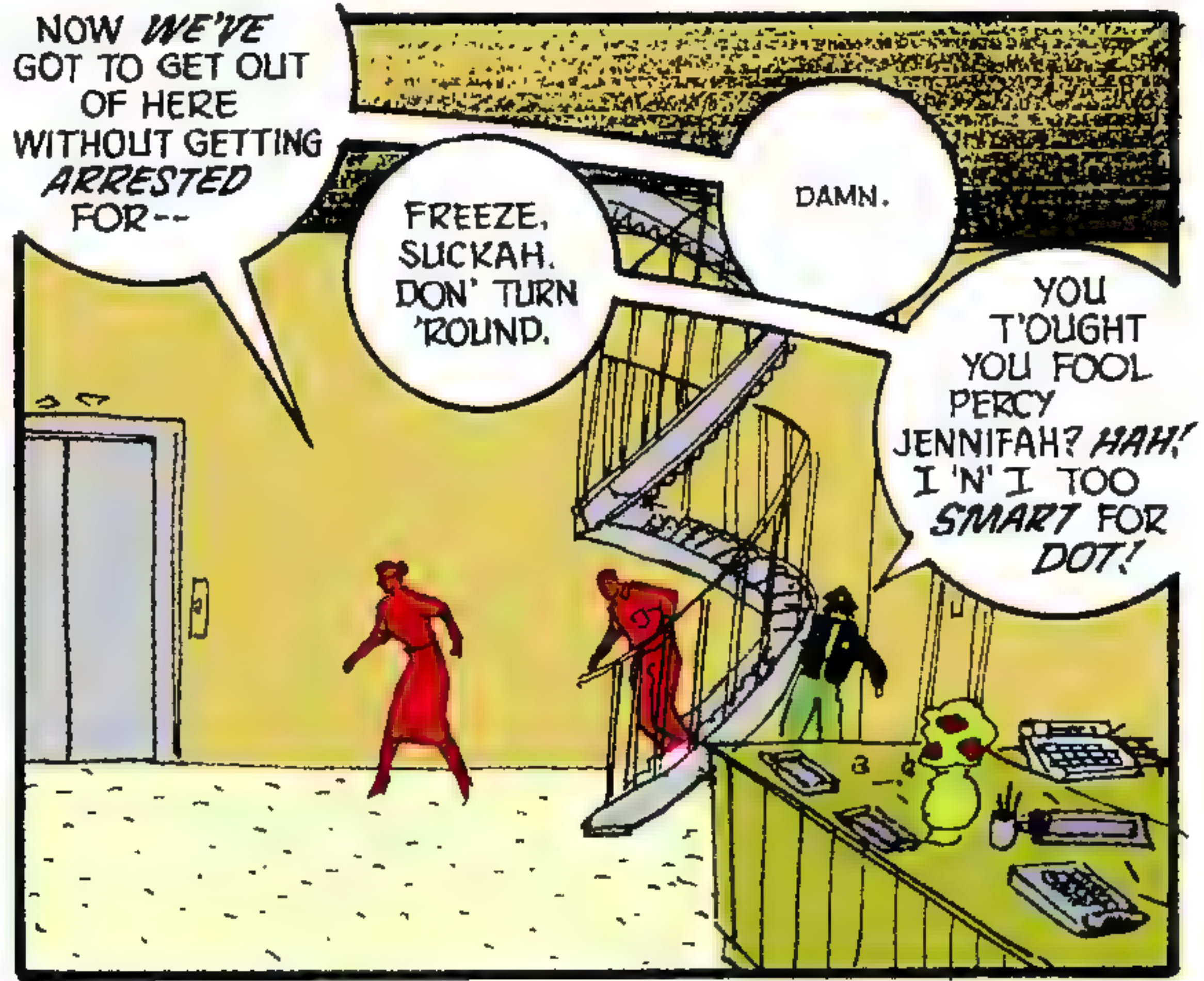
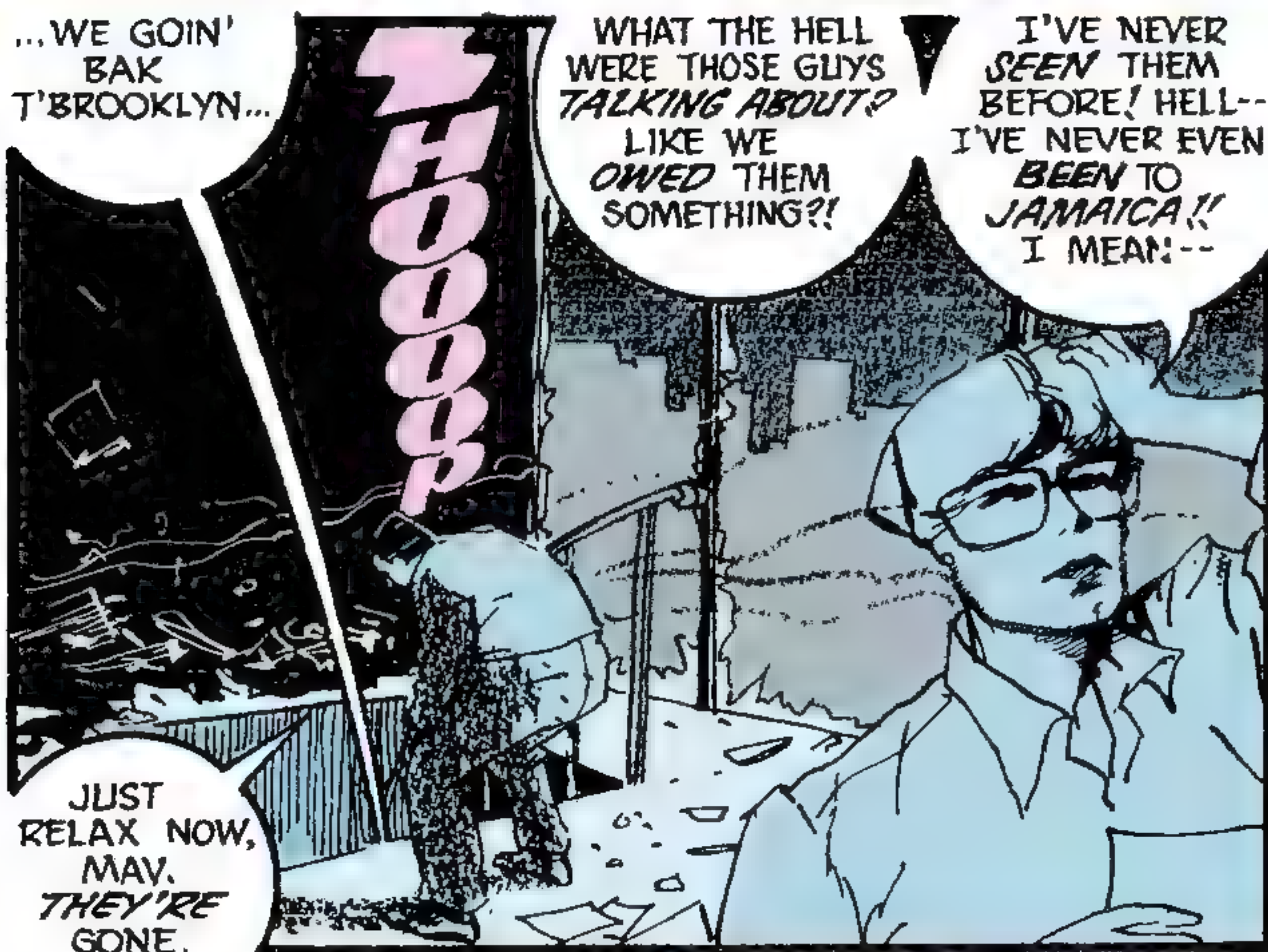
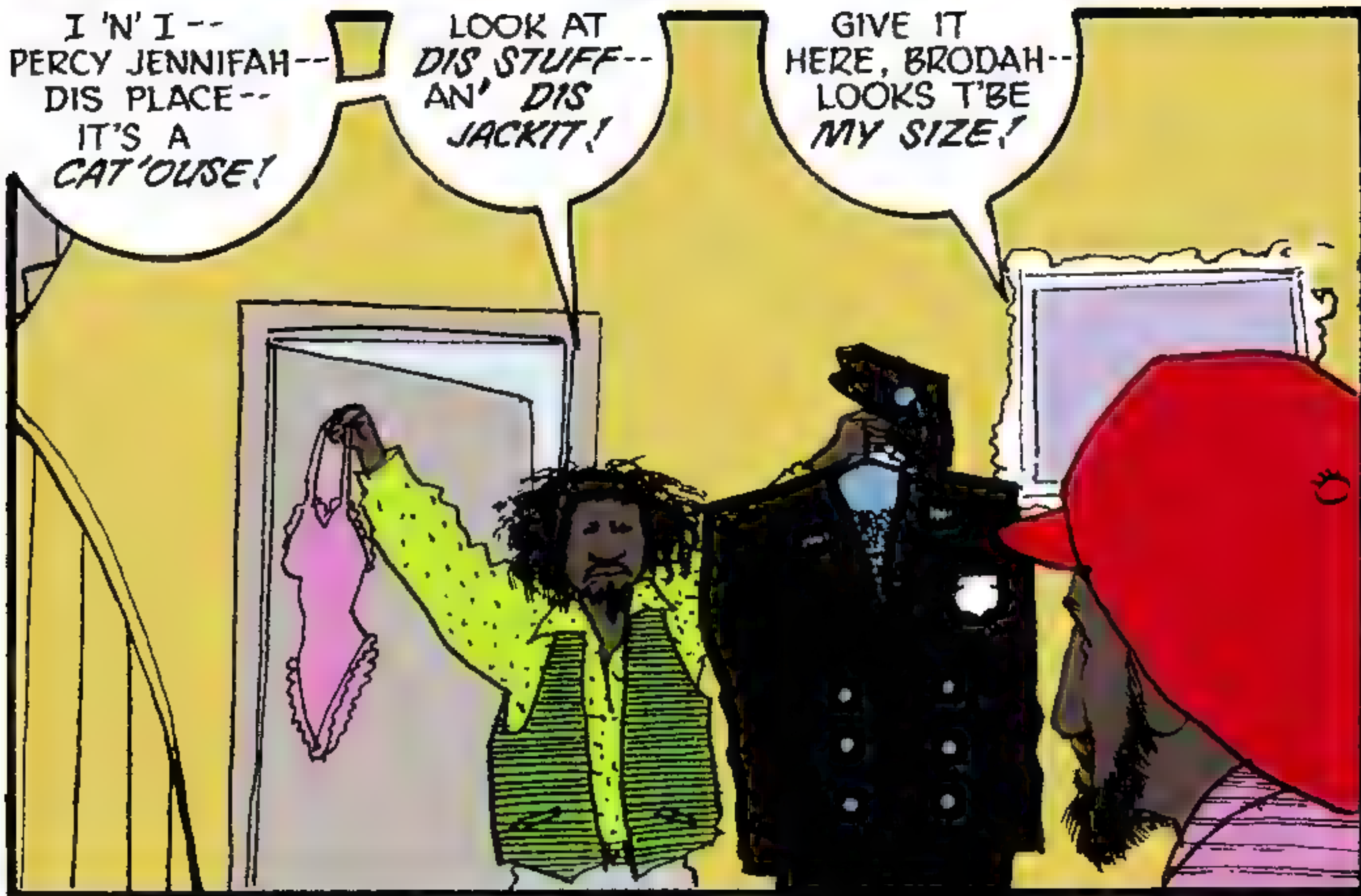
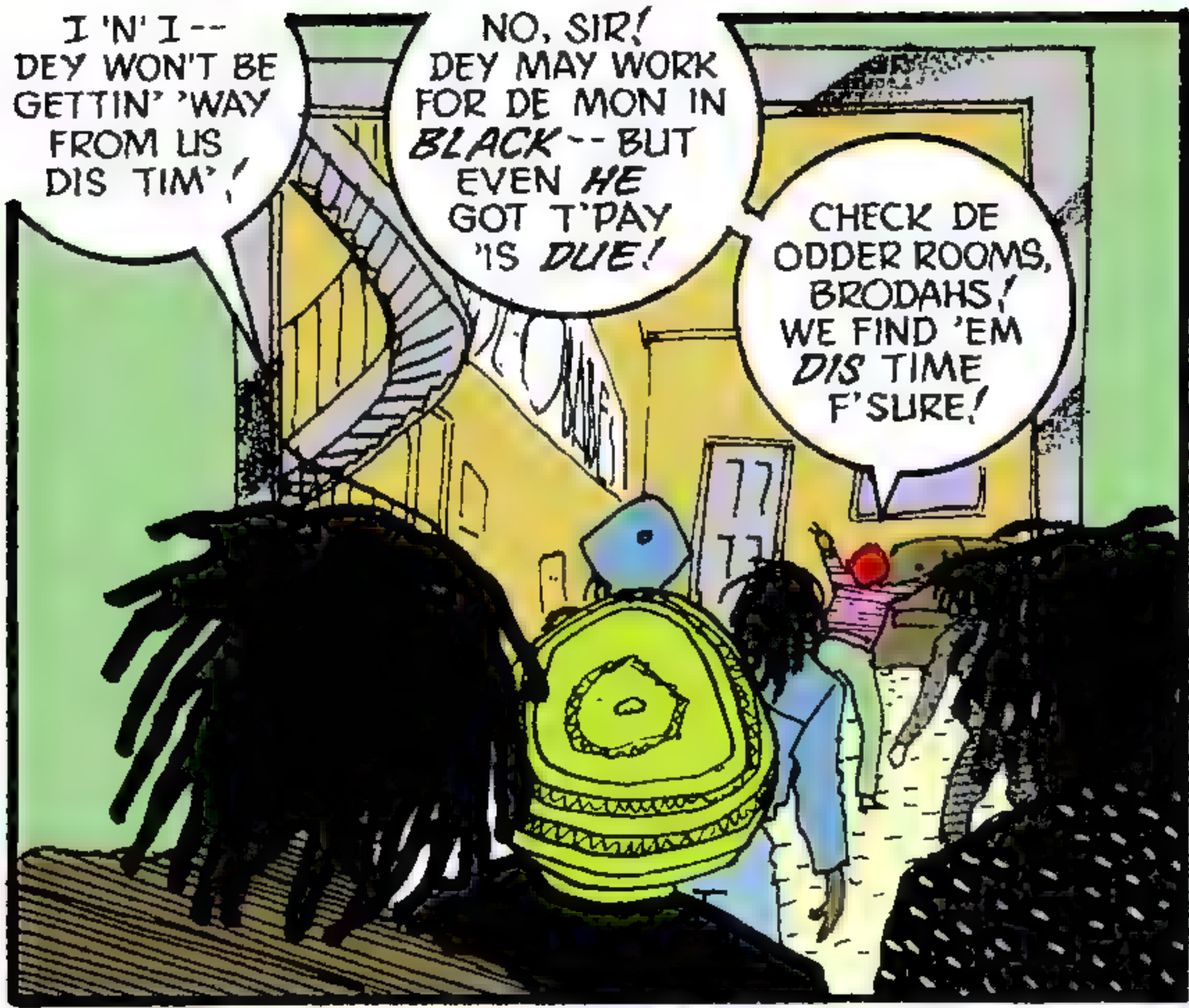
NO, NO-- IT'S MONKEY
CHOW-- SAME STUFF
LORELEI FEEDS HER TWO
CHIMPS-- BUT WHY
WOULD ARCHIE FINN
CARRY AROUND A
POCKETFUL OF--



ELTON,
I HONESTLY
DON'T
WANT TO
KNOW.

LET'S
JUST TAKE
THESE PHOTOS
AND GET THE
HELL--

HUH--?



| DOCTA FENDA'S AUTO PARTS & BODY WORK | |
|--|---------|
| Fenders dent | \$30.00 |
| Replacement Headlight | \$18.00 |
| Primer on fender | \$35.00 |
| TOTAL...\$83.00 | |
| Thank You | |

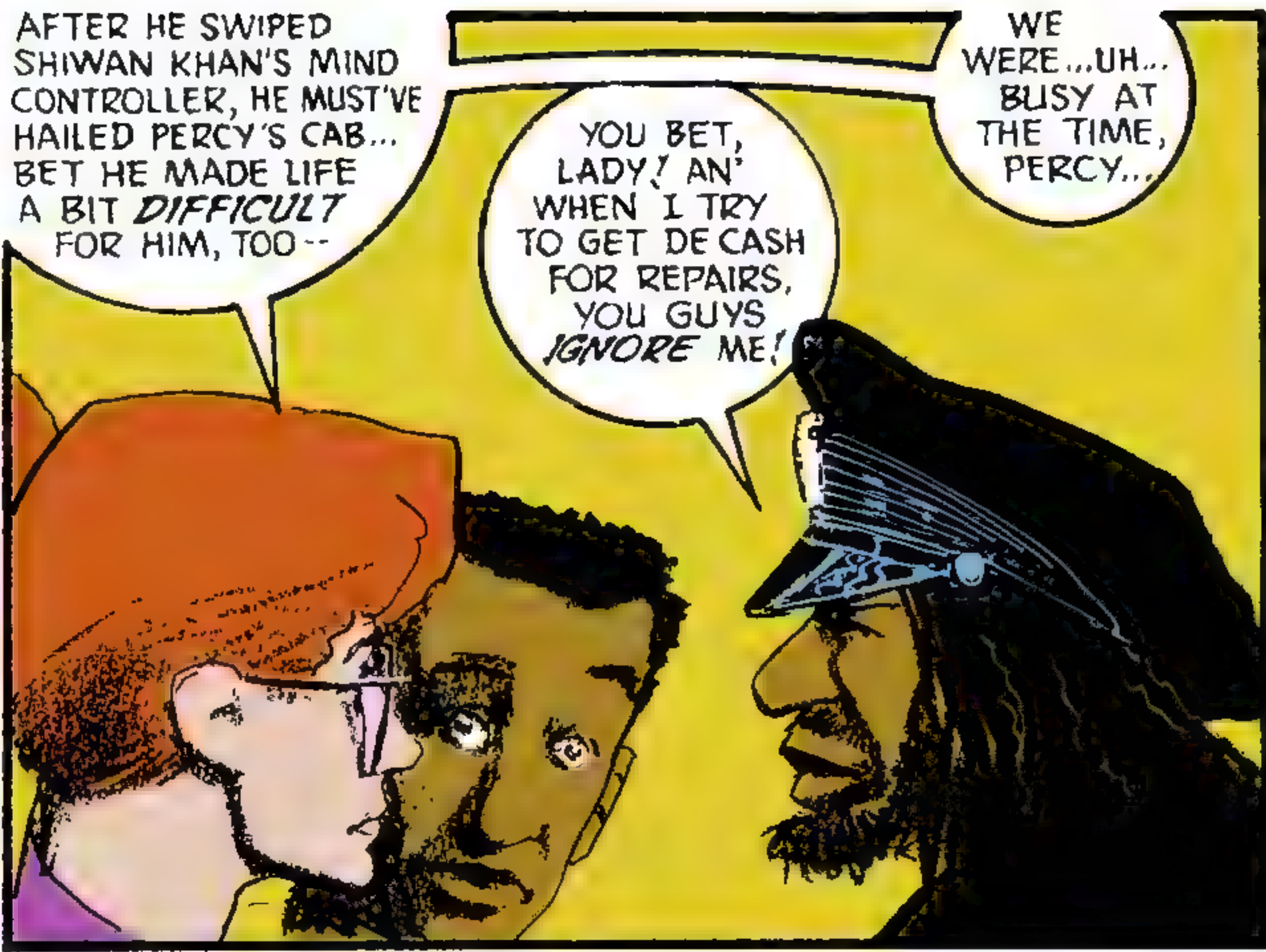


AUTO REPAIR--? YOU CAN'T BE **SERIOUS**--!

'COURSE I **SERIOUS**, MON-- YOU FRIEN'-- DE ONE WIT' DE **MON'S BLOODY ARM** HANGIN' FROM 'IS CASE-- HIJOCK ME COB--

-- MAKE ME CRAK UP ME COB GOIN' TO DOT CRAZY **CHURCH**--

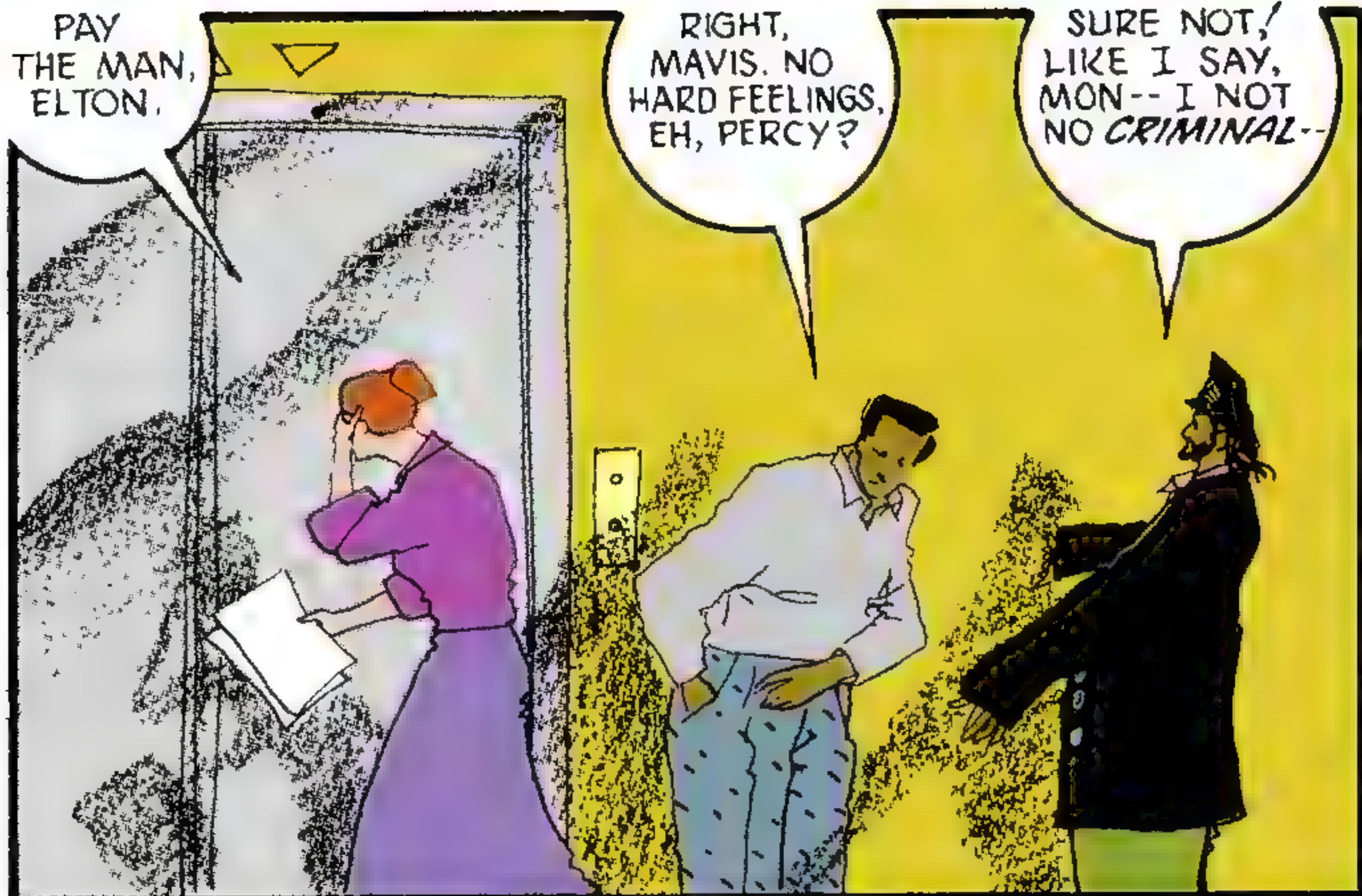
OH, LORD-- HE MUST MEAN **ALBERT**!



AFTER HE SWIPED SHIWAN KHAN'S MIND CONTROLLER, HE MUST'VE HAILED PERCY'S CAB... BET HE MADE LIFE A BIT **DIFFICULT** FOR HIM, TOO--

YOU BET, LADY! AN' WHEN I TRY TO GET DE CASH FOR REPAIRS, YOU GUYS **IGNORE** ME!

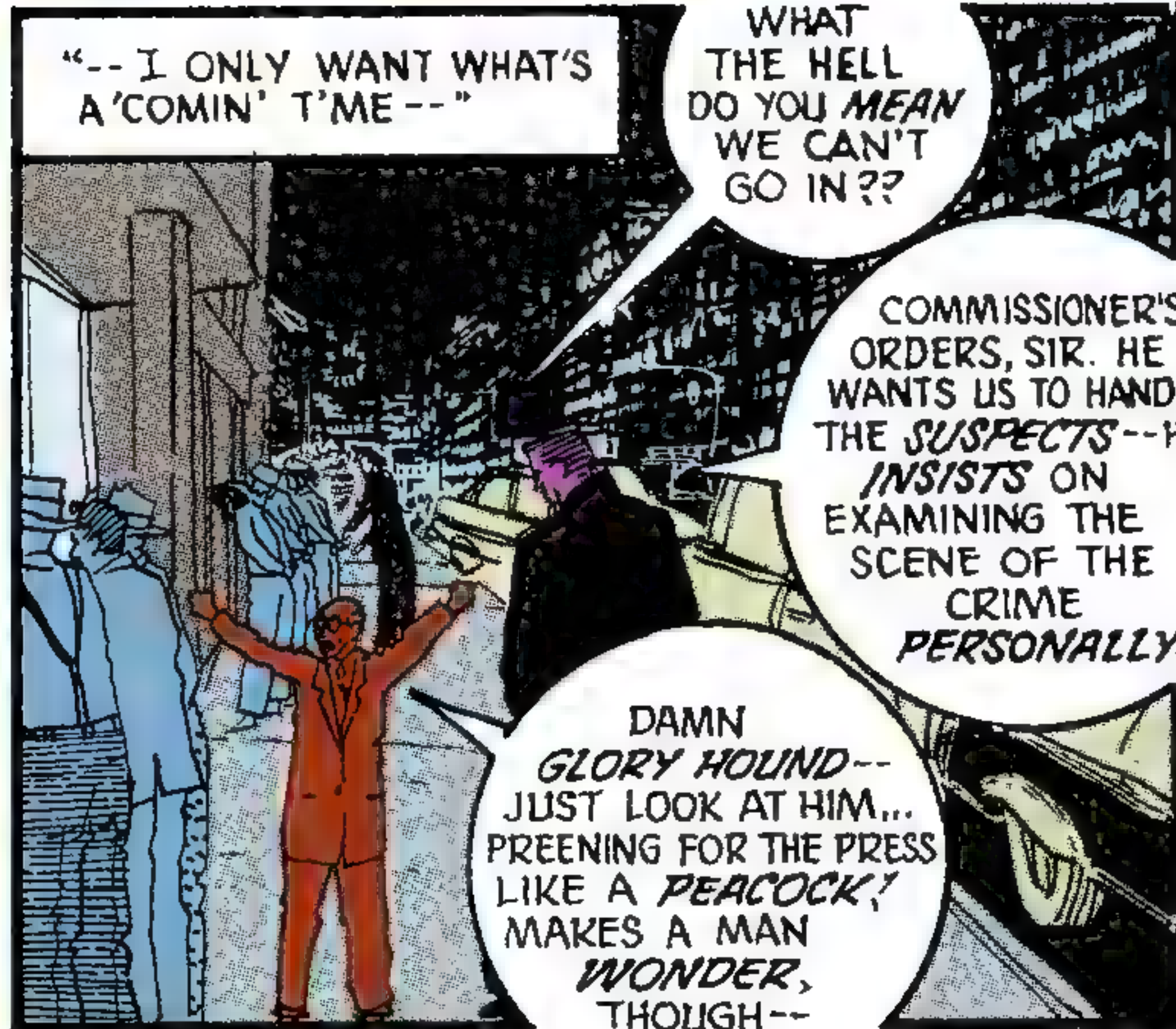
WE WERE...UH... BUSY AT THE TIME, PERCY...



PAY THE MAN, ELTON.

RIGHT, MAVIS. NO HARD FEELINGS, EH, PERCY?

SURE NOT, LIKE I SAY, MON-- I NOT NO **CRIMINAL**--

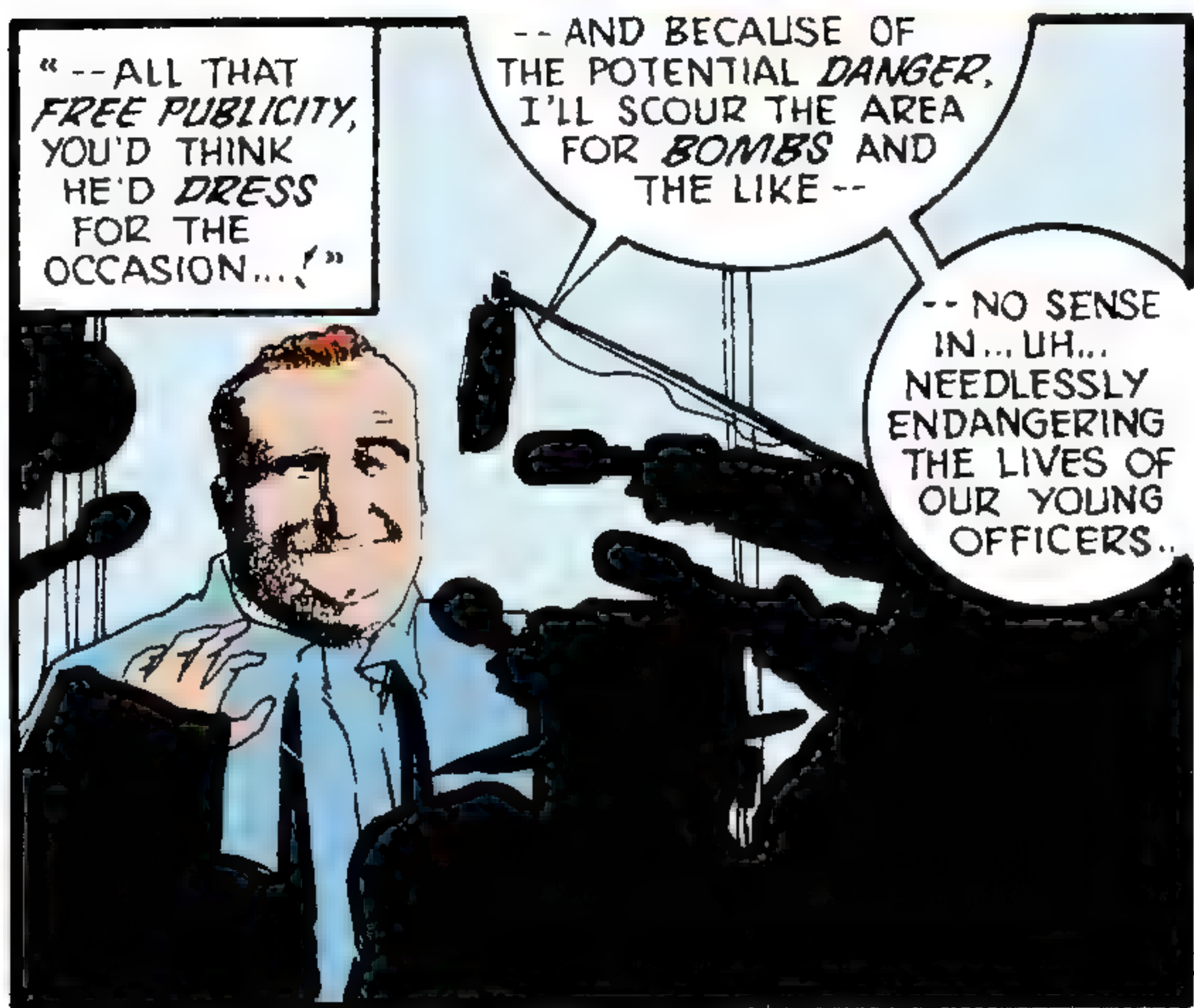


-- I ONLY WANT WHAT'S A'COMIN' T'ME--

WHAT THE HELL DO YOU **MEAN** WE CAN'T GO IN??

COMMISSIONER'S ORDERS, SIR. HE WANTS US TO HANDLE THE **SUSPECTS**--HE **INSISTS** ON EXAMINING THE SCENE OF THE CRIME **PERSONALLY**!

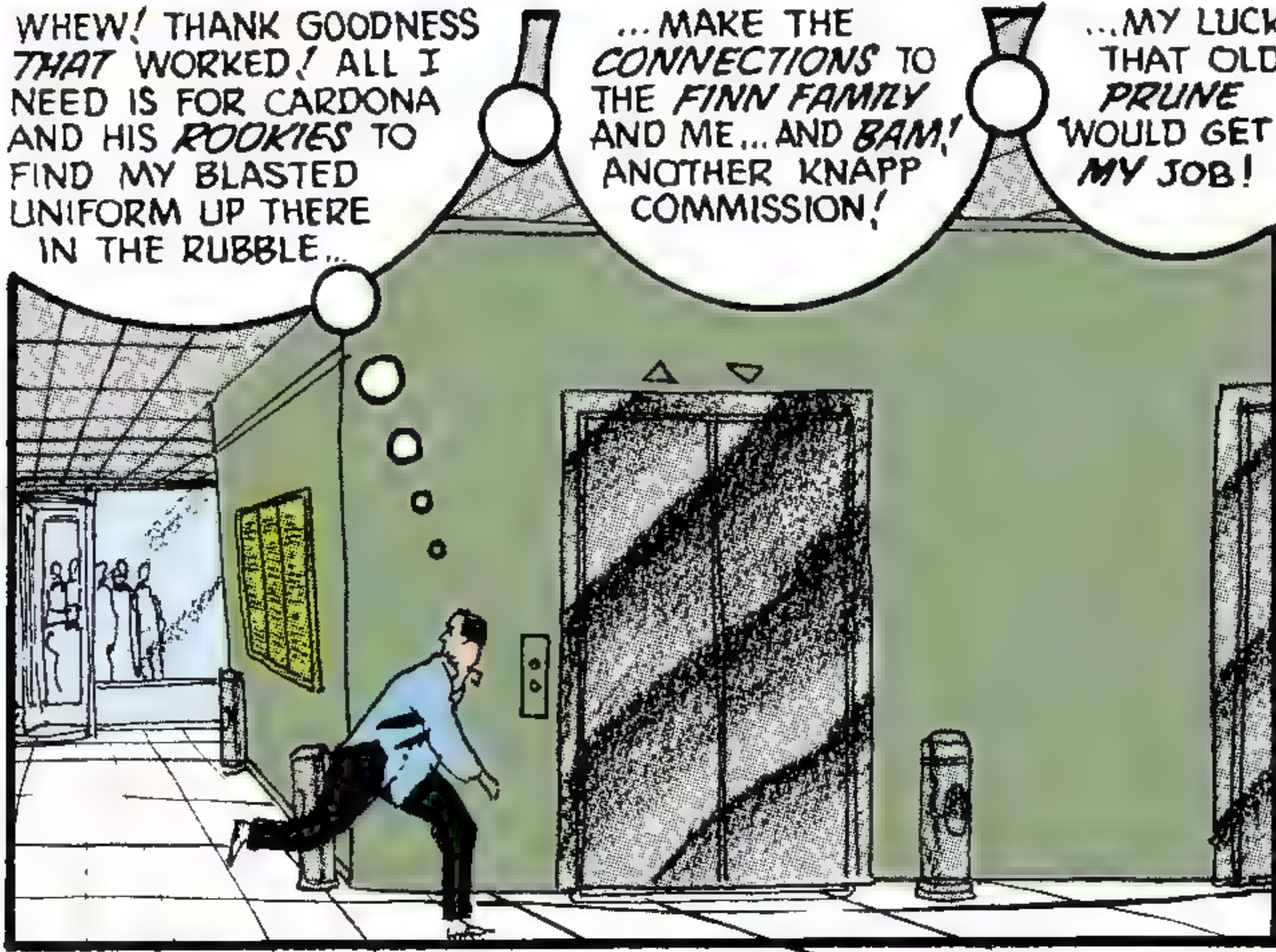
DAMN **GLORY HOUND**-- JUST LOOK AT HIM... PREENING FOR THE PRESS LIKE A **PEACOCK**! MAKES A MAN **WONDER**, THOUGH--



-- ALL THAT **FREE PUBLICITY**, YOU'D THINK HE'D **DRESS** FOR THE OCCASION...!

-- AND BECAUSE OF THE POTENTIAL **DANGER**, I'LL SCOUR THE AREA FOR **BOMBS** AND THE LIKE--

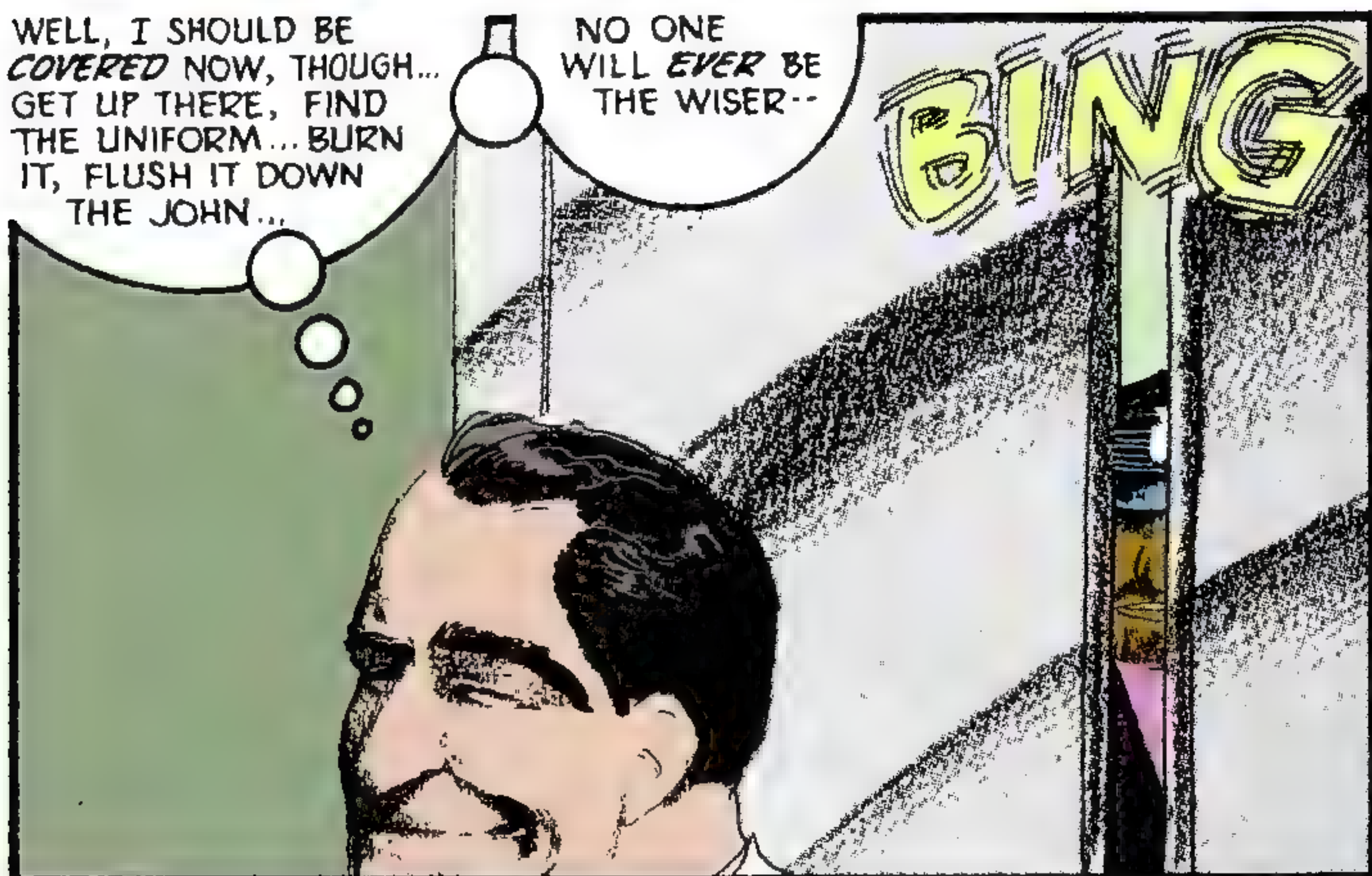
-- NO SENSE IN... UH... NEEDLESSLY ENDANGERING THE LIVES OF OUR YOUNG OFFICERS..



WHEW! THANK GOODNESS **THAT** WORKED! ALL I NEED IS FOR CARDONA AND HIS **ROOKIES** TO FIND MY BLASTED UNIFORM UP THERE IN THE RUBBLE...

... MAKE THE **CONNECTIONS** TO THE **FINN FAMILY** AND ME... AND **BAM**! ANOTHER KNAPP COMMISSION!

...MY LUCK, THAT OLD **PRUNE** WOULD GET MY JOB!



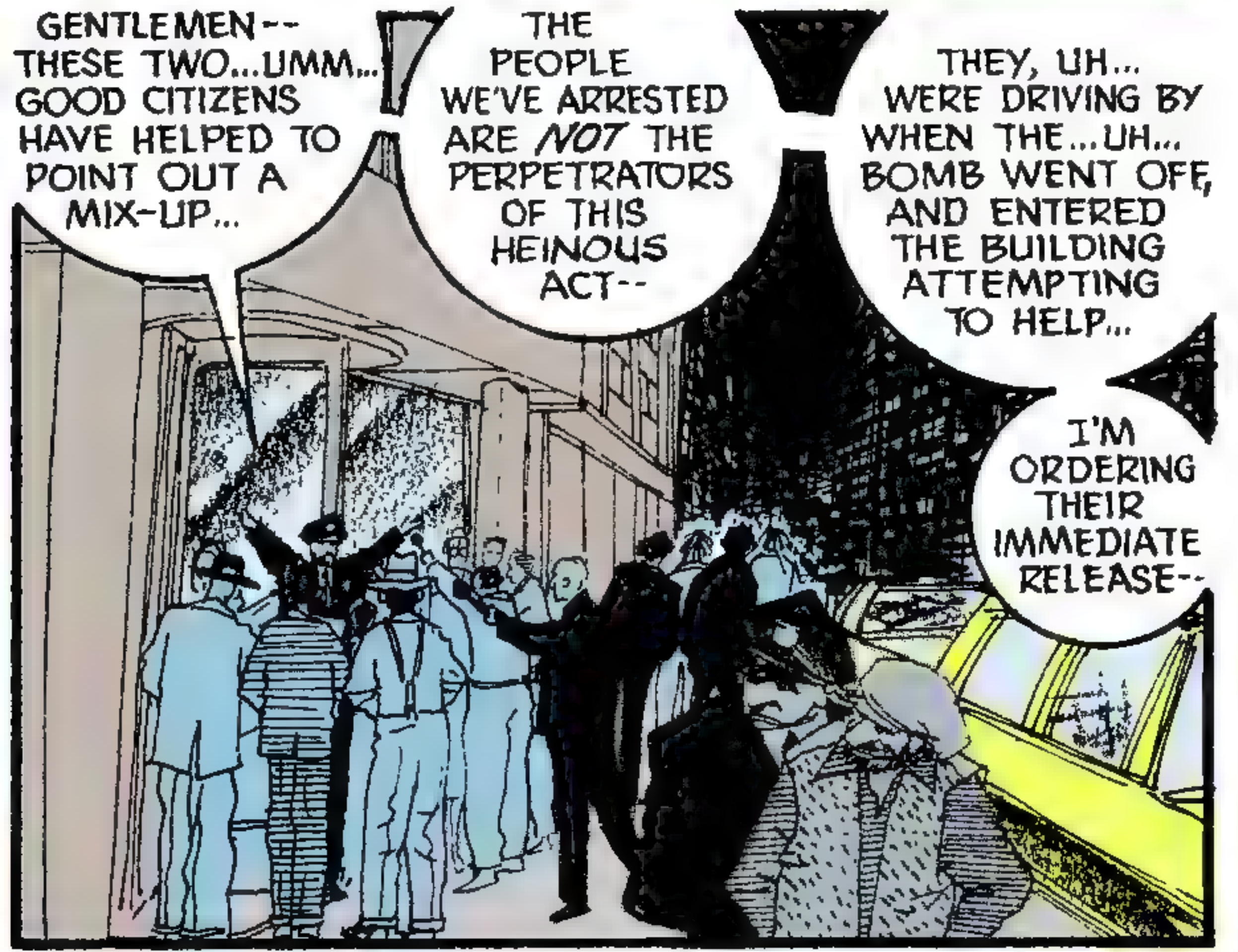
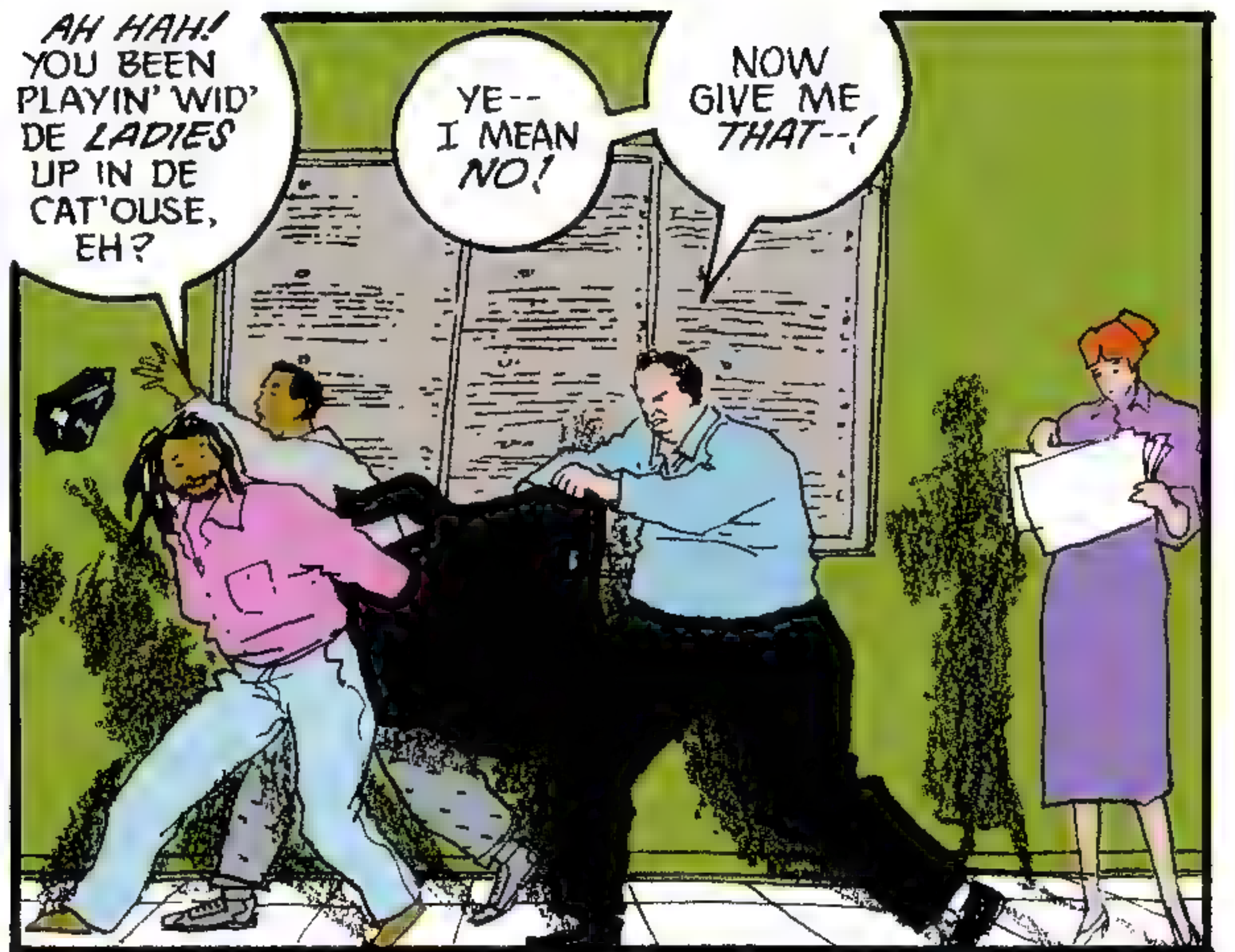
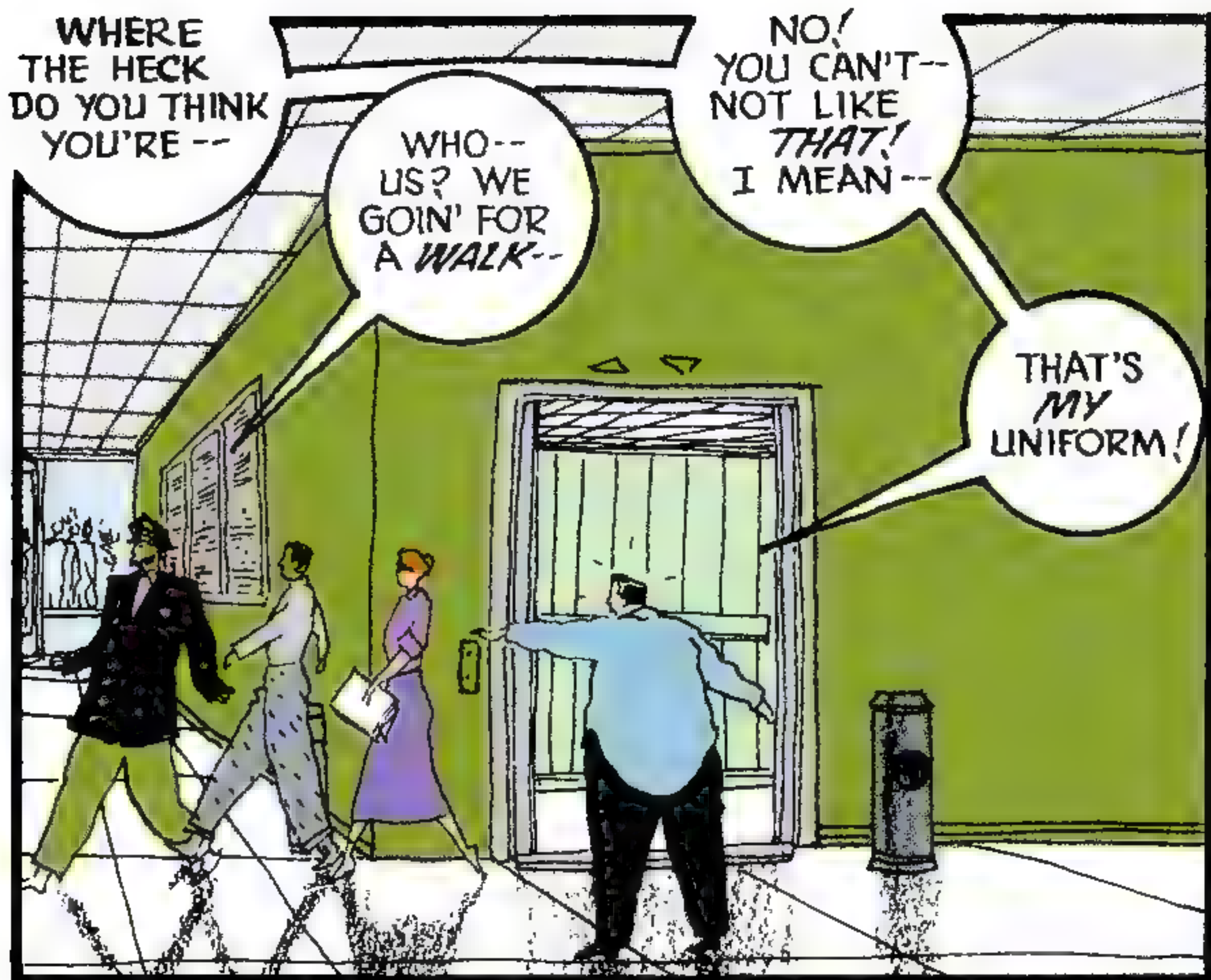
WELL, I SHOULD BE **COVERED** NOW, THOUGH... GET UP THERE, FIND THE UNIFORM... BURN IT, FLUSH IT DOWN THE JOHN...

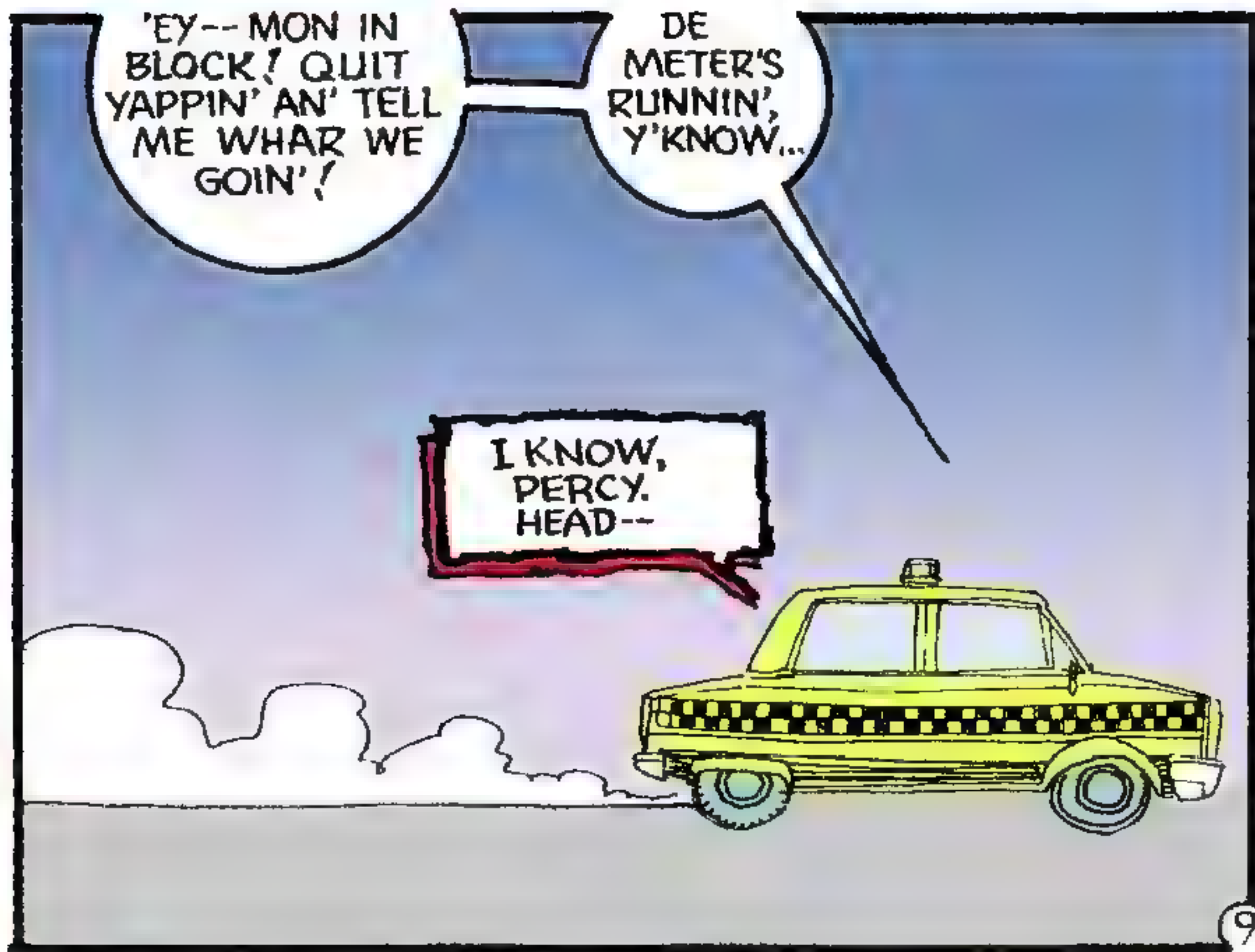
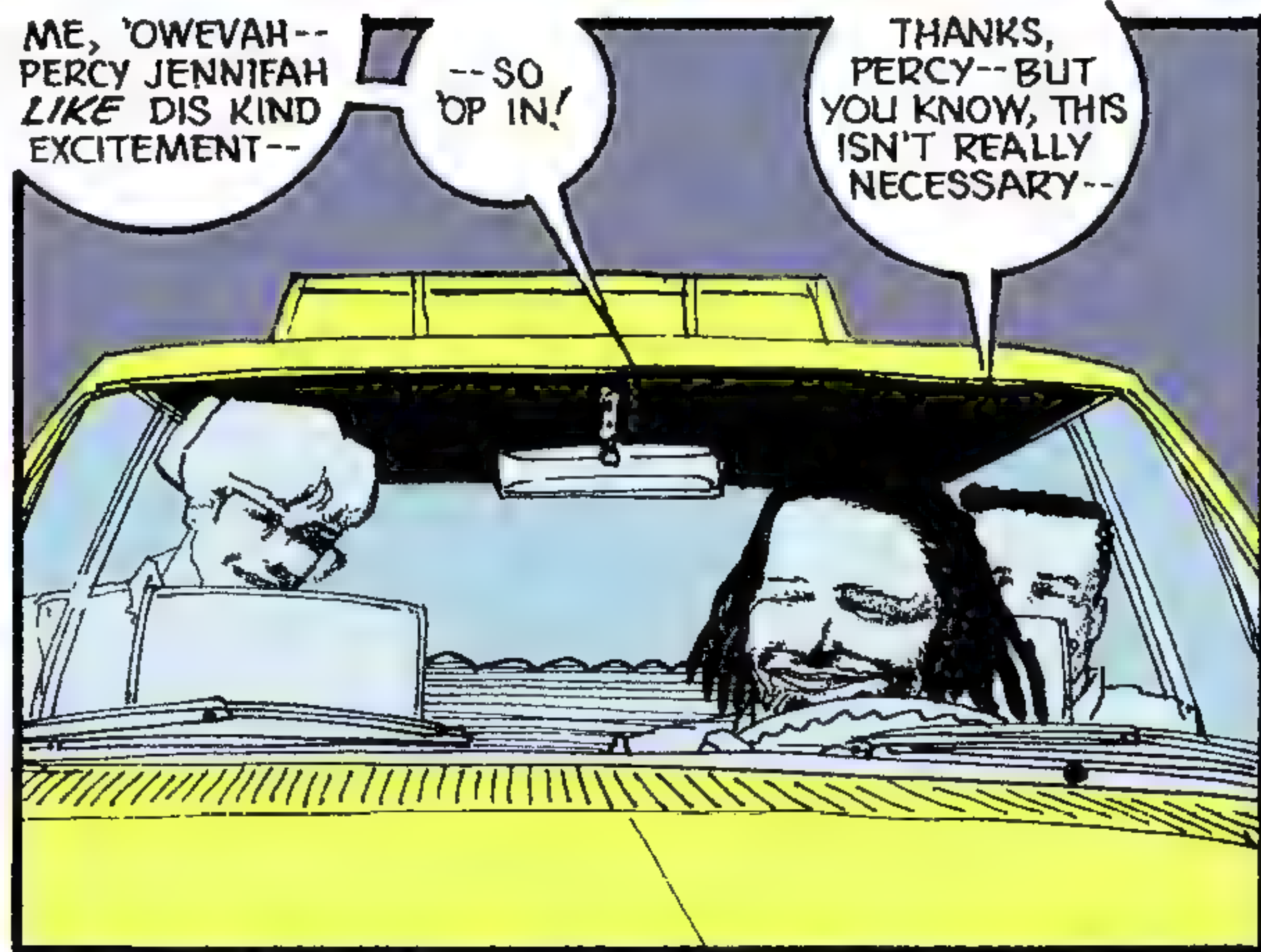
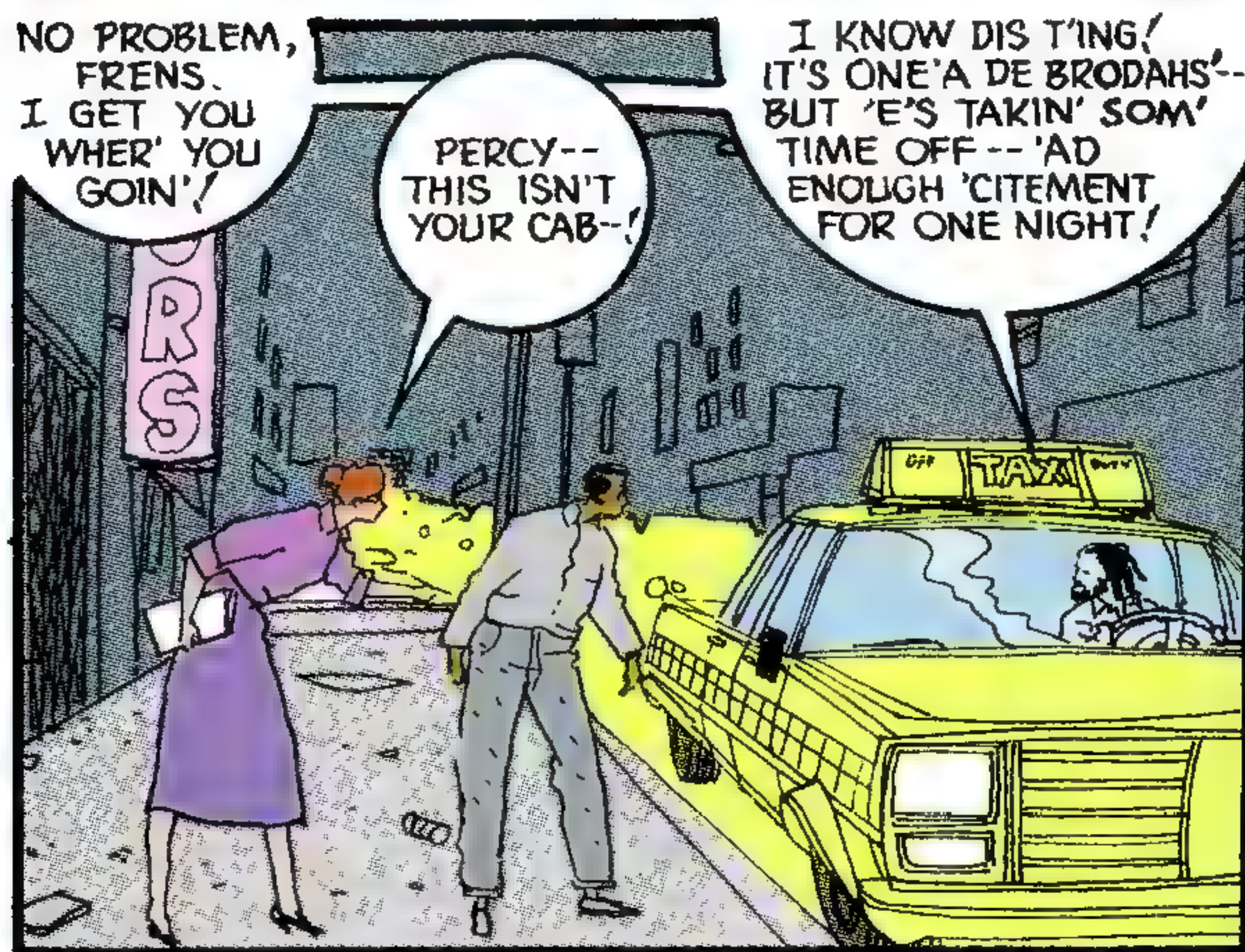
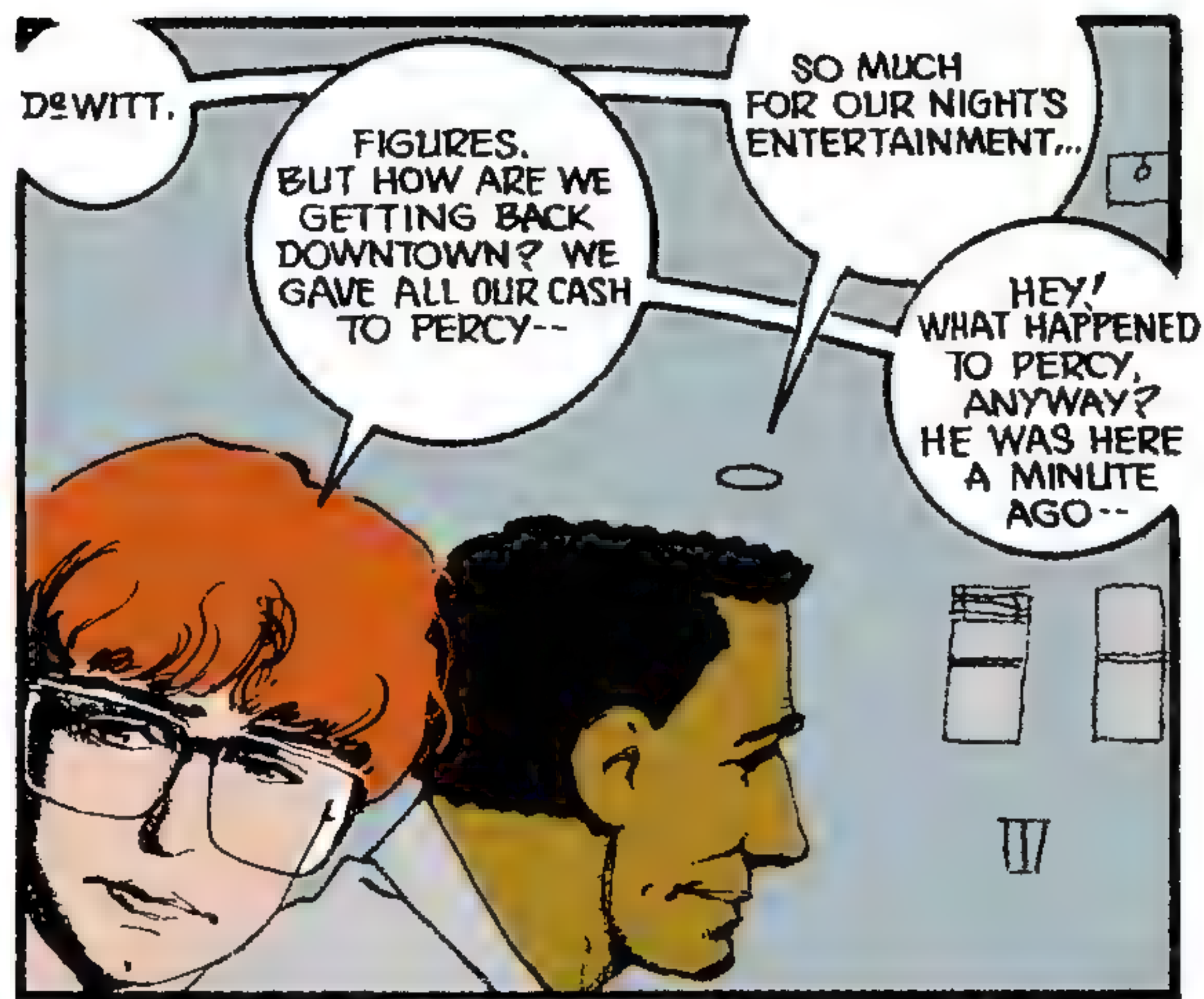
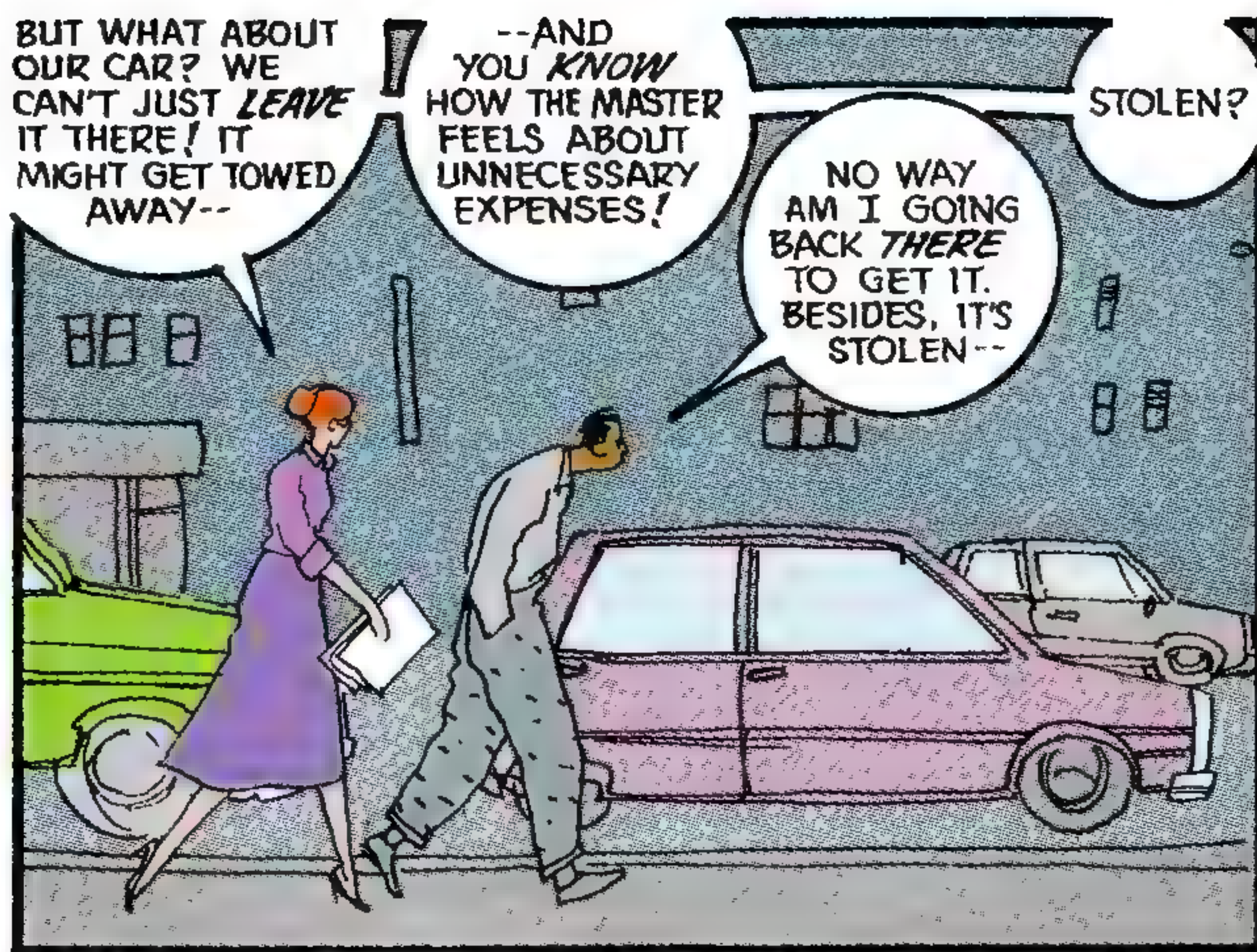
NO ONE WILL **EVER** BE THE WISER--

BING



'ALLO, MON!







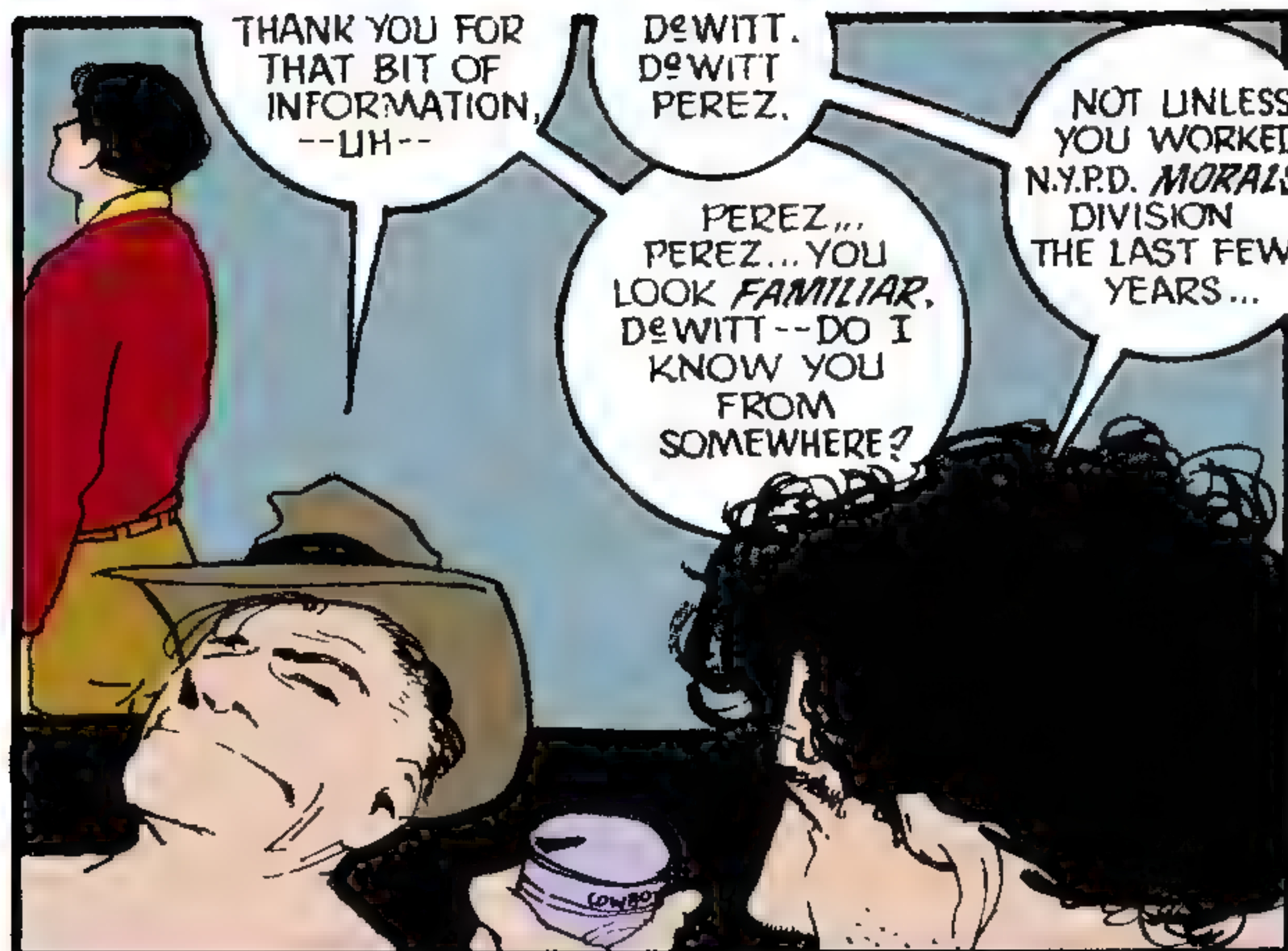
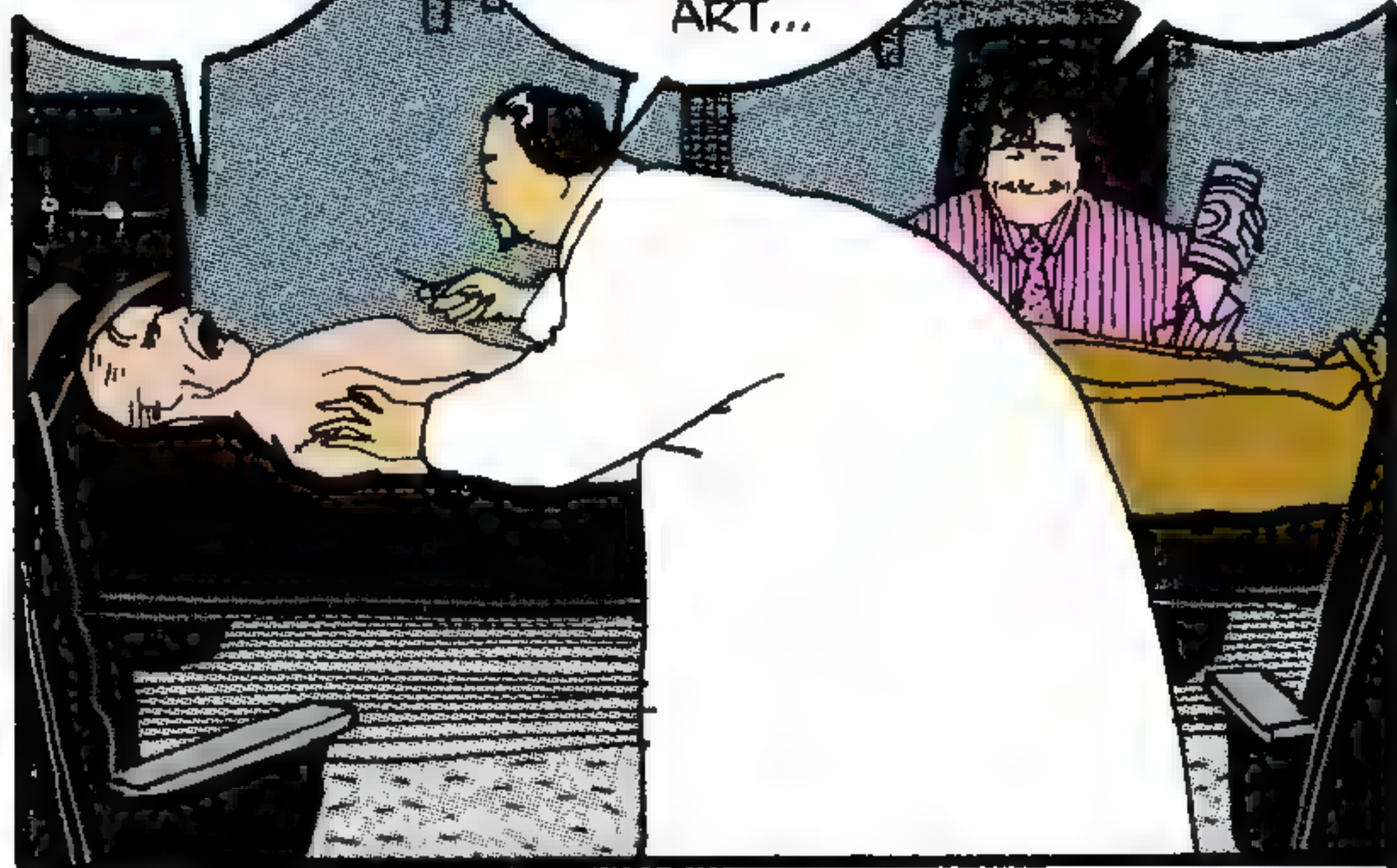
"--DOWNTOWN..."

OMWWWW!!!

WATCH THAT *NEEDLE*, DOC! THAT'S *MY* SKIN YOU'RE SEWING-- NOT A *TURKEY'S*!

FORGIVE THIS ONE, MISTER MAGNET-- BUT MY EYES ARE FAR FROM YOUNG. SOMETIMES, I MAKE *ERRORS* IN MY PRACTICED ART...

BUT DON'T WORRY IT NONE, MAGNET-- NOBODY'S EVER *LIVED* TO SQUAWK ABOUT 'EM!



THANK YOU FOR THAT BIT OF INFORMATION, --UH--

DEWITT. DEWITT PEREZ.

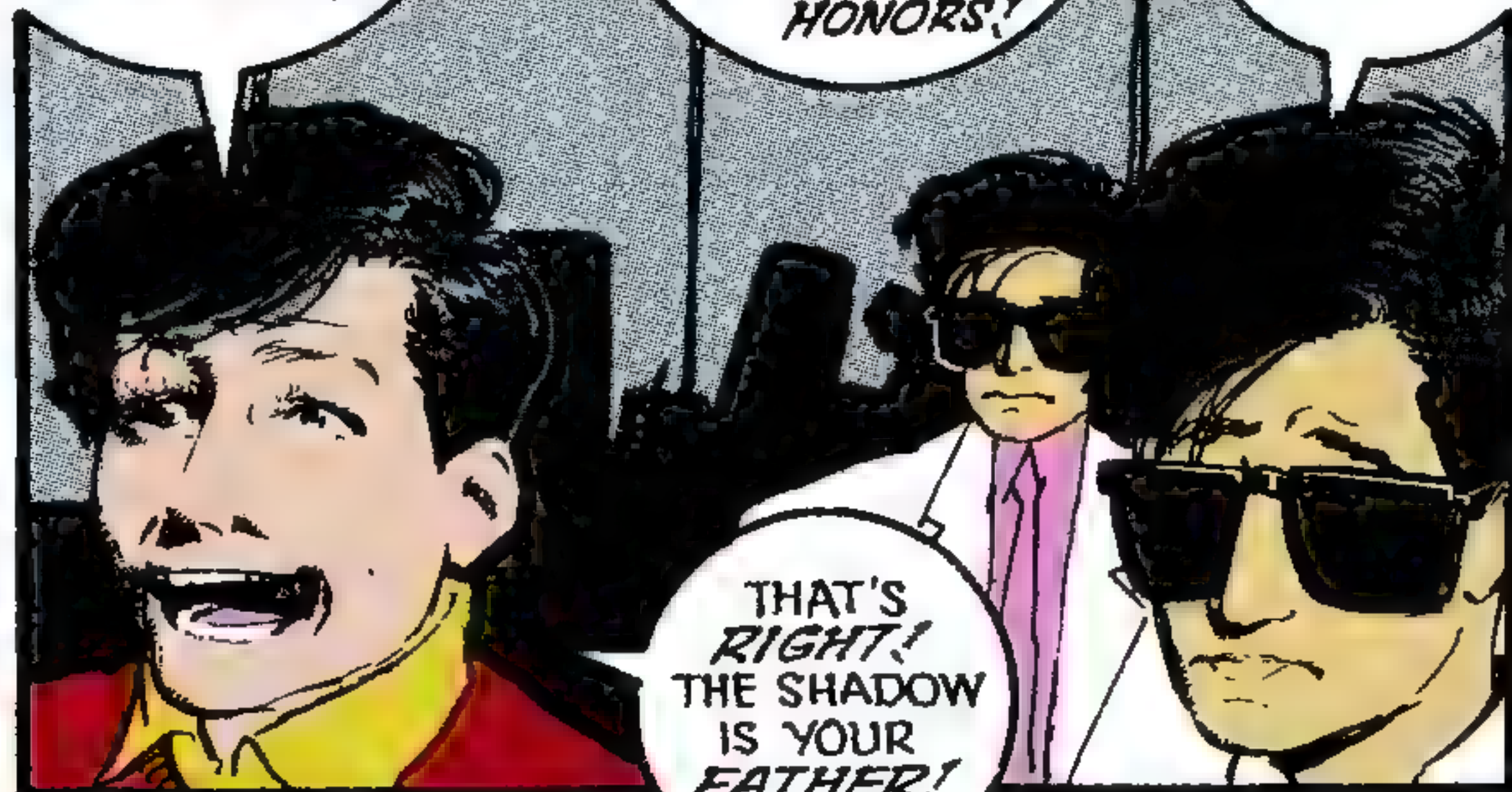
PEREZ... PEREZ... YOU LOOK *FAMILIAR*, DEWITT-- DO I KNOW YOU FROM SOMEWHERE?

NOT UNLESS YOU WORKED N.Y.P.D. *MORALS* DIVISION THE LAST FEW YEARS...

GEE, I CAN'T GET OVER THIS PLACE! IMAGINE! ME, IN THE *SHADOW'S* HEADQUARTERS! IT-IT'S LIKE A LIFELONG DREAM COME TRUE!

I CAN'T *WAIT* TO GET BACK TO SCHOOL-- WITH A STORY LIKE *THIS* UNDER MY BELT, I'LL GRADUATE JOURNALISM SCHOOL WITH *HONORS*!

I AM NOT CERTAIN FATHER WOULD APPROVE...



THAT'S *RIGHT*! THE *SHADOW* IS YOUR *FATHER*!



SO TELL ME -- WHAT WAS IT LIKE GROWING UP IN THE *SHADOW* HOUSEHOLD-- I MEAN, DID YOU DO THE KIND OF THINGS NORMAL KIDS DO--?

I AM NOT SURE. OUR FATHER WAS A BIT OF A *DISCIPLINARIAN*...

"HARD, BUT FAIR"? CAN I PUT THAT DOWN?

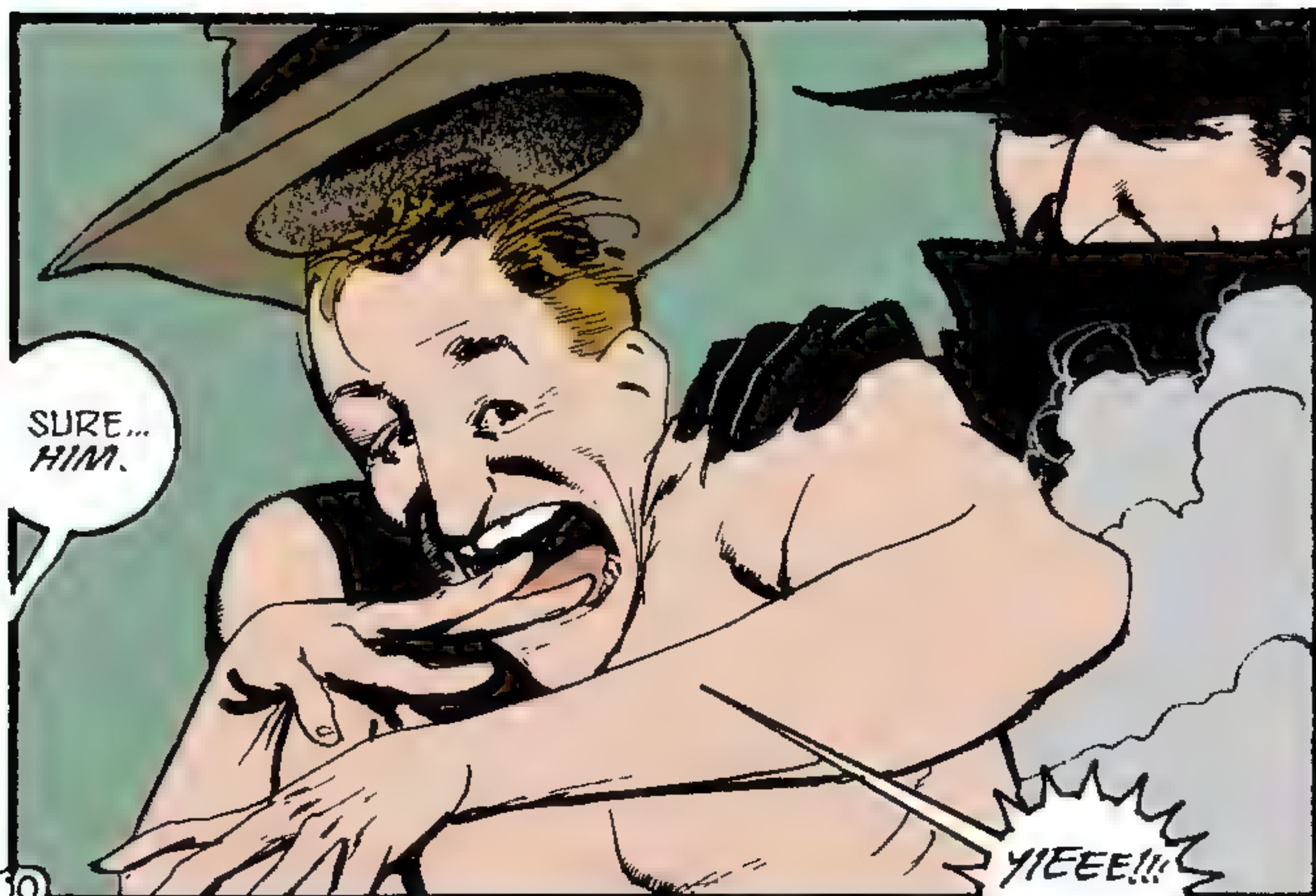
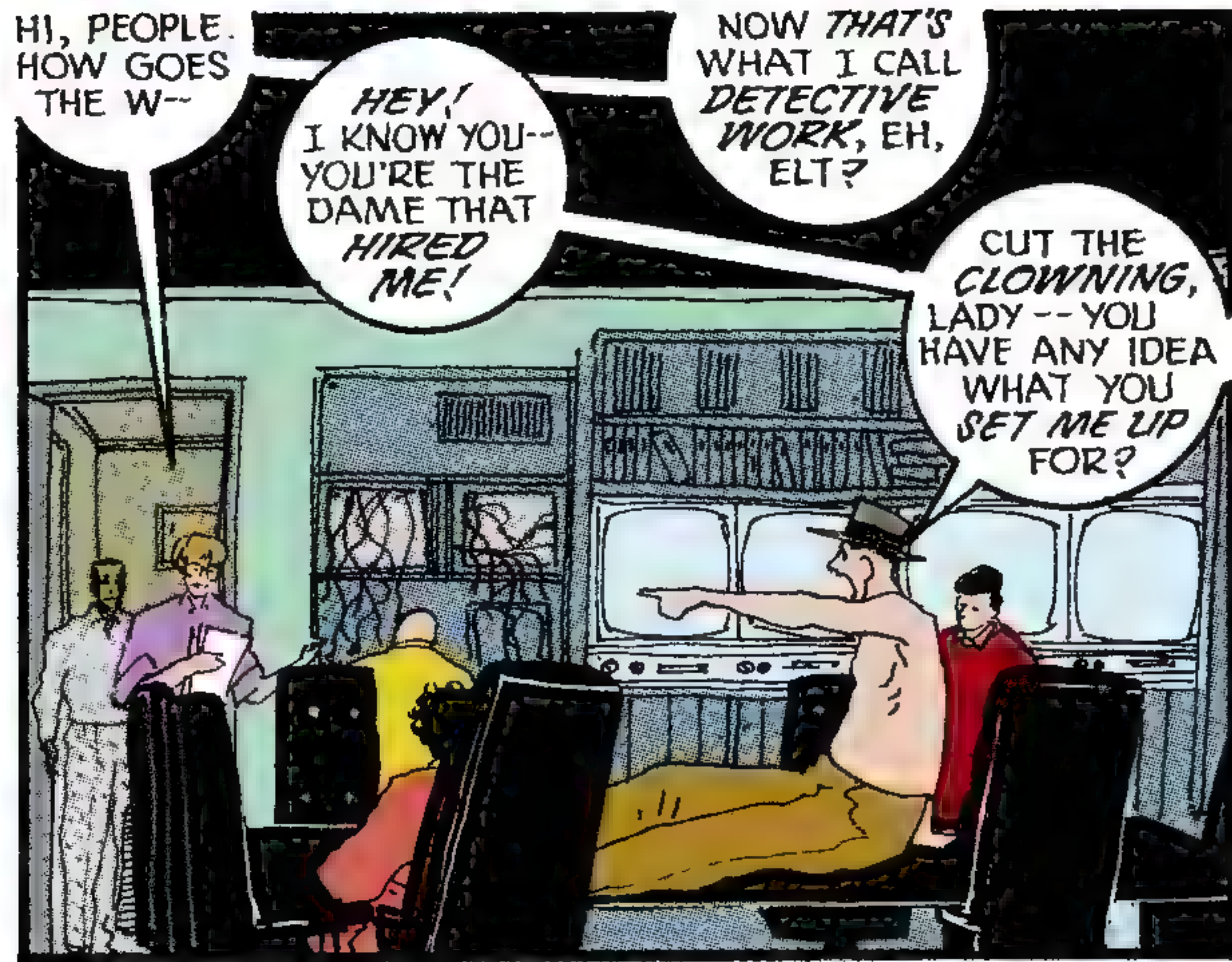
YOU ARE *HALF* CORRECT...

HI, PEOPLE. HOW GOES THE W--

HEY! I KNOW YOU-- YOU'RE THE DAME THAT *HIRED* ME!

NOW *THAT'S* WHAT I CALL *DETECTIVE* WORK, EH, ELT?

CUT THE *CLOWNING*, LADY-- YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU *SET ME UP* FOR?



SURE... HIM.

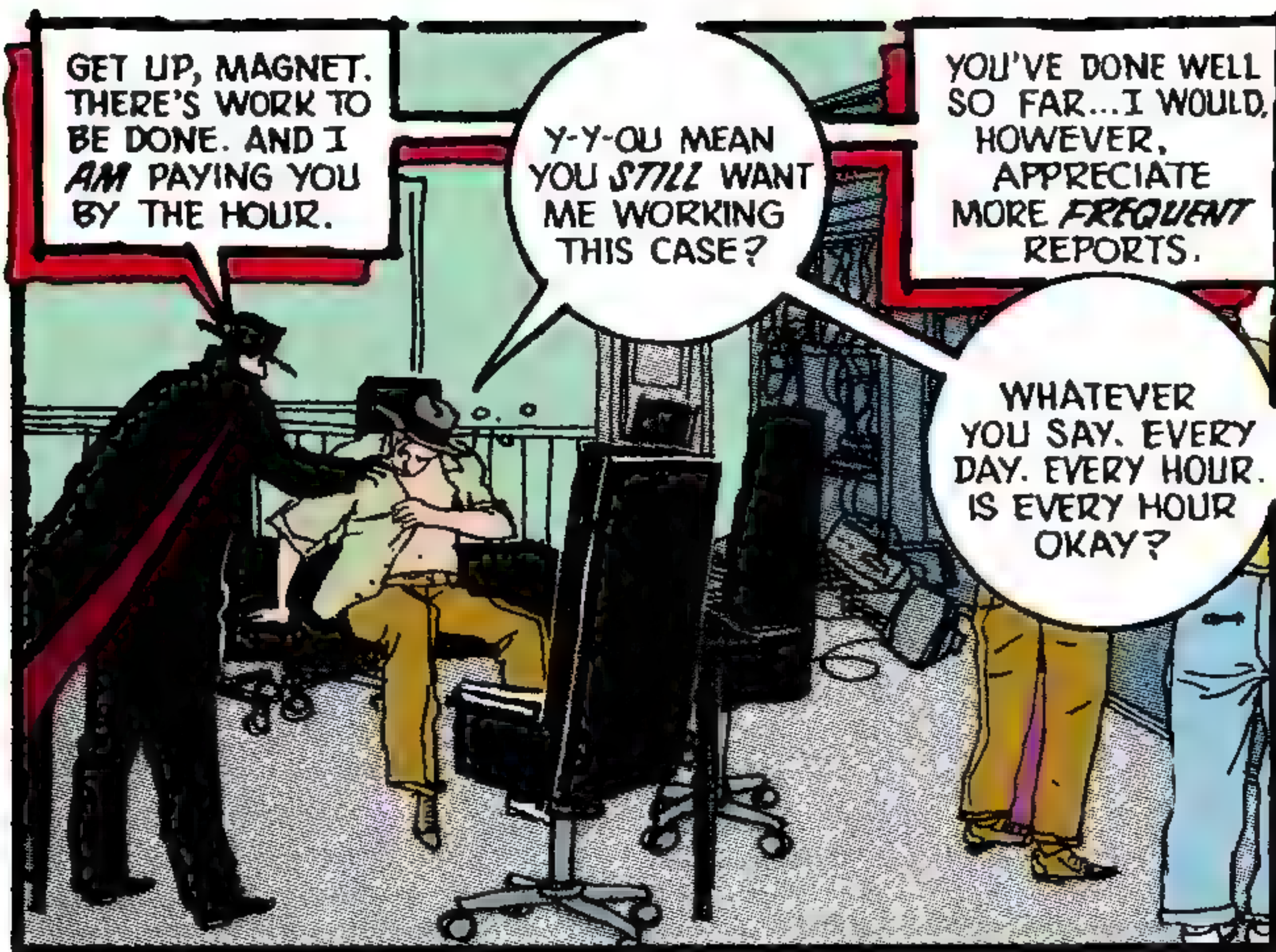
YIEEE!!!

YOU KNOW, DICK, I THINK THE *MASTER* *LIKES* YOU.

HE *COULD* WALK IN THE DOOR LIKE *REGULAR* *FOLK*. HE DOESN'T *HAVE* TO COME IN THE WINDOW.

HE ONLY DOES *THAT* FOR PEOPLE HE WANTS TO *IMPRESS*...





GET UP, MAGNET. THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE. AND I **AM** PAYING YOU BY THE HOUR.

Y-Y-OU MEAN YOU **STILL** WANT ME WORKING THIS CASE?

YOU'VE DONE WELL SO FAR...I WOULD, HOWEVER, APPRECIATE MORE **FREQUENT** REPORTS.

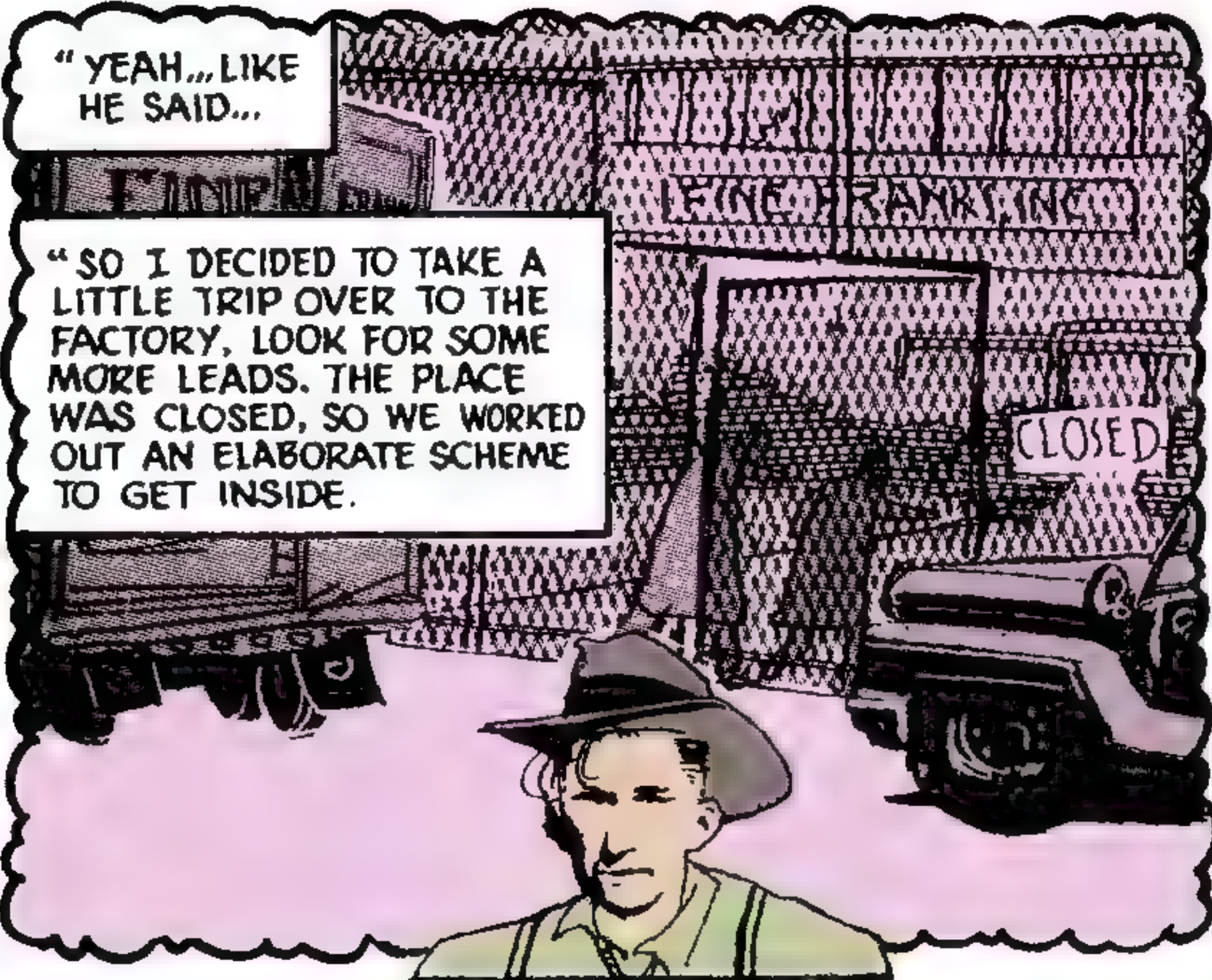
WHATEVER YOU SAY. EVERY DAY. EVERY HOUR. IS EVERY HOUR OKAY?



JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU'VE UNCOVERED SO FAR...

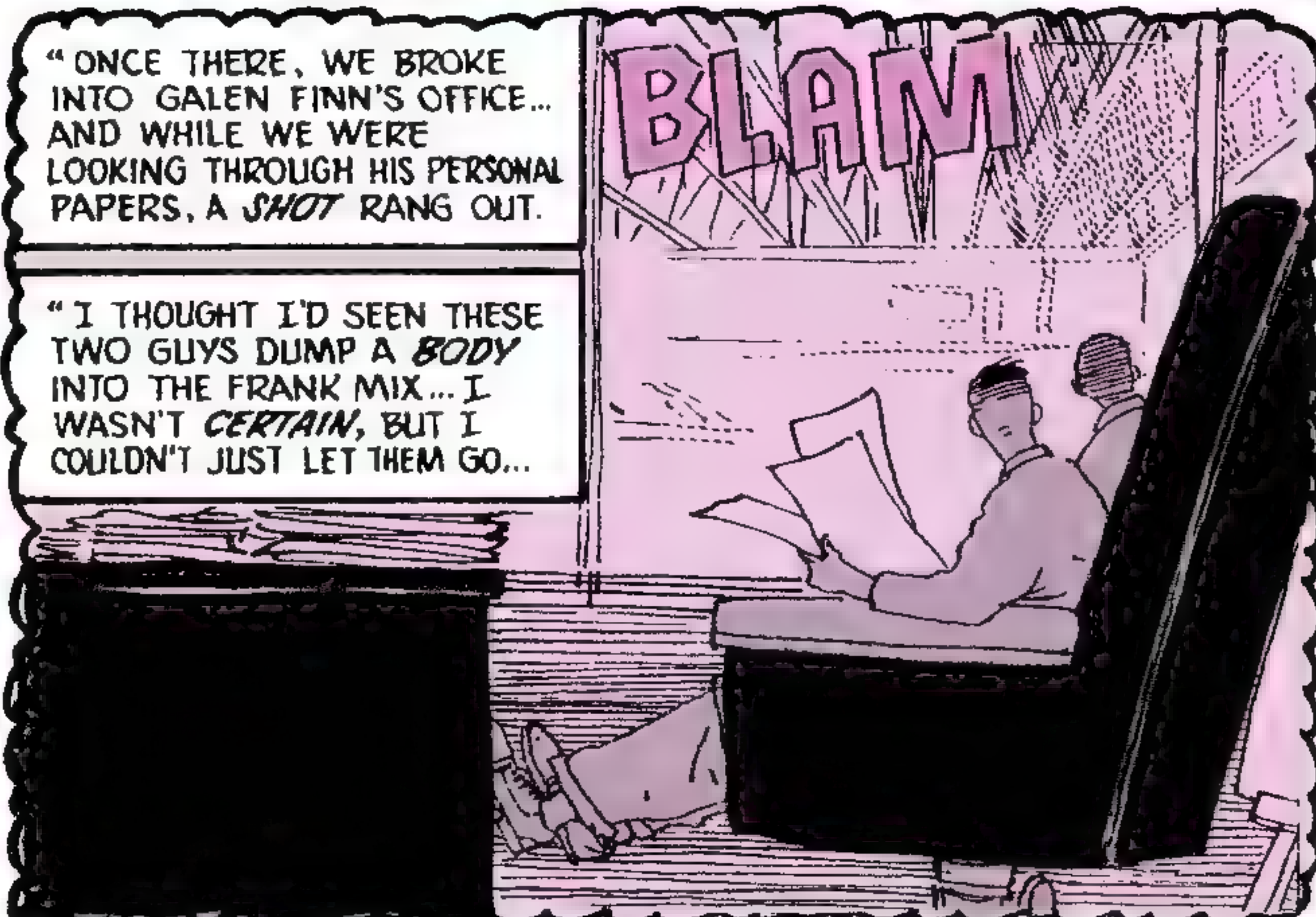
WELL, TOME AND ME, WE GOT A TIP THAT ONE OF THE FINN BROTHERS OWNED **FIVE FRANKS** OVER IN QUEENS--

YEAH! I SAW DAT STORY ON THE TUBE, TOO -- THEY SAY THE F.D.A. IS GONNA FINE HIM FOR STUFFIN' THEM DIAMONDS IN HIS WEENIES!



"YEAH...LIKE HE SAID..."

"SO I DECIDED TO TAKE A LITTLE TRIP OVER TO THE FACTORY, LOOK FOR SOME MORE LEADS. THE PLACE WAS CLOSED, SO WE WORKED OUT AN ELABORATE SCHEME TO GET INSIDE.

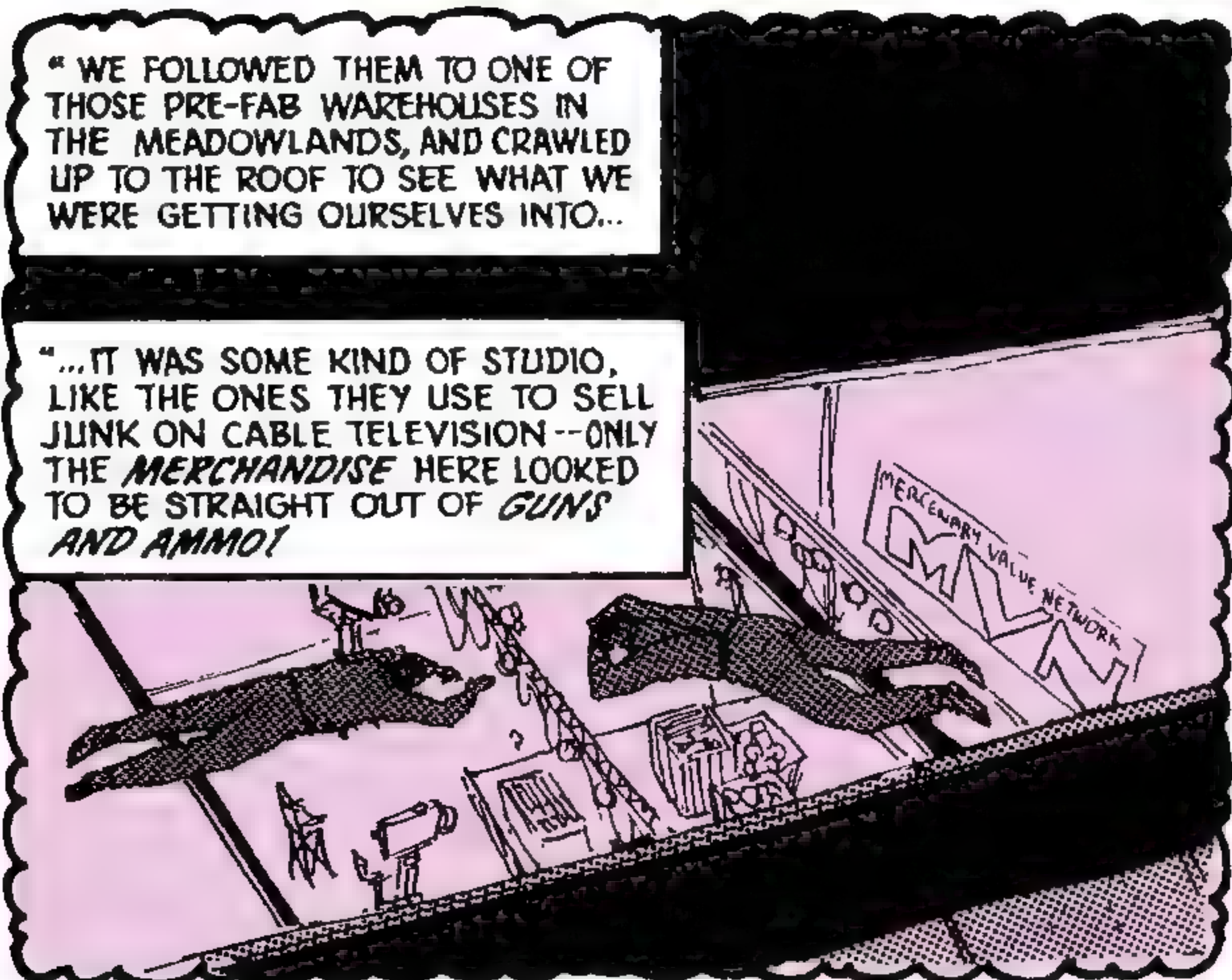


"ONCE THERE, WE BROKE INTO GALEN FINN'S OFFICE... AND WHILE WE WERE LOOKING THROUGH HIS PERSONAL PAPERS, A **SHOT** RANG OUT.

"I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THESE TWO GUYS DUMP A **BODY** INTO THE FRANK MIX... I WASN'T **CERTAIN**, BUT I COULDN'T JUST LET THEM GO...

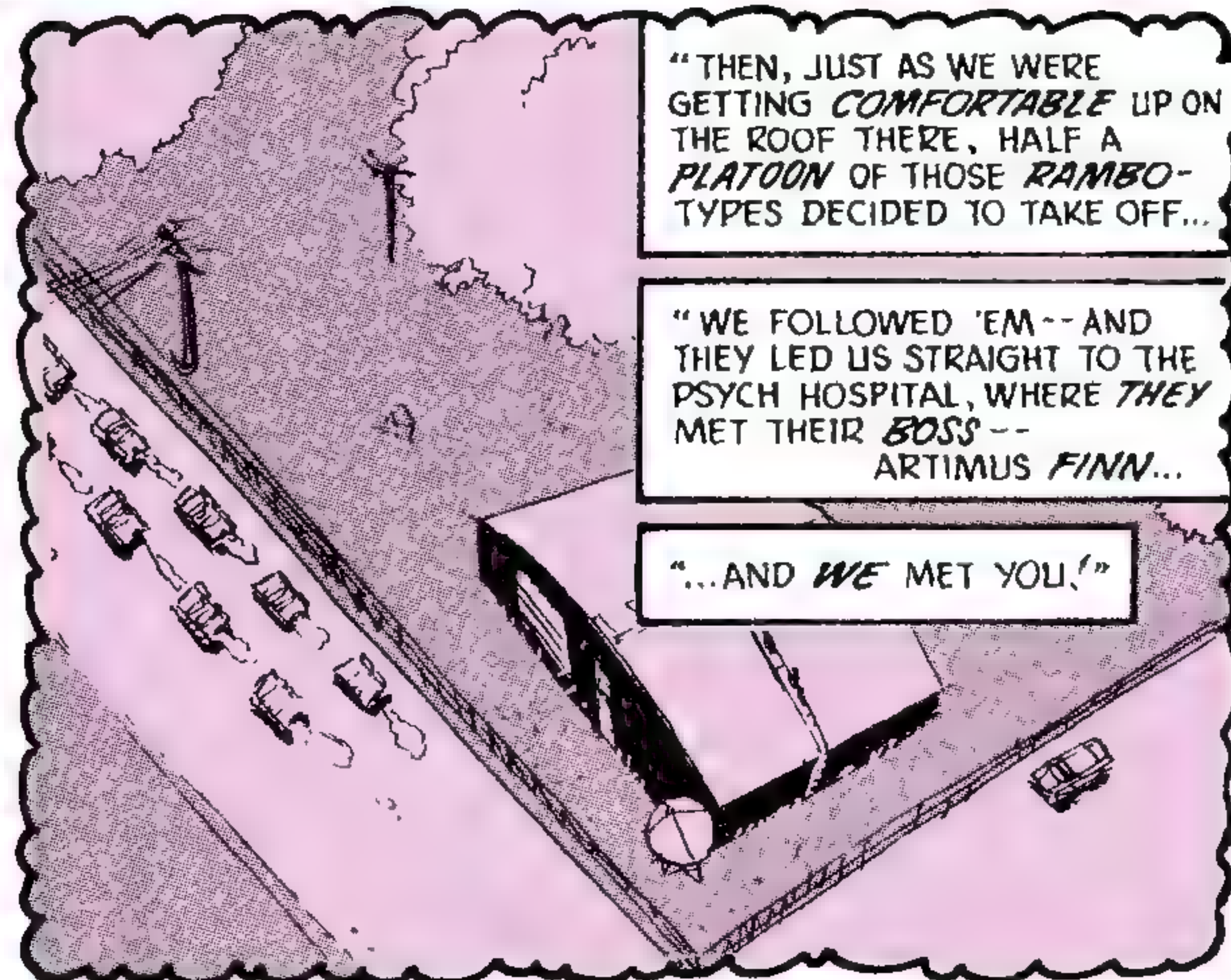


BLAM!



"WE FOLLOWED THEM TO ONE OF THOSE PRE-FAB WAREHOUSES IN THE MEADOWLANDS, AND CRAWLED UP TO THE ROOF TO SEE WHAT WE WERE GETTING OURSELVES INTO...

"...IT WAS SOME KIND OF STUDIO, LIKE THE ONES THEY USE TO SELL JUNK ON CABLE TELEVISION--ONLY THE **MERCHANDISE** HERE LOOKED TO BE STRAIGHT OUT OF **GUNS AND AMMO!**



"THEN, JUST AS WE WERE GETTING **COMFORTABLE** UP ON THE ROOF THERE, HALF A **PLATOON** OF THOSE **RAMBO**-TYPES DECIDED TO TAKE OFF...

"WE FOLLOWED 'EM-- AND THEY LED US STRAIGHT TO THE PSYCH HOSPITAL, WHERE **THEY** MET THEIR **BOSS**-- ARTIMUS **FINN**...

"...AND **WE** MET YOU."



YOU KNOW THE REST...

HMM... THAT WAS QUITE A STORY...

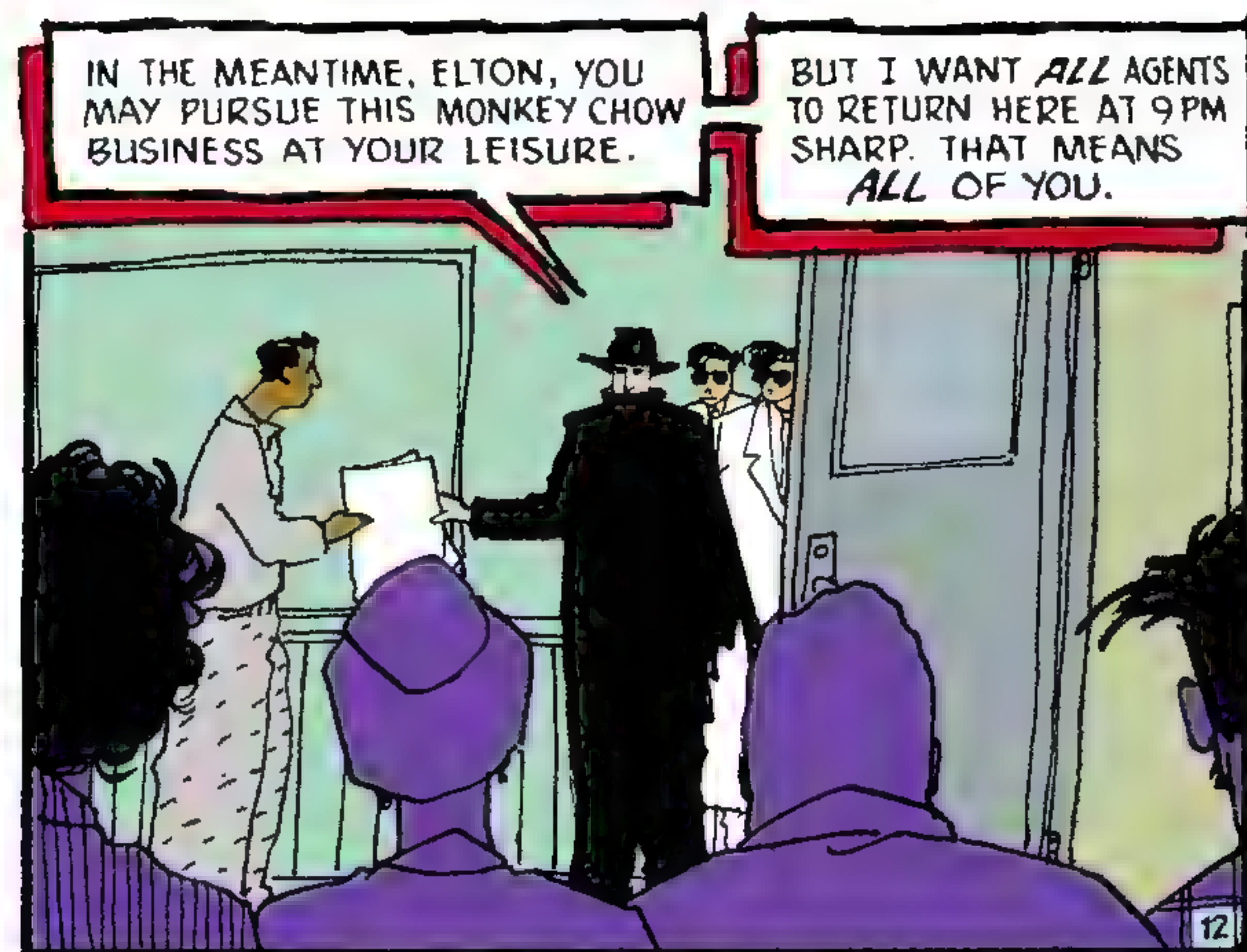
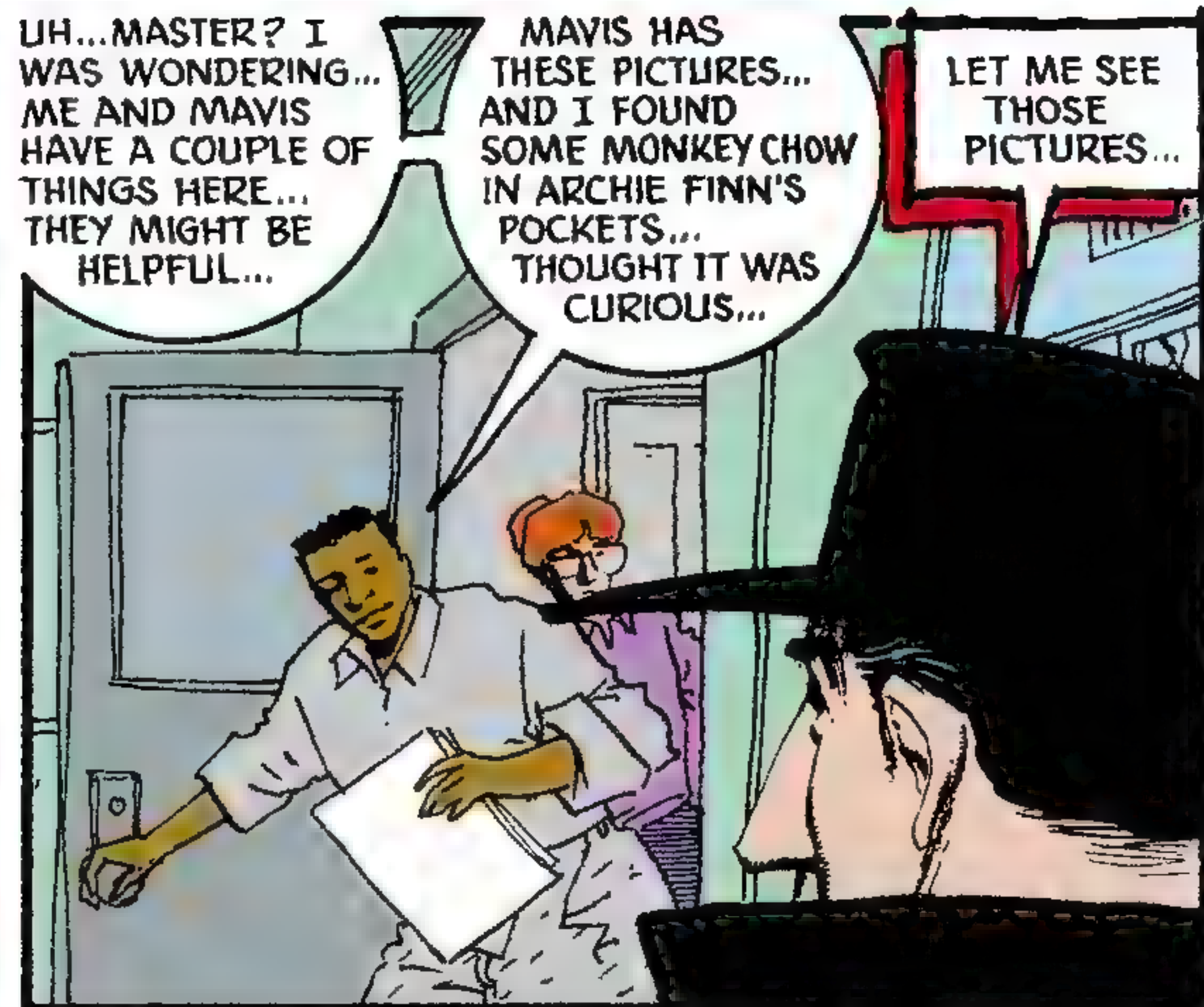
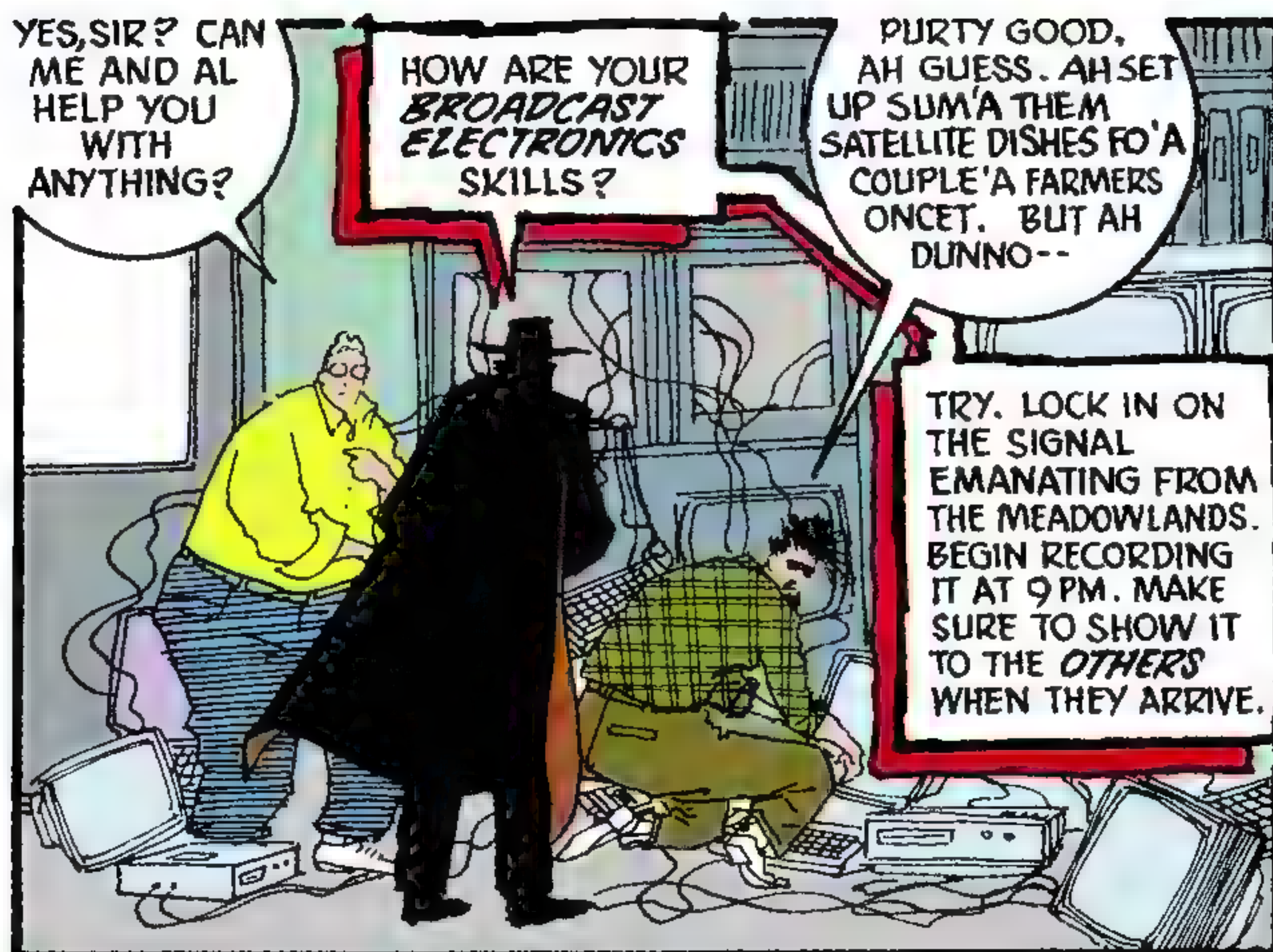
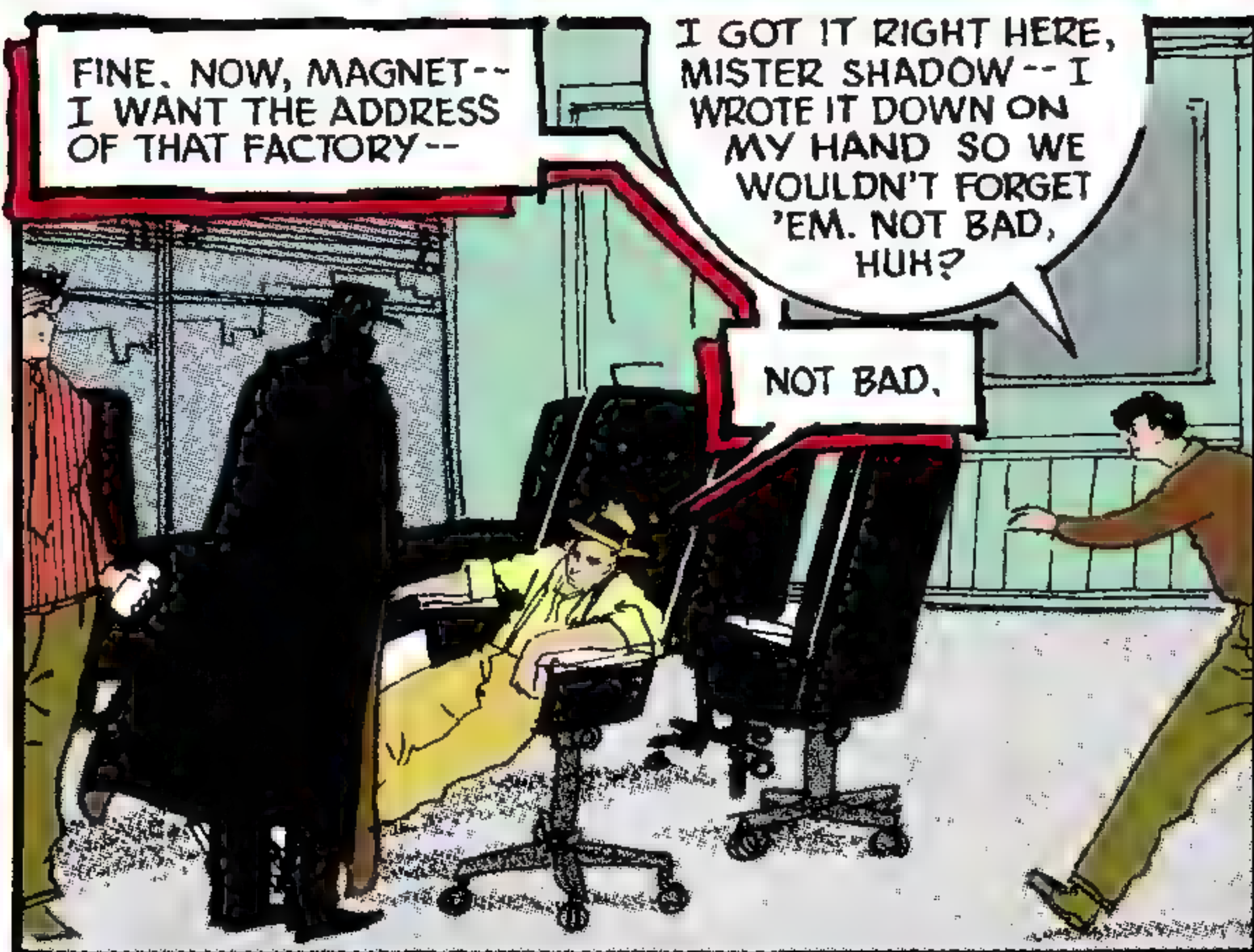
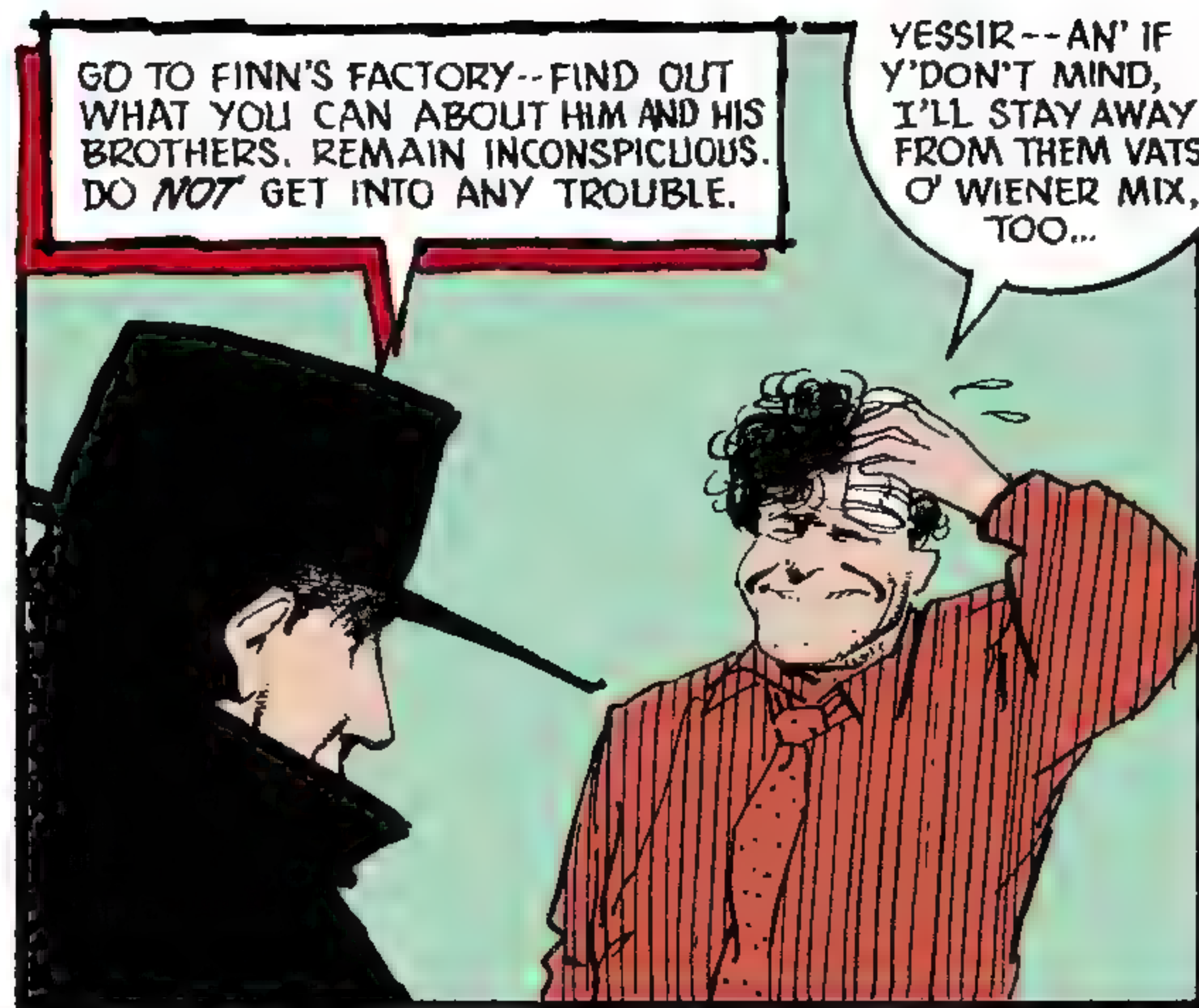
SUCH VIVID IMAGERY...

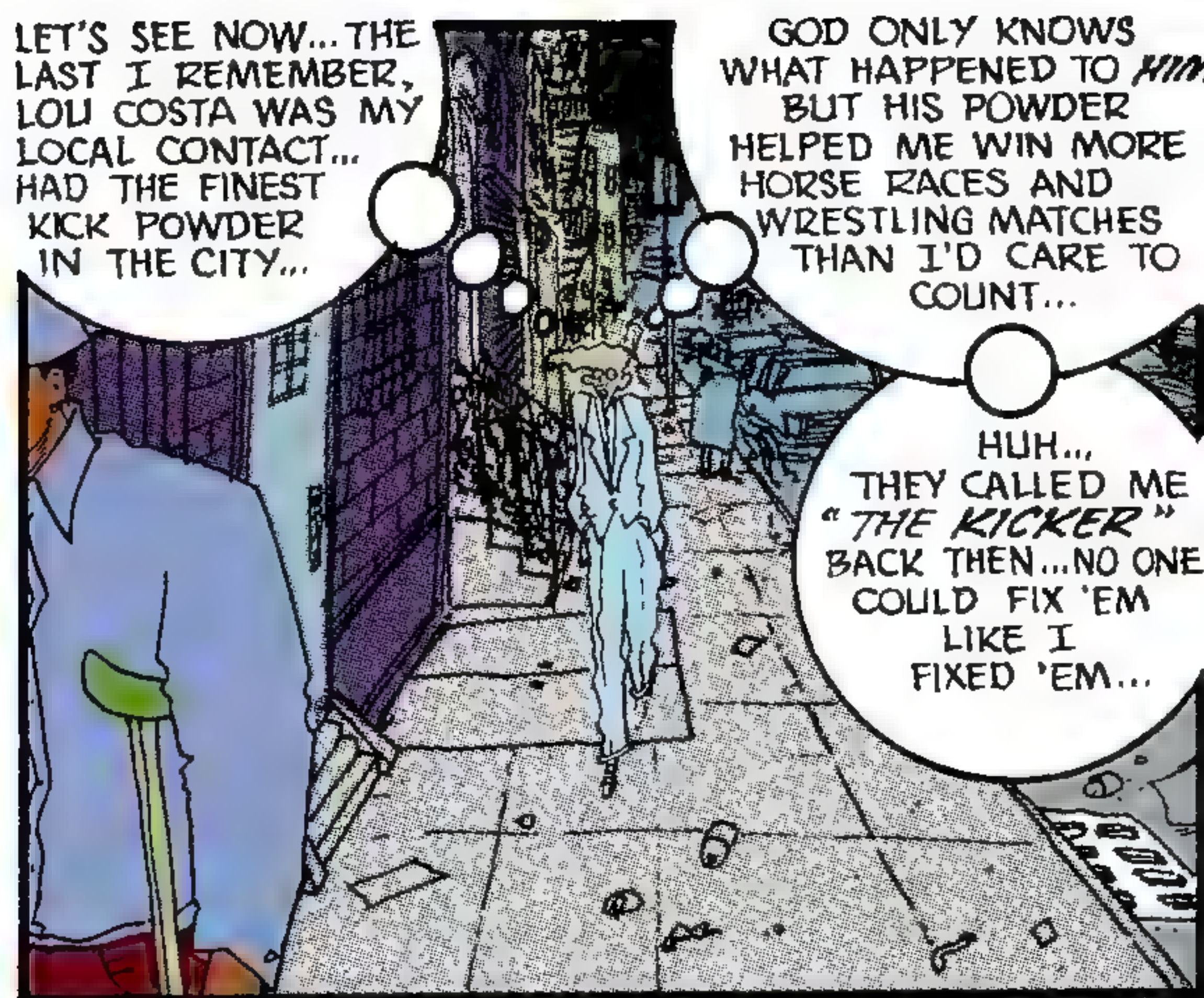
YEAH... IT'S ALMOST LIKE I WAS ACTUALLY **THERE**..



YOU MAY YET **BE**, DEWITT... IF THE NEED ARISES.

FOR THE MOMENT, HOWEVER, I BELIEVE I HAVE **ONE** ASPECT OF OUR WAR UNDER CONTROL

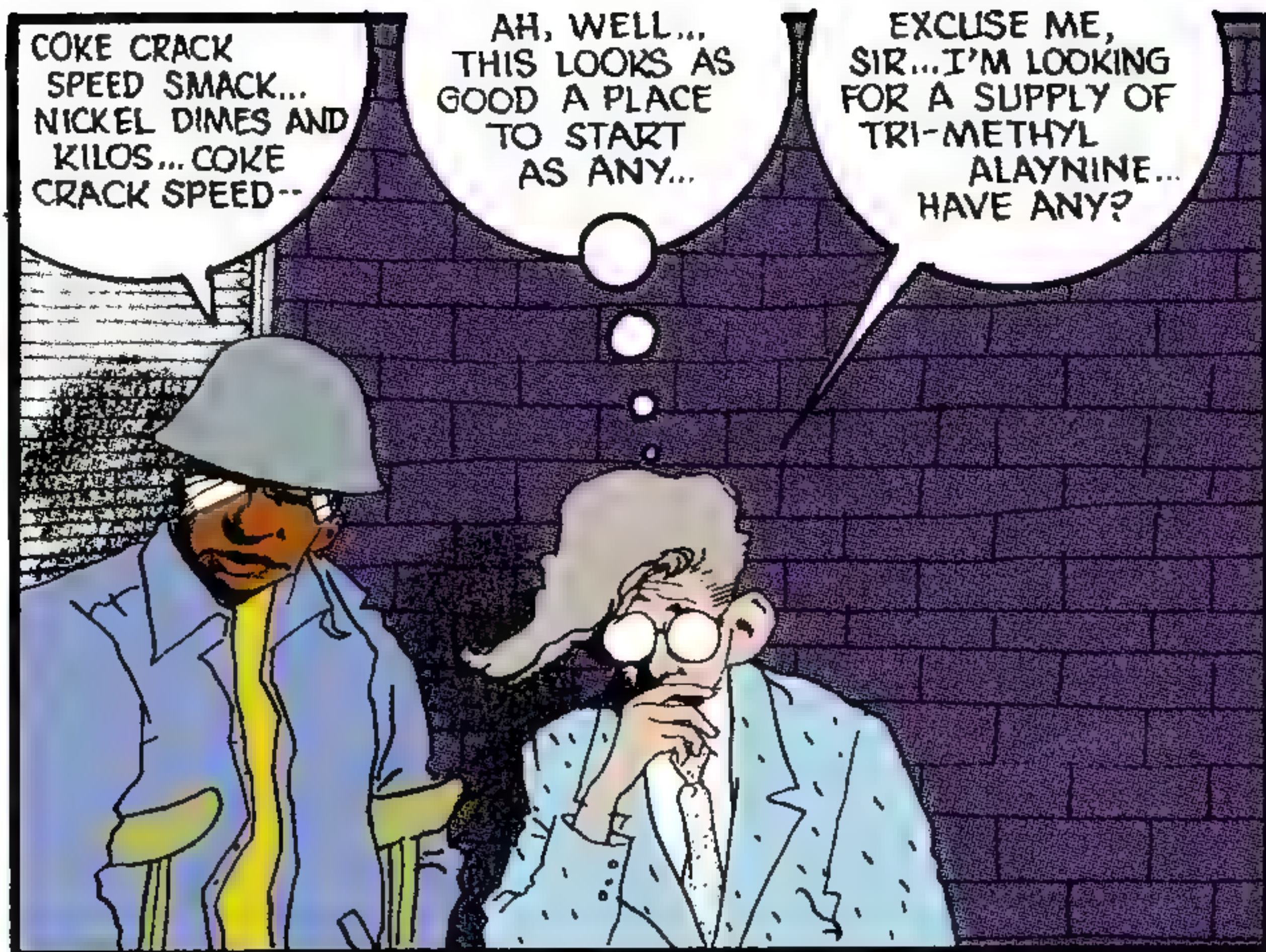




LET'S SEE NOW... THE LAST I REMEMBER, LOU COSTA WAS MY LOCAL CONTACT... HAD THE FINEST KICK POWDER IN THE CITY...

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, BUT HIS POWDER HELPED ME WIN MORE HORSE RACES AND WRESTLING MATCHES THAN I'D CARE TO COUNT...

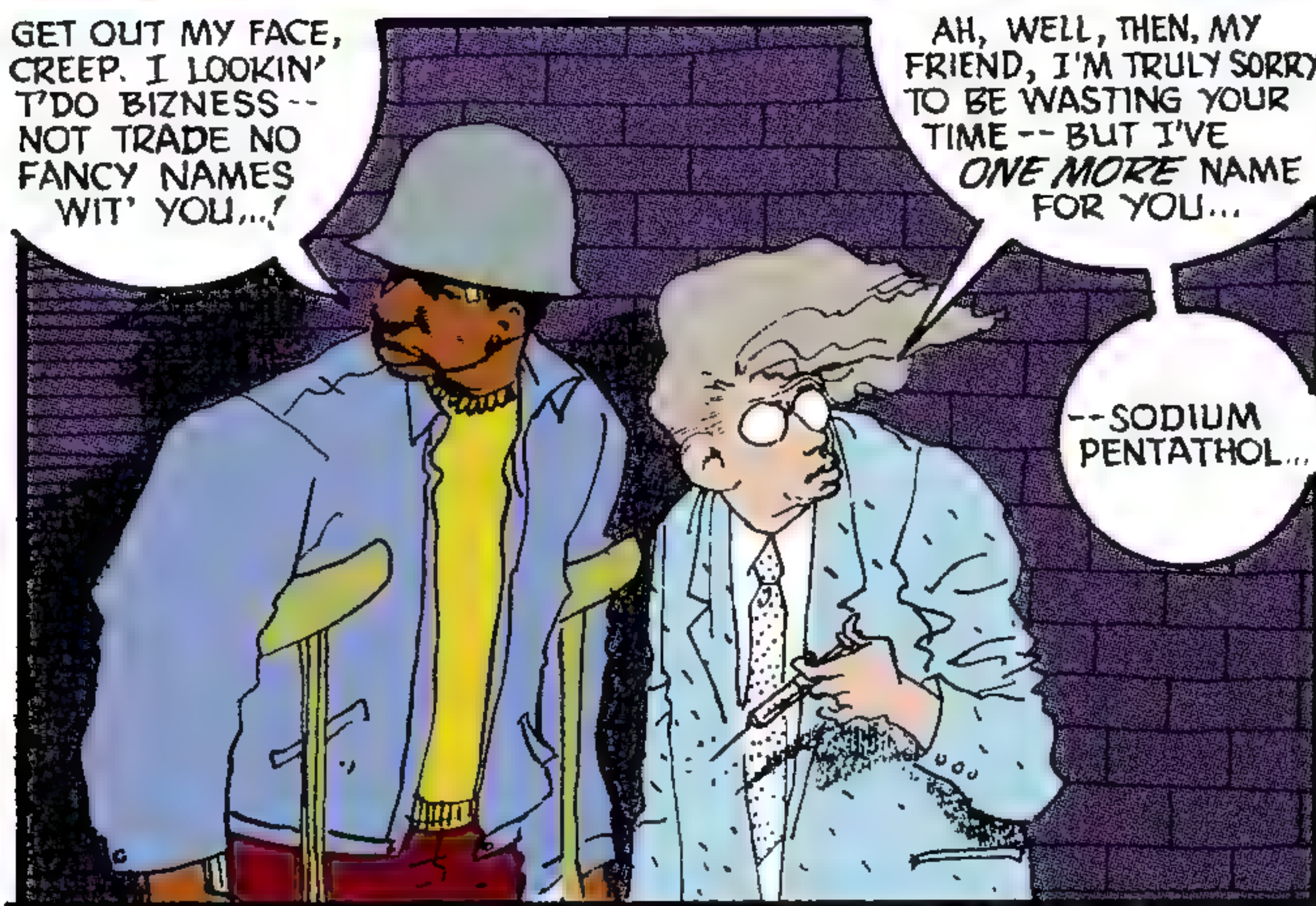
HUH... THEY CALLED ME "THE KICKER" BACK THEN... NO ONE COULD FIX 'EM LIKE I FIXED 'EM...



COKE CRACK SPEED SMACK... NICKEL DIMES AND KILOS... COKE CRACK SPEED...

AH, WELL... THIS LOOKS AS GOOD A PLACE TO START AS ANY...

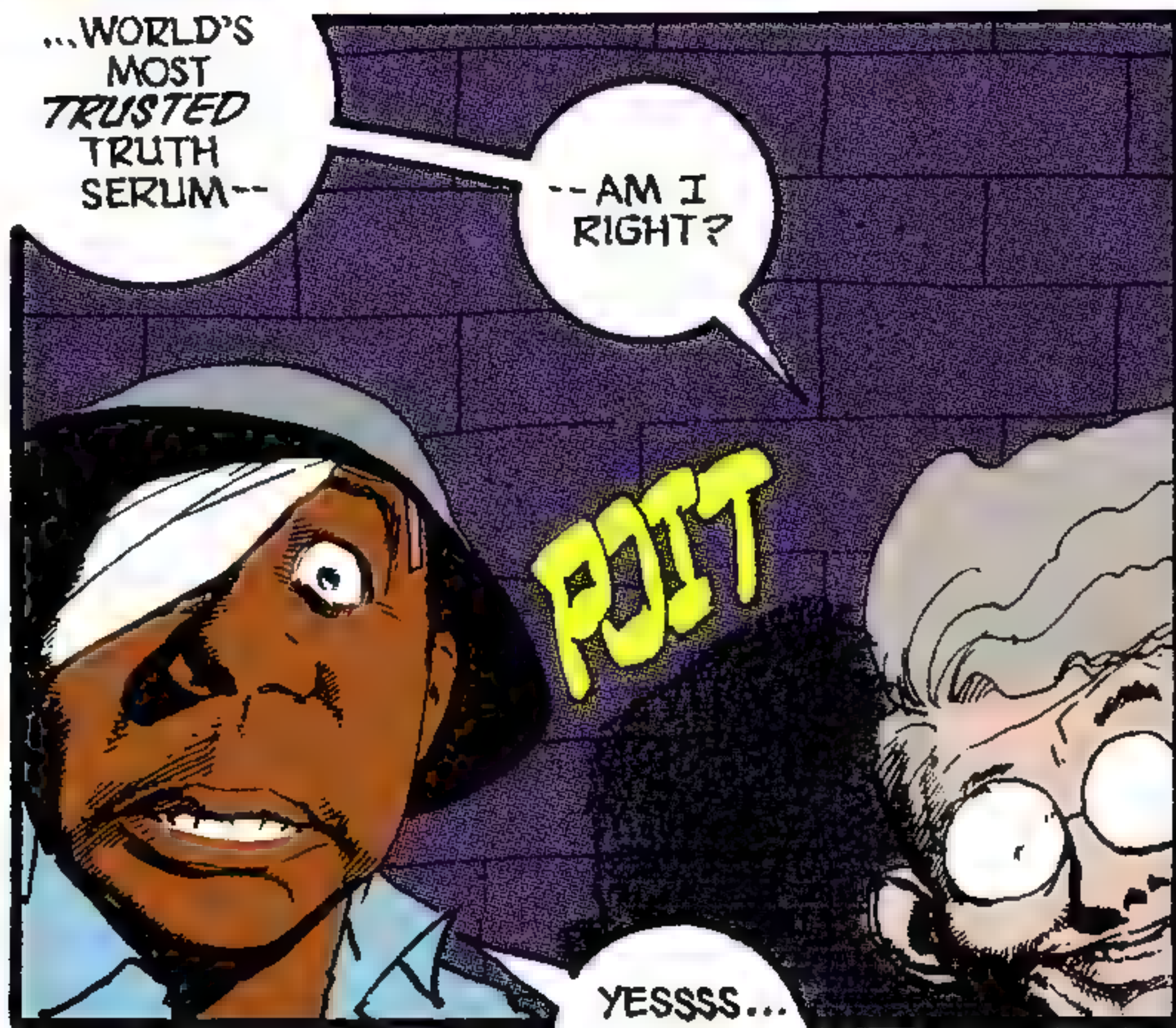
EXCUSE ME, SIR... I'M LOOKING FOR A SUPPLY OF TRI-METHYL ALAYNINE... HAVE ANY?



GET OUT MY FACE, CREEP. I LOOKIN' T'DO 'BIZNESS-- NOT TRADE NO FANCY NAMES WIT' YOU...!

AH, WELL, THEN, MY FRIEND, I'M TRULY SORRY TO BE WASTING YOUR TIME -- BUT I'VE *ONE MORE* NAME FOR YOU...

-- SODIUM PENTATHOL...



...WORLD'S MOST TRUSTED TRUTH SERUM--

-- AM I RIGHT?

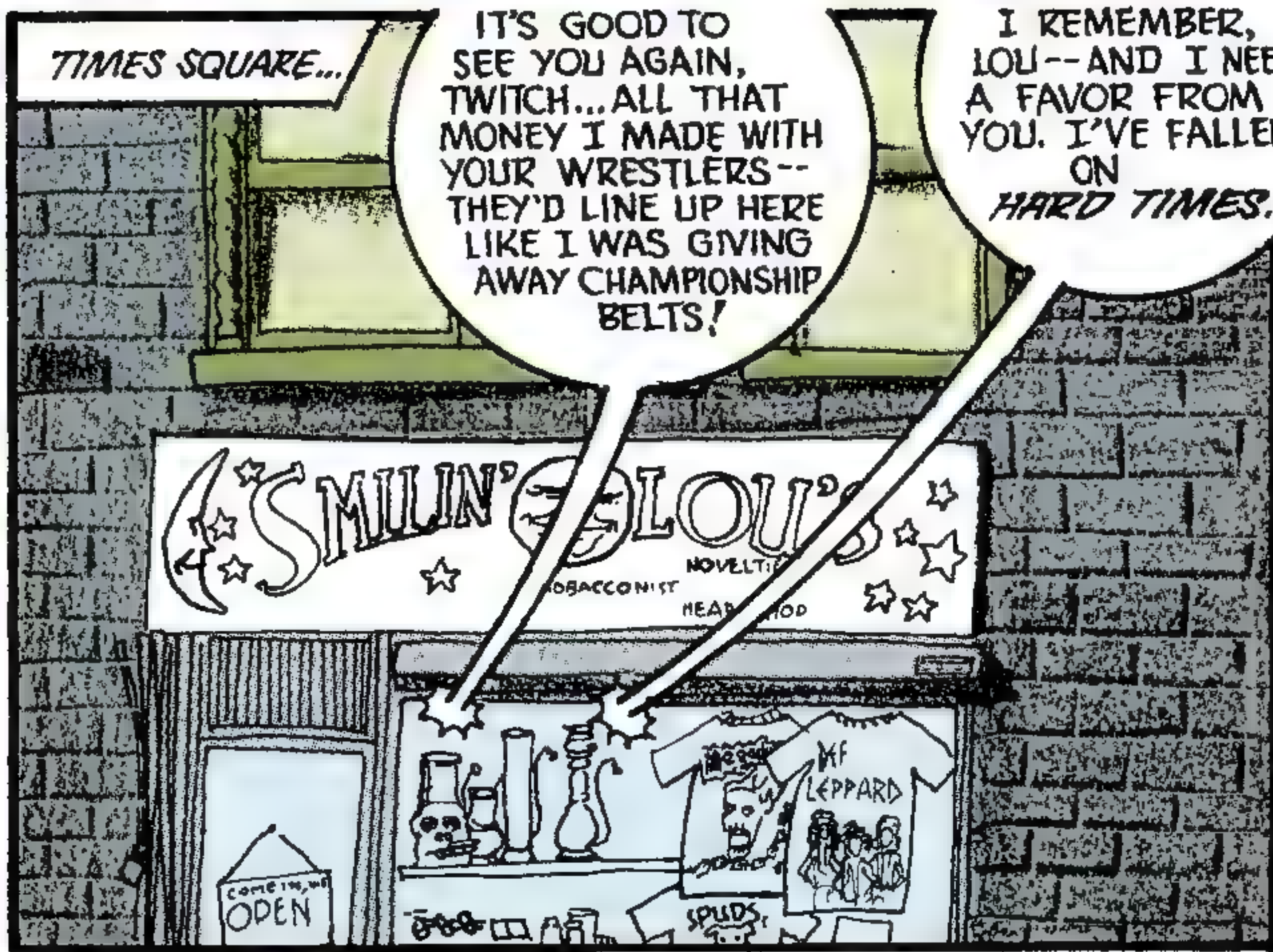
POIT

YESSSS...



GOOD. NOW TELL ME -- DO YOU KNOW A MISTER LOUIS COSTA?

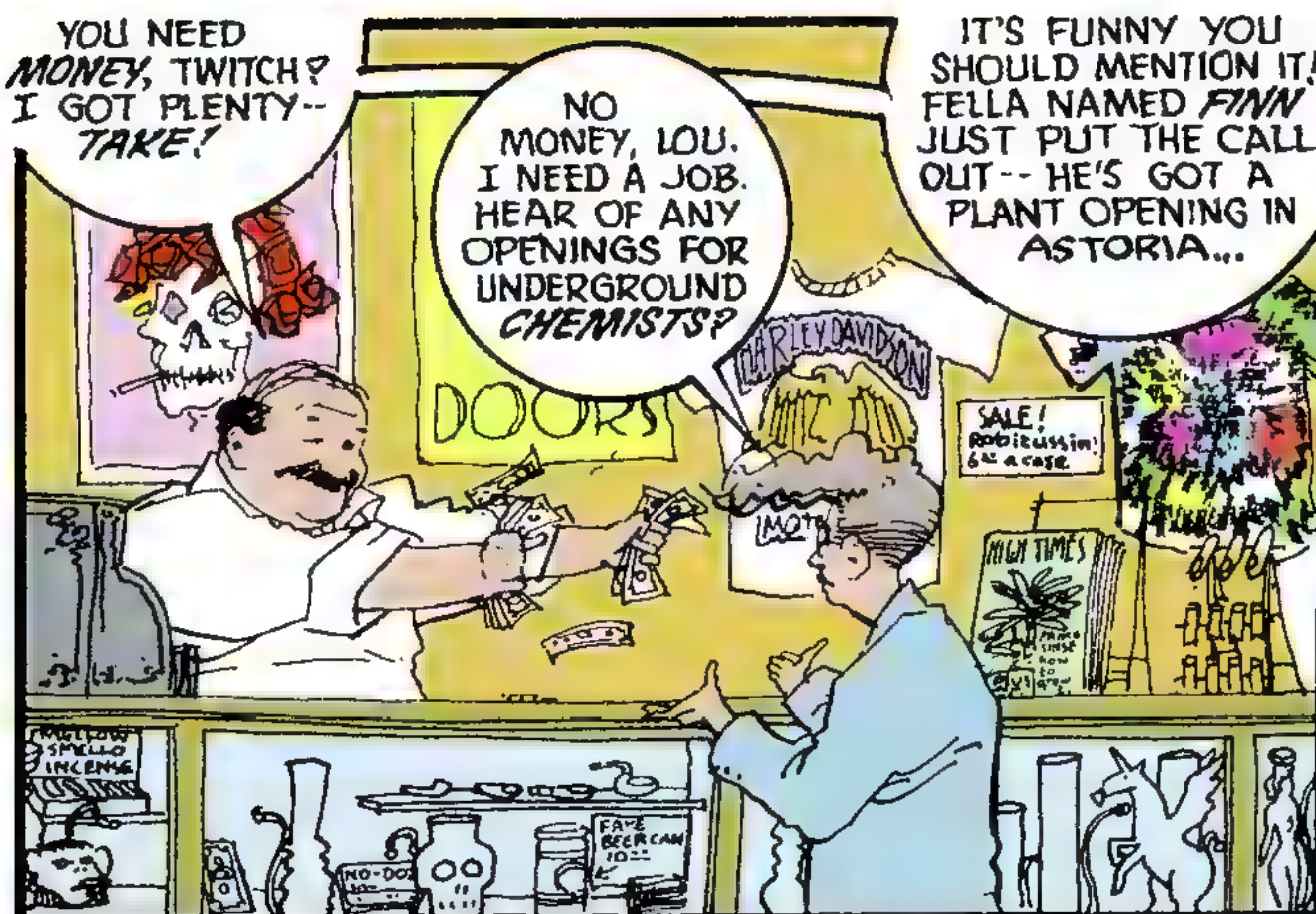
SMILIN' LOU? YESS... RUNS A HEAD SHOP ON THE SQUARE...



TIMES SQUARE...

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, TWITCH... ALL THAT MONEY I MADE WITH YOUR WRESTLERS -- THEY'D LINE UP HERE LIKE I WAS GIVING AWAY CHAMPIONSHIP BELTS!

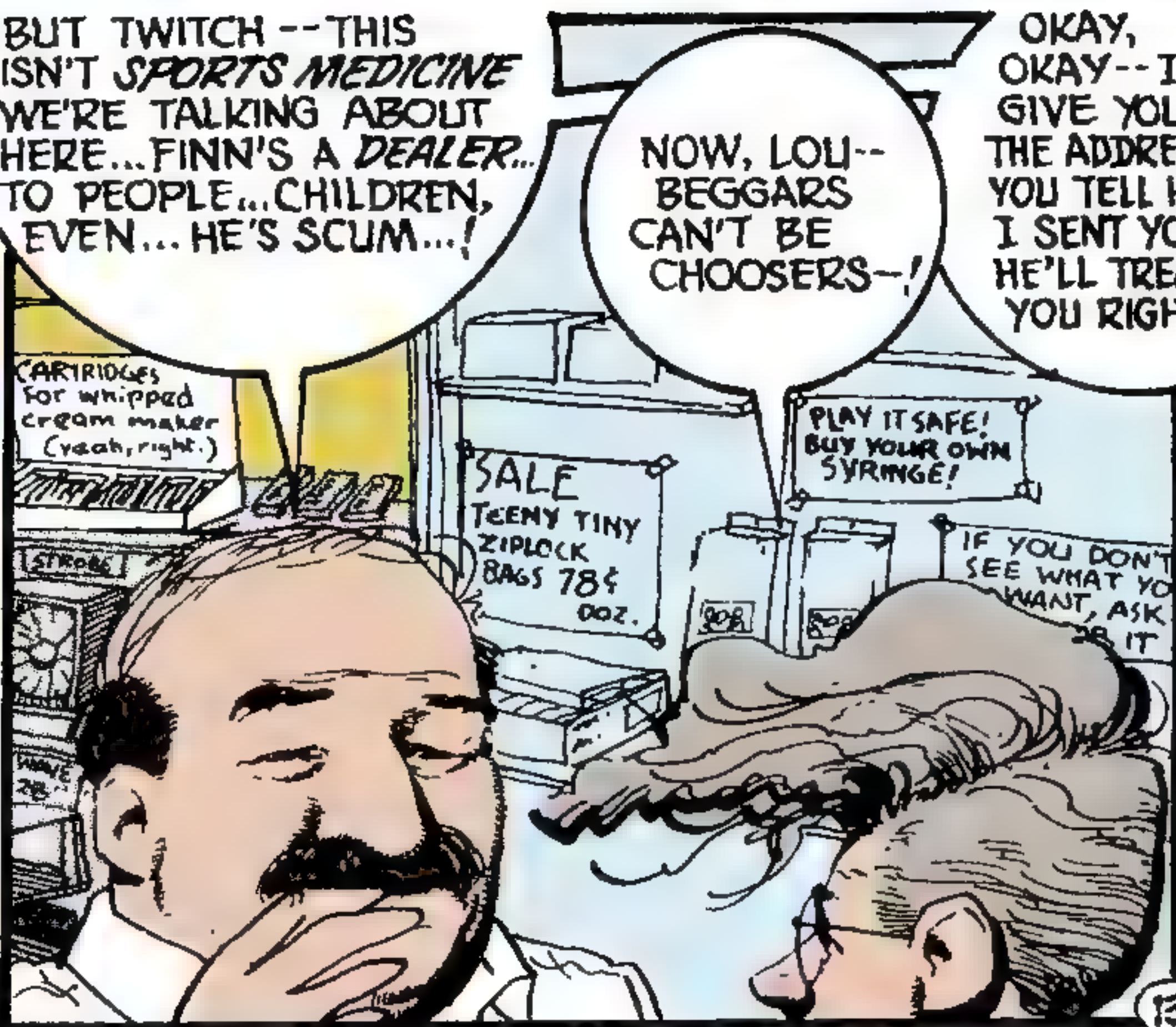
I REMEMBER, LOU -- AND I NEED A FAVOR FROM YOU. I'VE FALLEN ON *HARD TIMES*...



YOU NEED MONEY, TWITCH? I GOT PLENTY-- TAKE!

NO MONEY, LOU. I NEED A JOB. HEAR OF ANY OPENINGS FOR UNDERGROUND CHEMISTS?

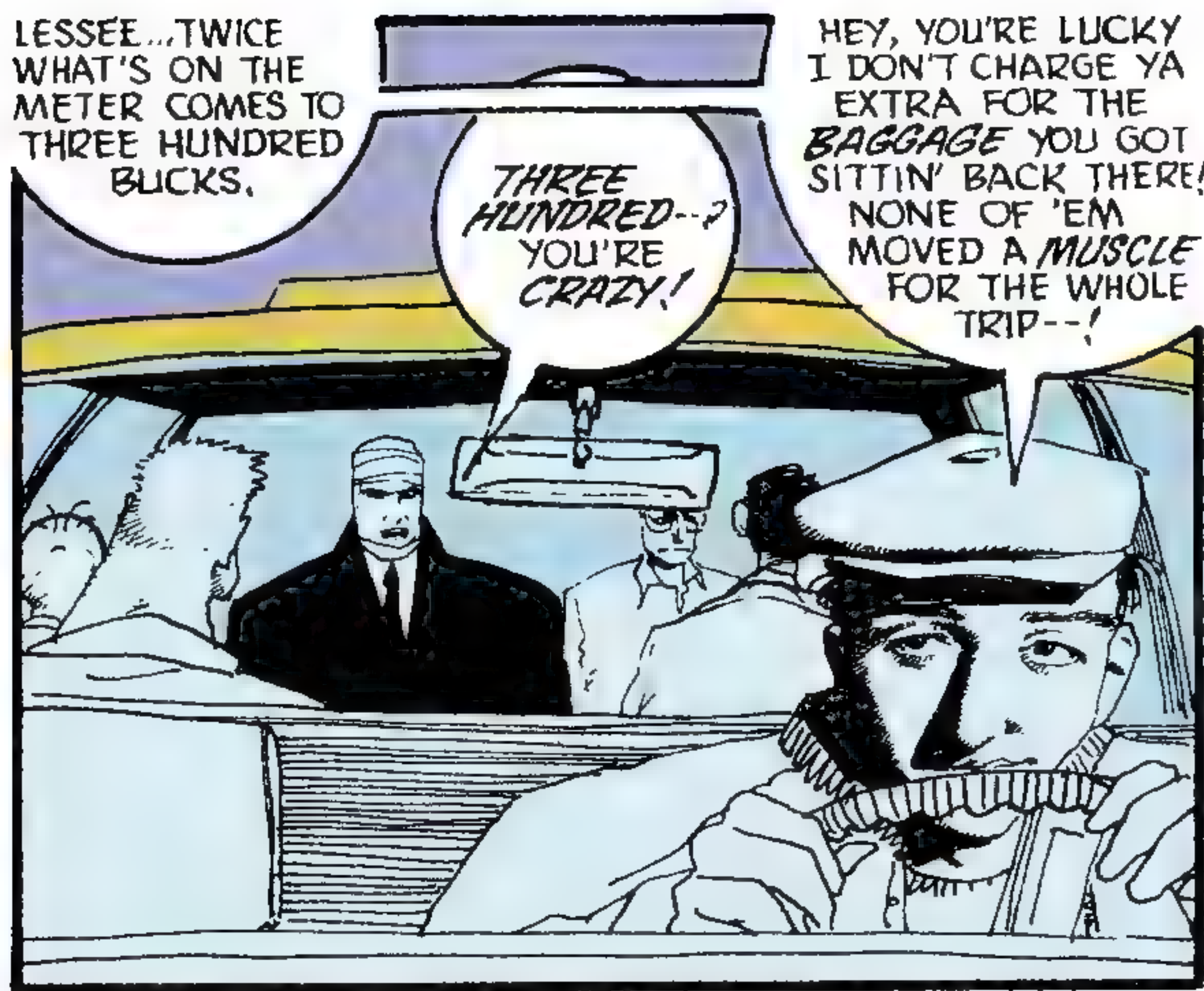
IT'S FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION IT! FELLA NAMED FINN JUST PUT THE CALL OUT -- HE'S GOT A PLANT OPENING IN ASTORIA...



BUT TWITCH -- THIS ISN'T *SPORTS MEDICINE* WE'RE TALKING ABOUT HERE... FINN'S A *DEALER*... TO PEOPLE... CHILDREN, EVEN... HE'S SCUM...

NOW, LOU -- BEGGARS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS--!

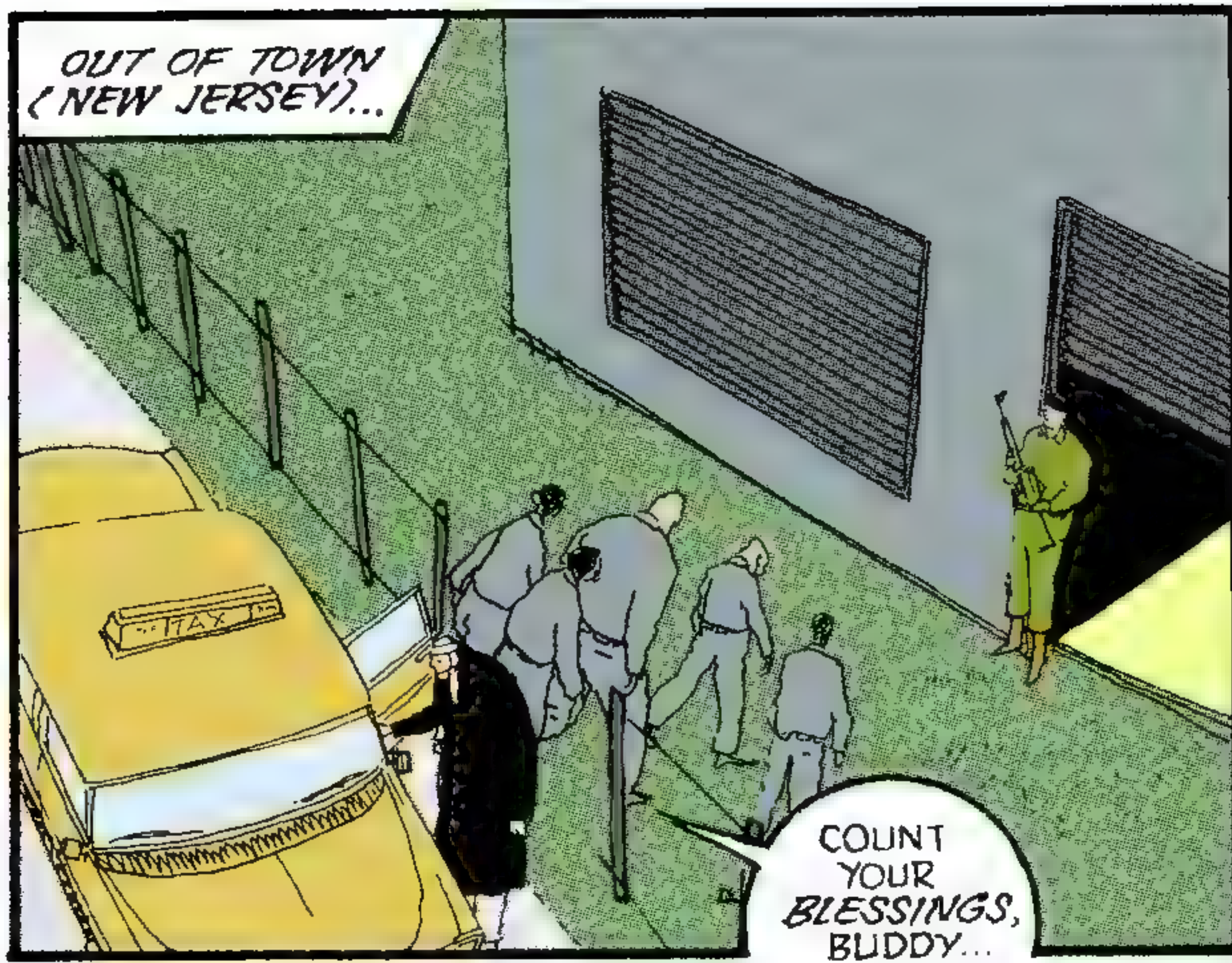
OKAY, OKAY -- I GIVE YOU THE ADDRESS. YOU TELL HIM I SENT YOU -- HE'LL TREAT YOU RIGHT.



LESSEE...TWICE
WHAT'S ON THE
METER COMES TO
THREE HUNDRED
BUCKS.

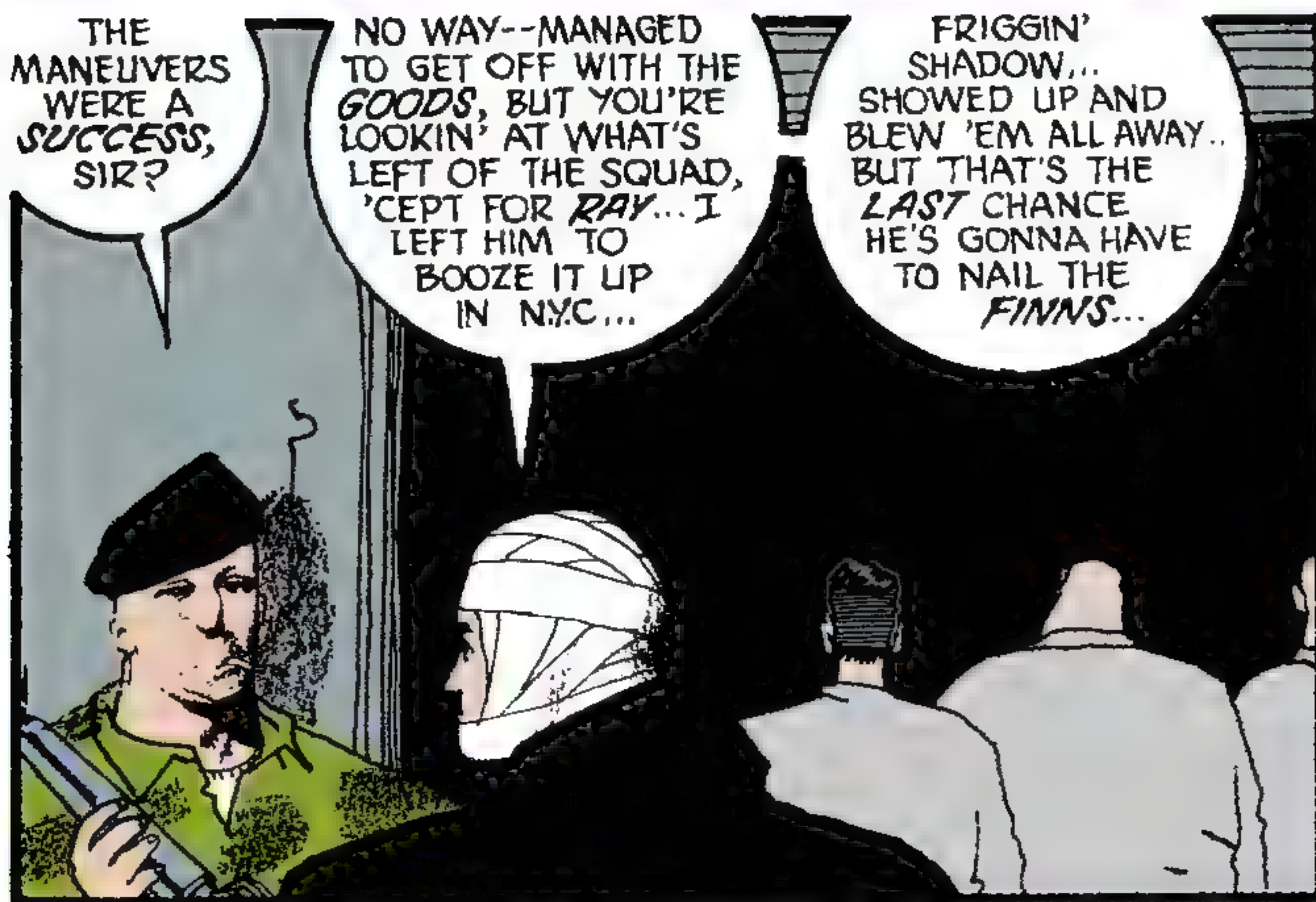
THREE
HUNDRED--?
YOU'RE
CRAZY!

HEY, YOU'RE LUCKY
I DON'T CHARGE YA
EXTRA FOR THE
BAGGAGE YOU GOT
SITTIN' BACK THERE!
NONE OF 'EM
MOVED A *MUSCLE*
FOR THE WHOLE
TRIP--!



OUT OF TOWN
(NEW JERSEY)...

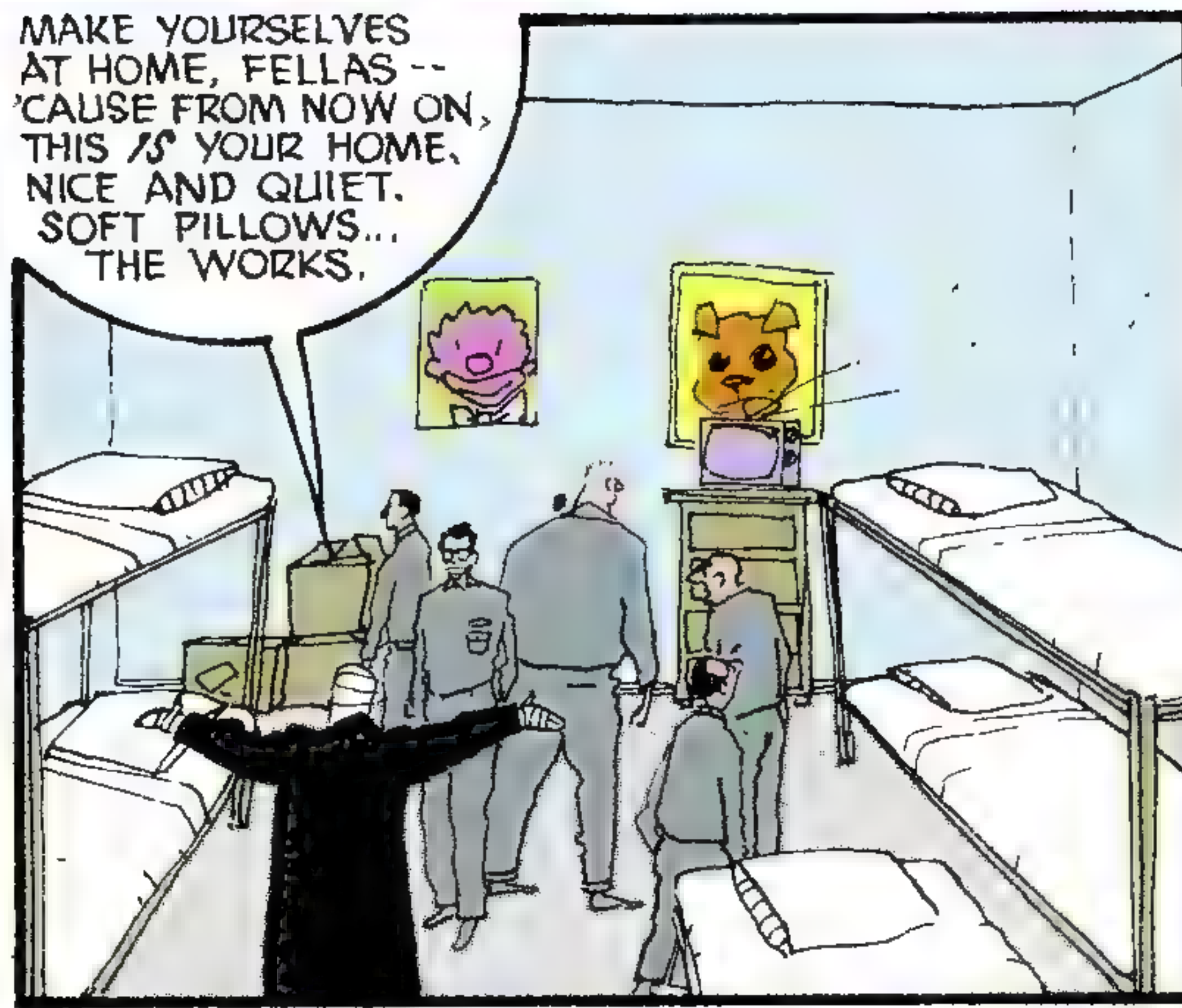
COUNT
YOUR
BLESSINGS,
BUDDY...



THE
MANEUVERS
WERE A
SUCCESS,
SIR?

NO WAY--MANAGED
TO GET OFF WITH THE
GOODS, BUT YOU'RE
LOOKIN' AT WHAT'S
LEFT OF THE SQUAD,
'CEPT FOR *RAY*... I
LEFT HIM TO
BOOZE IT UP
IN NYC...

FRIGGIN'
SHADOW...
SHOWED UP AND
BLEW 'EM ALL AWAY..
BUT THAT'S THE
LAST CHANCE
HE'S GONNA HAVE
TO NAIL THE
FINNS...



MAKE YOURSELVES
AT HOME, FELLAS --
'CAUSE FROM NOW ON,
THIS IS YOUR HOME.
NICE AND QUIET.
SOFT PILLOWS...
THE WORKS.



MAJOR CLARK
HAS NEW SETS
OF CLOTHING AND
TOOTHBRUSHES FOR
ALL OF YOU -- I'LL
LET YOU GET TO
KNOW HIM AND
BE RIGHT BACK...



'LO, MEN--
TONIGHT'S
BROADCAST
RUNNIN'
SMOOTH?

AS SILK,
SIR. ADDING
A NEW AFFILIATE
IN SRI LANKA
T'NIGHT, TOO!

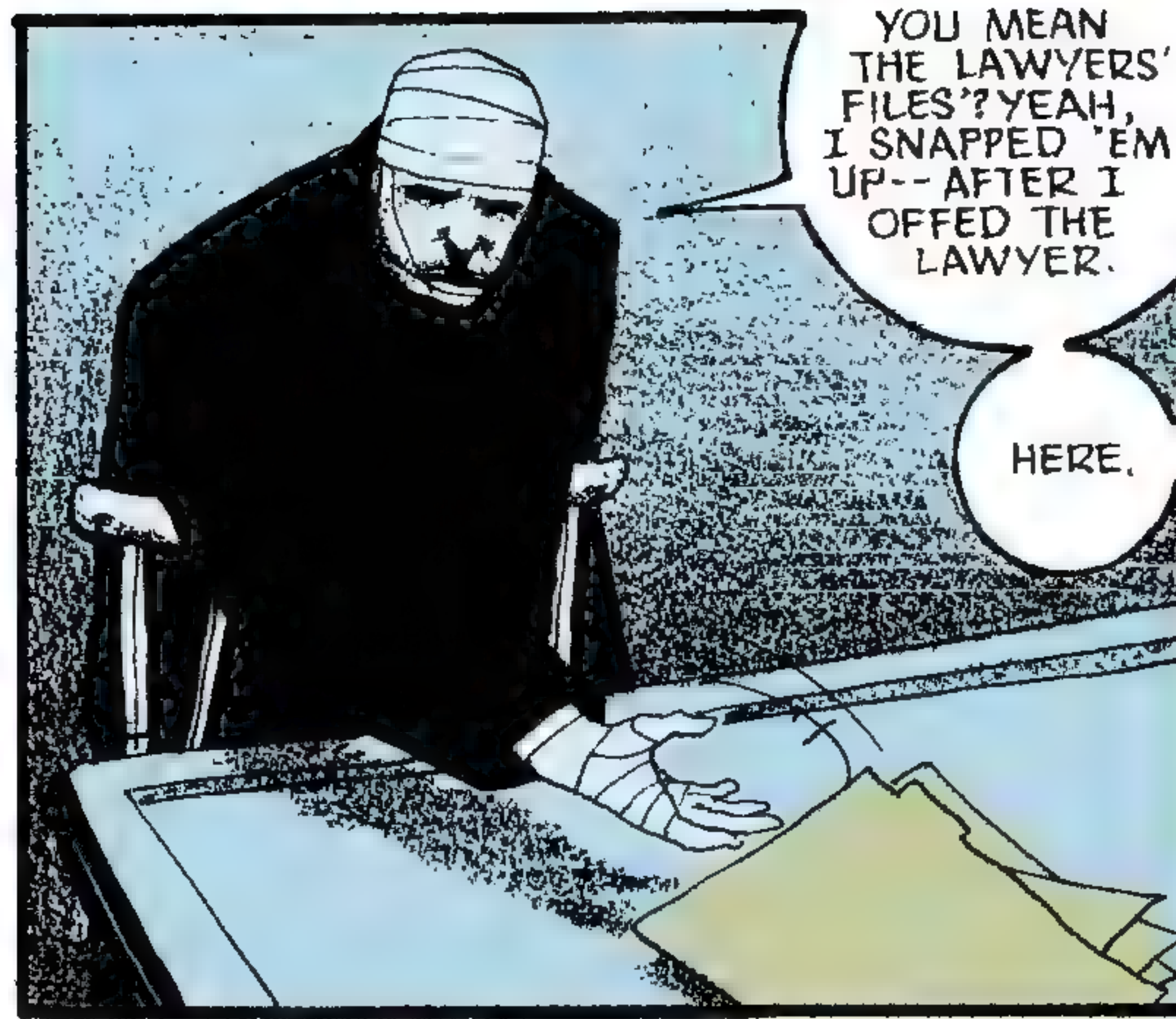


DID YOU
GET
THEM?

YEAH.

YOU
GOT A PLAN
WORKED OUT
YET?

I HAVE
MANY PLANS.
BUT EACH IS
SPECIFIC TO THE
TEAM THAT
PERFORMS IT.
YOU BRING THE
INFORMATION,
YES?



YOU MEAN
THE LAWYERS'
FILES? YEAH,
I SNAPPED 'EM
UP-- AFTER I
OFFED THE
LAWYER.

HERE.

LARRY GROSS

b. August 17, 1958, Brooklyn, NY
Occupation: None



Mr. Gross is prone to episodes of uncontrollable violence, in which he kills his victims by stabbing them with a large barbecue fork. Mr. Gross has admitted to committing over two dozen murders, but denies direct personal responsibility for the acts, maintaining he was ordered to kill by a demonic creature named RED. A drawing of Red by Gross bears a striking resemblance to the underworld figure known as The Shadow. Since the Shadow has utilized hypnosis in the past, the possibility of a link between the two remains uncertain.

DR. EDVARD FLAX

b. Winter, 1918, Dusseldorf, Germany
Occupation: Doctor in Molecular Biology, The Reinhardt Institute, NYC



Flax is charged with introducing a deadly synthesized bacteria into the air-conditioning system during a Shriner Convention in St. Paul, Minnesota. Flax has gleefully admitted to a host of other attempts to introduce deadly germs - all of his own creation - into the environment. Both the EPA and the NYPD are currently investigating the nature and extent of Flax's illegal experiments. While in confinement, Flax has taken to injecting himself with assorted household items, including toothpaste and floor wax.

LELAND KEMPER

b. June 2, 1955, Sayre, PA
Occupation: Nurse, Riverside Rest Home, Riverside NY



Kemper began his sociopathic career with the mass murder of thirty patients of the Riverside Rest Home. There, Kemper reversed the Oxygen and Nitrous Oxide tanks in the basement of the Home, causing the simultaneous suffocation of all the oxygen-assisted patients. Under hypnosis, Kemper has admitted to the above-mentioned crime as well as fifty-three other murders. Additionally, he has told interviewers that he himself is dead, and only kills others out of love, because "Being dead is so much fun."

DESMOND SKLAR

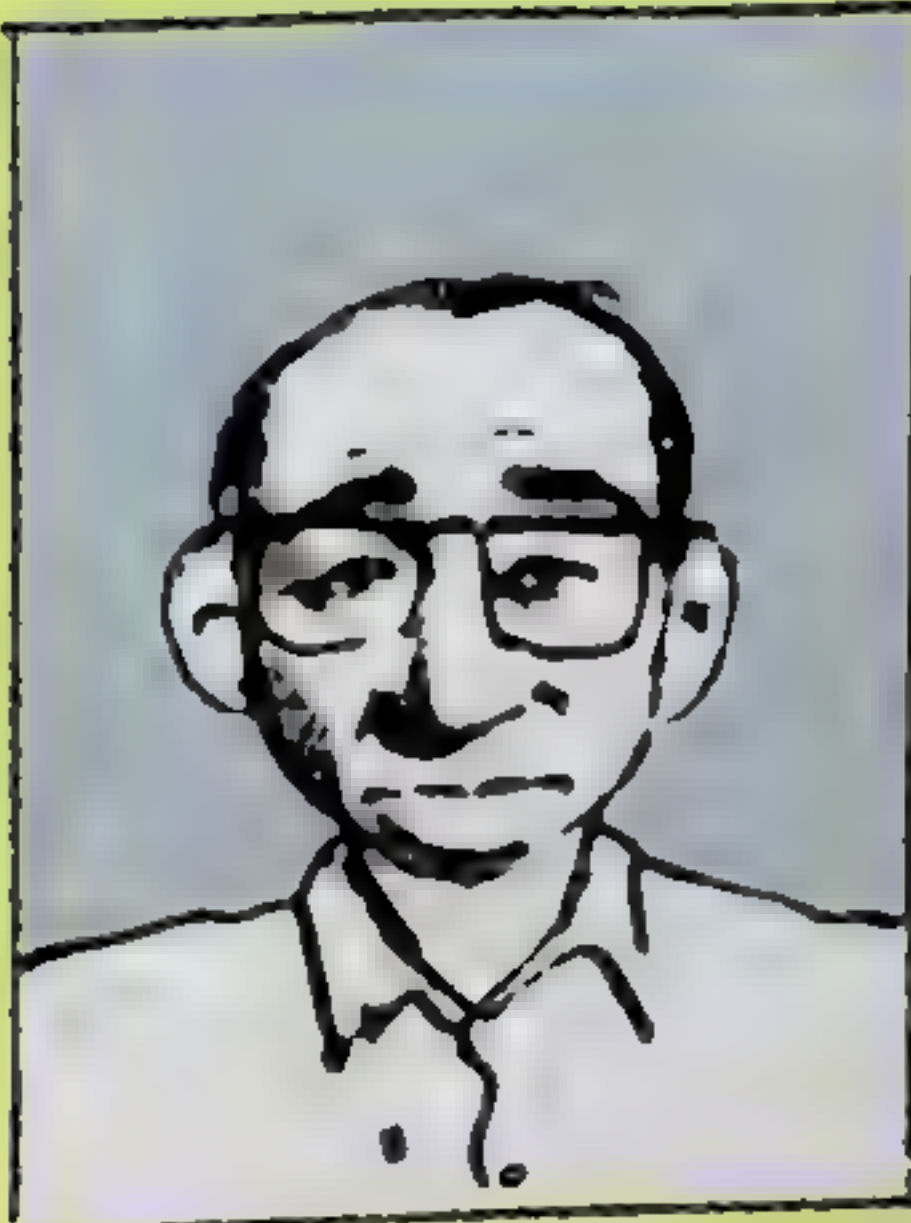
b. January, 1951, Madison, WI
Occupation: Free-lance Puppeteer



At first glance, Sklar appears to be a mild-mannered Mid-Westerner, but an intensive battery of tests and examinations lead us to diagnose him as a classic paranoid schizophrenic with homicidal tendencies. Plainly put, Desmond believes his hands have lives of their own. Although this delusion at first manifested itself in a relatively harmless exhibition of extraordinarily convincing puppet shows, in later years Sklar and his hands look on a decidedly anti-social bent, resulting in the strangulation murder of over twenty-five human beings and their pets.

MARVIN MAPLE

b. May 1, 1948, Bronx, NY
Occupation: Custodial Engineer



Misfit and outcast, Maple spent his youth exploring the NYC subway system. With few social skills, and little desire to learn, he matured into a societal cipher. Upon the death of his mother, however, severe personality disorders surfaced. To date, Maple has been responsible for fifteen subway car derailments, and is suspected of dynamiting the structural support columns of three skyscrapers in the Boston area, resulting in their collapse. At last count, casualties attributed to Maple's demolitions numbered in the hundreds.



SIGH

YOU CANNOT BUY LIKE THIS--

YOU COULD, BUT I KILLED THE GUY INSTEAD.

THIS I UNDERSTAND-- BUT IN MY PROFESSION, TO SEE SUCH A SIGHT IS AS IF TO GAZE UPON THE FACE OF MOHAMMED-- IT IS LIKE A MIRACLE.

HEY, WHAT'S A MIRACLE IS THAT I GOT 'EM OUT OF THERE WITHOUT WHITE WINGS SPROUTIN' OUT MY BACK!

MUSTAFA, YOU BETTER BE WORTH YOUR PRICE-- THESE GUYS GOTTA BE THE BEST--

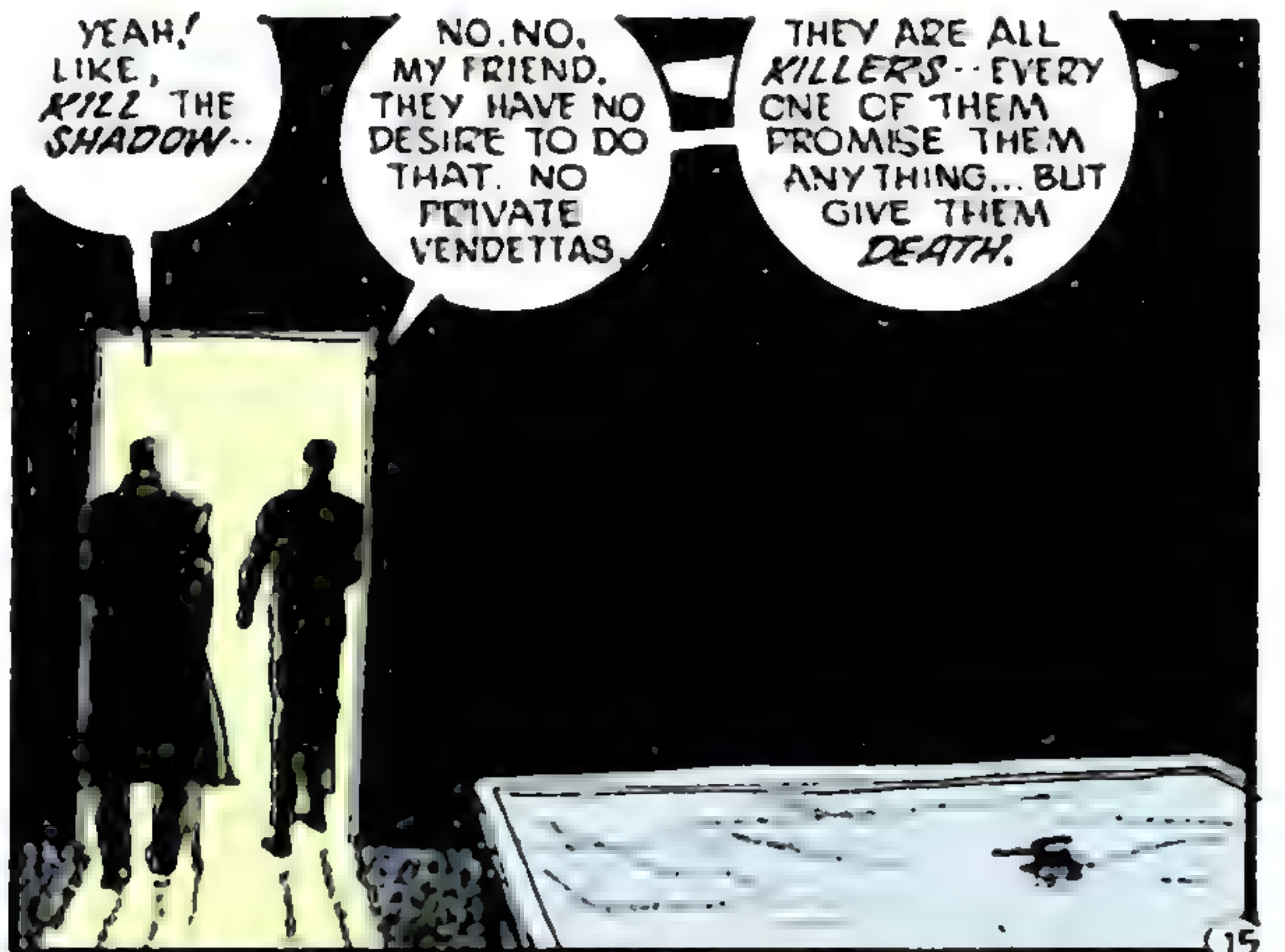
THEY CAN BE-- BUT THEY ARE A DISPARATE GROUP. FIRST, WE MUST ESTABLISH THE LINK AMONG THEM--

--GIVE THEM THE APPEARANCE OF A COMMON GOAL, SO THEY MAY WORK TO OUR ENDS.

YEAH! LIKE, KILL THE SHADOW--

NO, NO, MY FRIEND. THEY HAVE NO DESIRE TO DO THAT. NO PRIVATE VENDETTAS.

THEY ARE ALL KILLERS-- EVERY ONE OF THEM PROMISE THEM ANYTHING... BUT GIVE THEM DEATH.





AHH...
HERE
THEY
ARE...

DAMN, THAT'S
MAJOR CLARK!
SOMEONE
KILLED MAJOR
CLARK!



WHICH ONE'A
YOU GUYS DID
IT? WHICH ONE'A
YOU KILLED
HIM?!!

WHAT'S'A MATTER
YOU GUYS--
DIDN'T LIKE THE
GOD DAMN
TOOTHBRUSHES?!

OR MAYBE IT'S
THE CLOTHES--
TOO *ITCHY*
FOR YA?!
HUH?!



PLEASE, ARTIMUS.
CONTROL YOURSELF.
WE SHOULD NOT EXCITE
THEM UNTIL IT IS
NECESSARY
TO DO SO.



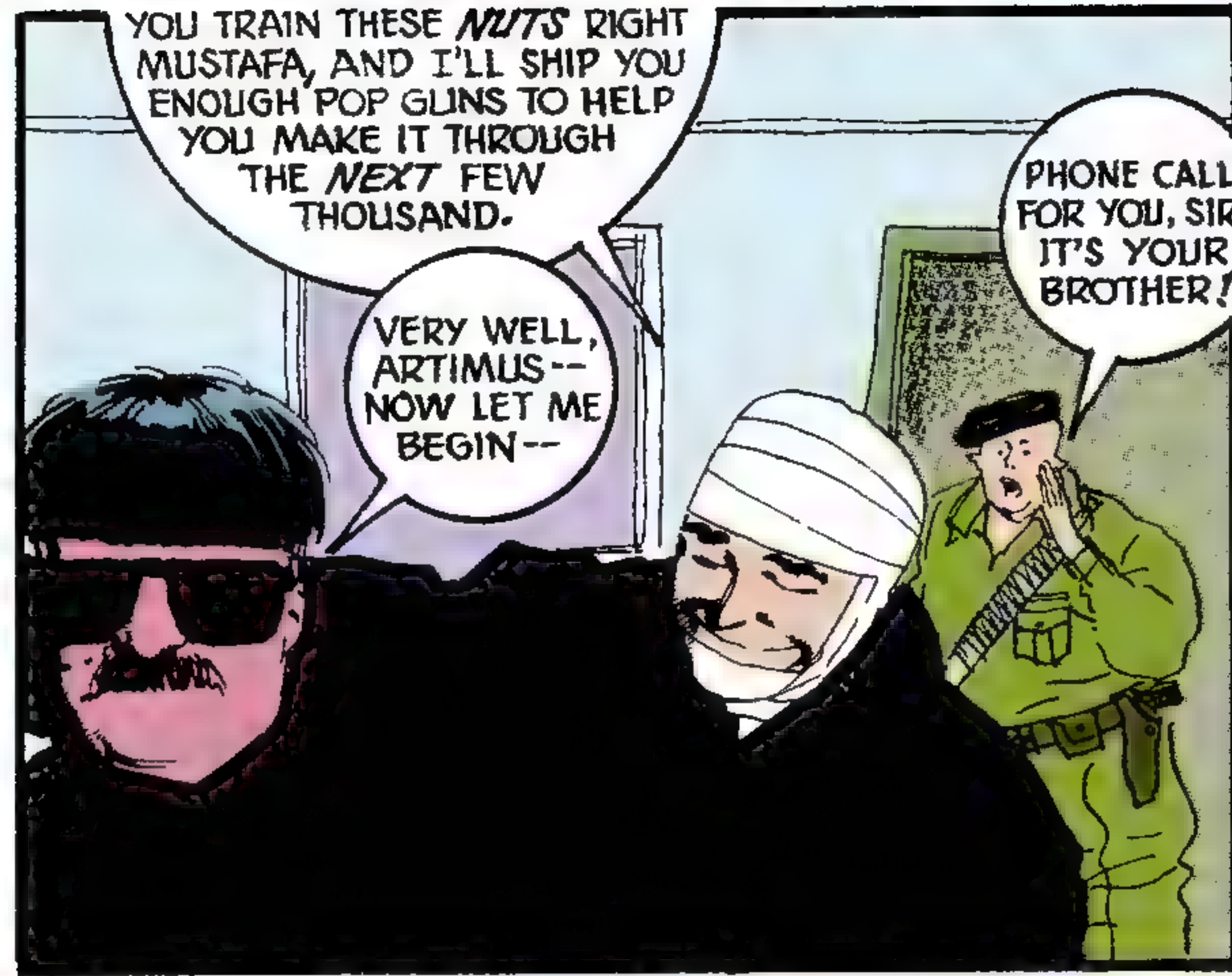
A CASUALTY
HERE, ANOTHER
THERE.
WHAT DOES IT
MATTER?

A MAN
BUYS A DOG
KNOWING IT
WILL RUIN A
FEW RUGS.



I GUESS SO,
MUSTAFA. GOTTA
HAND IT TO YA...
THAT MIDDLE EASTERN
PHILOSOPHY'A YOURS
MAKES SENSE.

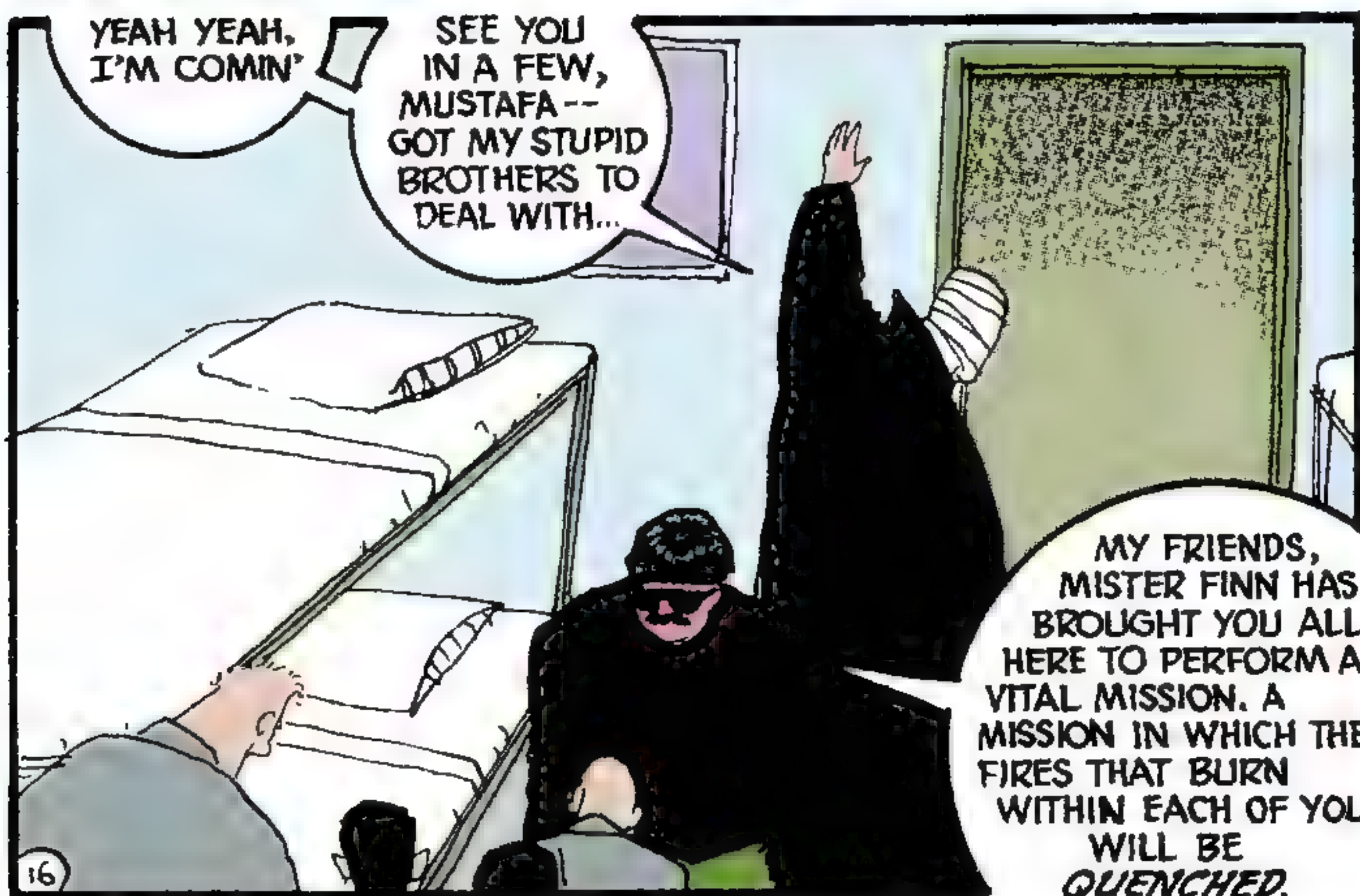
THAT
IS HOW MY
PEOPLE HAVE
SURVIVED THESE
THOUSANDS OF
YEARS.



YOU TRAIN THESE *NUTS* RIGHT
MUSTAFA, AND I'LL SHIP YOU
ENOUGH POP GUNS TO HELP
YOU MAKE IT THROUGH
THE *NEXT* FEW
THOUSAND.

VERY WELL,
ARTIMUS--
NOW LET ME
BEGIN--

PHONE CALL
FOR YOU, SIR--
IT'S YOUR
BROTHER!



YEAH YEAH,
I'M COMIN'

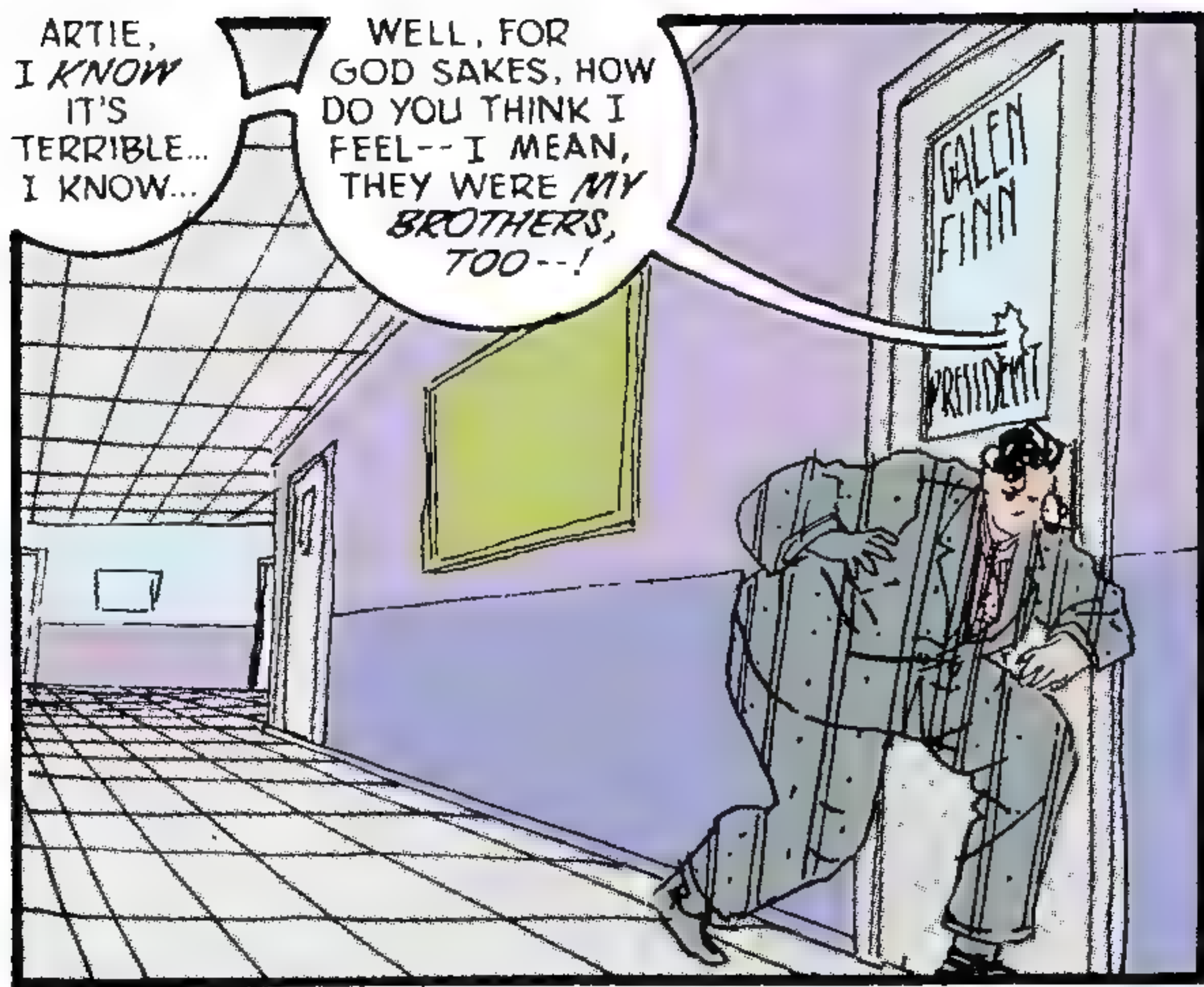
SEE YOU
IN A FEW,
MUSTAFA--
GOT MY STUPID
BROTHERS TO
DEAL WITH...

MY FRIENDS,
MISTER FINN HAS
BROUGHT YOU ALL
HERE TO PERFORM A
VITAL MISSION. A
MISSION IN WHICH THE
FIRES THAT BURN
WITHIN EACH OF YOU
WILL BE
QUENCHED.



A MISSION OF
DESTRUCTION
SO TOTAL, SO
ABSOLUTE,
THAT--

NOOOOOOOOO!!!



ARTIE, I KNOW IT'S TERRIBLE... I KNOW...

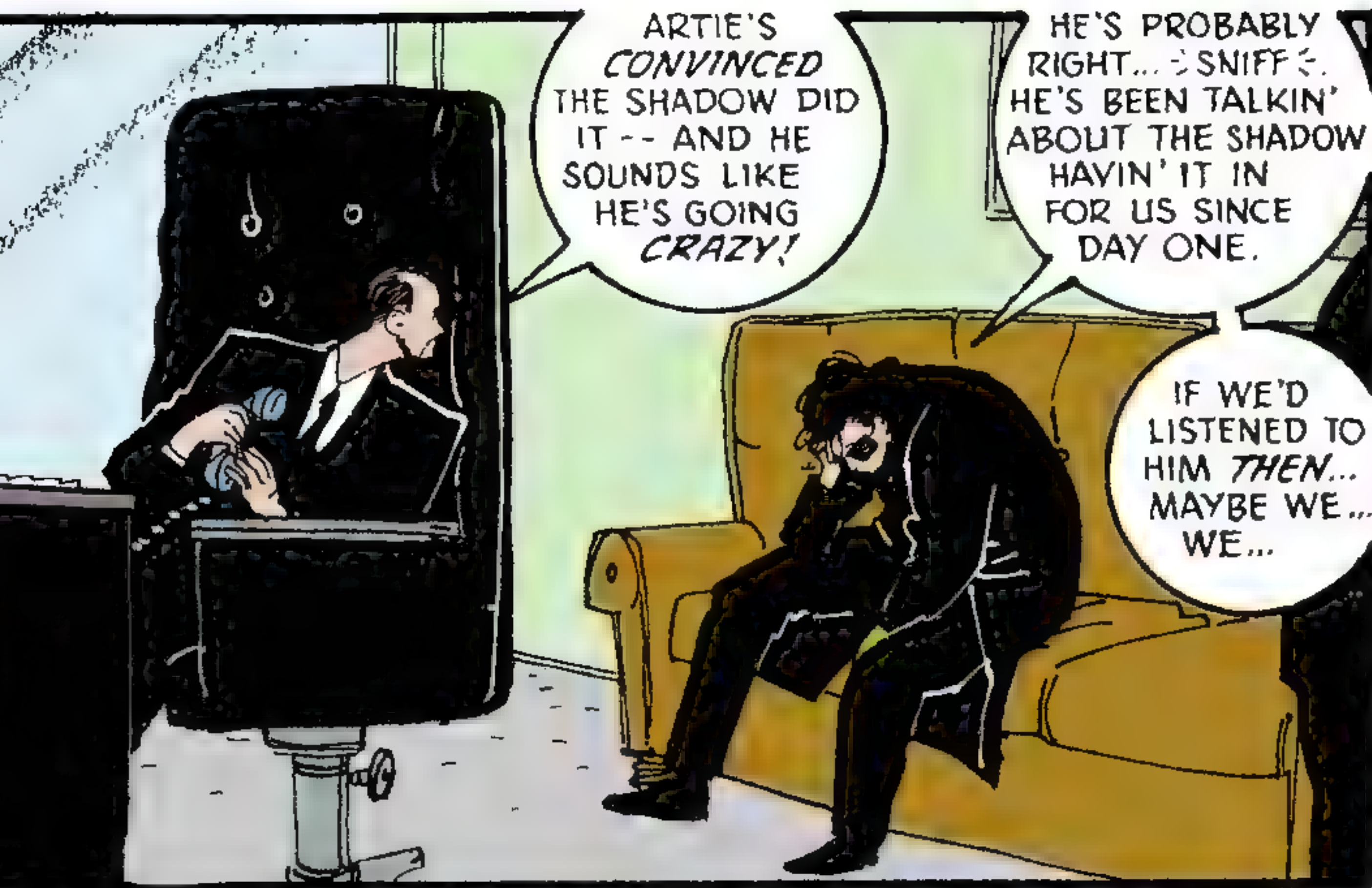
WELL, FOR GOD SAKES, HOW DO YOU THINK I FEEL-- I MEAN, THEY WERE MY BROTHERS, TOO--!



NO, ARTIE, WE'RE NOT SURE THE *SHADOW* DID IT. IT WAS A BOMB-- ONE OF ARCHIE'S WISEGUYS JUST WALKED UP TO HIM AND--GAACK--BOOM.

YEAH... THE WISEGUY BOUGHT IT, TOO-- THE SECRETARY SAID HE DIDN'T EVEN LOOK NERVOUS WHEN HE WENT UP. SAID HE HAD A BOX OF CHOCOLATES FOR ARCHIE--

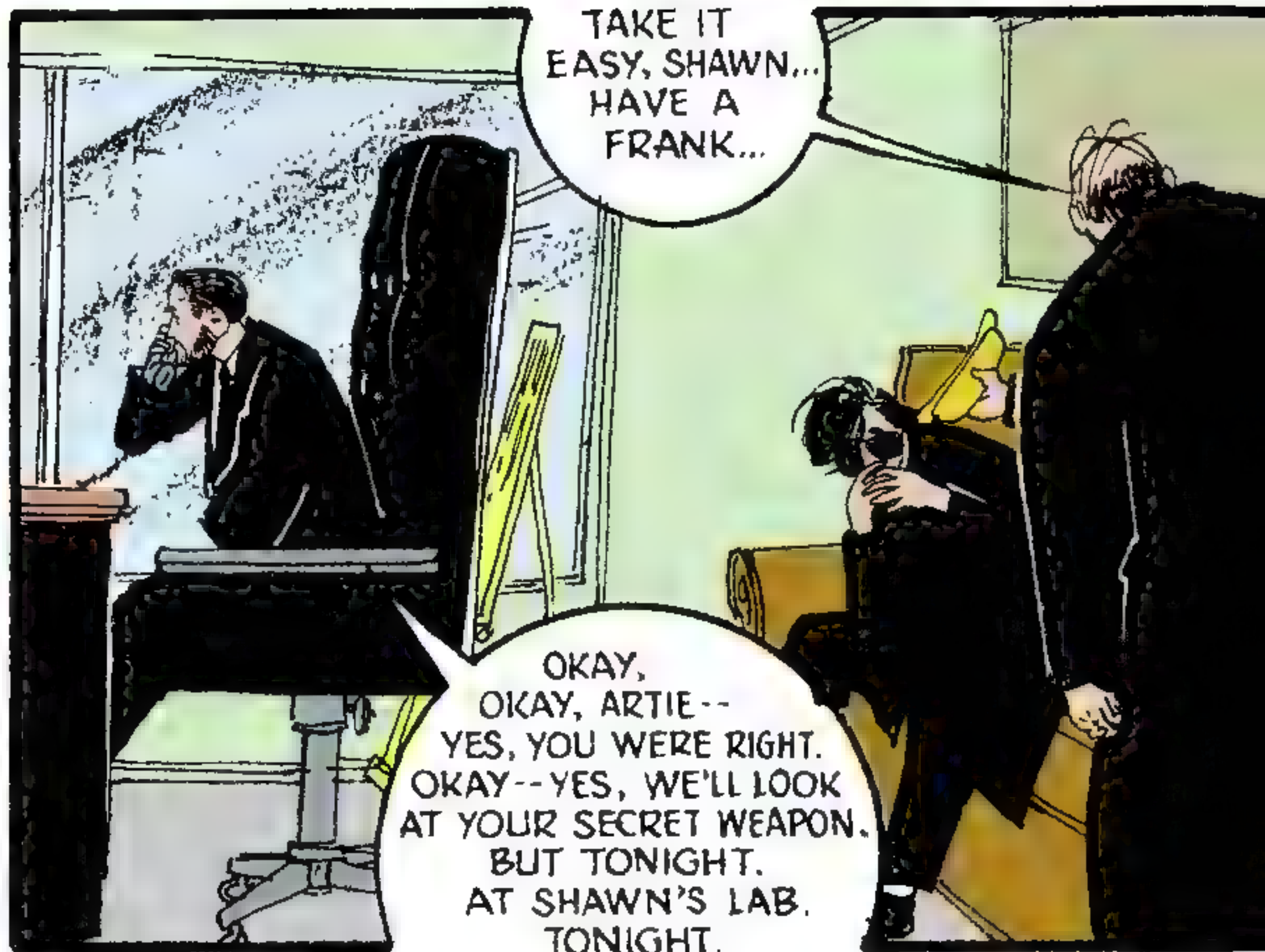
--HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, MIND CONTROL? THE *SHADOW*?



ARTIE'S CONVINCED THE *SHADOW* DID IT-- AND HE SOUNDS LIKE HE'S GOING CRAZY!

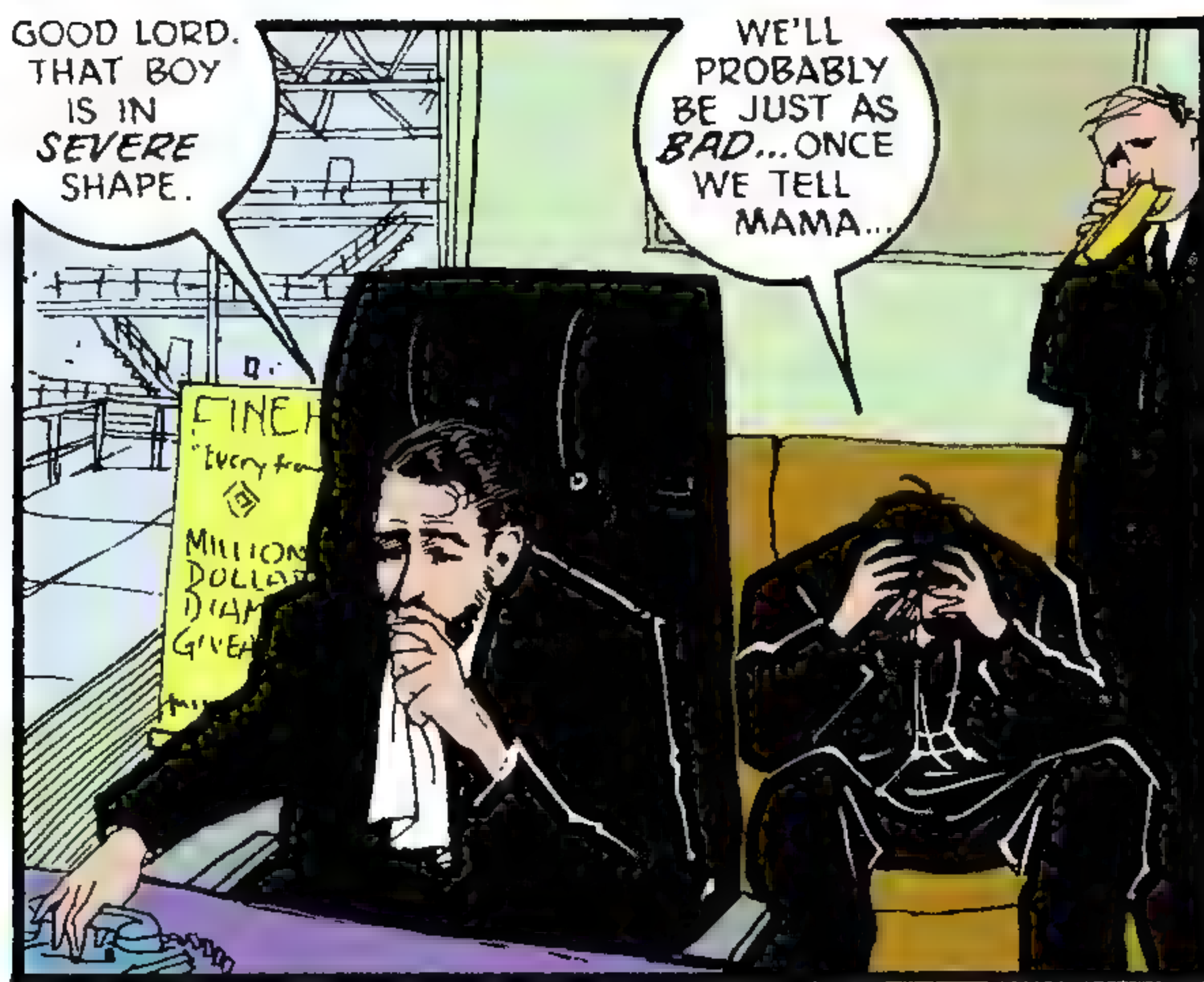
HE'S PROBABLY RIGHT... SNIFF. HE'S BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT THE *SHADOW* HAVIN' IT IN FOR US SINCE DAY ONE.

IF WE'D LISTENED TO HIM *THEN*... MAYBE WE... WE...



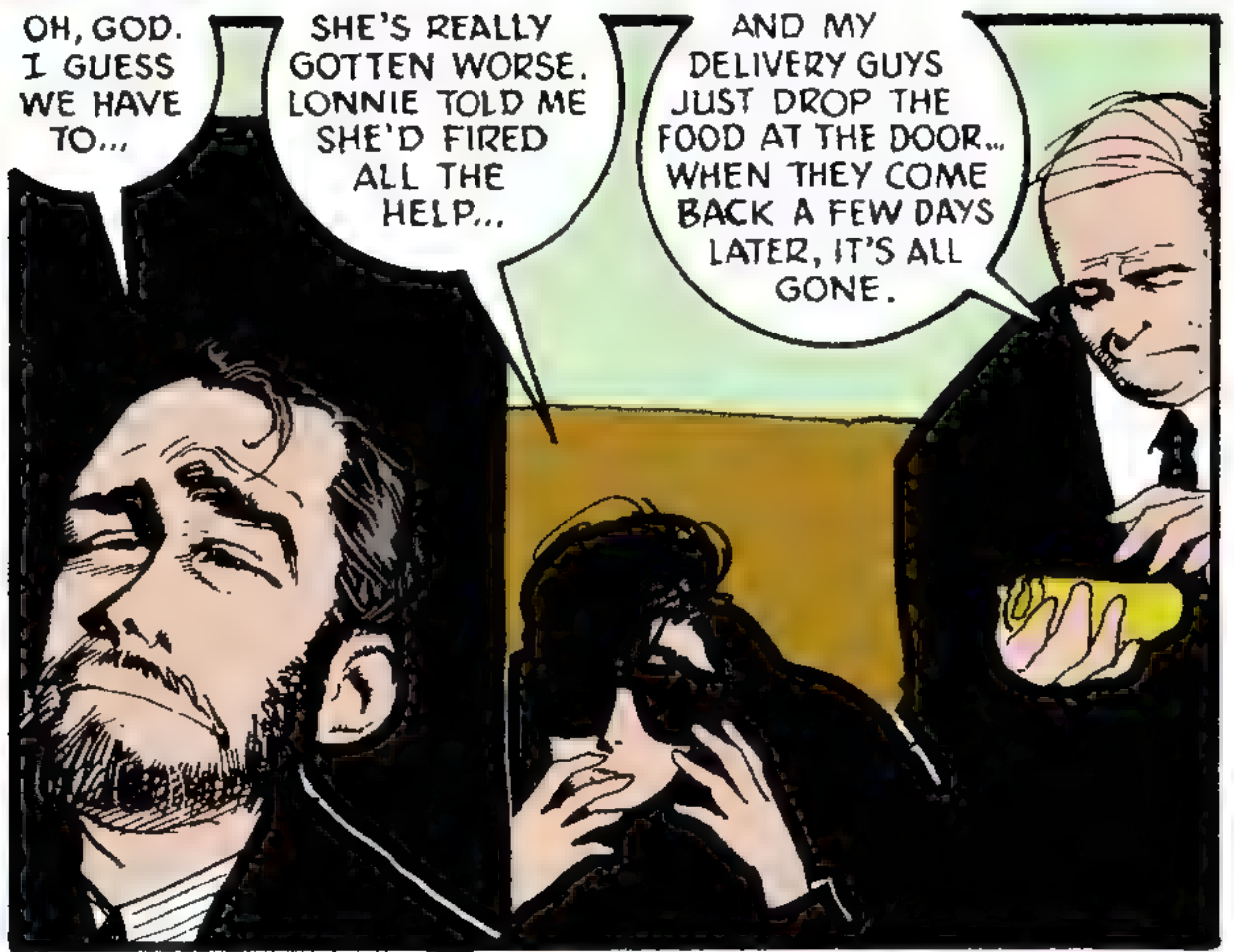
TAKE IT EASY, SHAWN... HAVE A FRANK...

OKAY, OKAY, ARTIE-- YES, YOU WERE RIGHT. OKAY--YES, WE'LL LOOK AT YOUR SECRET WEAPON. BUT TONIGHT. AT SHAWN'S LAB. TONIGHT.



GOOD LORD. THAT BOY IS IN SEVERE SHAPE.

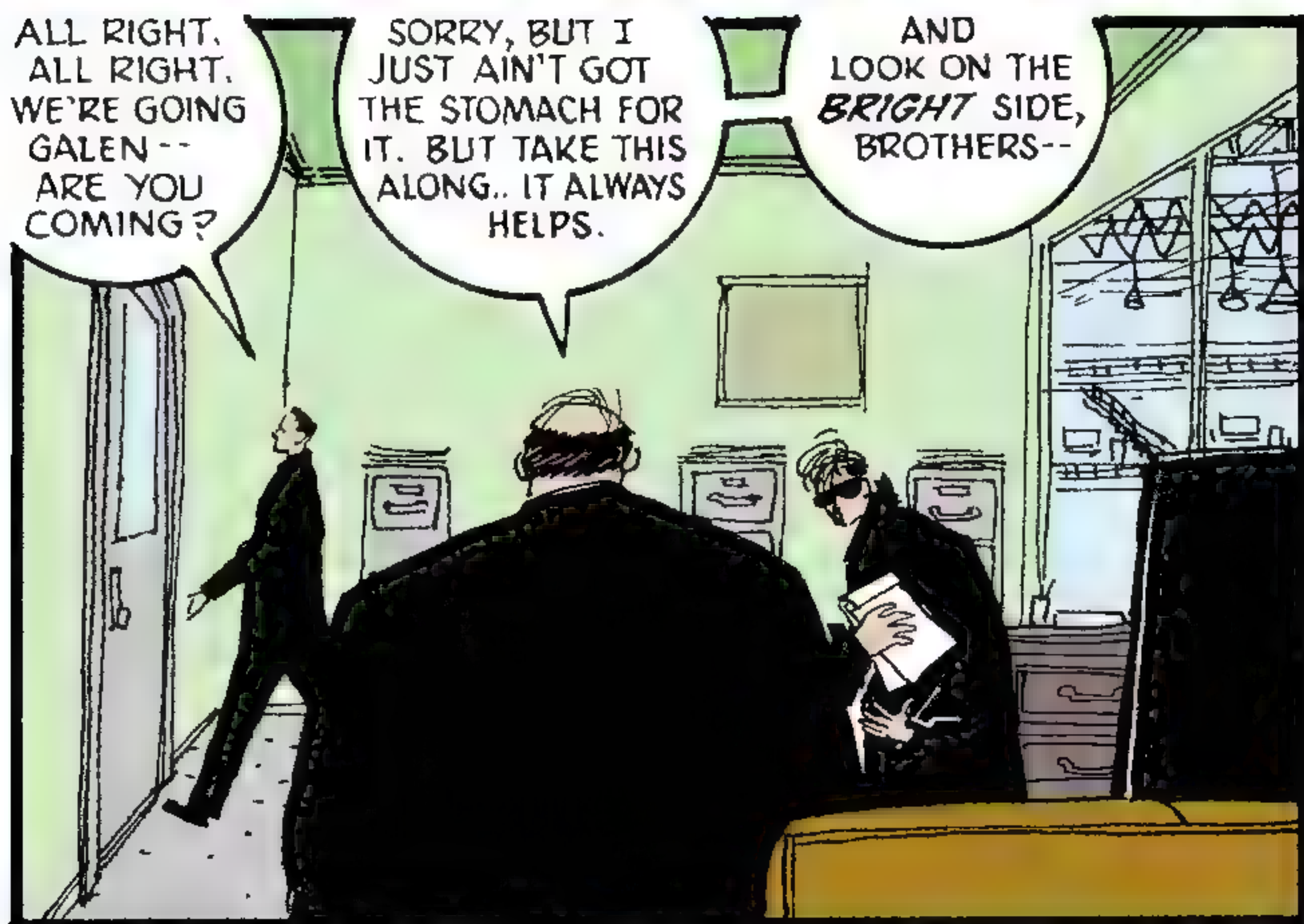
WE'LL PROBABLY BE JUST AS BAD... ONCE WE TELL MAMA...



OH, GOD. I GUESS WE HAVE TO...

SHE'S REALLY GOTTEN WORSE. LONNIE TOLD ME SHE'D FIRED ALL THE HELP...

AND MY DELIVERY GUYS JUST DROP THE FOOD AT THE DOOR... WHEN THEY COME BACK A FEW DAYS LATER, IT'S ALL GONE.



ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. WE'RE GOING GALEN-- ARE YOU COMING?

SORRY, BUT I JUST AIN'T GOT THE STOMACH FOR IT. BUT TAKE THIS ALONG.. IT ALWAYS HELPS.

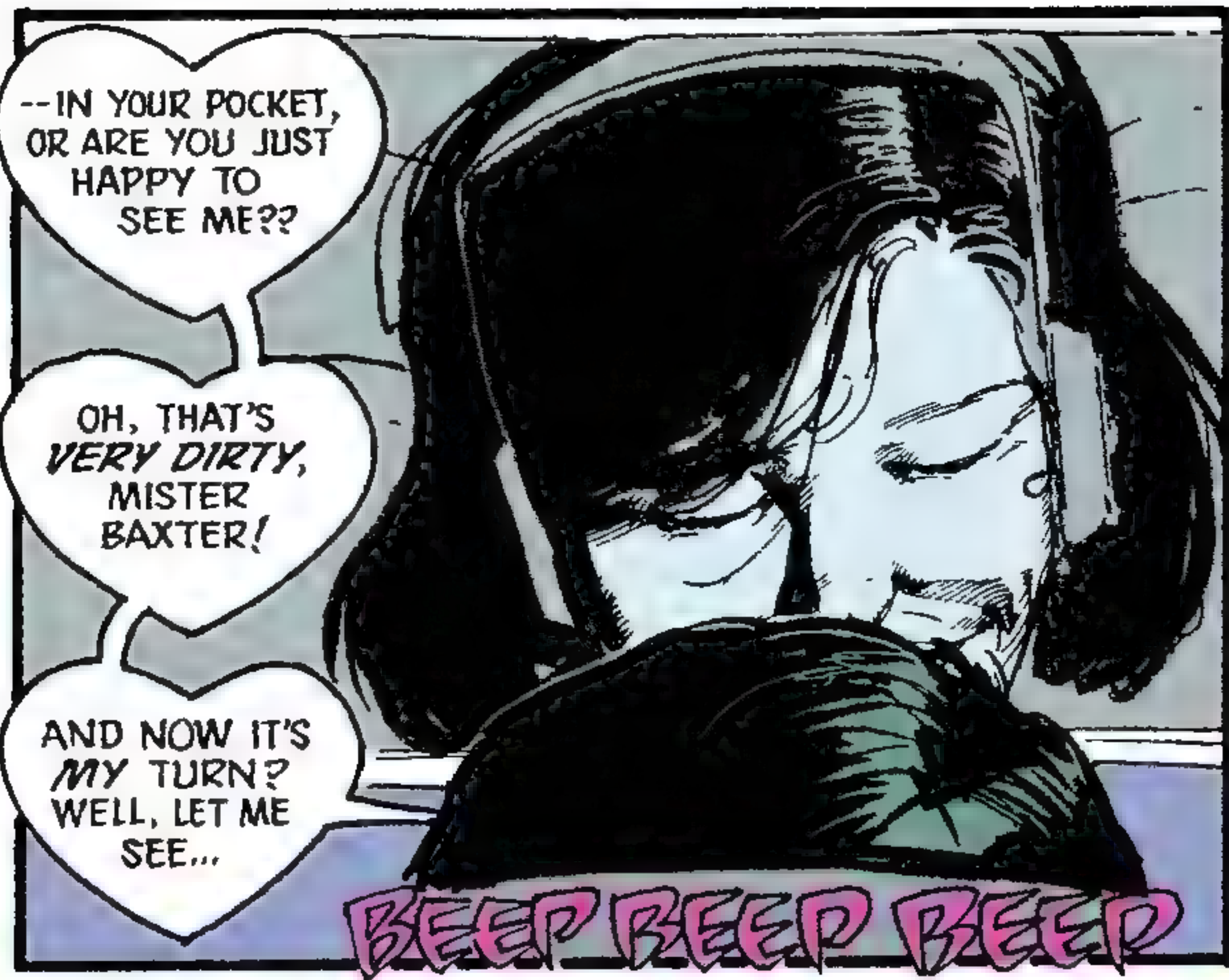
AND LOOK ON THE *BRIGHT* SIDE, BROTHERS--



IT CAN'T GET MUCH WORS--

UMMM... AHHH.. MILTON PABST-- FOOD AND DRUG ADMINISTRATION!

MISTER FINN, I'M HERE T'TALK ABOUT YOUR FRANKS--!

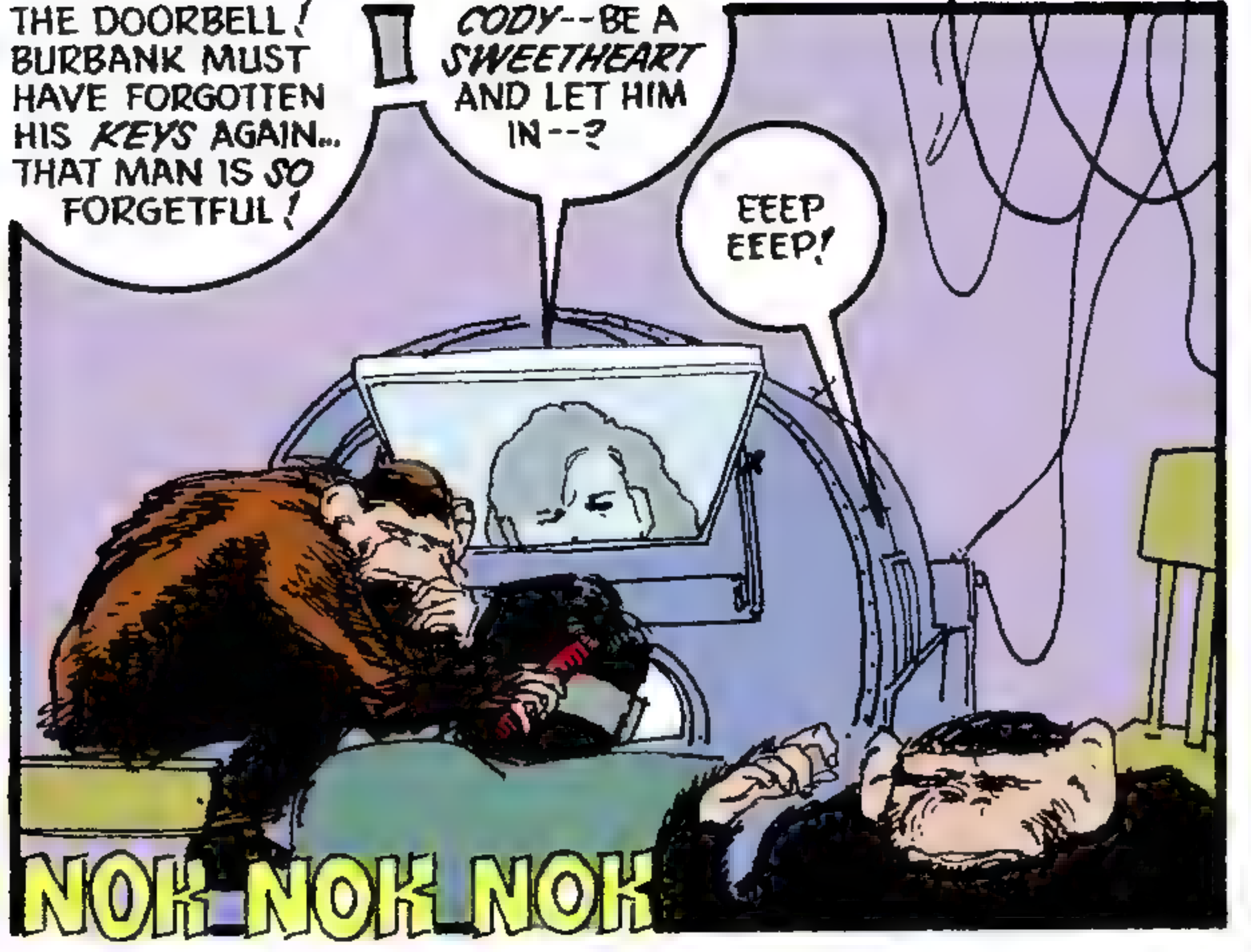


--IN YOUR POCKET, OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME??

OH, THAT'S *VERY DIRTY*, MISTER BAXTER!

AND NOW IT'S *MY* TURN? WELL, LET ME SEE...

BEEP BEEP BEEP

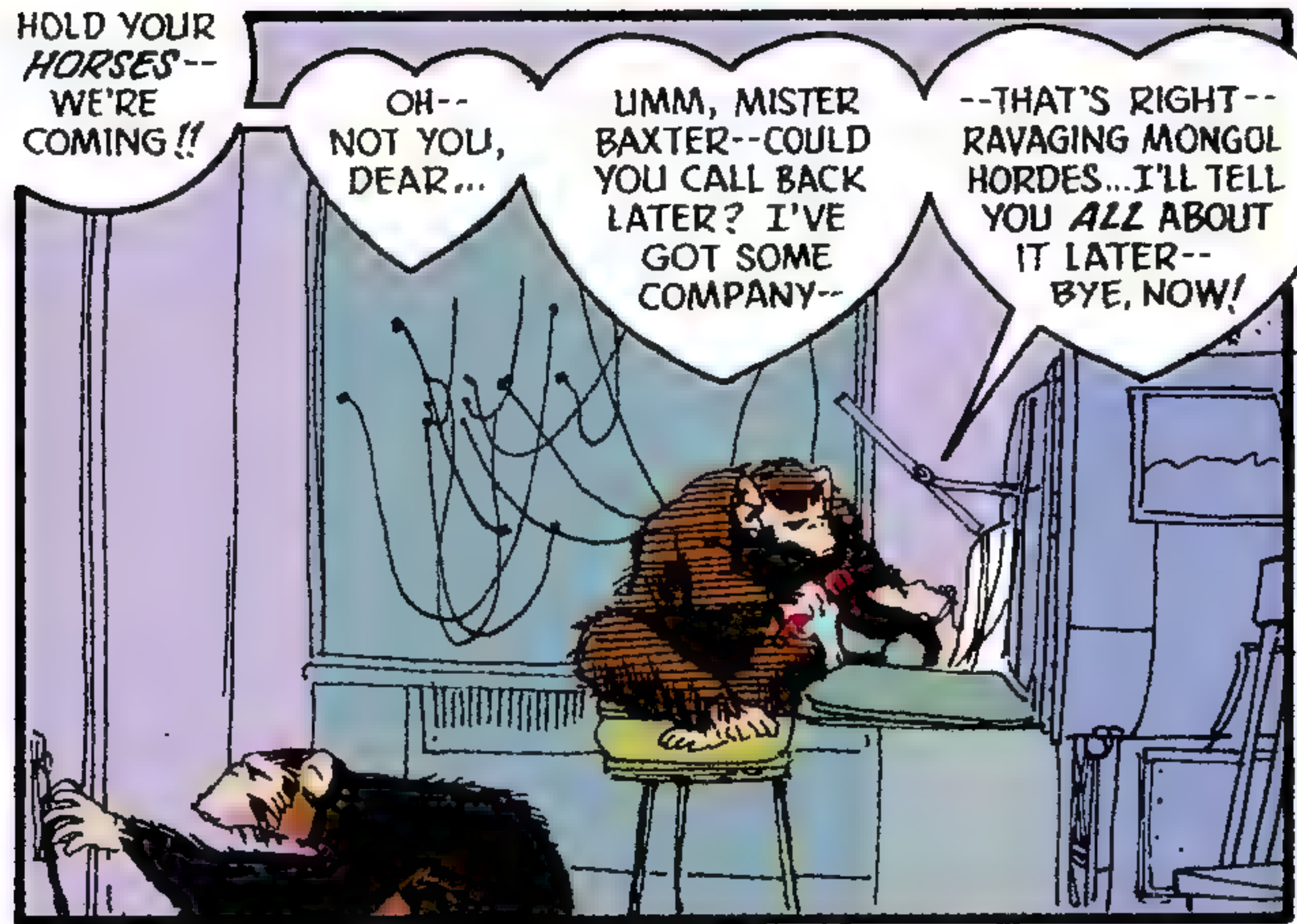


THE DOORBELL! BURBANK MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN HIS *KEYS* AGAIN... THAT MAN IS SO FORGETFUL!

CODY--BE A *SWEETHEART* AND LET HIM IN--?

EEEP EEEP!

NOK NOK NOK



HOLD YOUR *HORSES*--WE'RE COMING!!

OH--NOT YOU, DEAR...

UMM, MISTER BAXTER--COULD YOU CALL BACK LATER? I'VE GOT SOME COMPANY--

--THAT'S RIGHT--RAVAGING MONGOL HORDES...I'LL TELL YOU *ALL* ABOUT IT LATER--BYE, NOW!



HAKKKKX

HEY, FELLAS--T-TAKE IT EASY... I'M JUST HERE TO SEE THE *LADY* OF THE HOUSE--

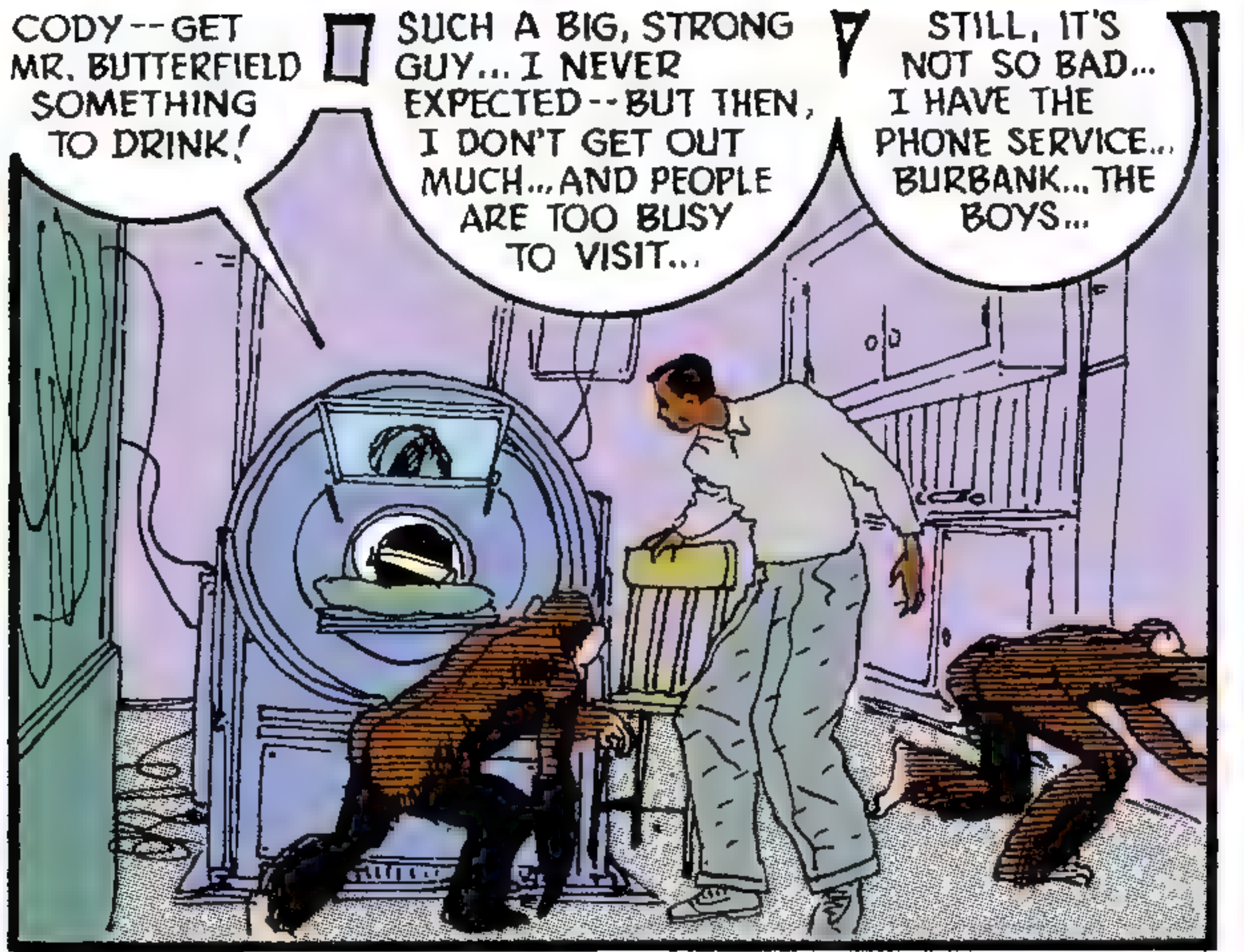
WHO ARE YOU, MISTER? I KNOW THE VOICE... BUT I CAN'T PLACE THE *FACE*. YOU ONE OF MY *CALLERS*?



IT'S ELTON, MS. LORELEI--ELTON BUTTERFIELD...

WHY, FOR HEAVEN'S SALES!

RELAX, BOYS--ELTON'S A *FRIEND*!



CODY--GET MR. BUTTERFIELD SOMETHING TO DRINK!

SUCH A BIG, STRONG GUY... I NEVER EXPECTED--BUT THEN, I DON'T GET OUT MUCH...AND PEOPLE ARE TOO BUSY TO VISIT...

STILL, IT'S NOT SO BAD... I HAVE THE PHONE SERVICE... BURBANK... THE BOYS...



ACTUALLY, LORELEI, IT WAS THE BOYS I CAME TO ASK ABOUT... WHERE DOES ONE GO TO GET A PET MONKEY...?

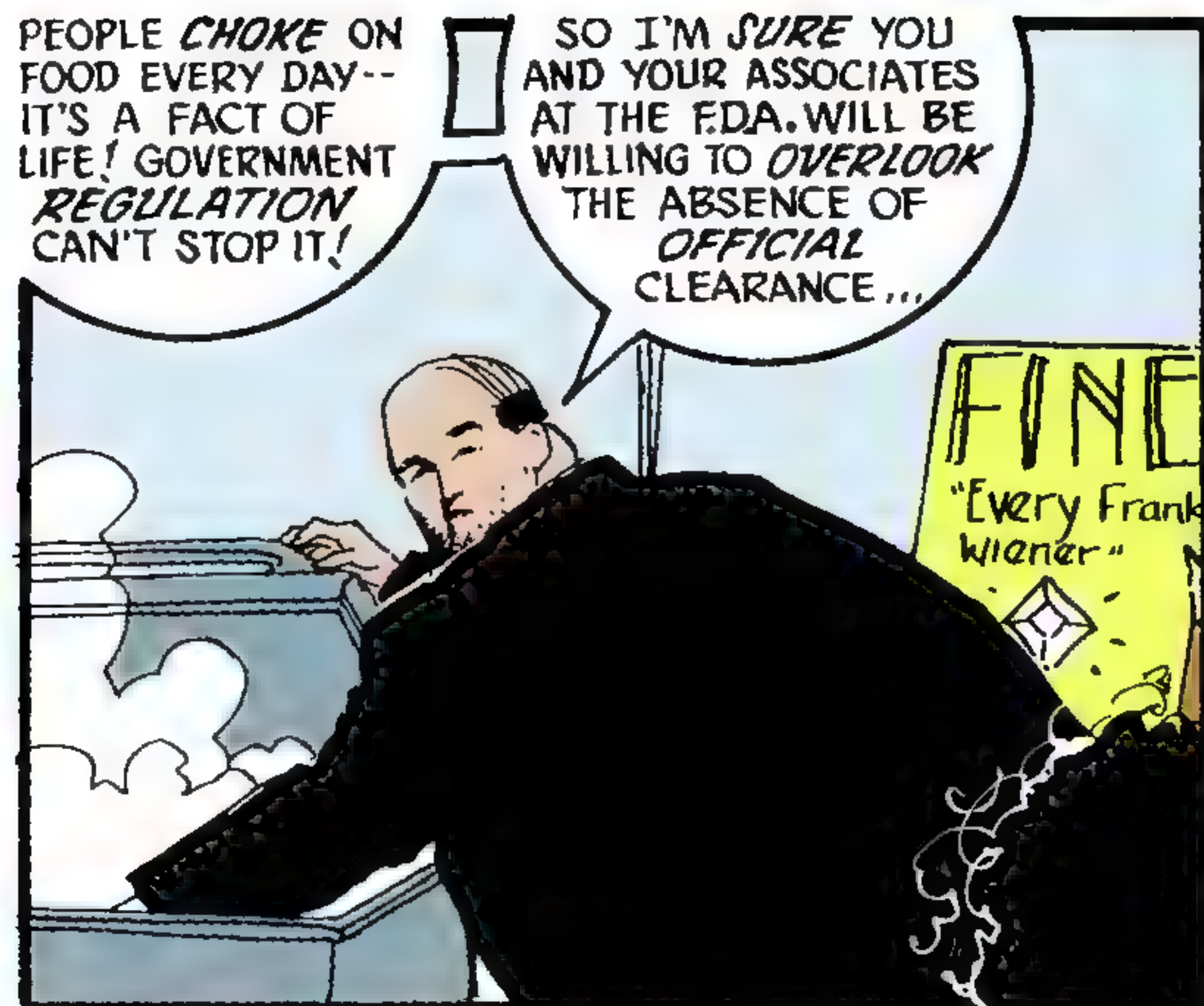
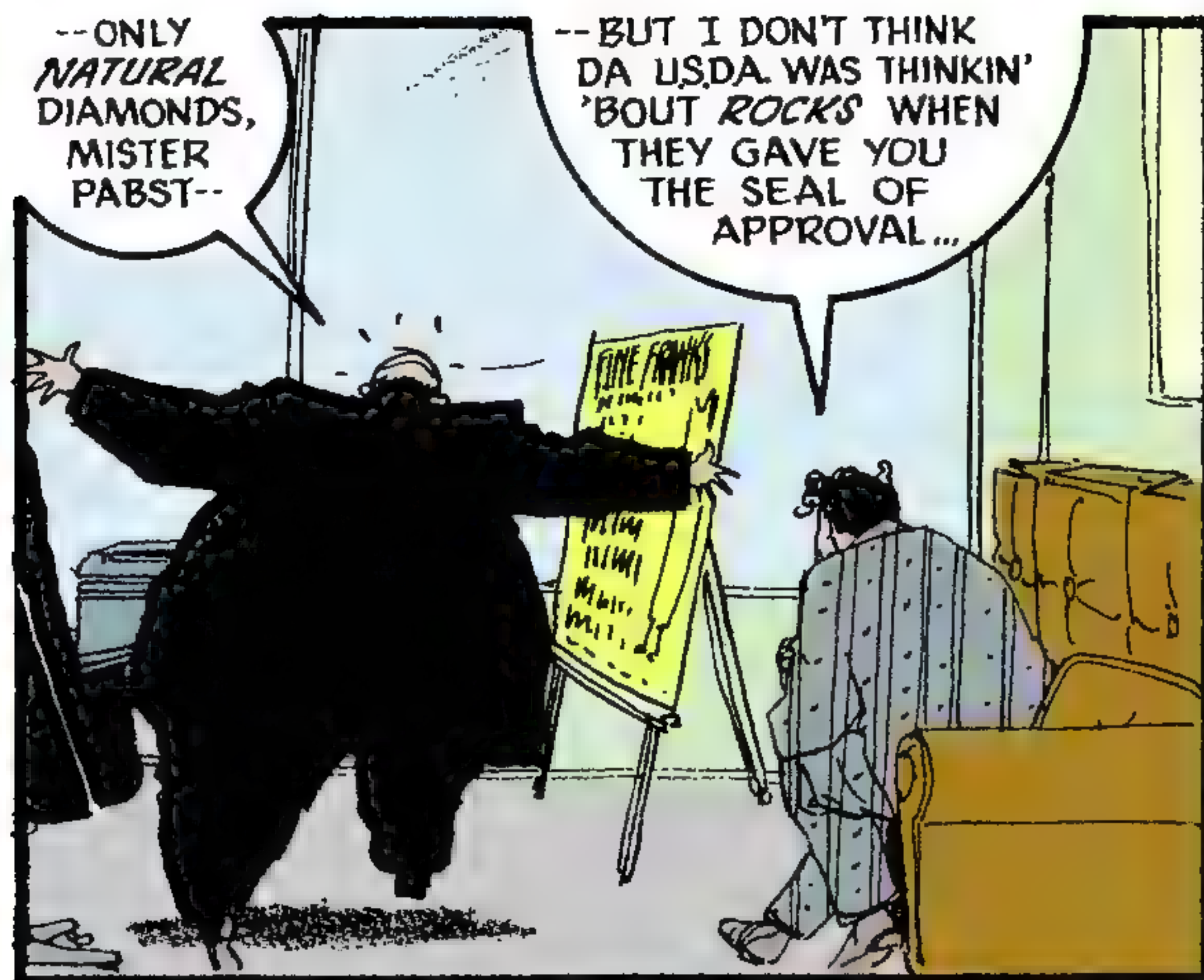
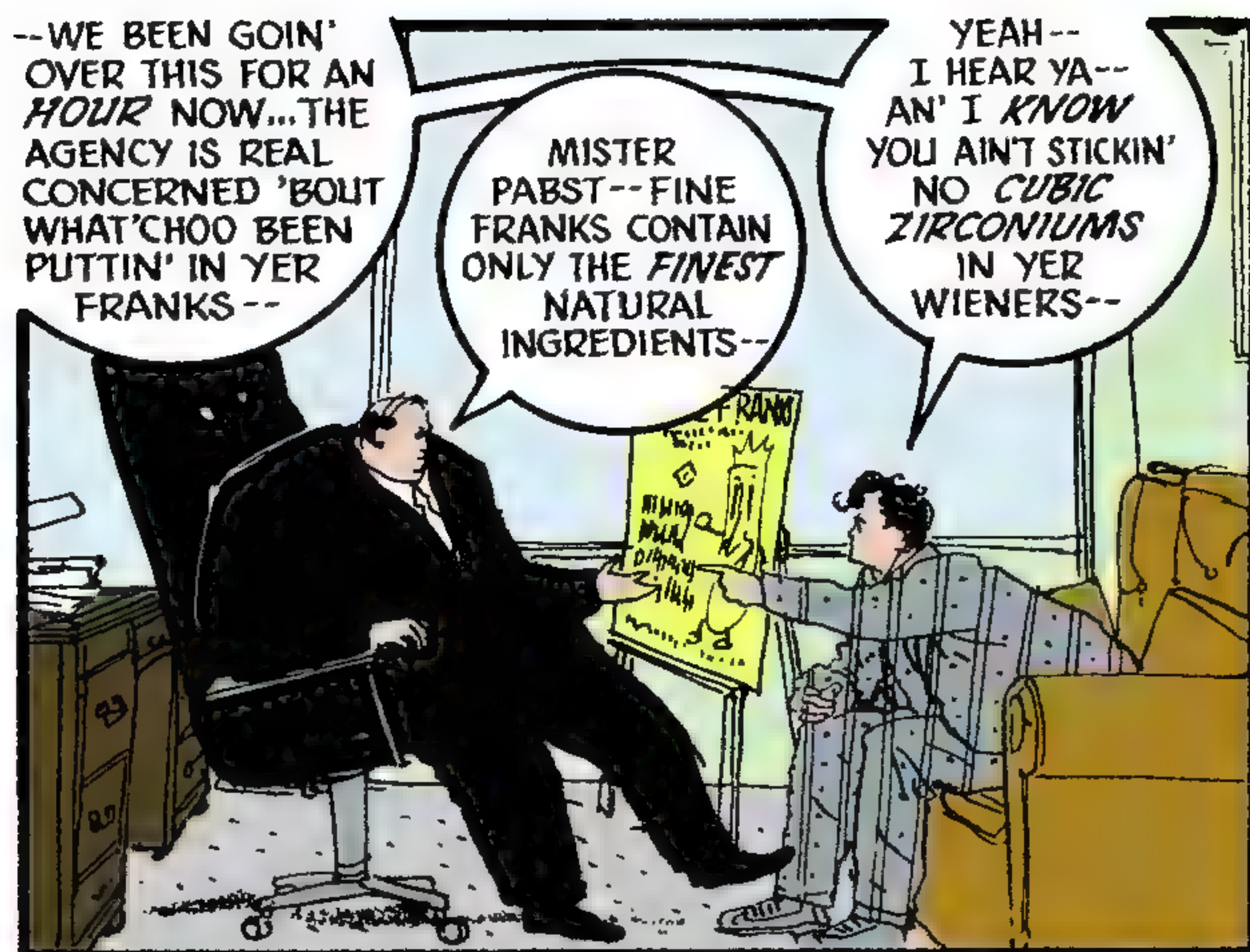
OH, YOU CAN'T GET THEM IN A *PET SHOP*, NO, SIR--GOVERNMENT KEEPS A STRICT WATCH OVER CHIMP IMPORTING.

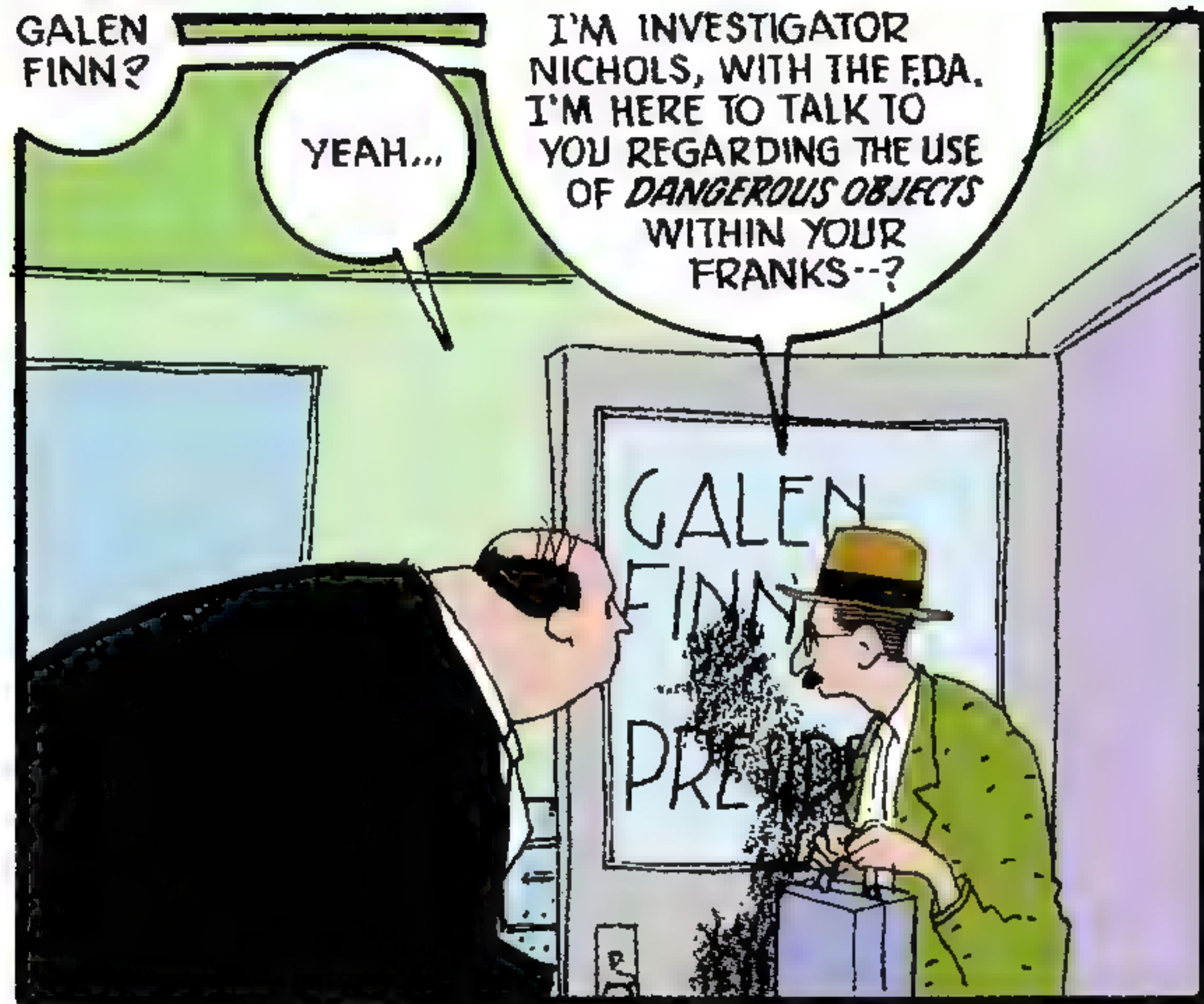
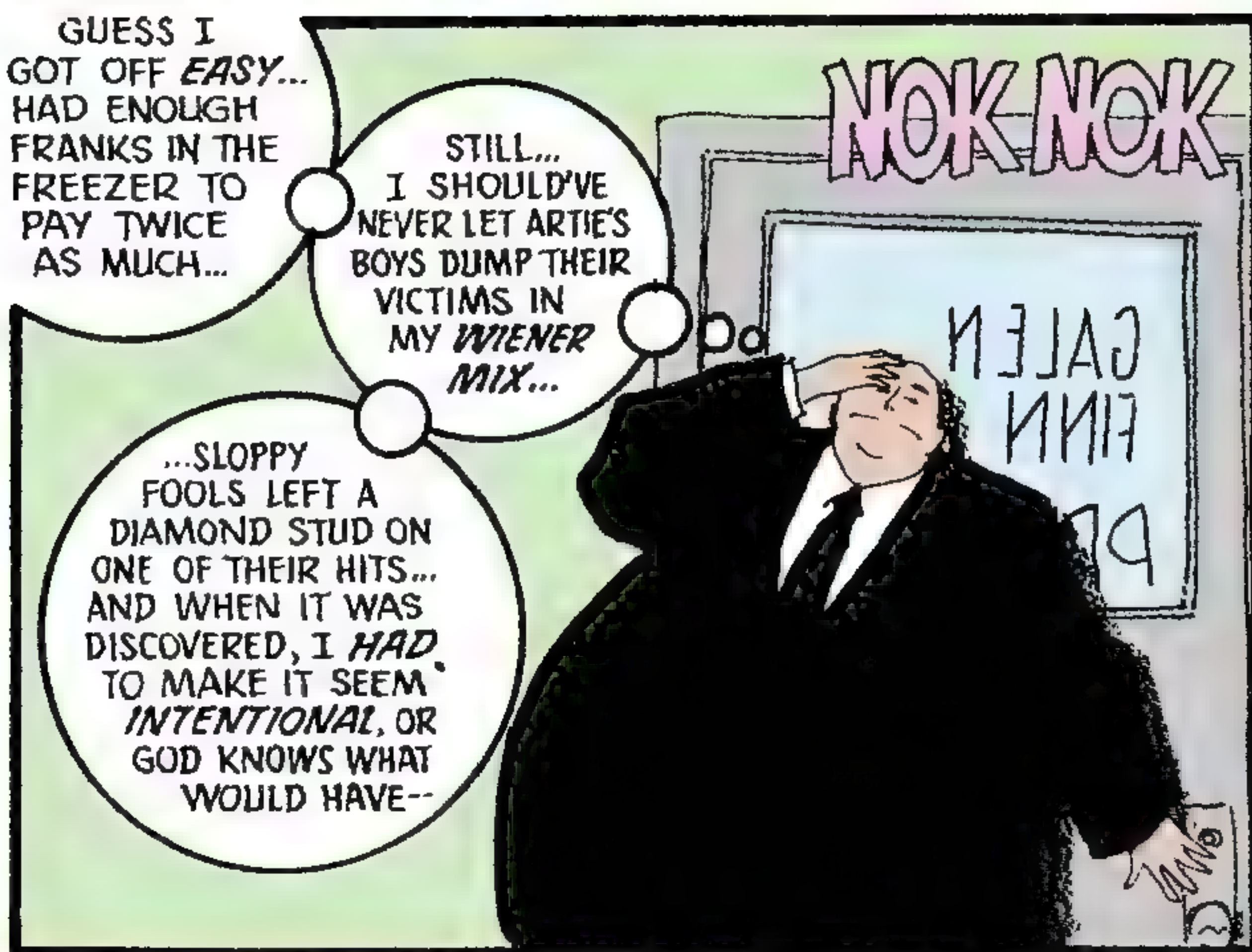


ASIDE FROM SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS, DISABLED PEOPLE USE 'EM AS HELPERS--LIKE I DO...

ONLY ONE GUY THAT I KNOW OF WHO TRAINS 'EM--FELLA NAMED JOCKO SCHWARTZ...AN OLD CIRCUS PERFORMER... THAT'S WHERE I GOT THE BOYS...

...HE'S THE MAN TO TALK TO...





CHRIST, SHAWN...
I DIDN'T BELIEVE
IT POSSIBLE...BUT
MOM'S GOTTEN
WORSE... SHE'S
COMPLETELY
CRAZY...

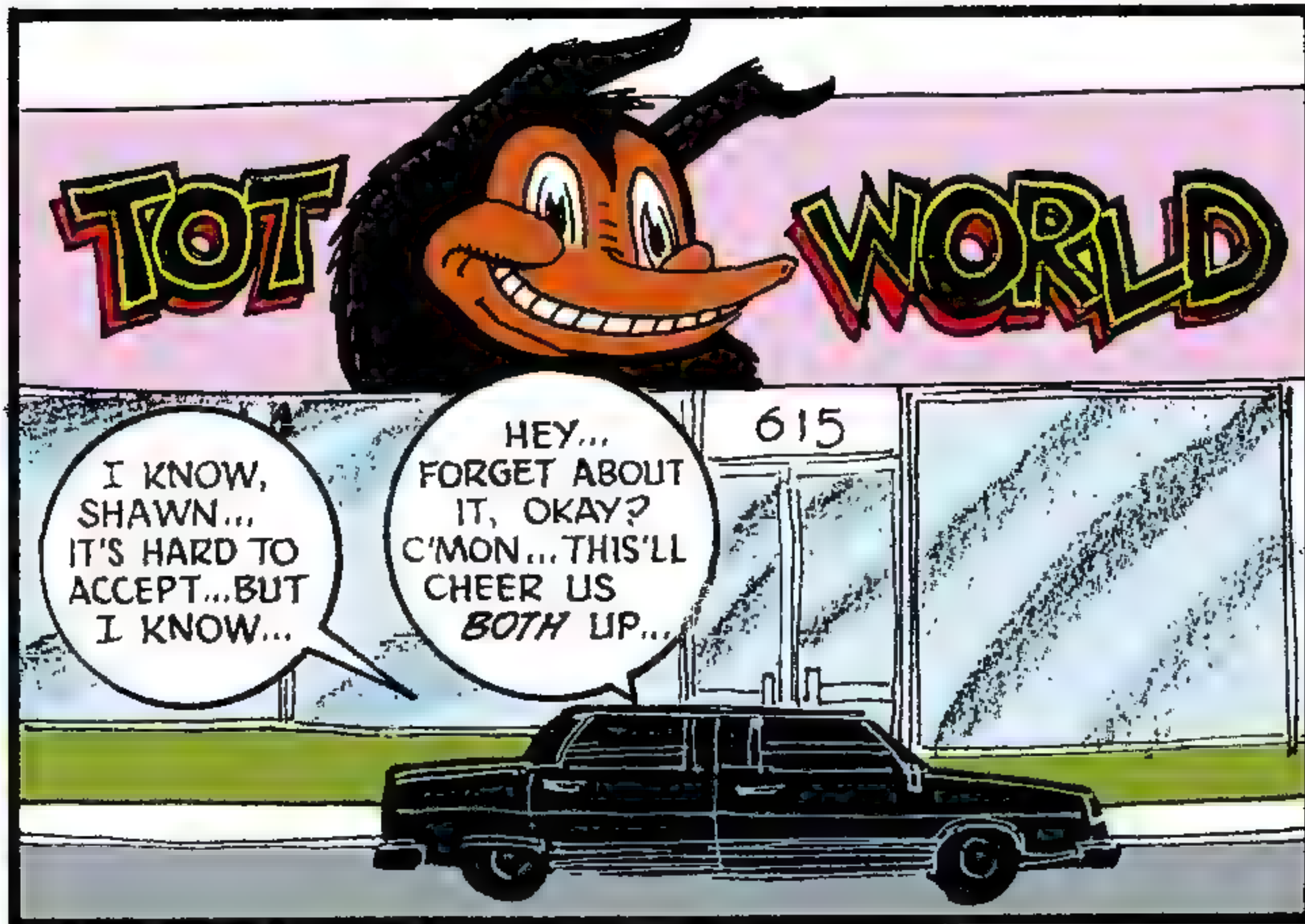
I'M TELLING YOU...
IT WON'T BE LONG
BEFORE SHE'S
TOTALLY
OUT OF
CONTROL...

AND THE *HELP*
DOESN'T MAKE IT
ANY *EASIER*. EVEN
WITH *MY NOSE*,
I COULD TELL
HOW IT *STINKS*
IN THERE.

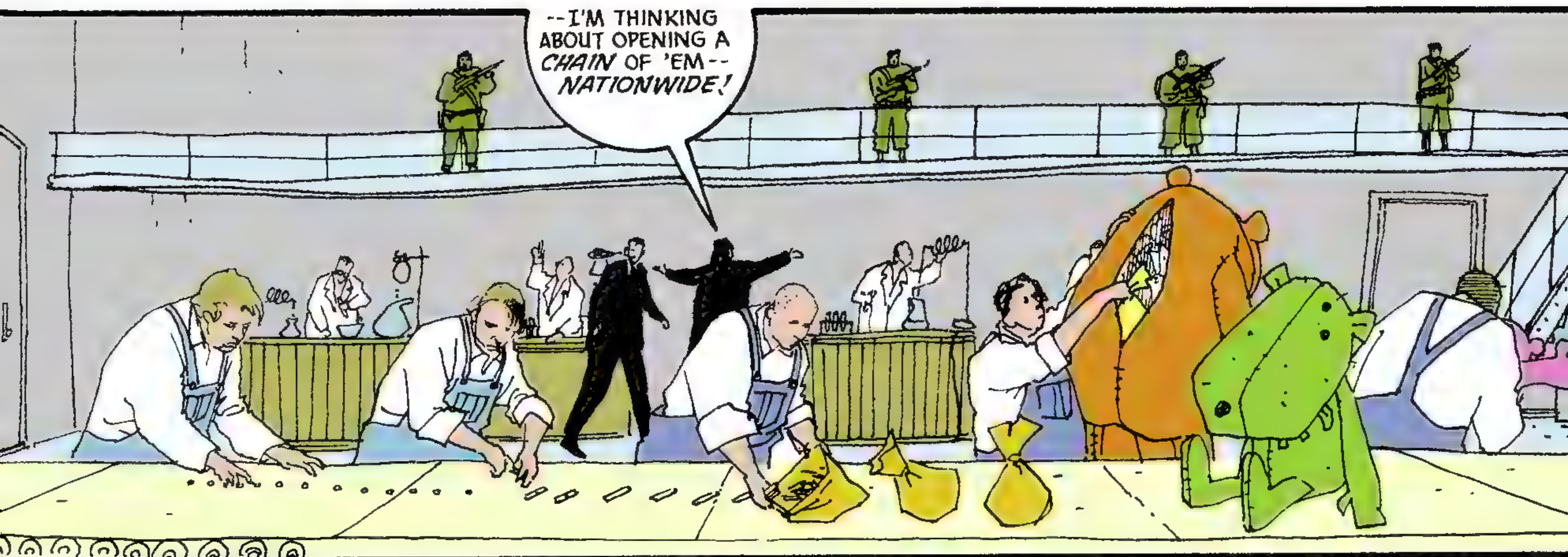
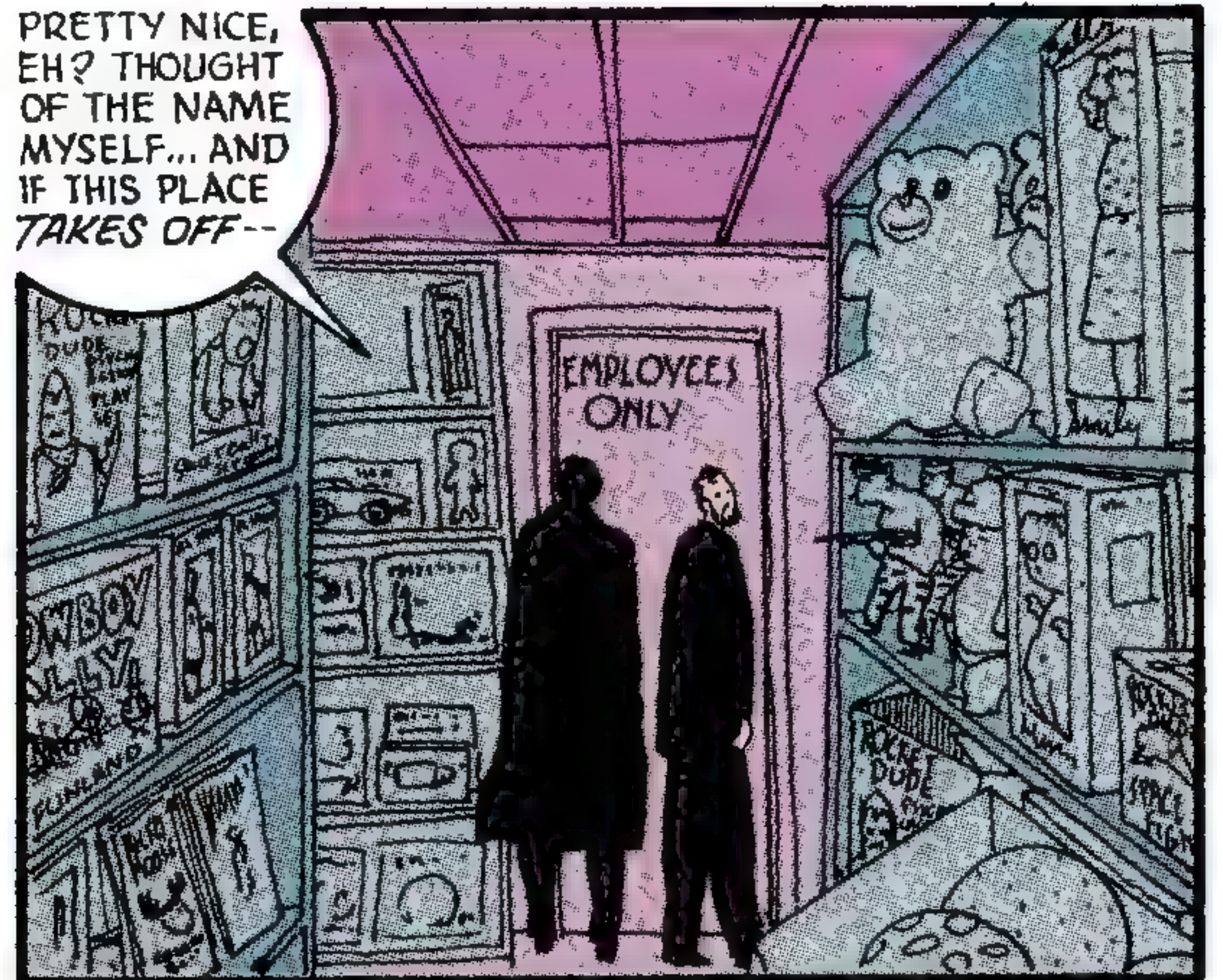
WE REALLY
OUGHT TO GET
SOME PEOPLE
IN THERE...
CLEAN OUT
THE PLACE--

--OR BURN IT
TO THE
GROUND--

PAT!
SHE'S OUR
MOTHER,
F'GOD
SAKES...



PRETTY NICE,
EH? THOUGHT
OF THE NAME
MYSELF... AND
IF THIS PLACE
TAKES OFF--



THIS IS IT, PAT--
THE CULMINATION
OF MY CAREER! WE
PROCESS THE STUFF
RIGHT HERE, FROM
START TO FINISH--
JUST FILLED MY QUOTA
OF CHEMISTS TODAY--

--BUT THE *REAL BEAUTY*
OF THE OPERATION IS
WE SELL THE STUFF
RIGHT OFF THE
SHELVES!

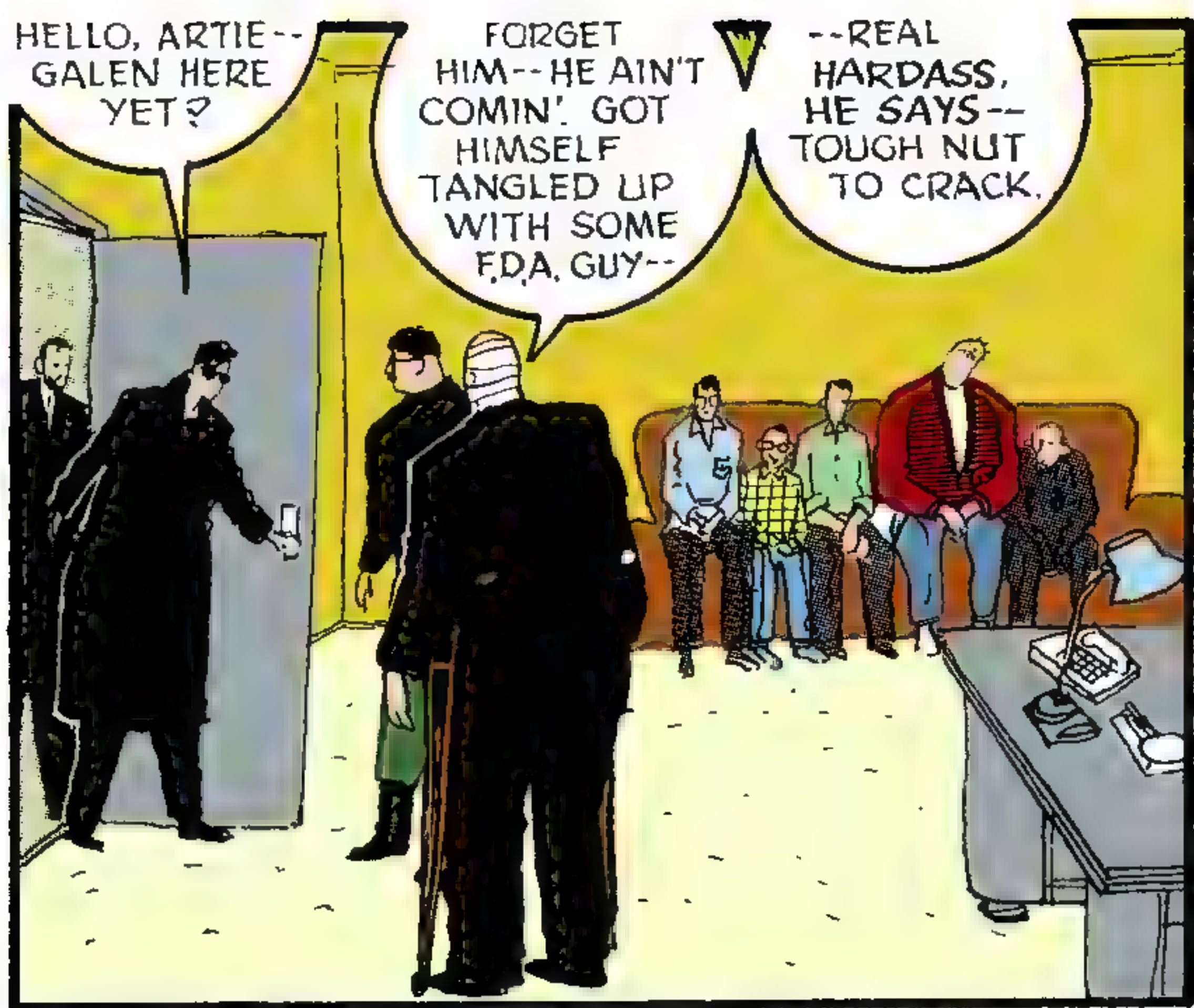
WE PRICE
THESE TOYS SO
HIGH, AND THEY'RE
ALL SO *UGLY*. THE
ONLY PERSON WHO'D
BUY 'EM WOULD
KNOW WHAT'S
INSIDE IS WHAT
THEY *REALLY*
WANT...

MISTER
FINN--?

YOUR
BROTHER'S
IN YOUR OFFICE
WAITING
FOR YOU...

...HE'S
BROUGHT SOME
REALLY STRANGE
FRIENDS, YOU
WANT ONE OF
THE GUARDS TO
ACCOMPANY
YOU--?

THAT'S
ALL RIGHT,
CLARENCE...
I THINK
I CAN
HANDLE
THIS...



HELLO, ARTIE--
GALEN HERE
YET?

FORGET
HIM-- HE AIN'T
COMIN'. GOT
HIMSELF
TANGLED UP
WITH SOME
F.D.A. GUY--

--REAL
HARDASS.
HE SAYS--
TOUGH NUT
TO CRACK.

THAT'S TOO
BAD. I GUESS
WE SHOULD
PROCEED
WITHOUT HIM.

RIGHT -- BUT WE
BETTER MAKE IT
QUICK -- GOTTA
WATCH TONIGHT'S
SHOW, SEE HOW
THE M.V.N. IS
DOIN'...

OF COURSE --
NOW... THESE
ARE THE PEOPLE
YOU WANTED US
TO MEET?



RIGHT --
MUSTAFA
AL SALEHI,
MEET MY
BROTHERS.

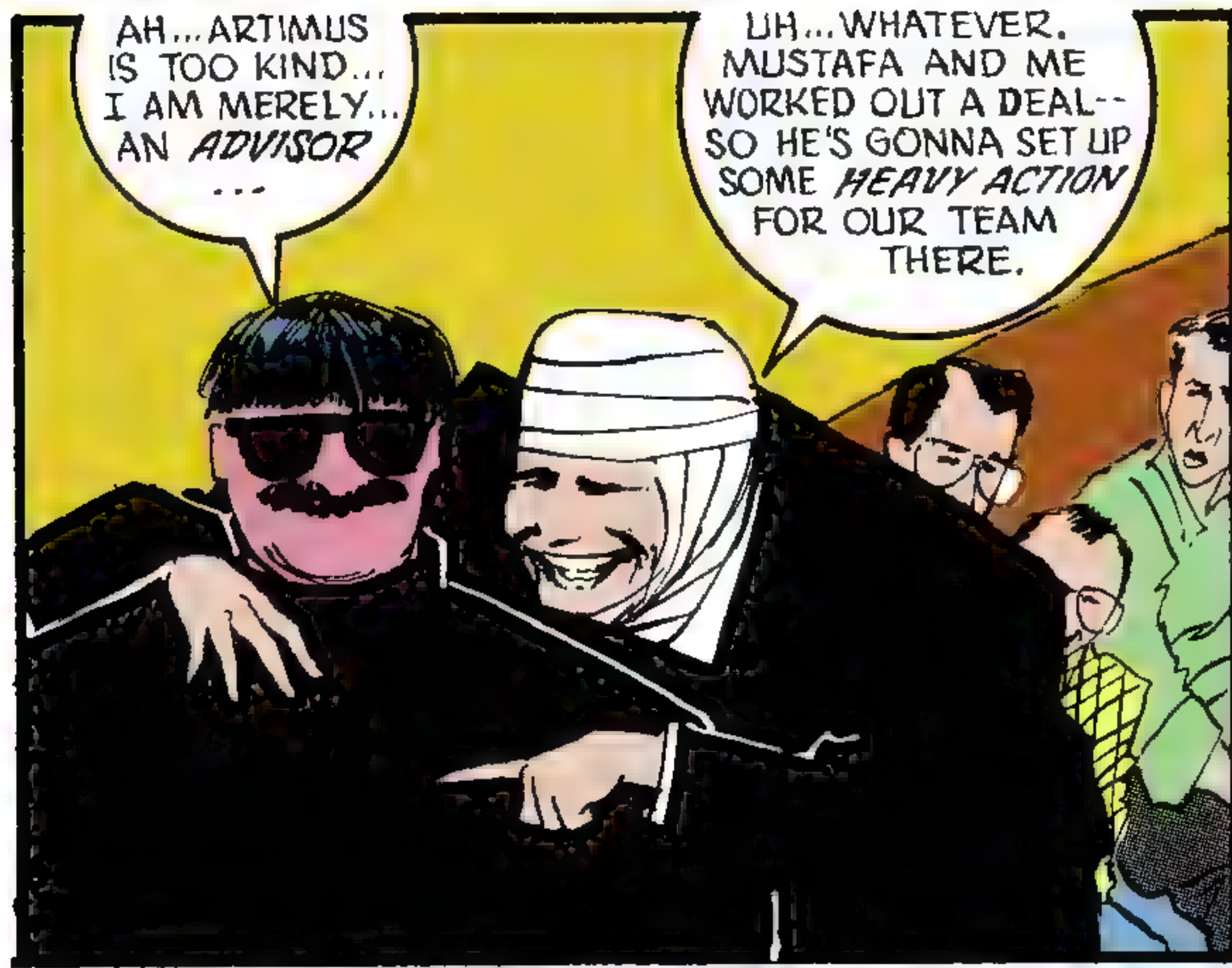
MUSTAFA'S AN
ORGANIZER -- ONE OF
THE *BEST*. HE WORKS
MOSTLY WITH TERRORISTS --
THE CRAZED, RELIGIOUS
FANATIC KIND.

SEE, HE KINDA
CHANNELS THEIR ENERGIES --
MAKES THEM FIGURE OUT
WHAT IT IS THEY WANT TO
ACCOMPLISH, THEN
HELPS THEM PLAN
THE JOB.



AH... ARTIMUS
IS TOO KIND...
I AM MERELY...
AN *ADVISOR*

UH... WHATEVER.
MUSTAFA AND ME
WORKED OUT A DEAL --
SO HE'S GONNA SET UP
SOME *HEAVY ACTION*
FOR OUR TEAM
THERE.



BASICALLY, WE'RE
TELLIN' THEM WE'RE
GONNA HELP 'EM
TRASH THE *WHOLE*
CITY -- BUT *REALLY*,
THEY'RE JUST
GONNA NAIL
THE *SHADOW*...

CAN YOU BE
SURE THEY'LL
STOP AT *THAT*?
THEY LOOK
RATHER
UNBALANCED
TO *ME*...

IT IS *SAFE*.
I GUARANTEE IT.
A MASSIVE
TERROR CAMPAIGN
IS WHAT WE PLAN.
THE ENTIRE CITY
HELD HOSTAGE.
VERY SIMPLE.



WELL, I
SUPPOSE...

HEY... I'M WITH YOU
GUYS. WHATEVER
HAPPENS, IT'S WORTH
IT TO GET THE
SHADOW. HOW
CAN I HELP,
MUSTAFA...

AH... FIRSTLY, ONE OF OUR
MEN -- DOCTOR FLAX --
HE IS A CHEMIST. HE
WOULD NEED USE OF
THE FACILITIES HERE --
AND PERHAPS AN
ASSISTANT.



NO PROBLEM.

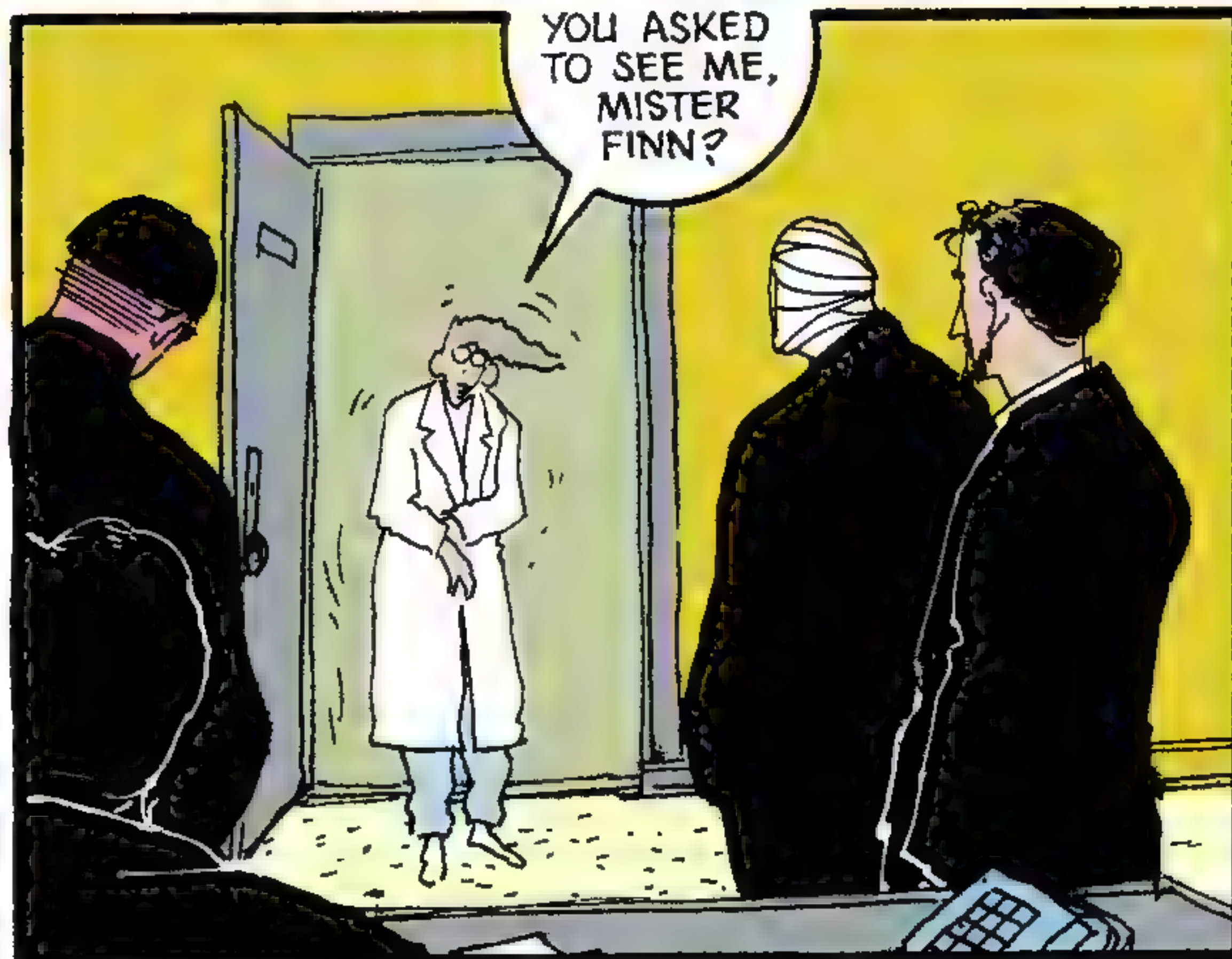
CLARENCE --
SEND IN THE
NEW GUY.

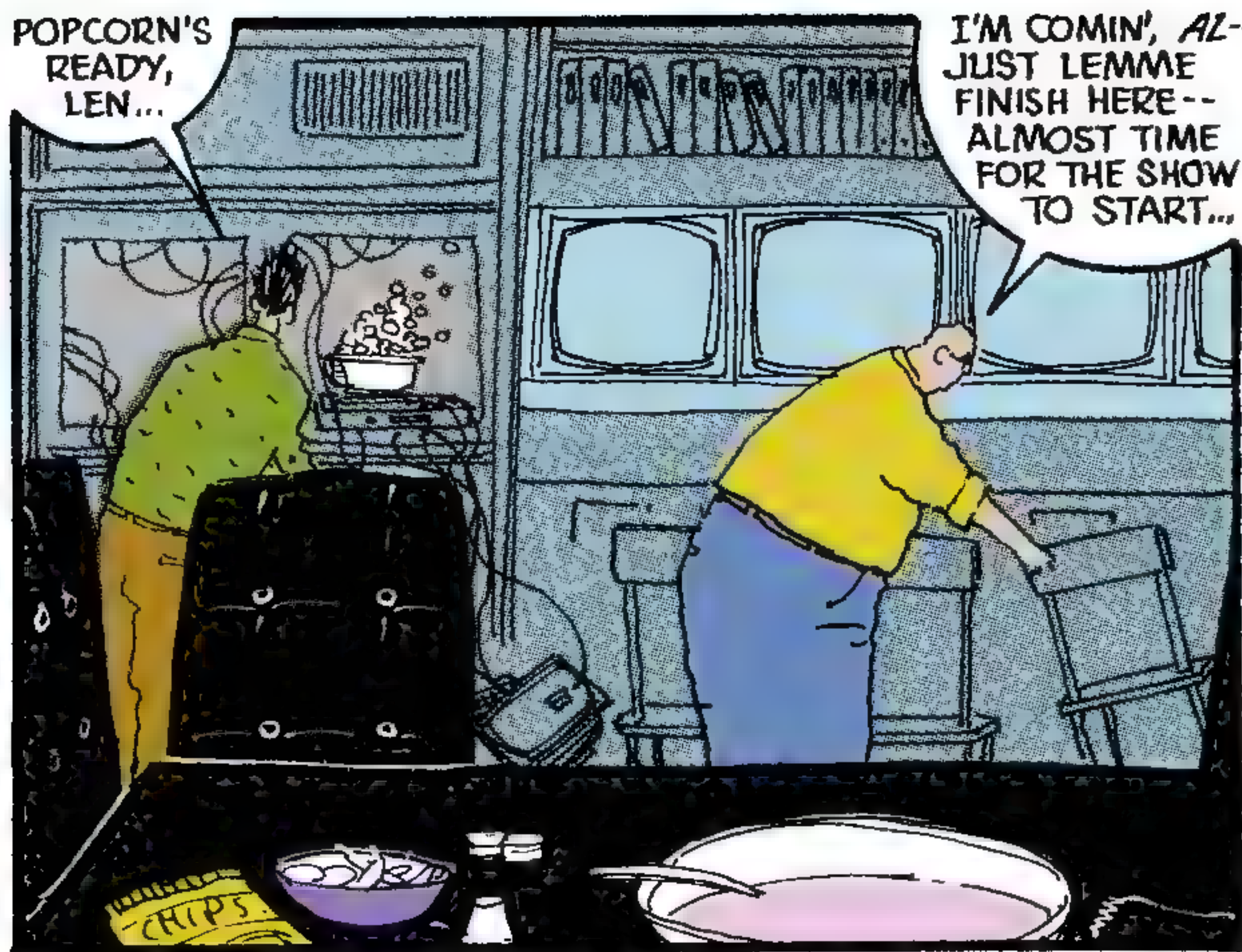
ANYTHING
ELSE?

FOR NOW,
NO,
THANK YOU
VERY MUCH.



YOU ASKED
TO SEE ME,
MISTER
FINN?





POPCORN'S
READY,
LEN...

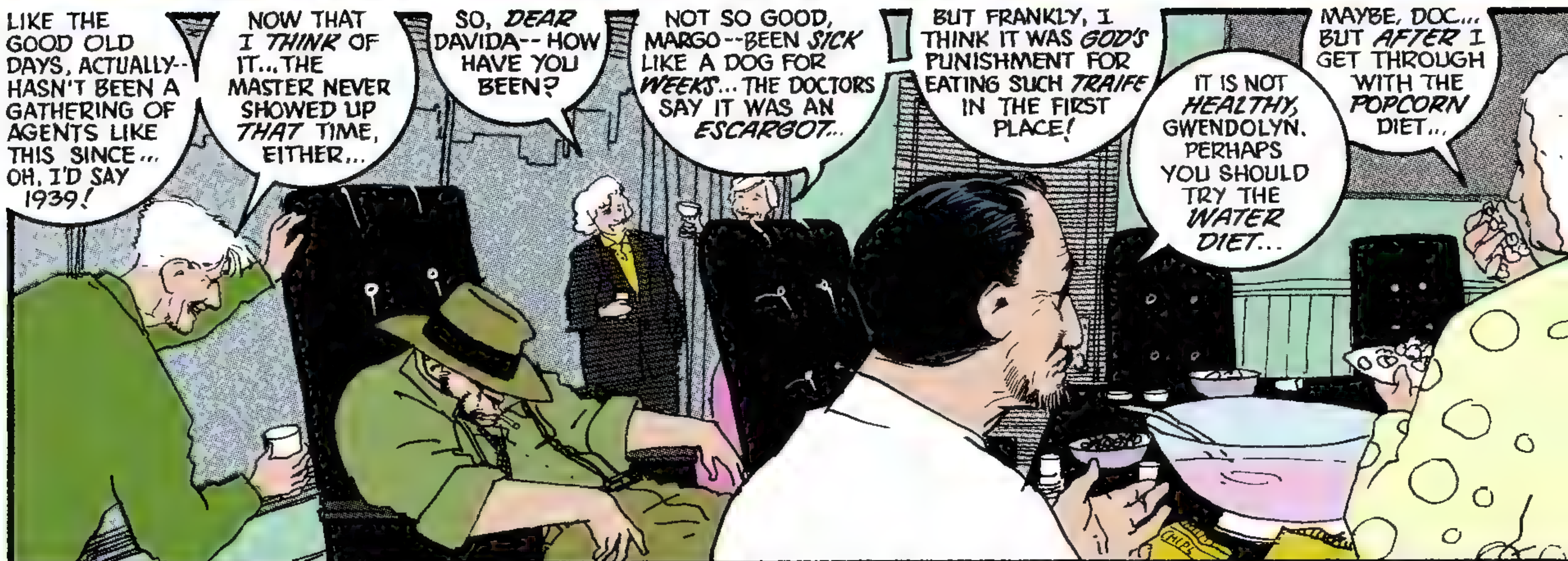
I'M COMIN', AL--
JUST LEMME
FINISH HERE--
ALMOST TIME
FOR THE SHOW
TO START...

WELL, THAT
LOOKS LIKE
JUST ABOUT
EVERYBODY...
EXCEPT
TWITCH...

FORGET IT.
I HAVE A
FEELING HE'S
DEFINITELY
NOT
COMING...

AND SINCE IT'S JUST
ABOUT FIVE MINUTES
TO SHOWTIME, I
GUESS IT'S TIME
I *LOCKED UP*...

MARGO!
MARGO
LANE!



LIKE THE
GOOD OLD
DAYS, ACTUALLY--
HASN'T BEEN A
GATHERING OF
AGENTS LIKE
THIS SINCE...
OH, I'D SAY
1939!

NOW THAT
I *THINK* OF
IT...THE
MASTER NEVER
SHOWED UP
THAT TIME,
EITHER...

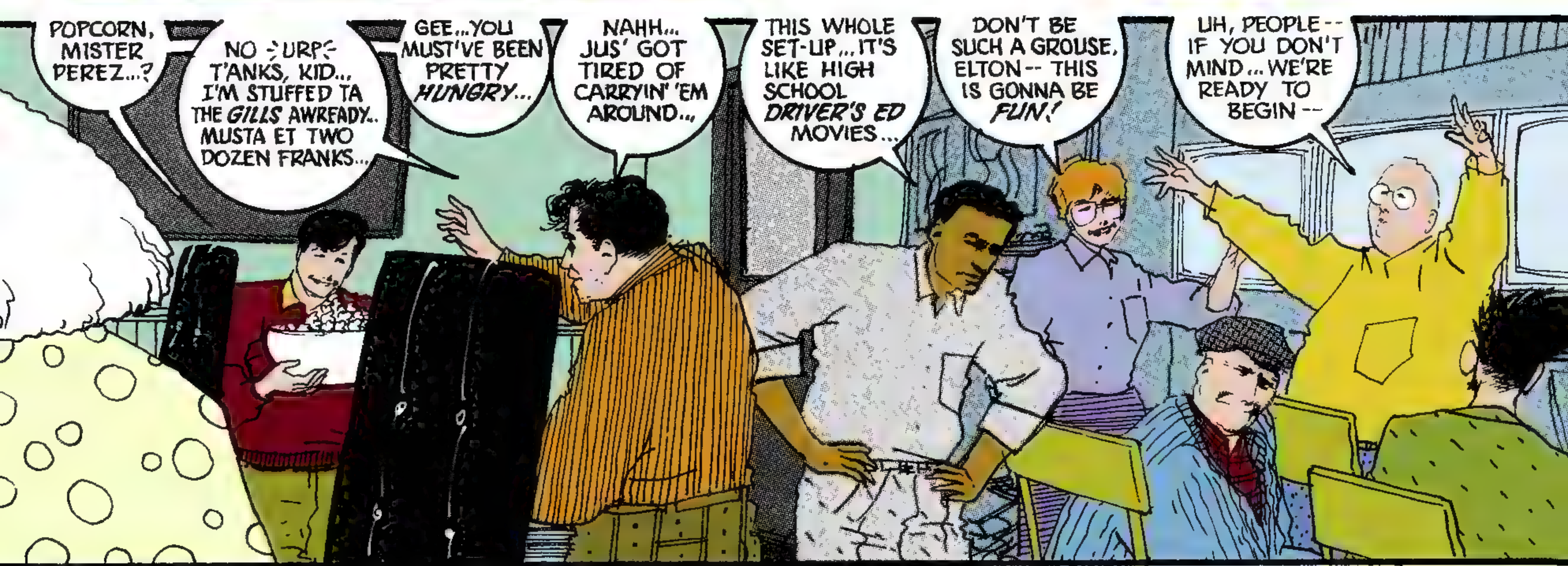
SO, *DEAR*
DAVIDA-- HOW
HAVE YOU
BEEN?

NOT SO GOOD,
MARGO--BEEN *SICK*
LIKE A DOG FOR
WEEKS... THE DOCTORS
SAY IT WAS AN
ESCARGOT...

BUT FRANKLY, I
THINK IT WAS *GOD'S*
PUNISHMENT FOR
EATING SUCH *TRAIPE*
IN THE FIRST
PLACE!

IT IS NOT
HEALTHY,
GWENDOLYN.
PERHAPS
YOU SHOULD
TRY THE
WATER
DIET...

MAYBE, DOC...
BUT *AFTER* I
GET THROUGH
WITH THE
POPCORN
DIET...



POPCORN,
MISTER
PEREZ...?

NO --URP--
T'ANKS, KID...
I'M STUFFED TA
THE *GILLS* AWREADY..
MUSTA ET TWO
DOZEN FRANKS...

GEE...YOU
MUST'VE BEEN
PRETTY
HUNGRY...

NAHH...
JUS' GOT
TIRED OF
CARRYIN' 'EM
AROUND...

THIS WHOLE
SET-UP...IT'S
LIKE HIGH
SCHOOL
DRIVER'S ED
MOVIES...

DON'T BE
SUCH A GROUSE,
ELTON-- THIS
IS GONNA BE
FUN!

UH, PEOPLE--
IF YOU DON'T
MIND...WE'RE
READY TO
BEGIN--



--LIVE, VIA WORLDWIDE
SATELLITE LINKUP--
IT'S TIME FOR MVN!!

MVN--
WHAT
TH--?

SHHH!!!

AROUND THE CORNER OR ACROSS
THE GLOBE, MVN STRIVES TO
BRING YOU THE *BEST* IN
AMERICAN, EUROPEAN AND SOVIET
ARMAMENTS--

--AND, OF
COURSE,
AT THE
LOWEST
POSSIBLE
PRICE!



HI, I'M COLONEL DWIGHT RENFREW, YOUR HOST FOR TONIGHT'S EDITION OF THE M.V.N

WE'VE GOT TONS OF BARGAINS FOR YOU TONIGHT: AMELI MG 82's FROM SPAIN! DAEWOO K1 A1's FROM KOREA! MISSILES! INCENDIARY DEVICES! MINES OF ALL SHAPES AND SIZES--

--ALL READY FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY VIA WORLDWIDE OVERNIGHT CARGO SERVICE!

SO LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE VALUABLE TIME AND GET RIGHT TO THE BARGAINS--'CAUSE JUNTAS MAY BE TOPPLING AS WE SPEAK!

OUR FIRST ITEM OF THE EVENING: TWO DOZEN STINGER CLASS ROCKET LAUNCHERS!

THEY'RE JUST THE THING FOR YOU THIRD WORLD TERRORISTS OUT THERE: JUST BLOW THOSE SUCKERS OUT OF THE SKY FROM THE COMFORT OF YOUR OWN BACK YARD!

OPERATORS ARE STANDING BY TO TAKE YOUR ORDERS--AND ORDER YOU *WILL*, WHEN YOU HEAR OUR SPECIAL M.V.N. PRICE OF ONLY SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS EACH, POSTAGE PAID!

THAT'S RIGHT! EVEN THE CIA. PAYS MORE THAN--

CRASH!

HEY-- SOMETHING'S COMING THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT! WHAT--

HAHAHAHAHAHA

RAY-- GET A SHOT OF IT--

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA

AARRRGH

HAHAHAHAHA

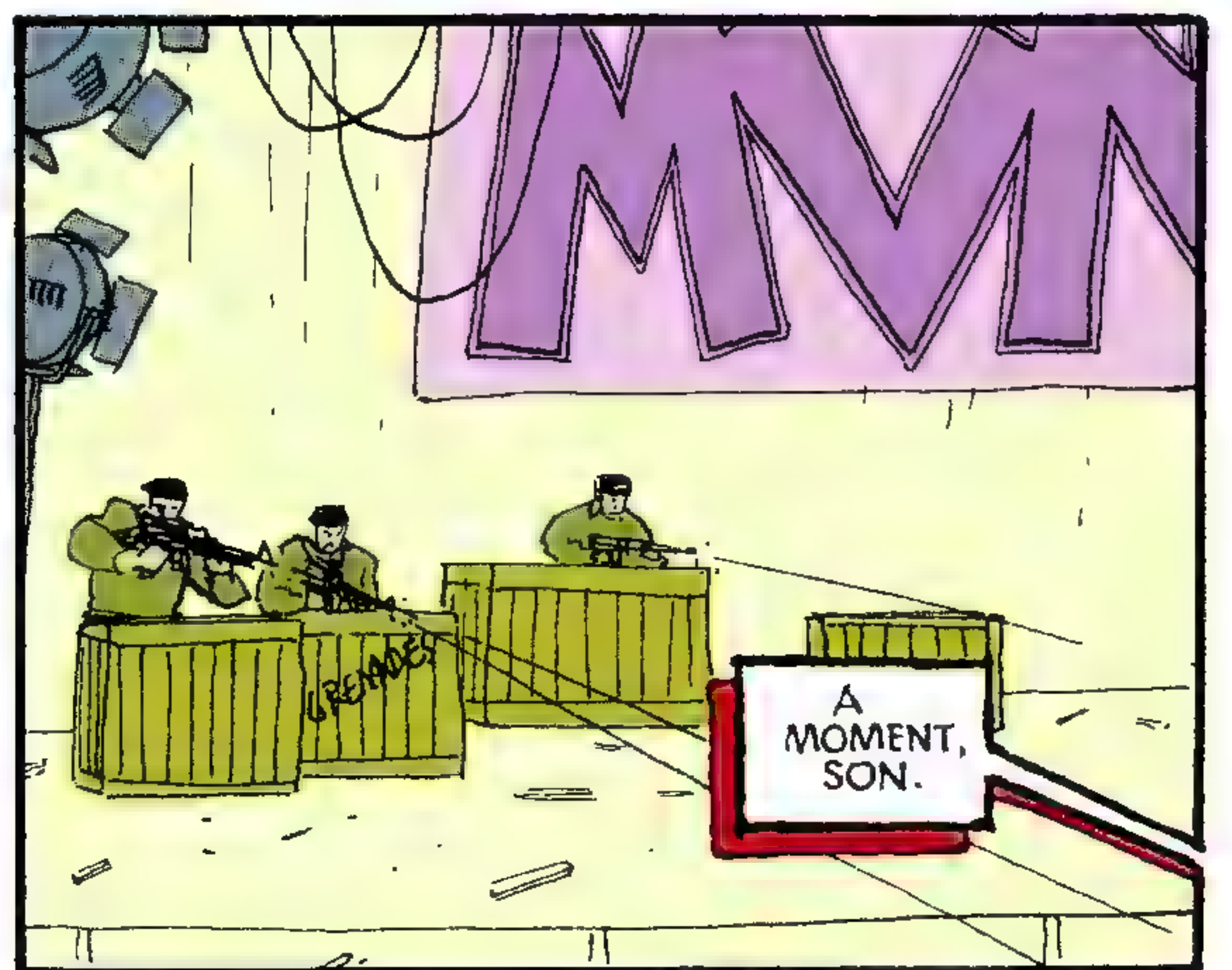
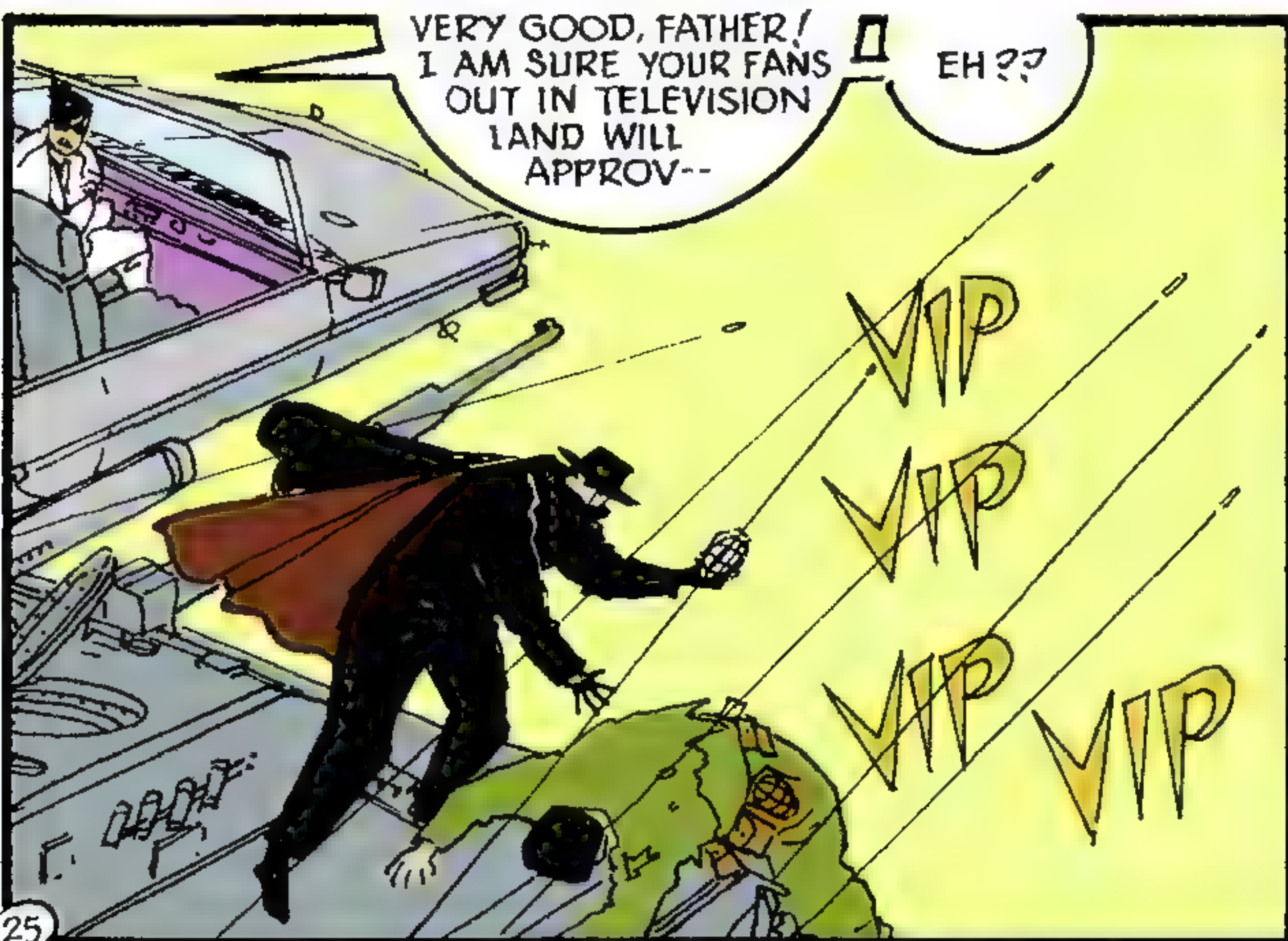
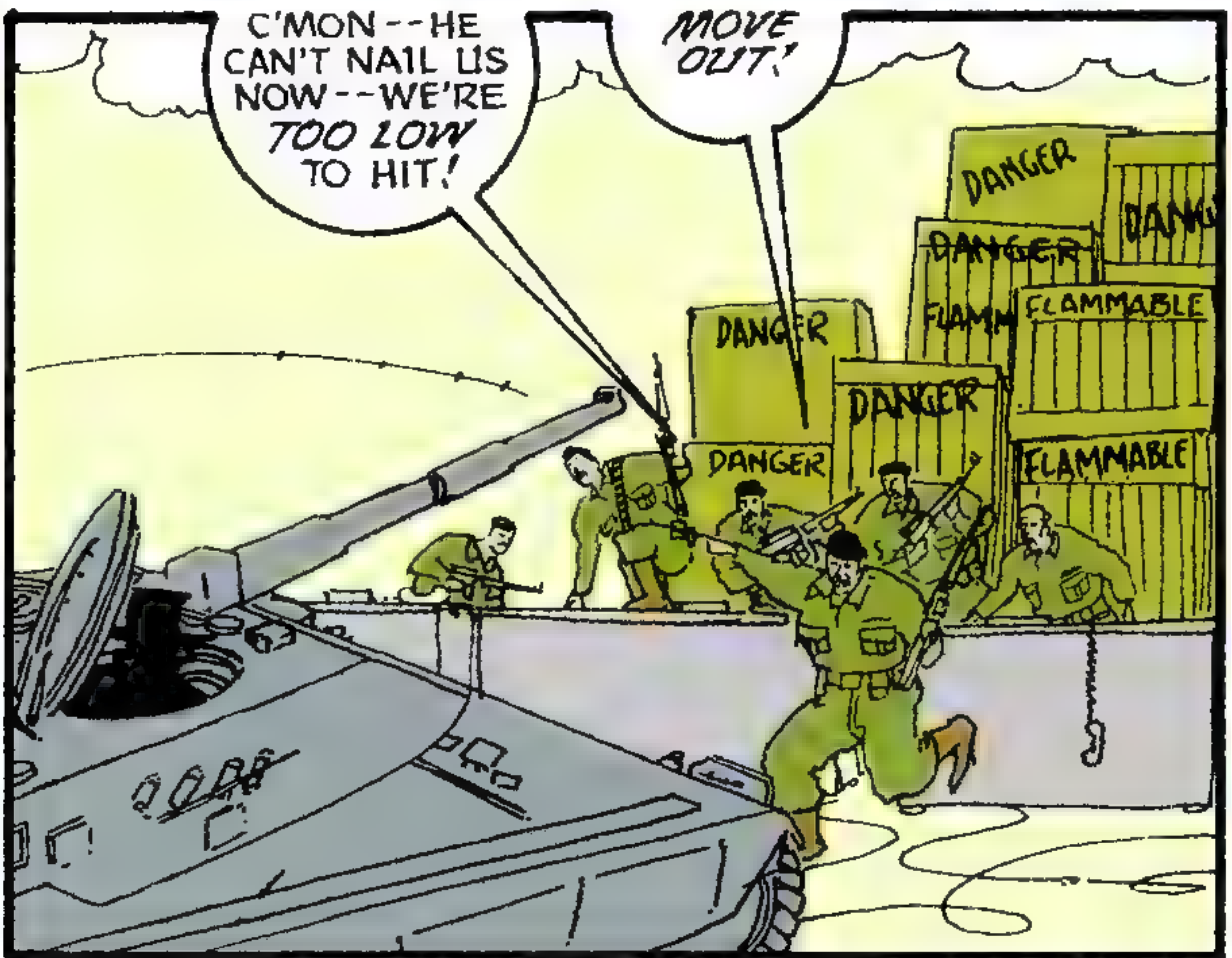
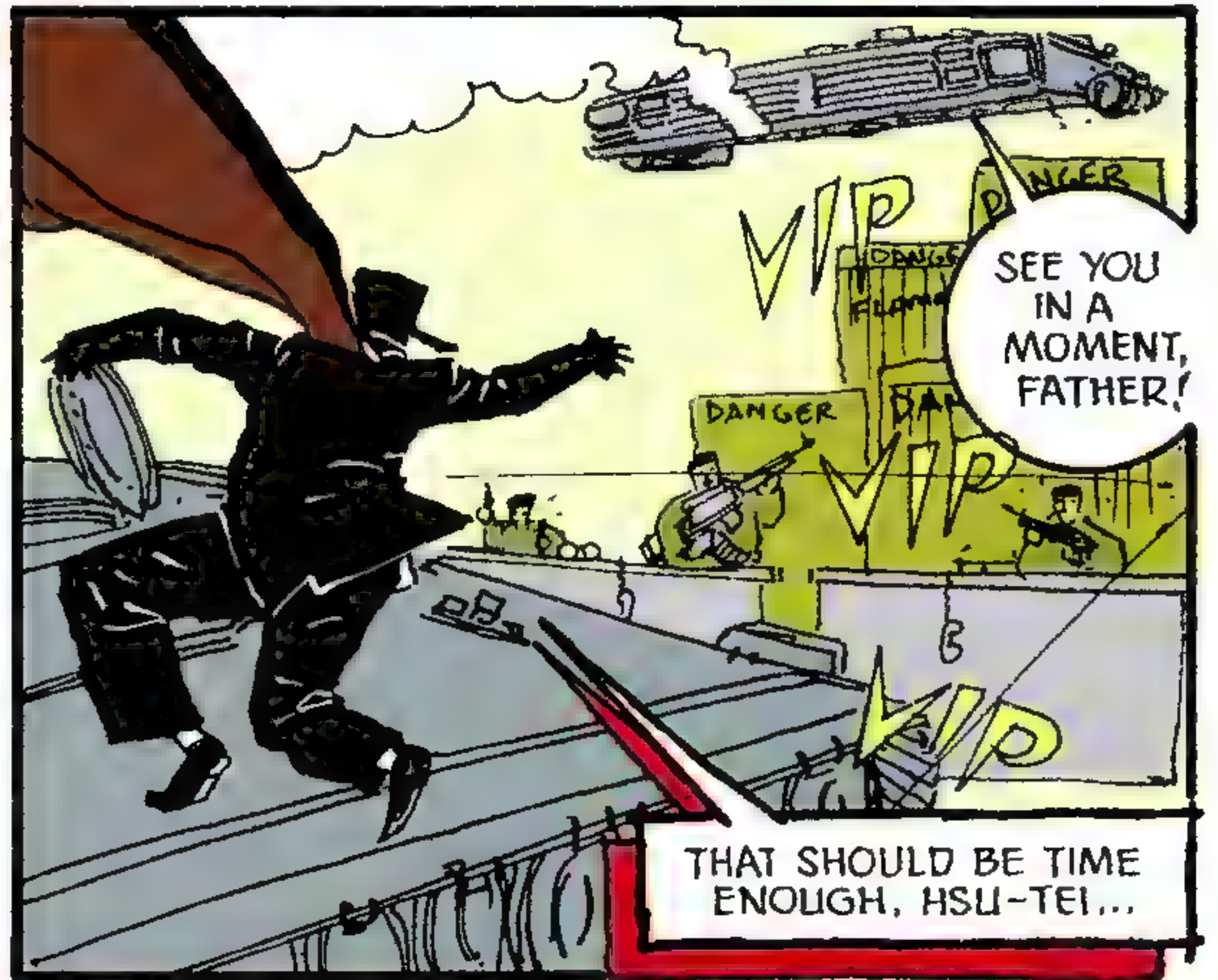
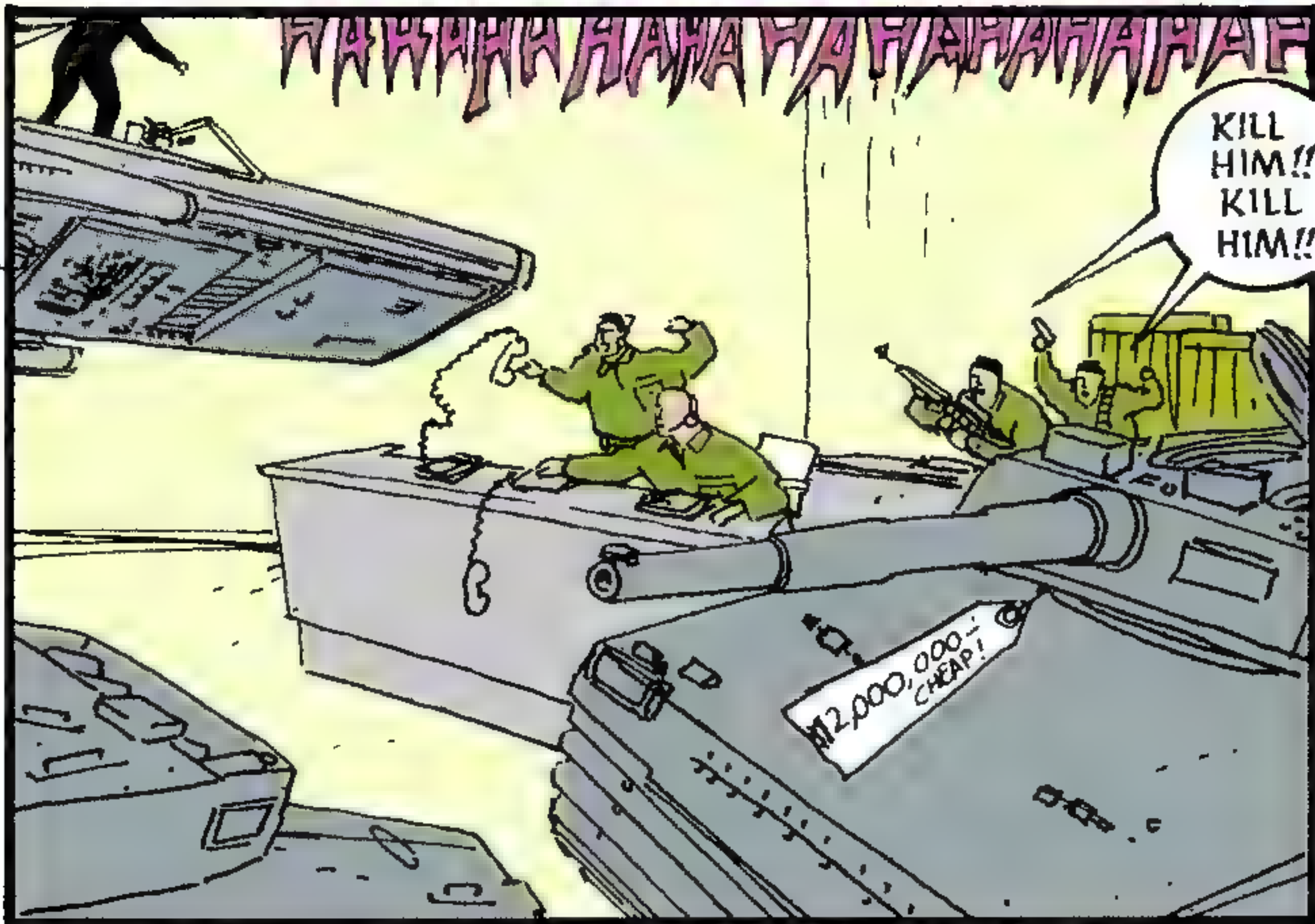
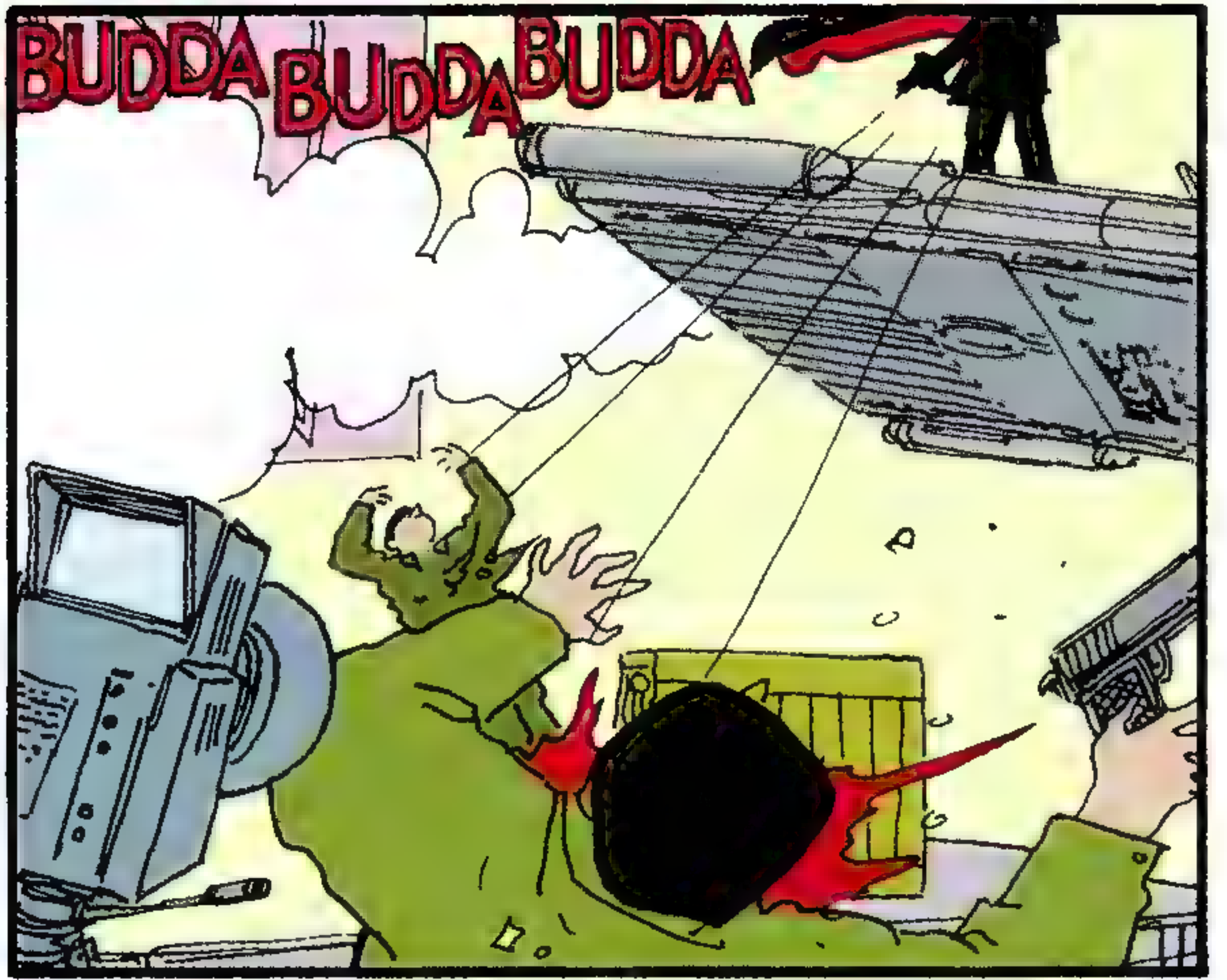
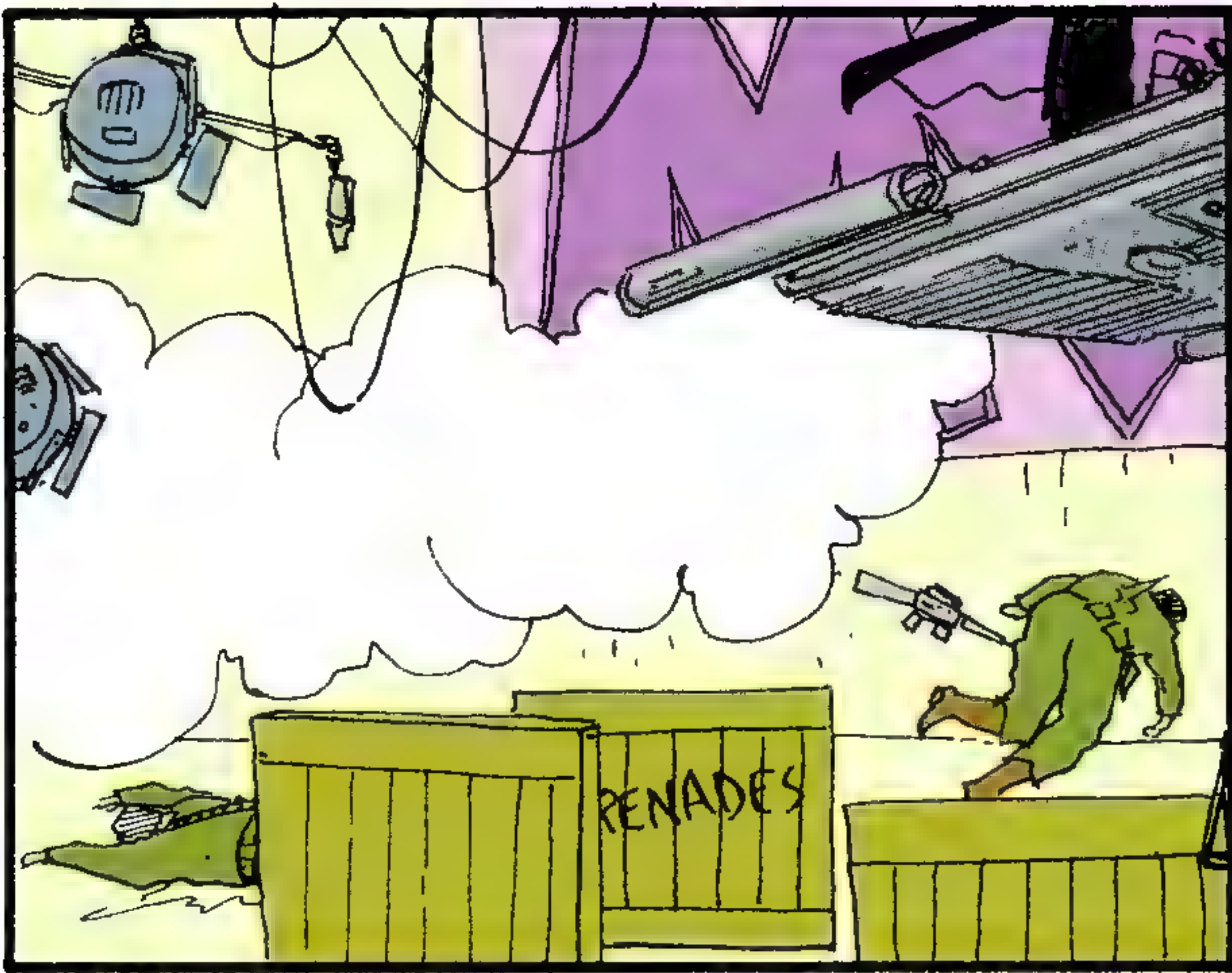
SCENARY VALUE NETWORK

FASTER, CHANG. WE HAVE A SHOW TO PRODUCE...

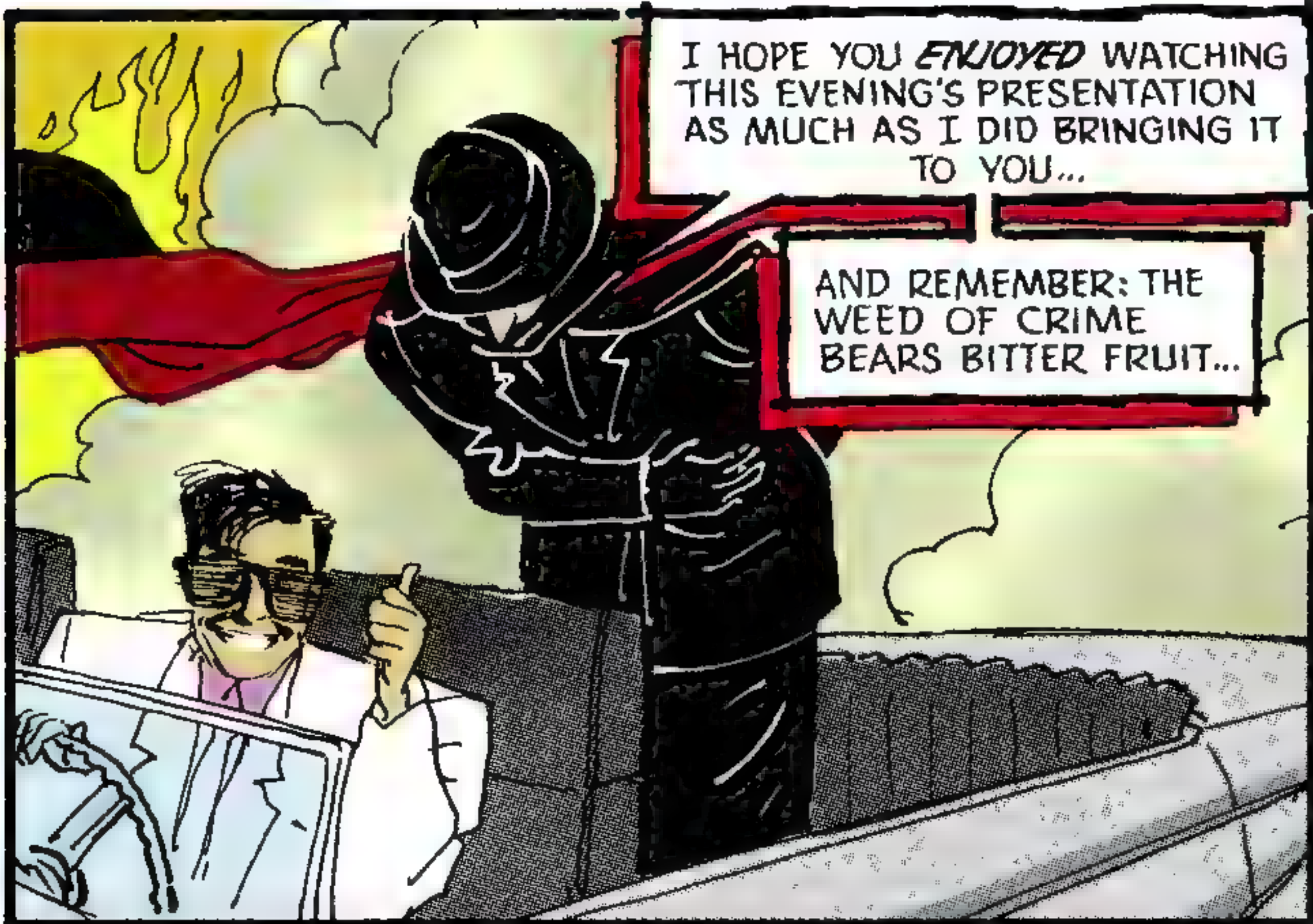
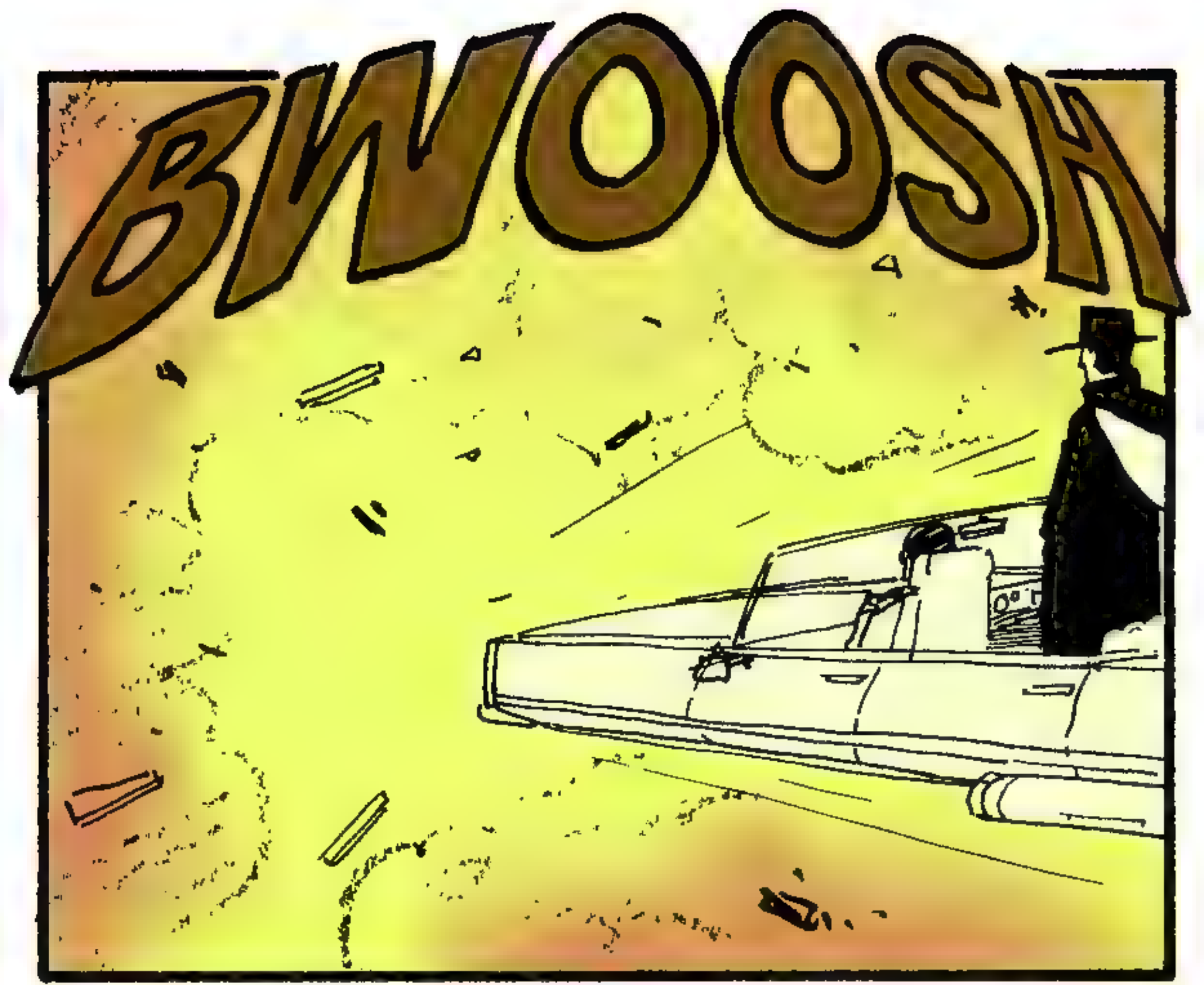
SCENARY VALUE NETWORK

A MOMENT--

YOU ARE ON THE AIR, FATHER.

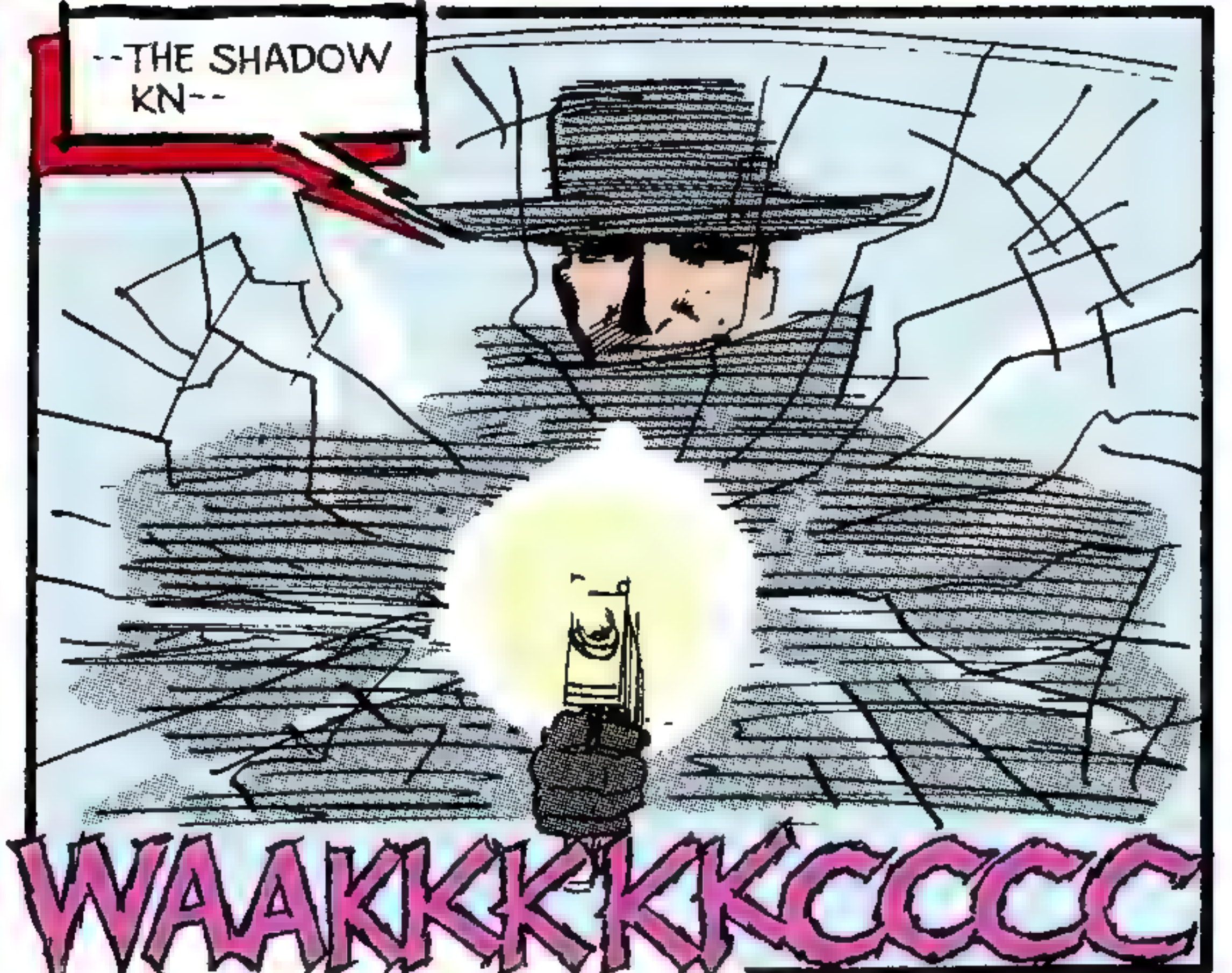


UH-OH.



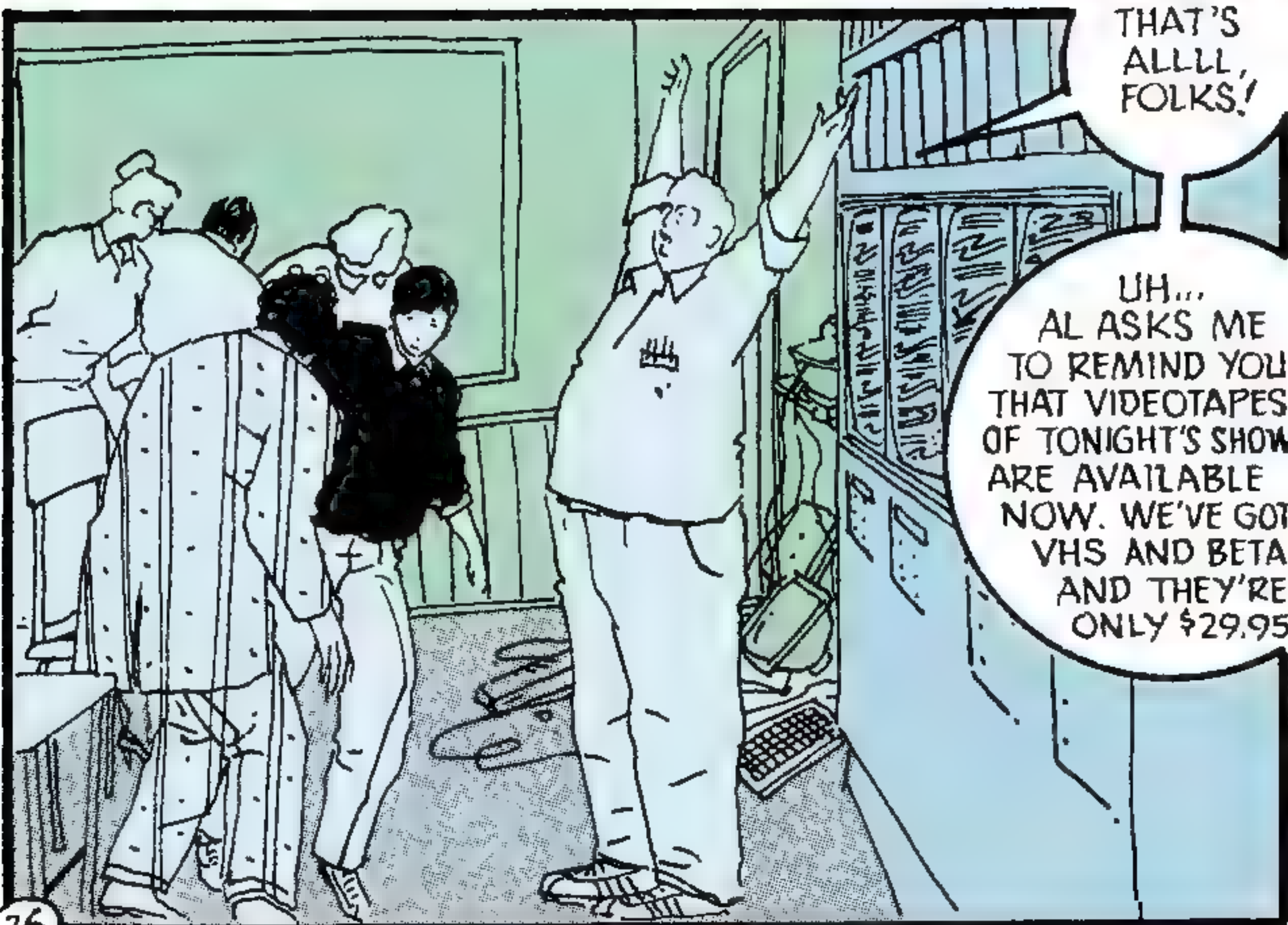
I HOPE YOU *ENJOYED* WATCHING THIS EVENING'S PRESENTATION AS MUCH AS I DID BRINGING IT TO YOU...

AND REMEMBER: THE WEED OF CRIME BEARS BITTER FRUIT...



--THE SHADOW KN--

WAAKKKKKCCCC



THAT'S ALLL, FOLKS!

UH... AL ASKS ME TO REMIND YOU THAT VIDEOTAPES OF TONIGHT'S SHOW ARE AVAILABLE NOW. WE'VE GOT VHS AND BETA AND THEY'RE ONLY \$29.95.

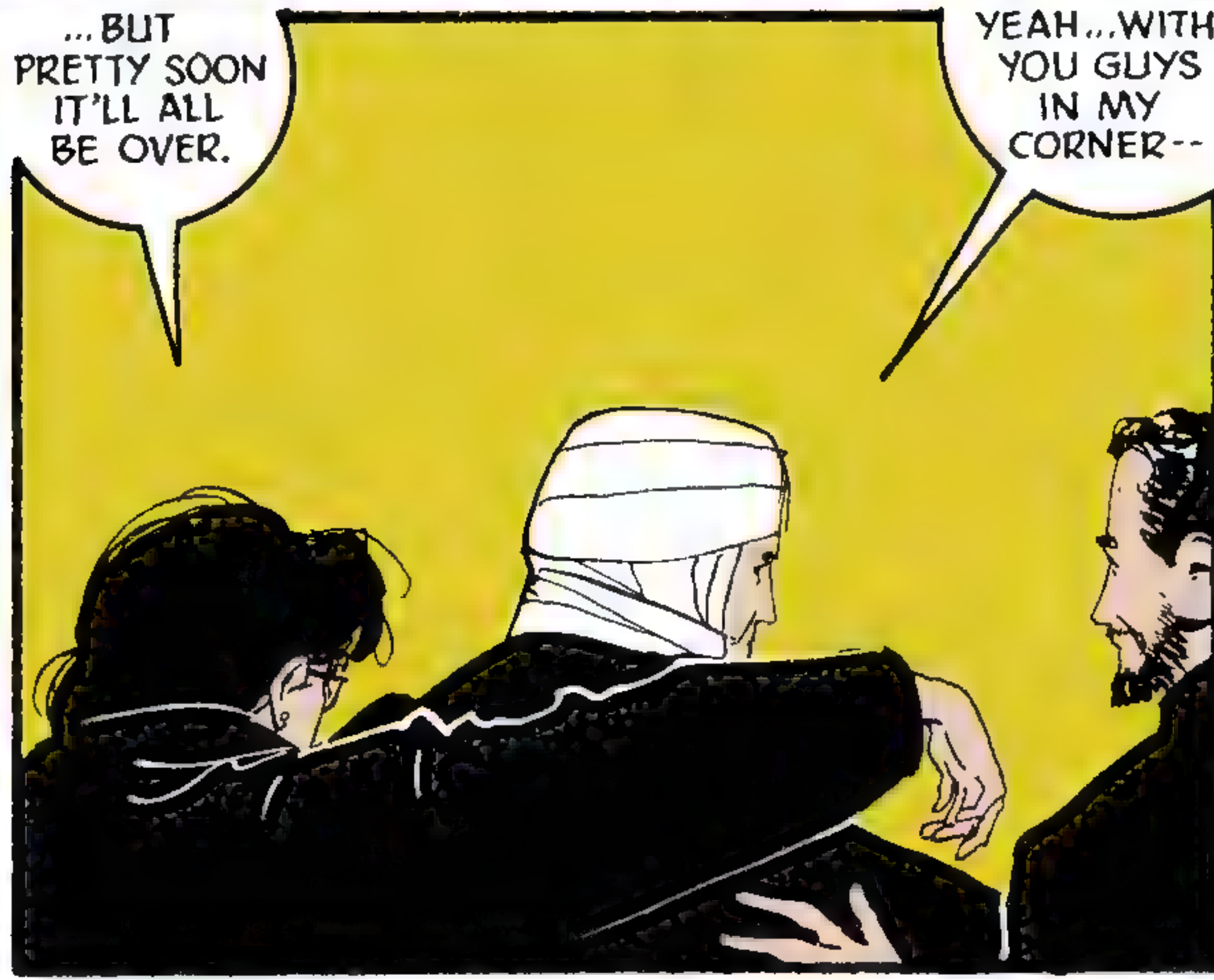
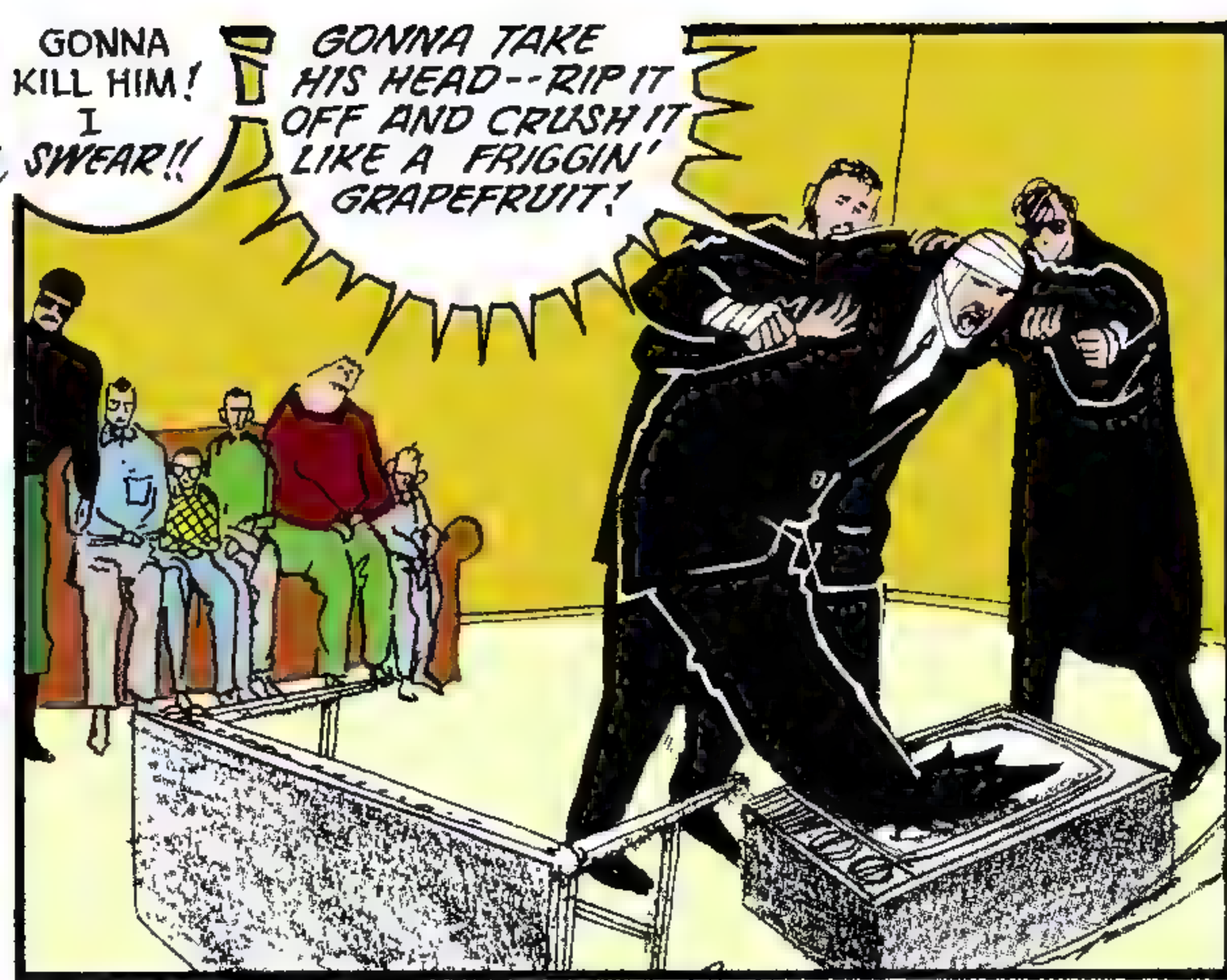
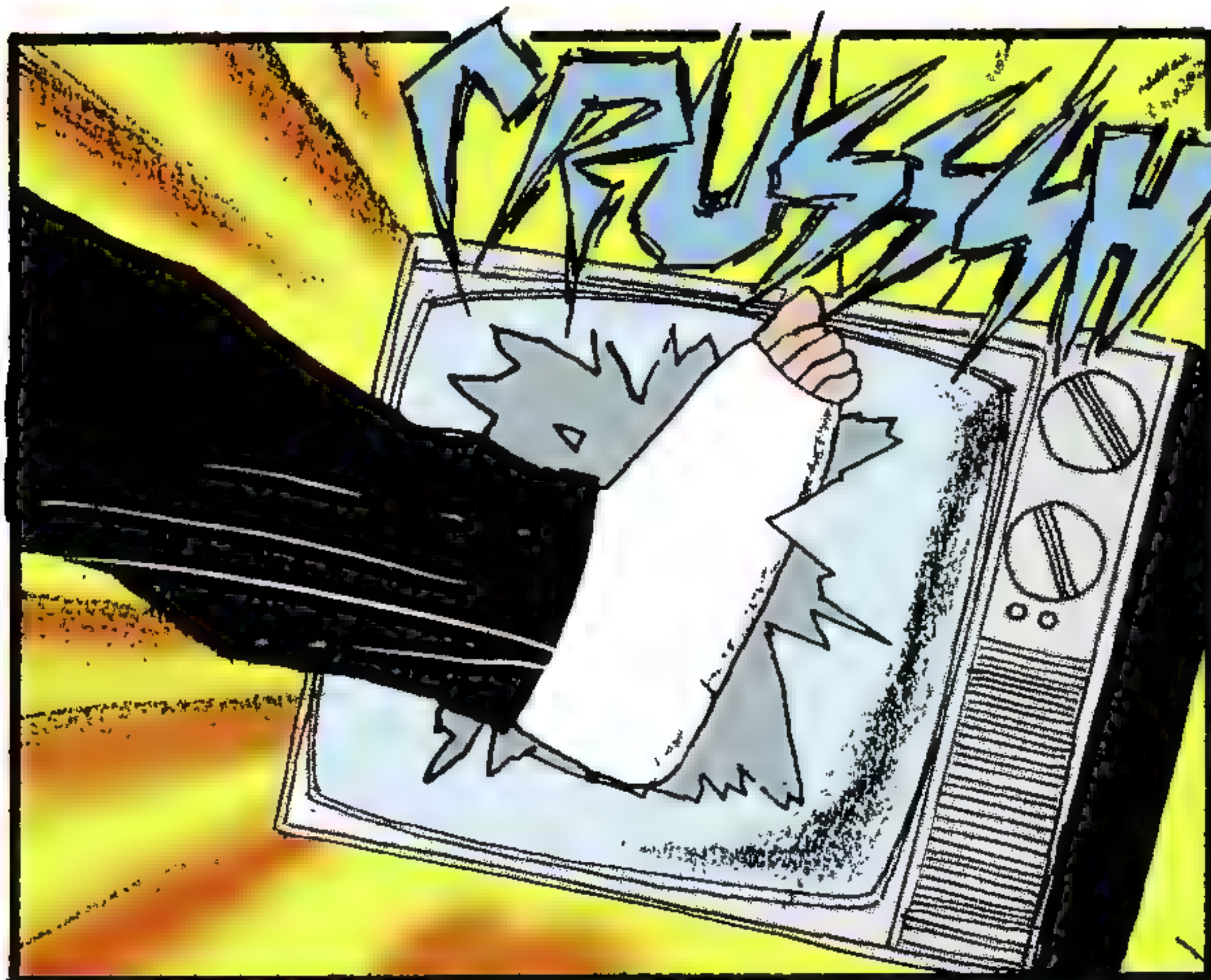
QUITE A PERFORMANCE. NEVER FIGURED THE MASTER TO BE SUCH A *HAM*...

HAM? JUST THINK ABOUT IT-- TO US, IT'S ALL GOOD FUN.. BUT TO M.V.N.'S *REGULAR VIEWERS*, IT'LL BE LIKE THEY SAW THE *DEVIL* HIMSELF!

PROBABLY SET INTERNATIONAL TERRORISM BACK TEN YEARS!

YEAH... I ONLY WONDER WHAT ARTIMUS *FINN* THINKS ABOUT ALL THIS...



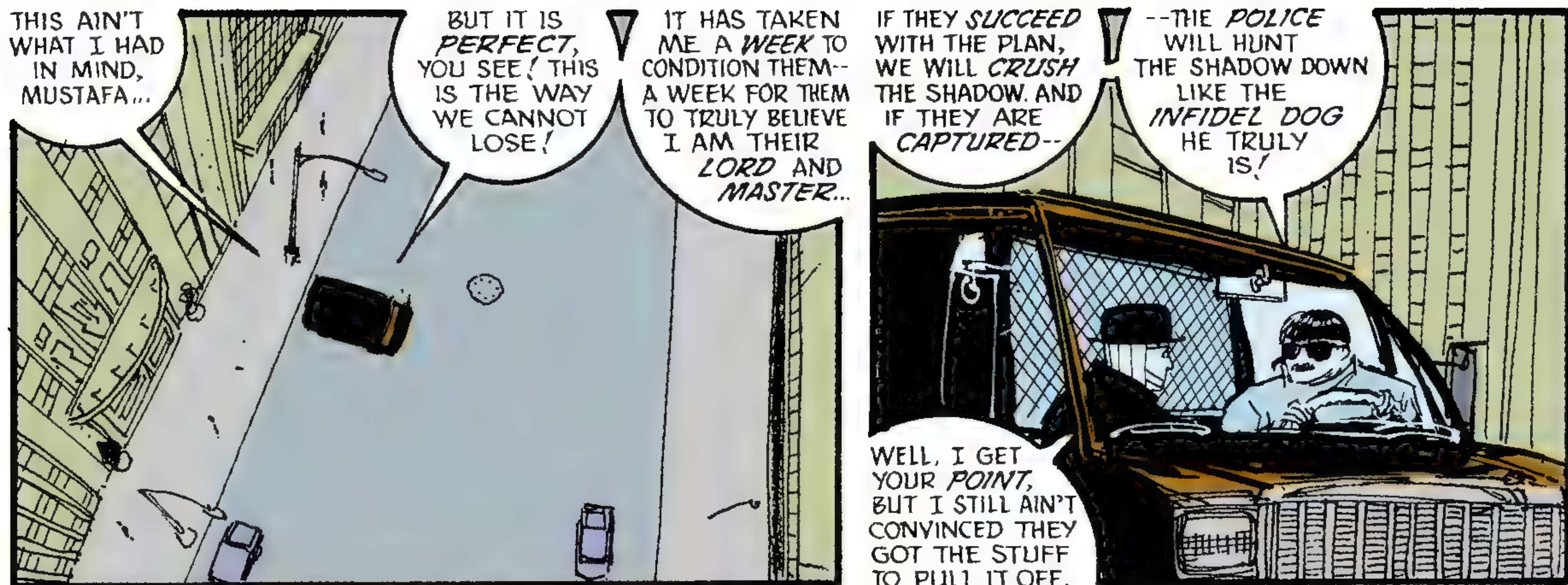


NEXT: DARK SHADOWS



#12

cover art by KYLE BAKER



THIS AIN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND, MUSTAFA...

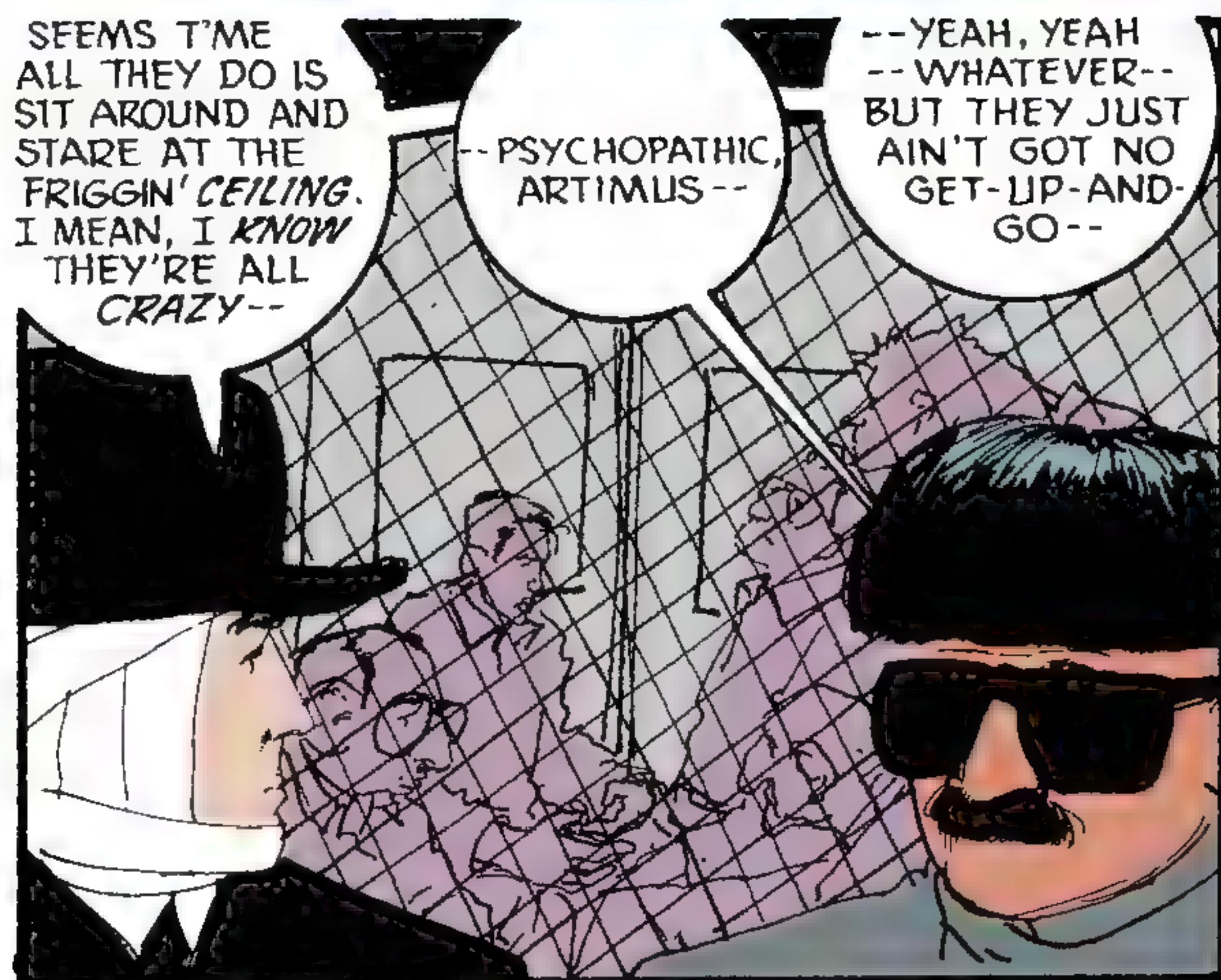
BUT IT IS *PERFECT*, YOU SEE! THIS IS THE WAY WE CANNOT LOSE!

IT HAS TAKEN ME A WEEK TO CONDITION THEM-- A WEEK FOR THEM TO TRULY BELIEVE I AM THEIR LORD AND MASTER...

IF THEY *SUCCEED* WITH THE PLAN, WE WILL *CRUSH* THE SHADOW. AND IF THEY ARE *CAPTURED*--

--THE *POLICE* WILL HUNT THE SHADOW DOWN LIKE THE *INFIDEL DOG* HE TRULY IS!

WELL, I GET YOUR *POINT*, BUT I STILL AIN'T CONVINCED THEY GOT THE STUFF TO PULL IT OFF.



SEEMS T'ME ALL THEY DO IS SIT AROUND AND STARE AT THE FRIGGIN' *CEILING*. I MEAN, I *KNOW* THEY'RE ALL *CRAZY*--

--PSYCHOPATHIC, ARTIMUS--

--YEAH, YEAH --WHATEVER-- BUT THEY JUST AIN'T GOT NO GET-UP-AND-GO--

--UNTIL *PROVOKED*, MY FRIEND. YOU SEE, IN MY NEW GUISE, I CAN SPUR THEM INTO *ACTION*. IT IS QUITE AMAZING TO SEE --

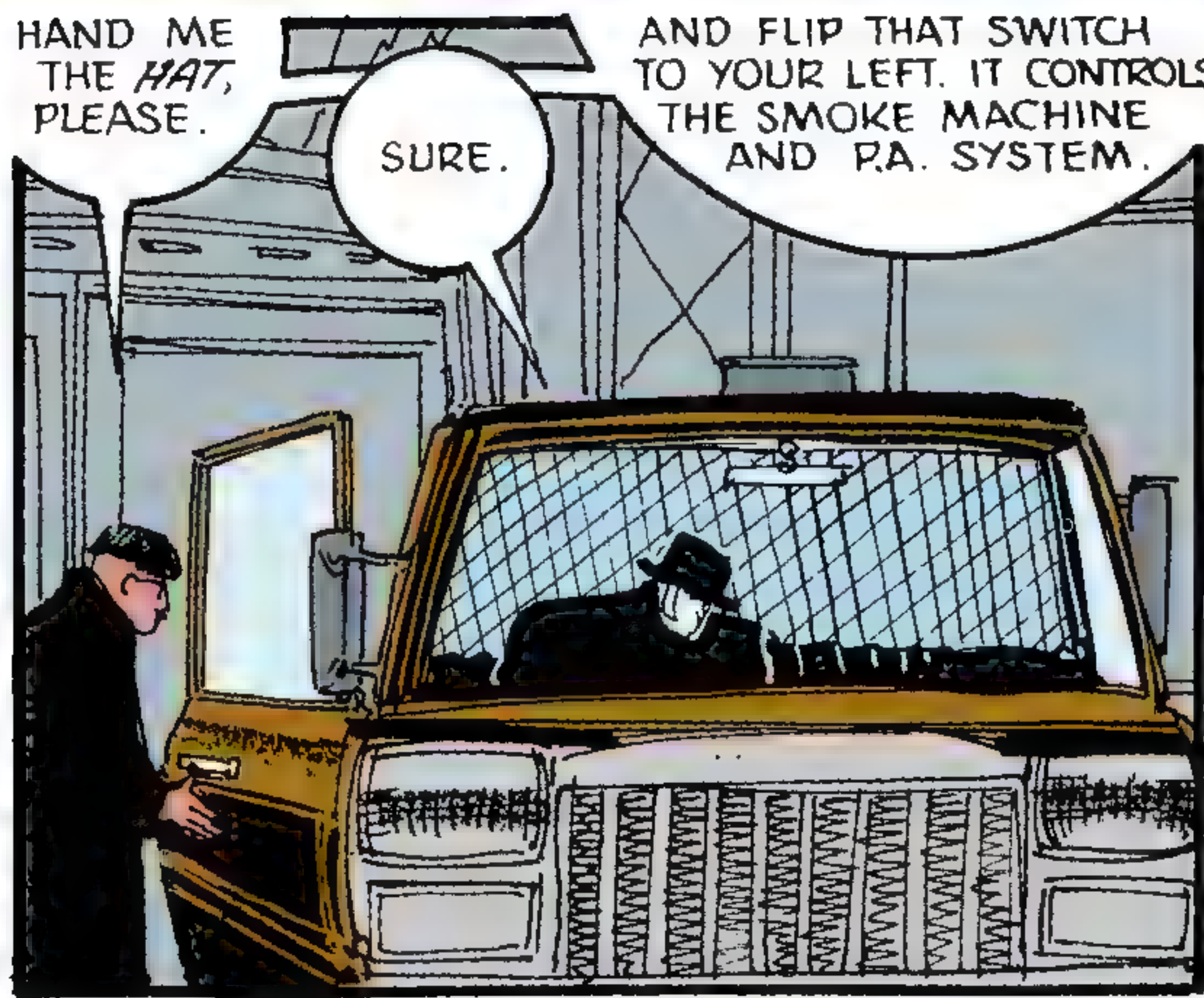
--AND WAS NOT AT ALL DIFFICULT TO ACCOMPLISH, ONCE I CAPITALIZED ON MR. GROSS' ALREADY EXISTING *DELUSION*.



HE BELIEVED THE SHADOW GUIDED HIS MURDEROUS HAND--AND NOW THEY *ALL* DO.

I *STILL* DUNNO 'BOUT THIS, MUSTAFA--

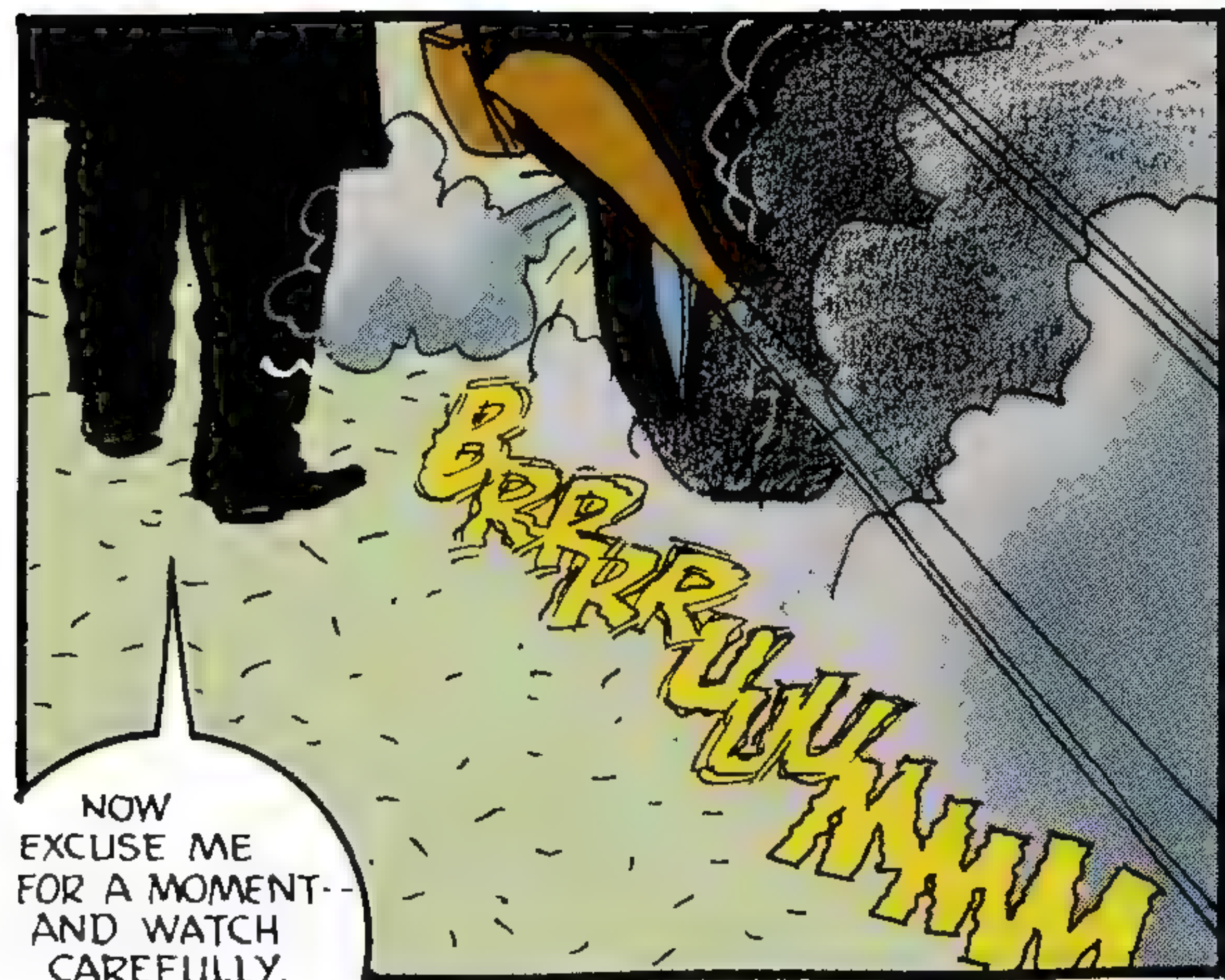
I ANTICIPATED AS MUCH, ARTIMUS THAT IS WHY WE ARE HERE. IT IS TIME FOR A *DEMONSTRATION*.



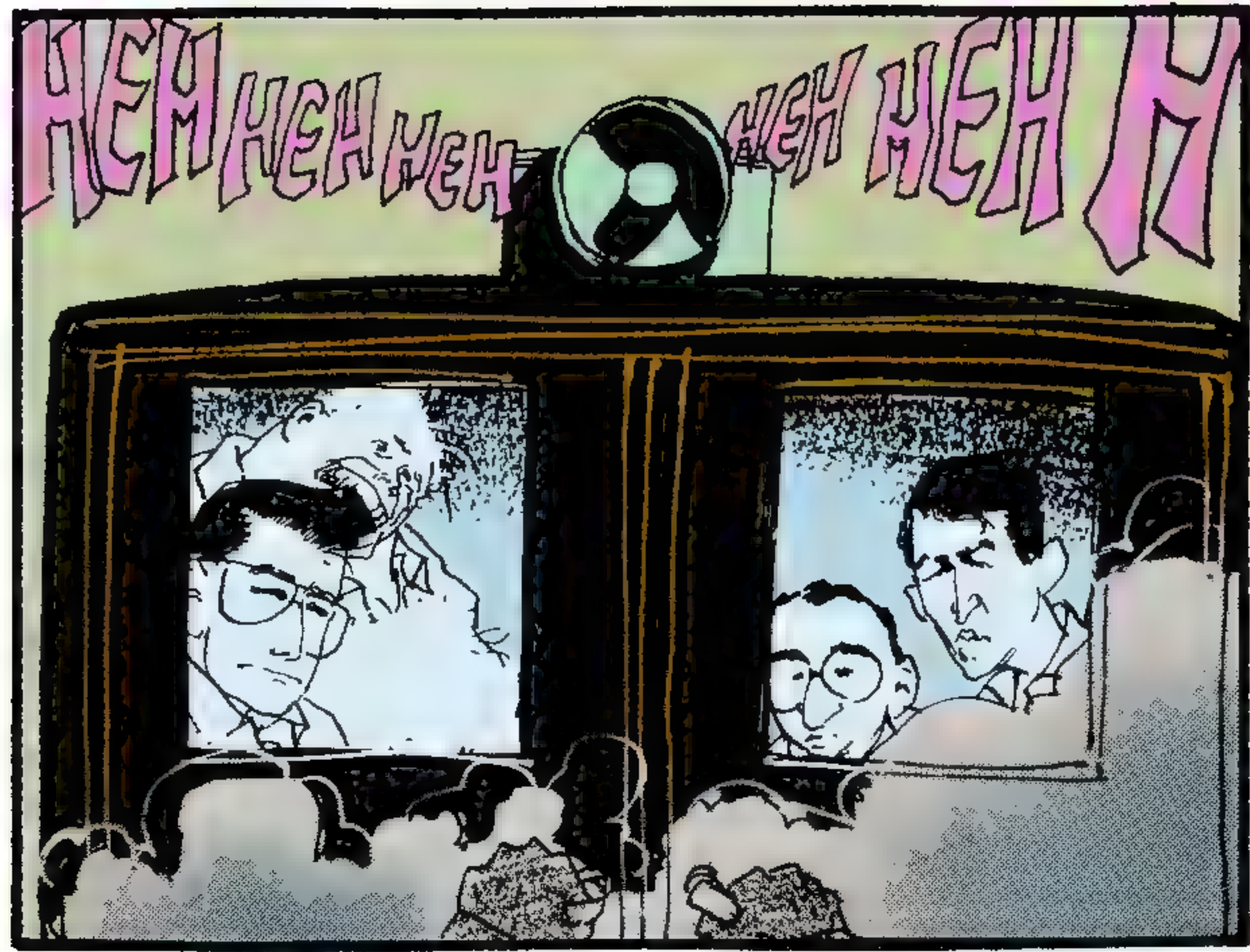
HAND ME THE *HAT*, PLEASE.

SURE.

AND FLIP THAT SWITCH TO YOUR LEFT. IT CONTROLS THE SMOKE MACHINE AND P.A. SYSTEM.



NOW EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT-- AND WATCH CAREFULLY.



HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH

HAHAHAHAHAHA

COME,
MY AGENTS OF
DESTRUCTION...
IT IS TIME TO
WORK.

YOU *KNOW*
WHAT MUST
BE DONE...

RED--

--UH...
I MEAN...

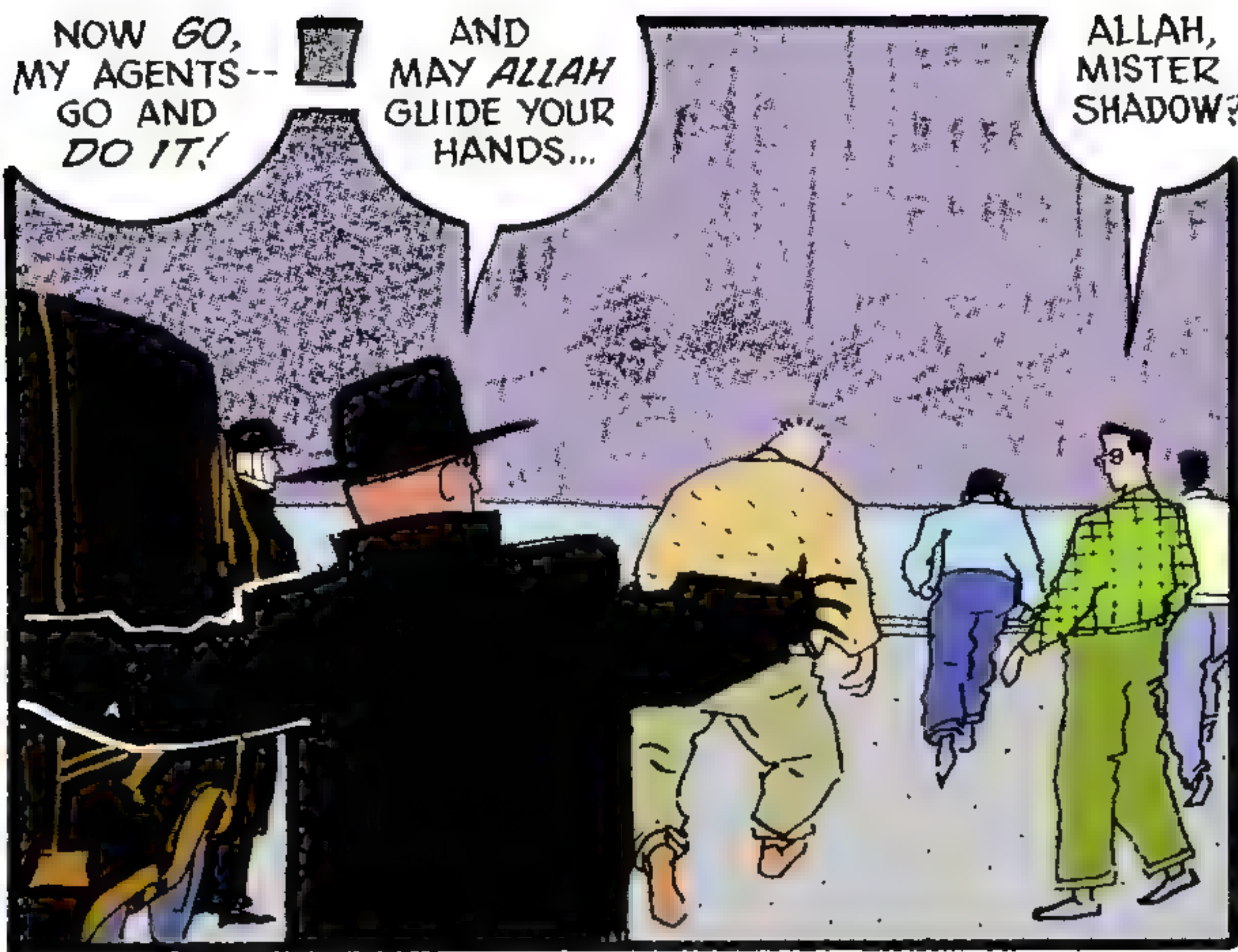
--SHADOW!

G-3847

THE SHADOW

THE SEVEN DEADLY FINNS. PART 5 DARK SHADOWS

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------|----------------------|---|-----------------------|--|-----------------------|
| ANDREW HELFER WRITER | KYLE BAKER ARTIST | A PARABLE FOR THE MASSES BY BOB LAPPAN LETTERER | TOM ZIUKO COLORIST | RENEE WITTERSTAETTER ASSISTANT EDITOR | MIKE CARLIN EDITOR |
|-------------------------|----------------------|---|-----------------------|--|-----------------------|



NOW GO,
MY AGENTS--
GO AND
DO IT!

AND
MAY *ALLAH*
GUIDE YOUR
HANDS...

ALLAH,
MISTER
SHADOW?



UMNNN...
NEVER MIND,
LARRY.

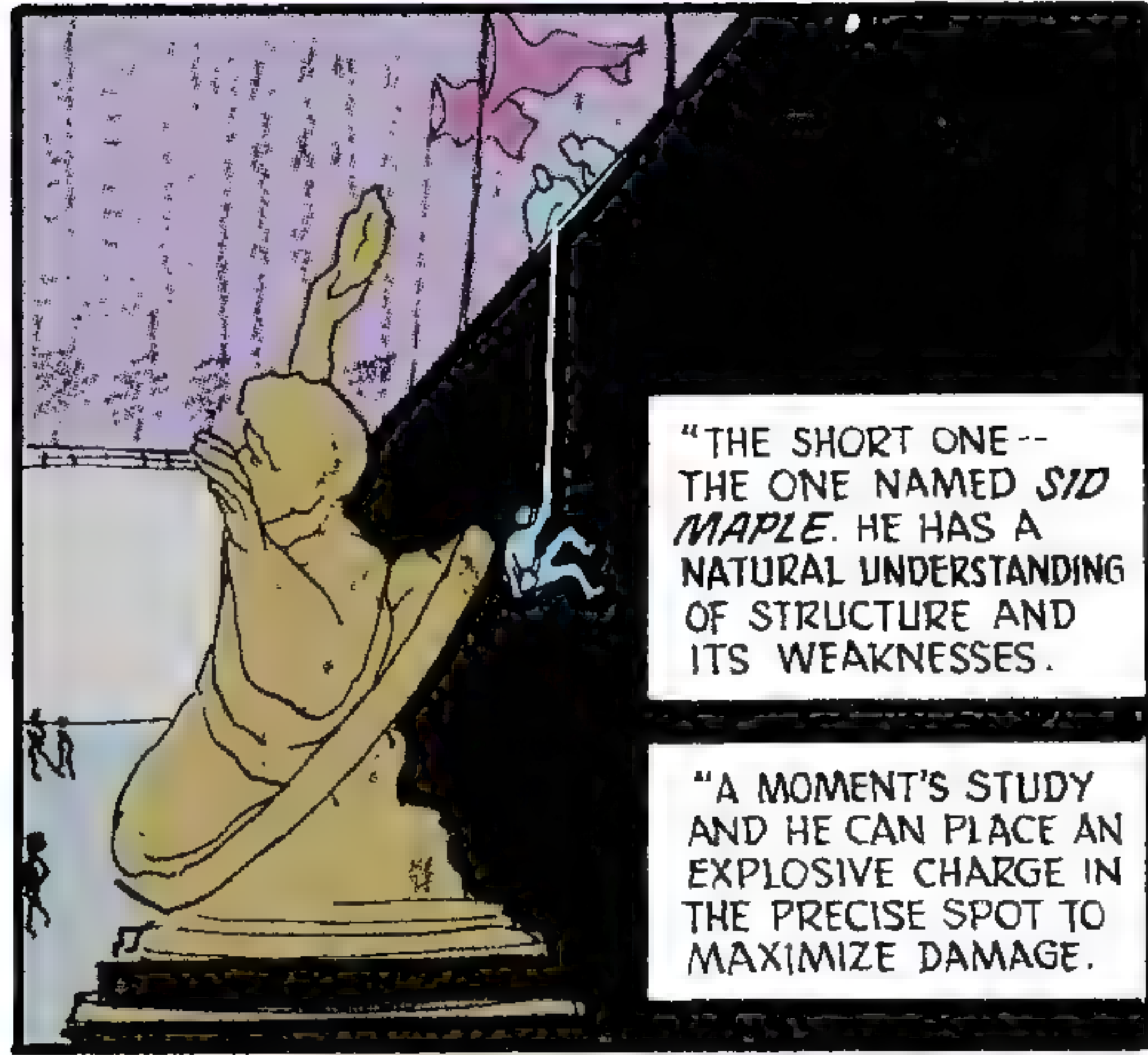
HEY,
MUST--AH--
SHADOW--

YOU MIND
TELLIN' ME
WHAT THEM
PINHEADS ARE
UP TO?



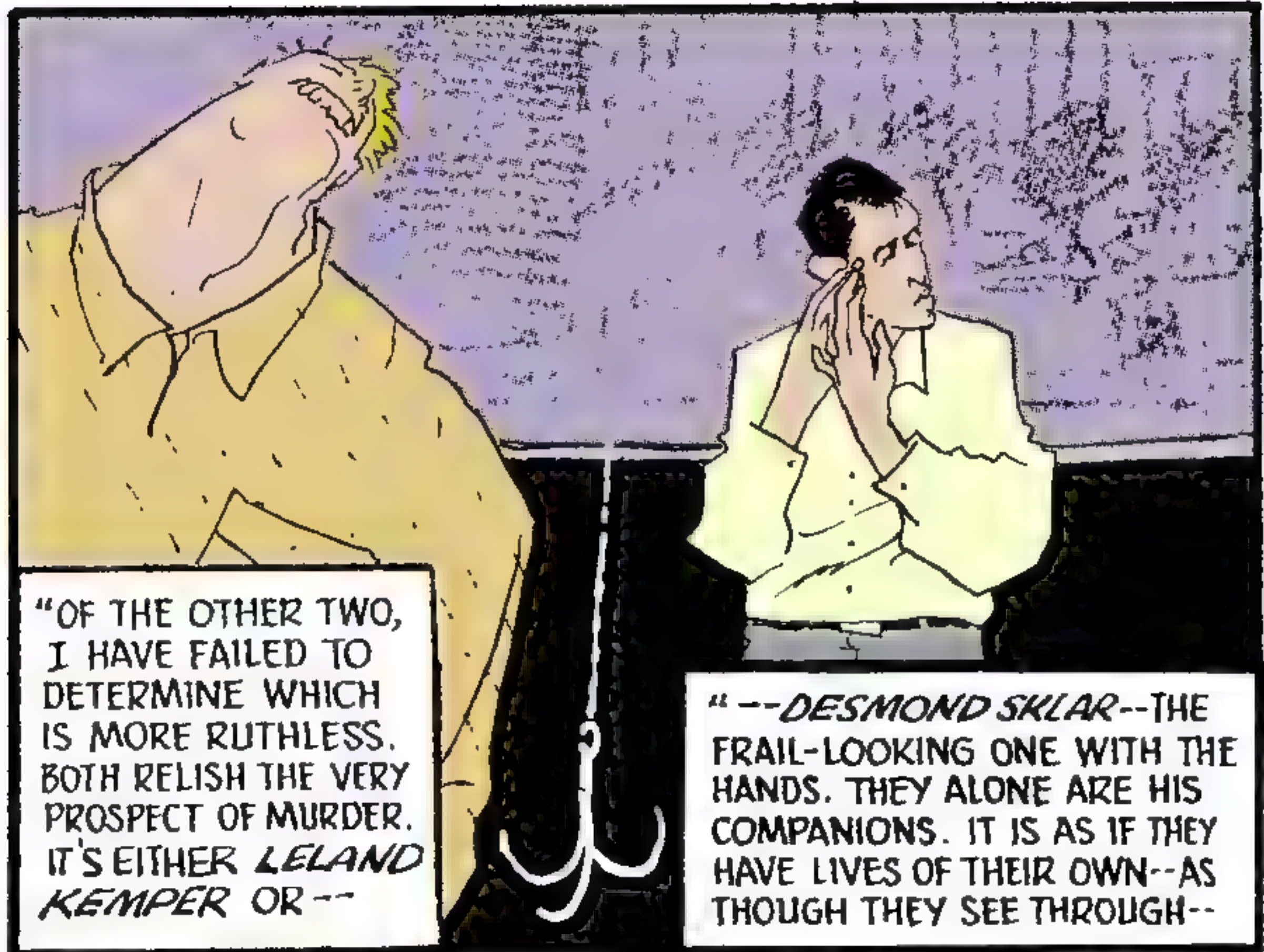
"CERTAINLY, ARTIMUS-- I WILL EXPLAIN
EVERYTHING. AFTER ALL, YOU ARE PAYING
ME *HANDSOMELY* FOR MY SERVICES.

"BUT PLEASE, LET US
RETURN TO THE *VAN*
AND OBSERVE FROM
THERE. IT WILL BE
SAFER THAT WAY..."



"THE SHORT ONE--
THE ONE NAMED *SID*
MAPLE. HE HAS A
NATURAL UNDERSTANDING
OF STRUCTURE AND
ITS WEAKNESSES.

"A MOMENT'S STUDY
AND HE CAN PLACE AN
EXPLOSIVE CHARGE IN
THE PRECISE SPOT TO
MAXIMIZE DAMAGE.



"OF THE OTHER TWO,
I HAVE FAILED TO
DETERMINE WHICH
IS MORE RUTHLESS.
BOTH RELISH THE VERY
PROSPECT OF MURDER.
IT'S EITHER *LELAND*
KEMPER OR--

"--*DESMOND SKLAR*--THE
FRAIL-LOOKING ONE WITH THE
HANDS. THEY ALONE ARE HIS
COMPANIONS. IT IS AS IF THEY
HAVE LIVES OF THEIR OWN--AS
THOUGH THEY SEE THROUGH--



"AH!
NOW WATCH..."

"GEEZ-- THAT'S A *COP*!
CALL 'EM BACK, *MUSTAFA*--
BEFORE THEY GET THEMSELVES--



"CHRIST! HE SNAPPED THE GUY'S
NECK LIKE IT WAS A *CRACKER*!"

"AND HE HAS REMARKABLE
REFLEXES. AS SWIFT AS
THE WIND ITSELF."

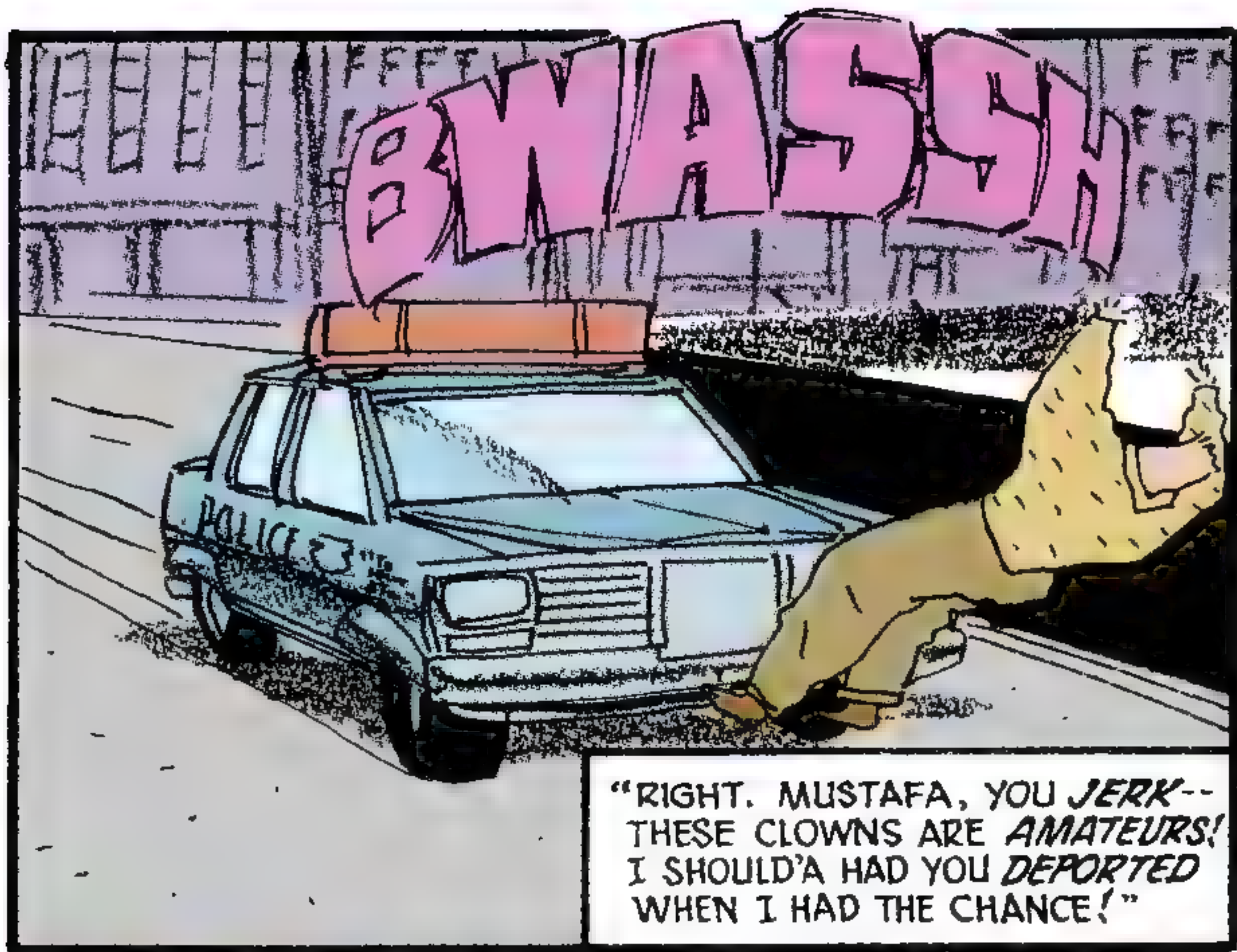
"LISSEN, *MUSTAFA*-- WE
GOTTA GET THE HELL
OUTTA HERE BEFORE--"

weeeoo weeeoo weeeoo

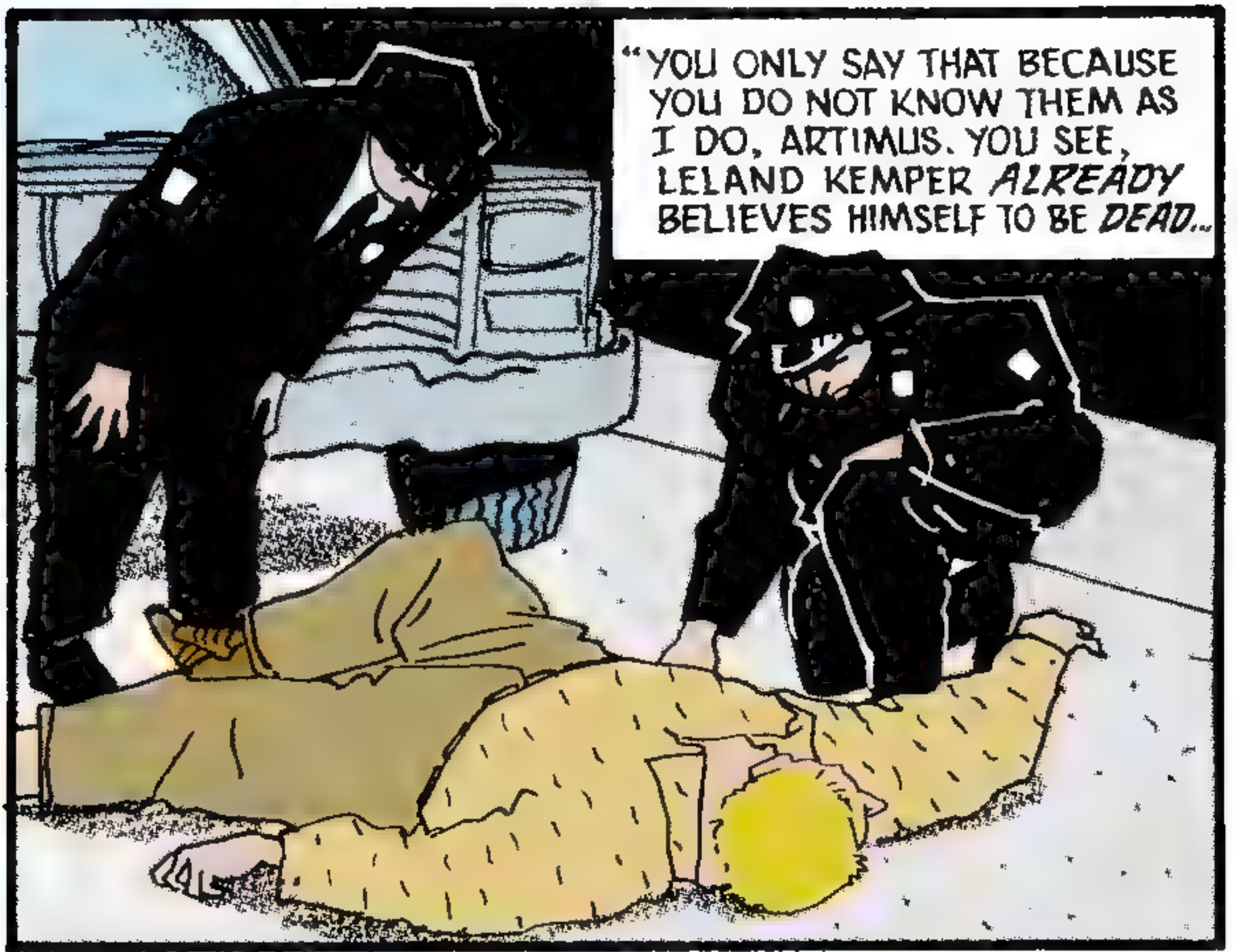


- GIMME THE *KEYS*,
MUSTAFA-- GIMME
THE *STINKIN'*
KEYS!!

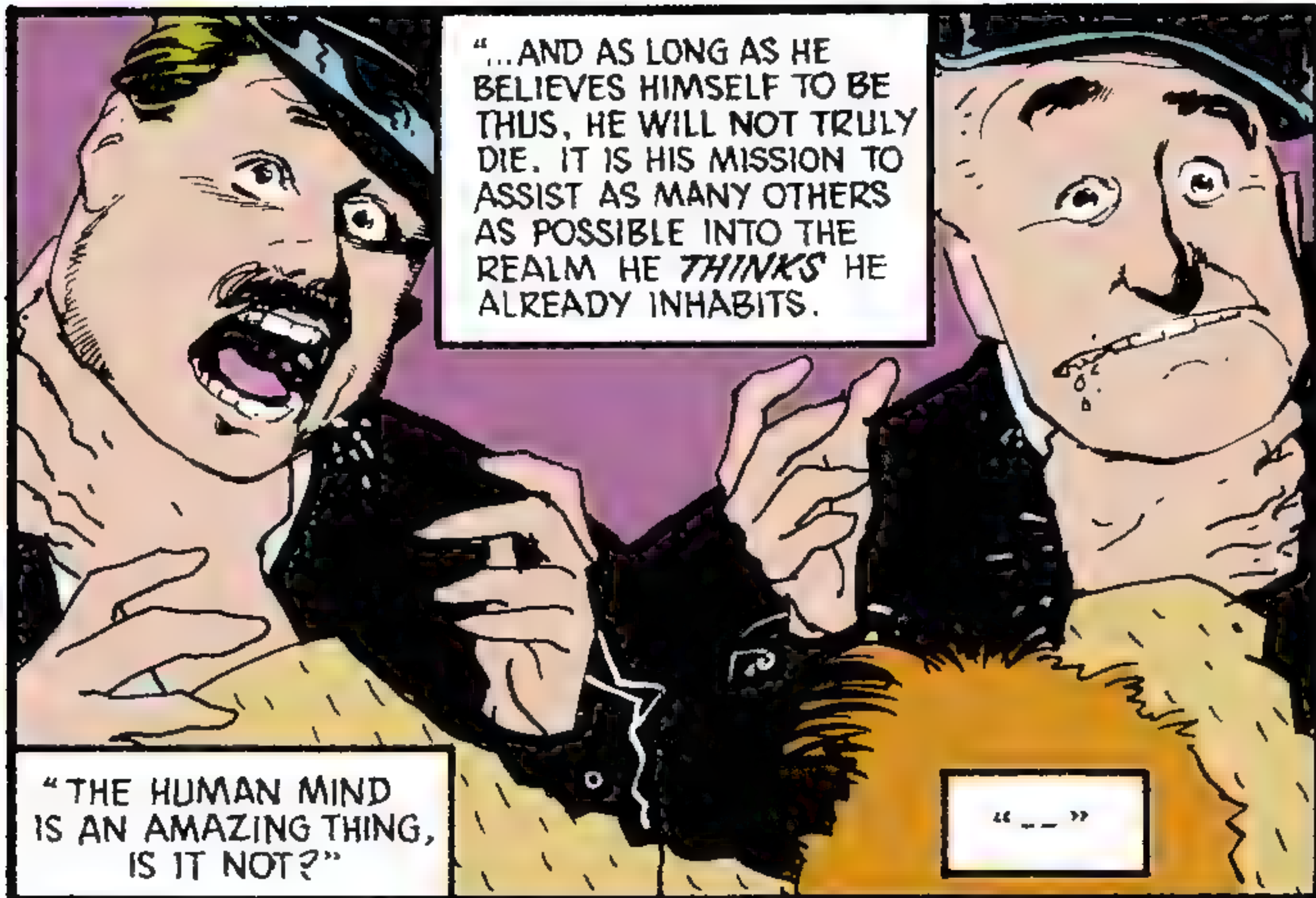
PLEASE, *ARTIMUS*.
CONTROL YOURSELF. THERE
IS NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.
LOOK, *KEMPER* ALREADY
HAS THE SITUATION
UNDER CONTROL.



"RIGHT. MUSTAFA, YOU *JERK*--
THESE CLOWNS ARE *AMATEURS*!
I SHOULD'A HAD YOU *DEPORTED*
WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!"



"YOU ONLY SAY THAT BECAUSE
YOU DO NOT KNOW THEM AS
I DO, ARTIMUS. YOU SEE,
LELAND KEMPER *ALREADY*
BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE *DEAD*..."



"...AND AS LONG AS HE
BELIEVES HIMSELF TO BE
THUS, HE WILL NOT TRULY
DIE. IT IS HIS MISSION TO
ASSIST AS MANY OTHERS
AS POSSIBLE INTO THE
REALM HE *THINKS* HE
ALREADY INHABITS."

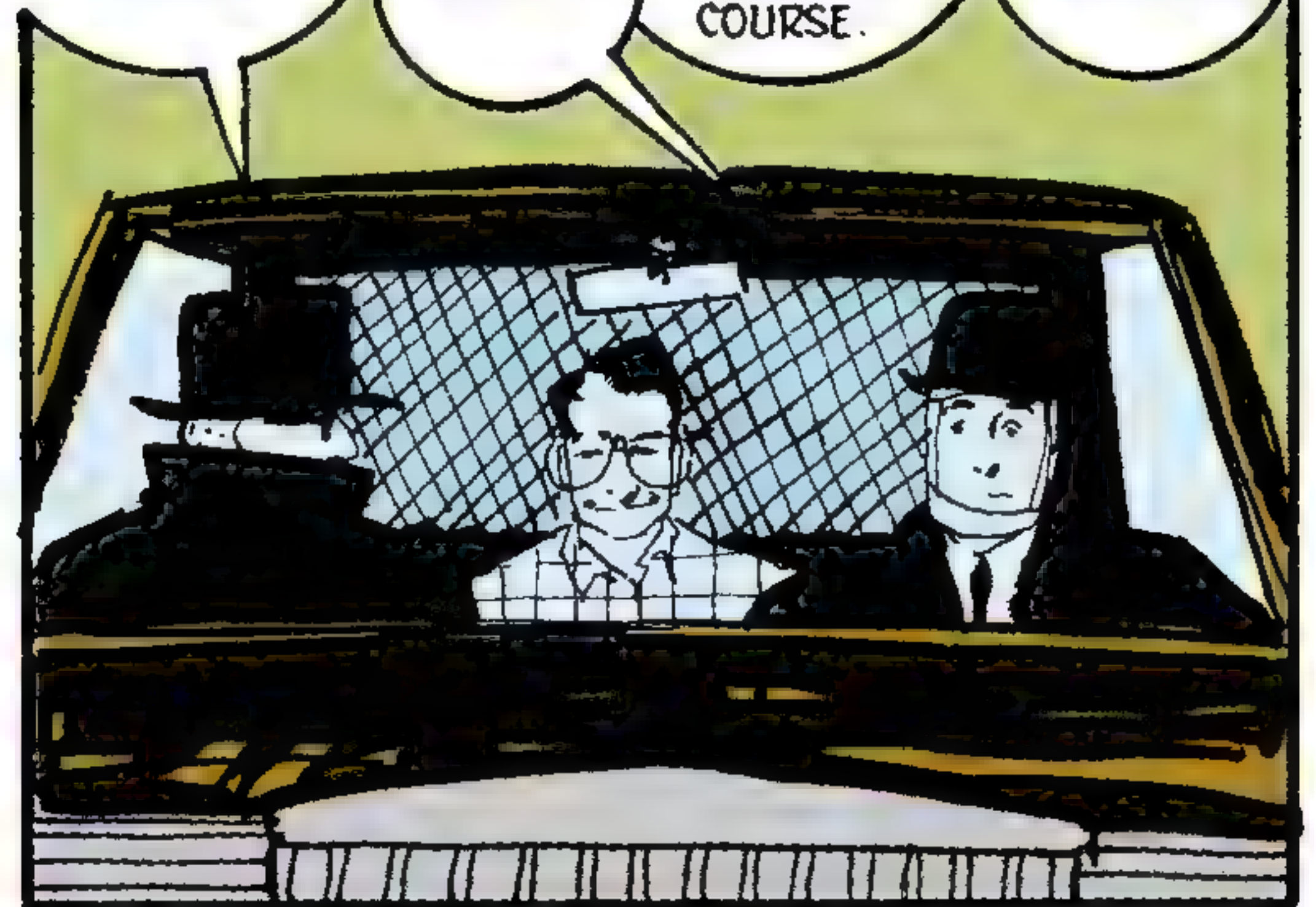
"THE HUMAN MIND
IS AN AMAZING THING,
IS IT NOT?"

WHAT IS IT,
ARTIMUS--HAS
THE MONGOOSE
CAUGHT YOUR
TONGUE?

WHA--?

NEVER MIND.
I SEE THE
DEMONSTRATION
IS ABOUT TO
RUN ITS
COURSE.

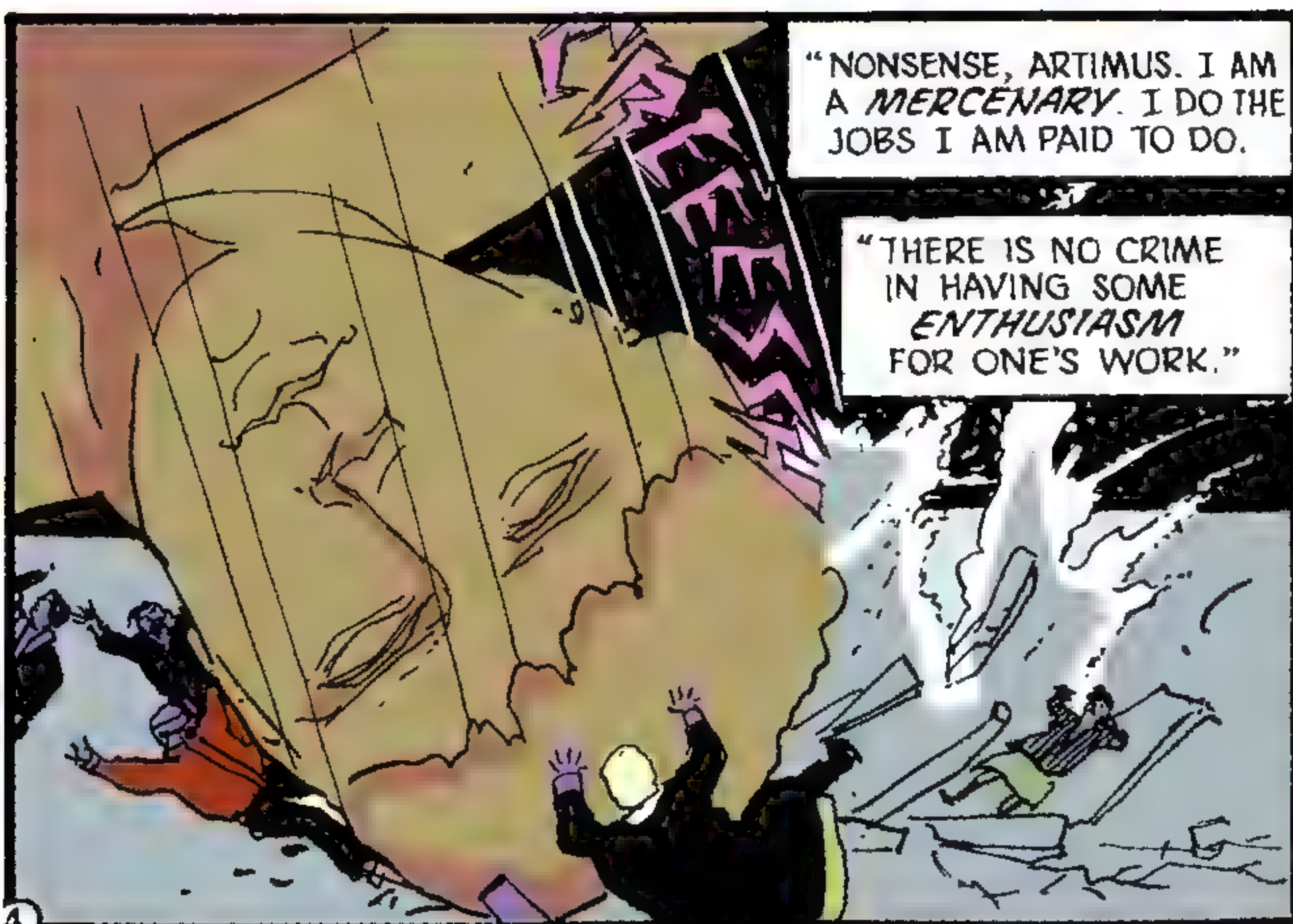
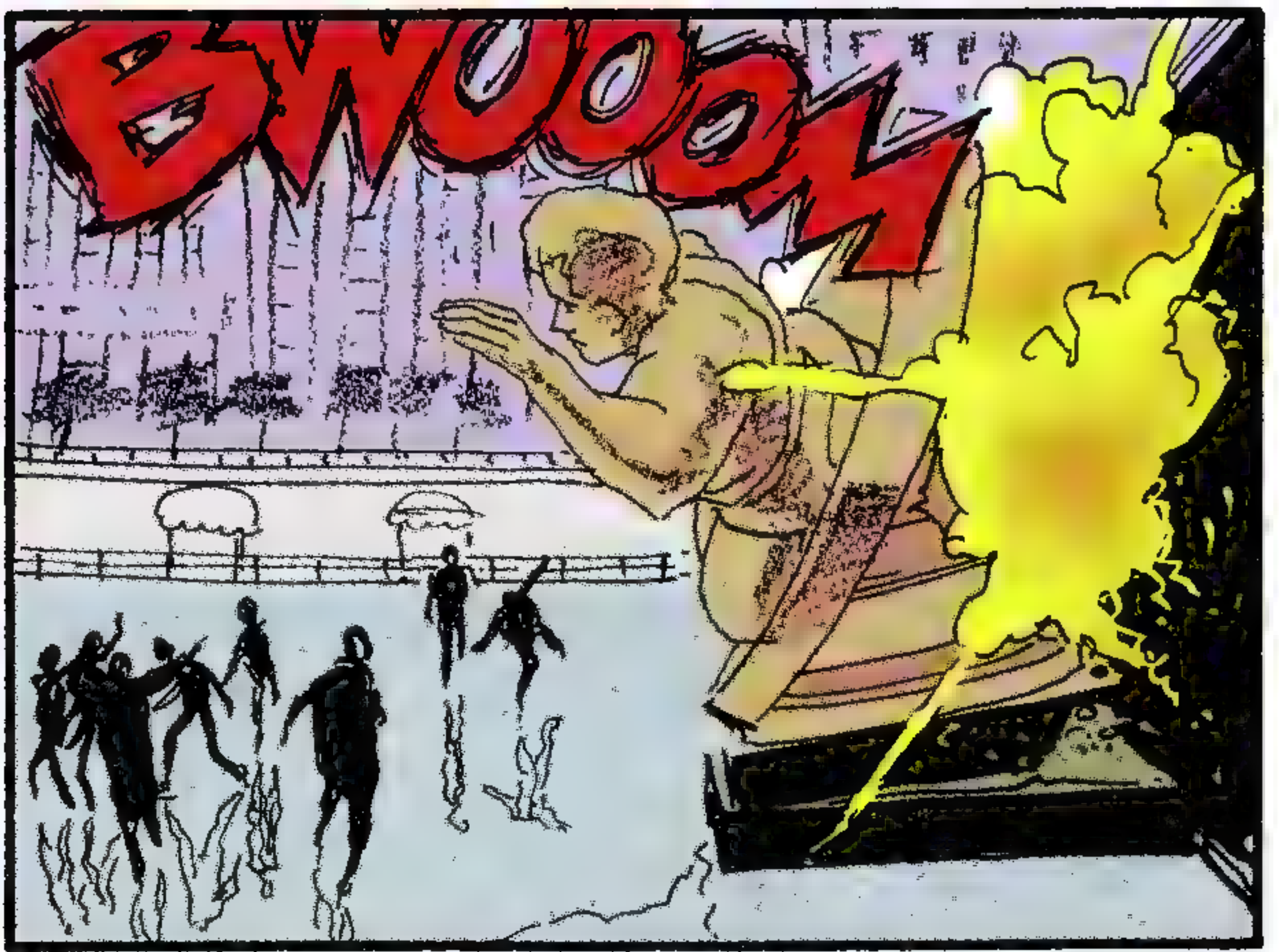
ALL THAT
REMAINS
IS THE
CONCLUSION.



OBSERVE
THE STATUE
ABOVE THE
RINK.

FOR MORE THAN
FIFTY YEARS, IT HAS
WATCHED OVER
FRIVOLOUS *TOURISTS*...
DECADENT
THRILL-SEEKERS...
CAPITALIST--

UHH...MUSTAFA...
I'M STARTIN' TO
FEEL LIKE YOU GOT
SOME KINDA
PERSONAL STAKE
IN ALL THIS...



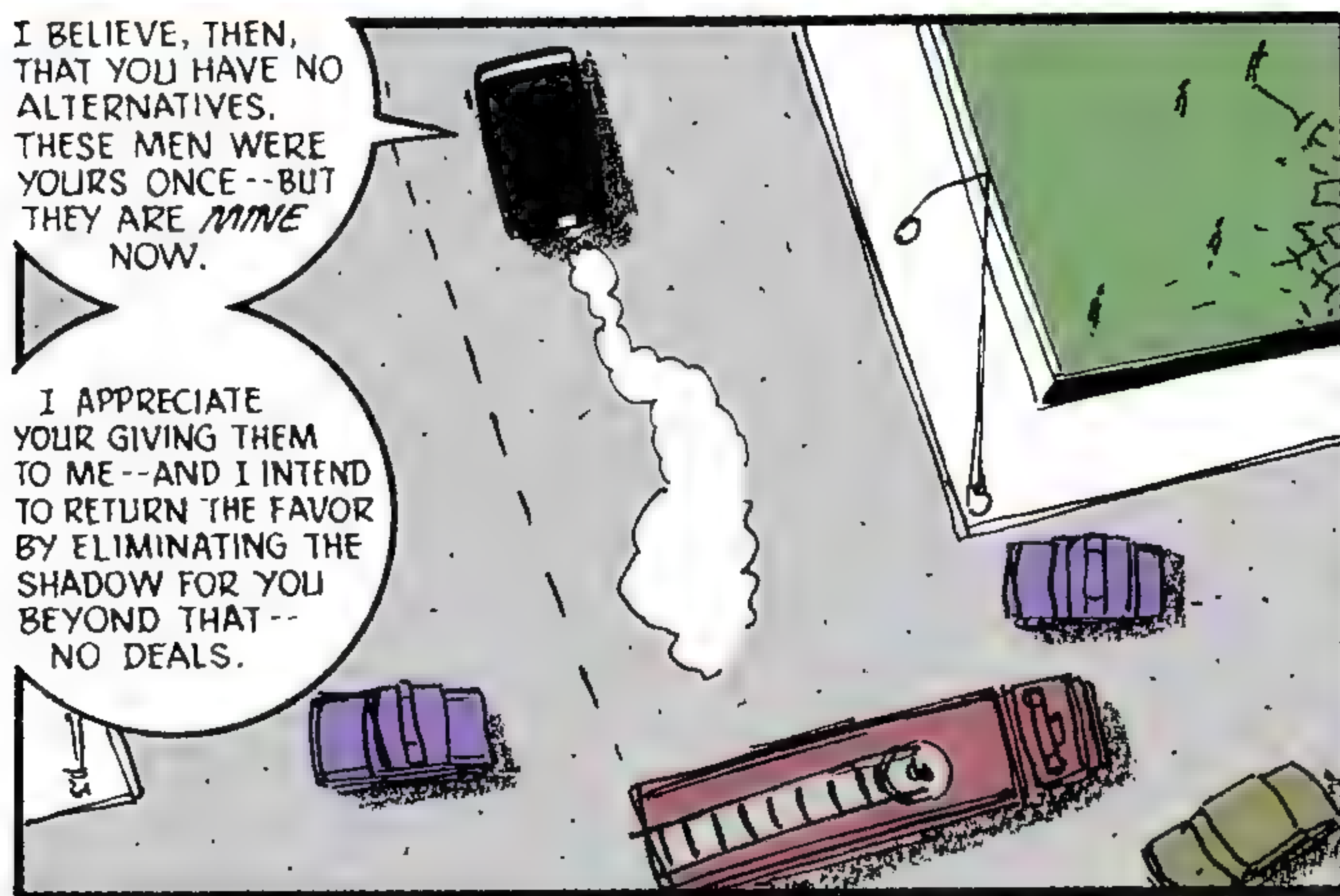
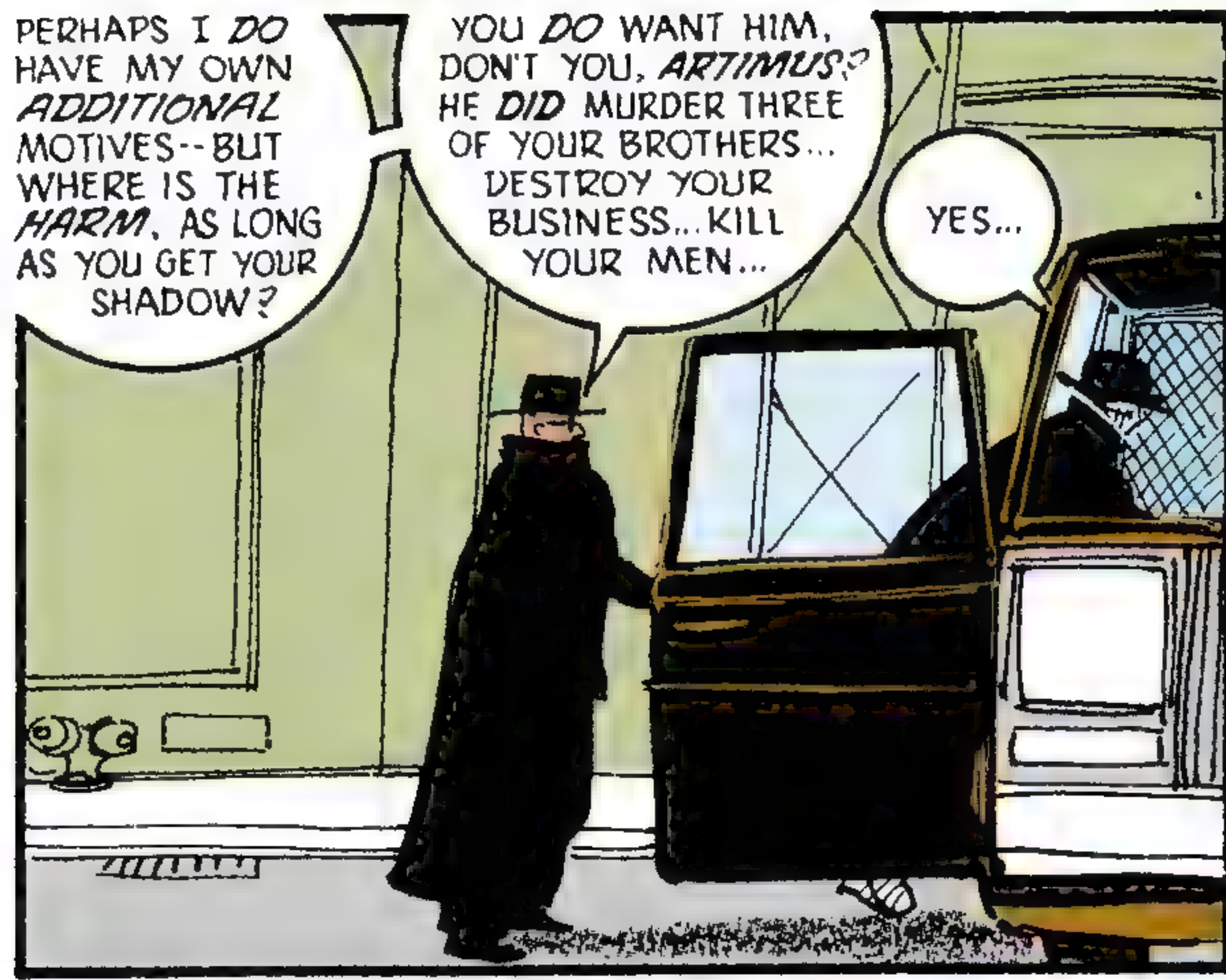
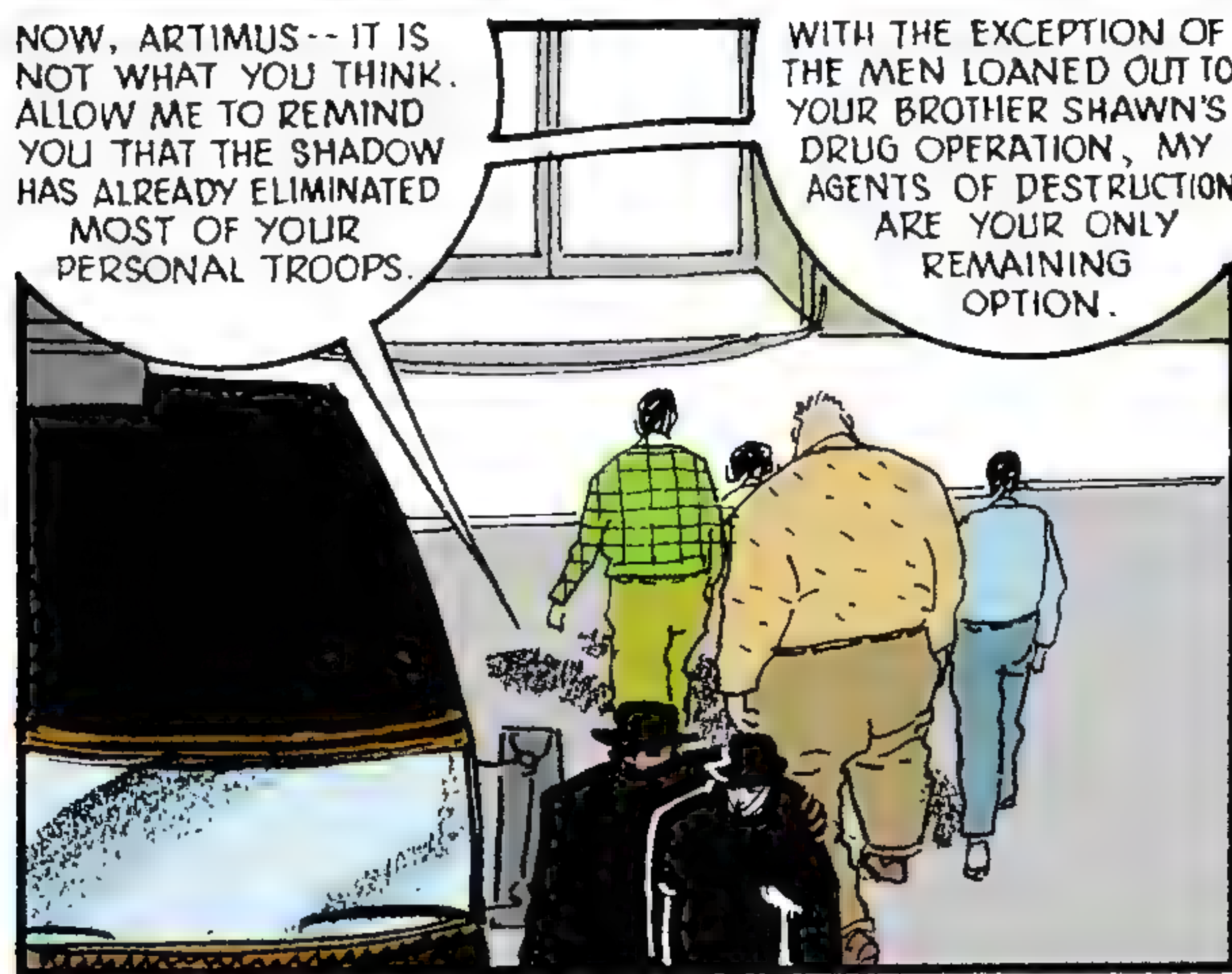
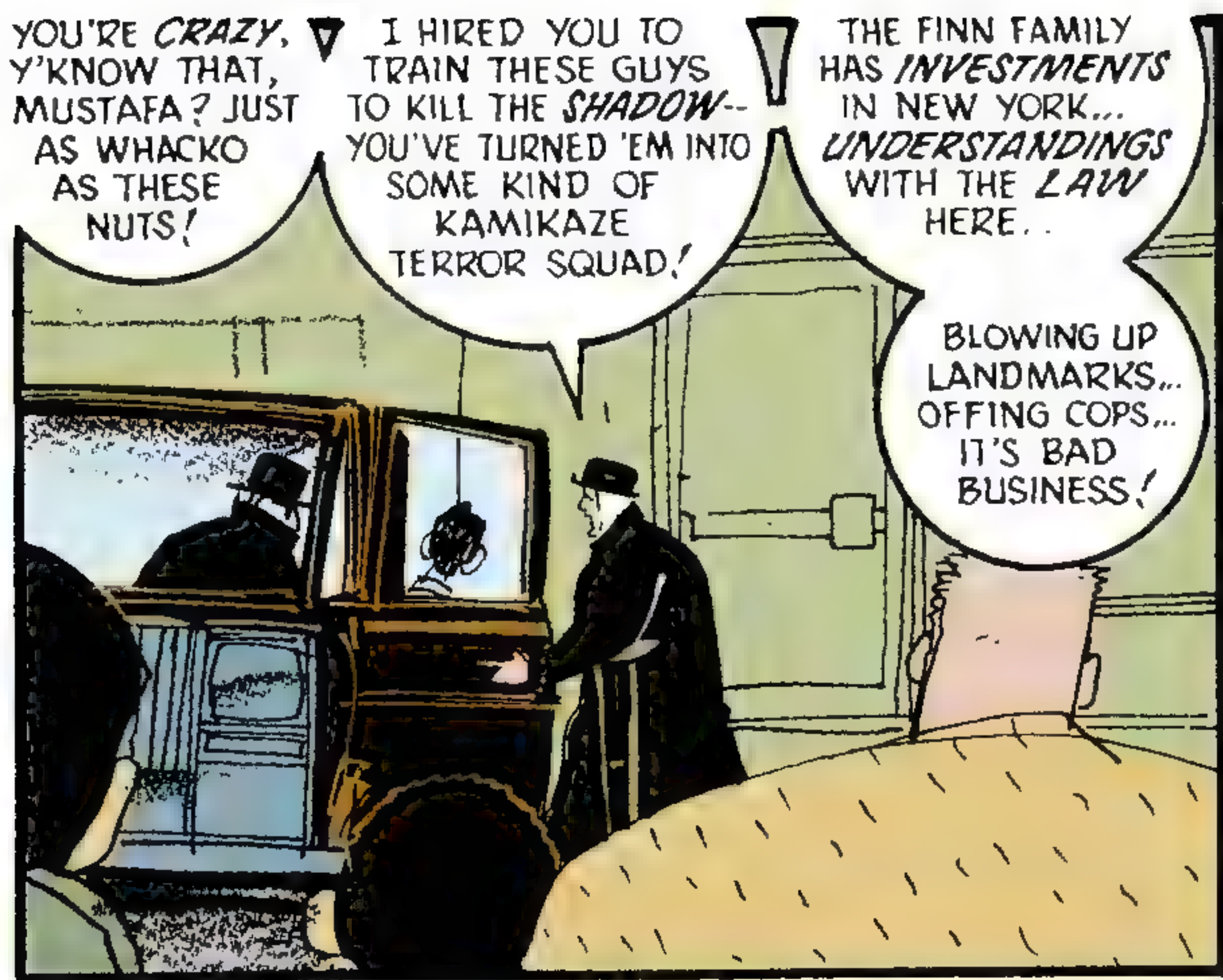
"NONSENSE, ARTIMUS. I AM
A *MERCENARY*. I DO THE
JOBS I AM PAID TO DO."

"THERE IS NO CRIME
IN HAVING SOME
ENTHUSIASM
FOR ONE'S WORK."



AHH...THE
PRODIGAL SONS
RETURN TO THE
ROOST...

I DON'T
BELIEVE THIS...
YOU KILLED THEM...
FIRST THE COPS. THEN
SOME *STUPID* TOURISTS...
FOR A DEMONSTRATION...



IT HAS BEEN
A LONG STUDY
A LIFETIME
STUDY.

SINCE I
VAS A BOY.
VERY LITTLE.
I REMEMBER
VEN IT BEGAN.
I CUT MY FINGER.
HERE.
ON ZE TIP.

MOTHER
WOULD BE UPSET--
SHE WOULD TELL ME
NOT TO PLAY MIT
DER RUSTY NAILS.
HIT ME, MAYBE.



AS ZE
INFECTION
GREW,
I BECAME
EVER MORE
FASCINATED

EACH DAY BROUGHT
NEW ZURPRISES. A
GREEN OOZE ONE
DAY... A BRIGHT
PINK PUSTULE
ZE NEXT.

ZEN ONE DAY--
ZE COLORS LEFT.
ZE WORLD ON MY
FINGERTIP ZUDDENLY
DIED. ZE WOUND
HAD HEALED.



SO I SAID
NOTHING. I
HID MY HAND
LIKE
IT CARRIED
ZE MARK OF
CAIN.

SOME DAYS LATER,
I NOTIZED ZE COLORS.
AHH, ZE COLORS--
LIKE NUZZING I HAD
EVER ZEEN
BEFORE.

A WORLD,
I THOUGHT--
GROWING
ON MY
FINGERTIP.



OBZESSED, I BEGAN
MY STUDY OF THE
MICROCOSM-- WHICH
TOOK ME FROM
PRAGUE IN MY YOUTH
TO ZE REINHARDT
INSTITUTE HERE
IN ZIS VERY
CITY.

I WORKED ZERE
LONG UND HARD--
WORKING ON ZE
NEW GERMS--
ZE MOST BEAUTIFUL,
COLORFUL ONES
EVER.

I TOOK SOME--
UND TRIED TO
GIVE ZEM TO ZE
WORLD. BUT ZE
LAW SAID ZAT
VAS *WRONG*.



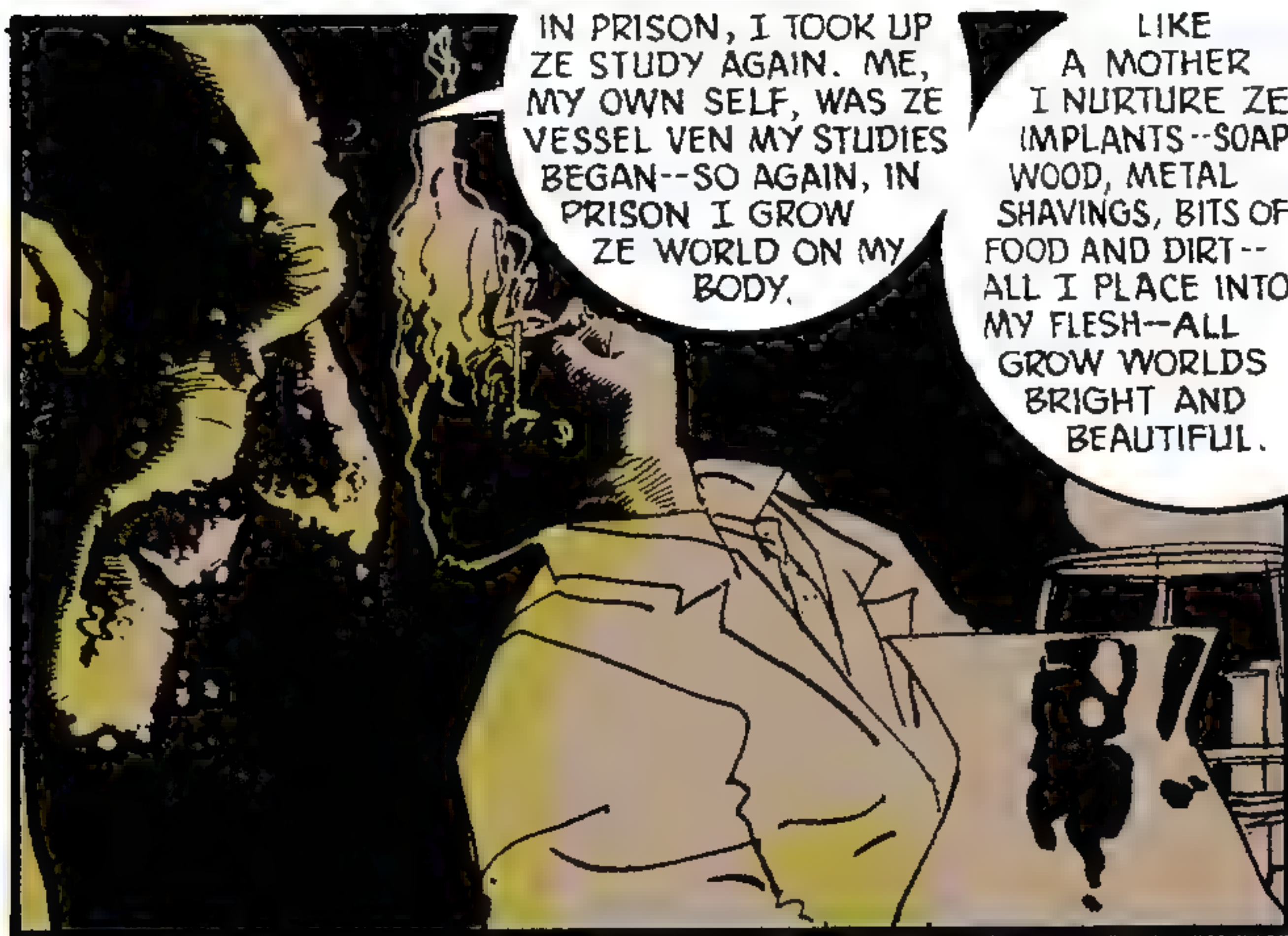
IN PRISON, I TOOK UP
ZE STUDY AGAIN. ME,
MY OWN SELF, WAS ZE
VESSEL VEN MY STUDIES
BEGAN--SO AGAIN, IN
PRISON I GROW
ZE WORLD ON MY
BODY.

LIKE
A MOTHER
I NURTURE ZE
IMPLANTS--SOAP
WOOD, METAL
SHAVINGS, BITS OF
FOOD AND DIRT--
ALL I PLACE INTO
MY FLESH--ALL
GROW WORLDS
BRIGHT AND
BEAUTIFUL.

IT IS A
MIRACLE,
NO?

I SAY--
T IS A--

--MISTER
TWITCHKOWITZ?



HMMMPHHH?

I :KOFF:
SEEM TO HAVE.
UH... DOZED OFF,
THERE, DOCTOR...
YOU WERE... UHH...
SAYING--?



ACCHHH... IT IS
JUST AS VELL YOU
ZLEEP THROUGH
ZE RAVINGS OF
AN OLD MAN...

...BUT IT IS GOOD
YOU ARE AWAKE.
I HAFF NEED OF YOU
NOW, MY FAITHFUL
ASSISTANT.



NOW, YOU MUST BE VERY CAREFUL WITH ZIS FORMULATION. IT CONTAINS TRACE AMOUNTS OF *SAXOTOXIN* ZE DEADLIEST POISON KNOWN TO MAN ZERE IS NO ANTIDOTE.

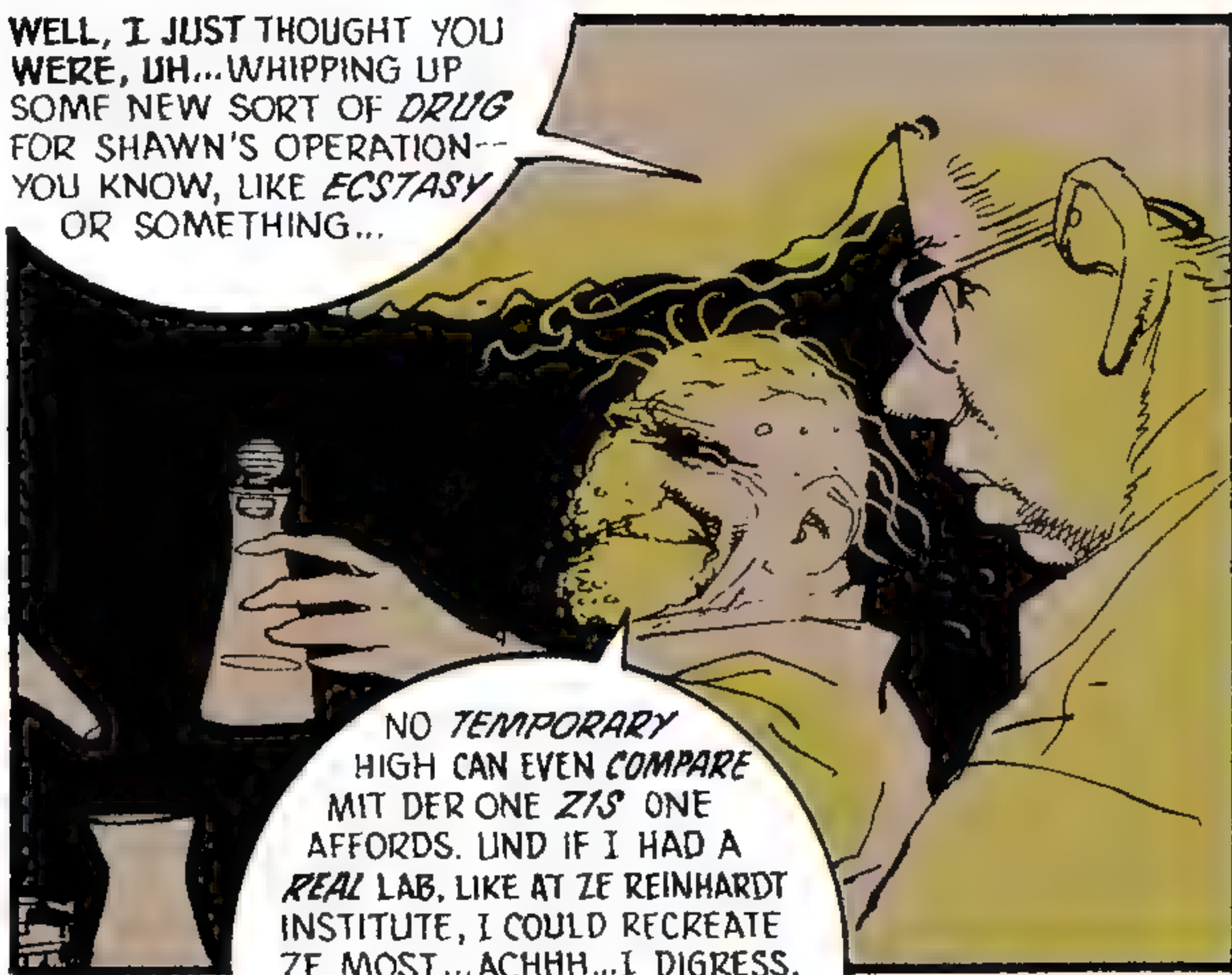
YOU MEAN, YOU DISTILLED A TON OF PLANKTON INTO THAT?

CERTAINLY! VAT DID YOU EXPECT? MY TRAINING IS, AFTER ALL, IN MOLECULAR BIOLOGY-- MIT DER EMPHASIS ON TOXINS!



WELL, I JUST THOUGHT YOU WERE, UH...WHIPPING UP SOME NEW SORT OF *DRUG* FOR SHAWN'S OPERATION-- YOU KNOW, LIKE *ECSTASY* OR SOMETHING...

NO *TEMPORARY* HIGH CAN EVEN *COMPARE* MIT DER ONE ZIS ONE AFFORDS. UND IF I HAD A *REAL* LAB, LIKE AT ZE REINHARDT INSTITUTE, I COULD RECREATE ZE MOST...ACHHH...I DIGRESS.



WE MUST LEAVE HERE SOON-- ZE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF OUR MISSION REMAINS BEFORE US.

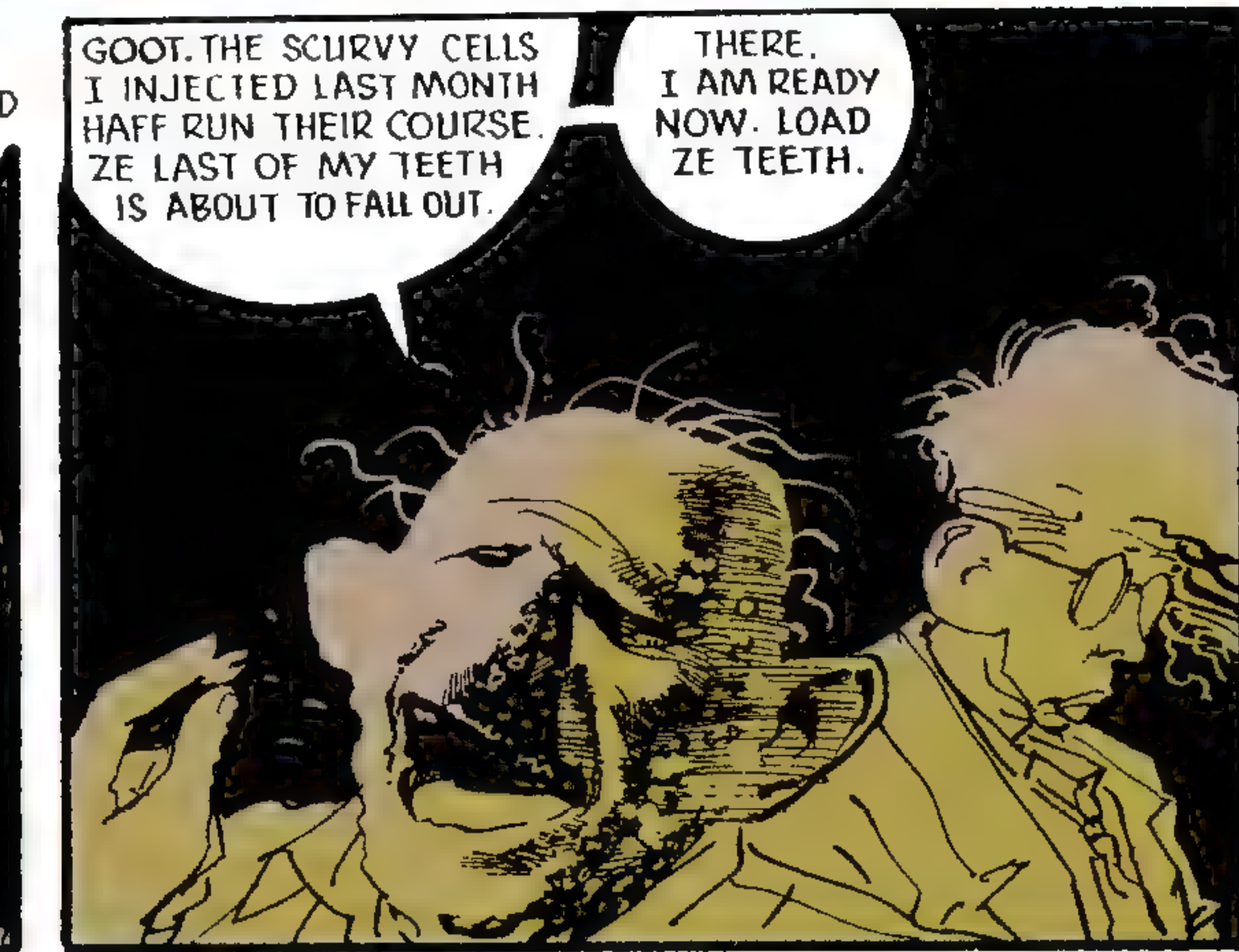
NOW, ZEN PREPARE ZE *TEETH*.

GOT THEM RIGHT HERE-- HOLLOWED-OUT PORCELAIN DENTURES AND BRIDGEWORK-- JUST LIKE YOU ASKED.



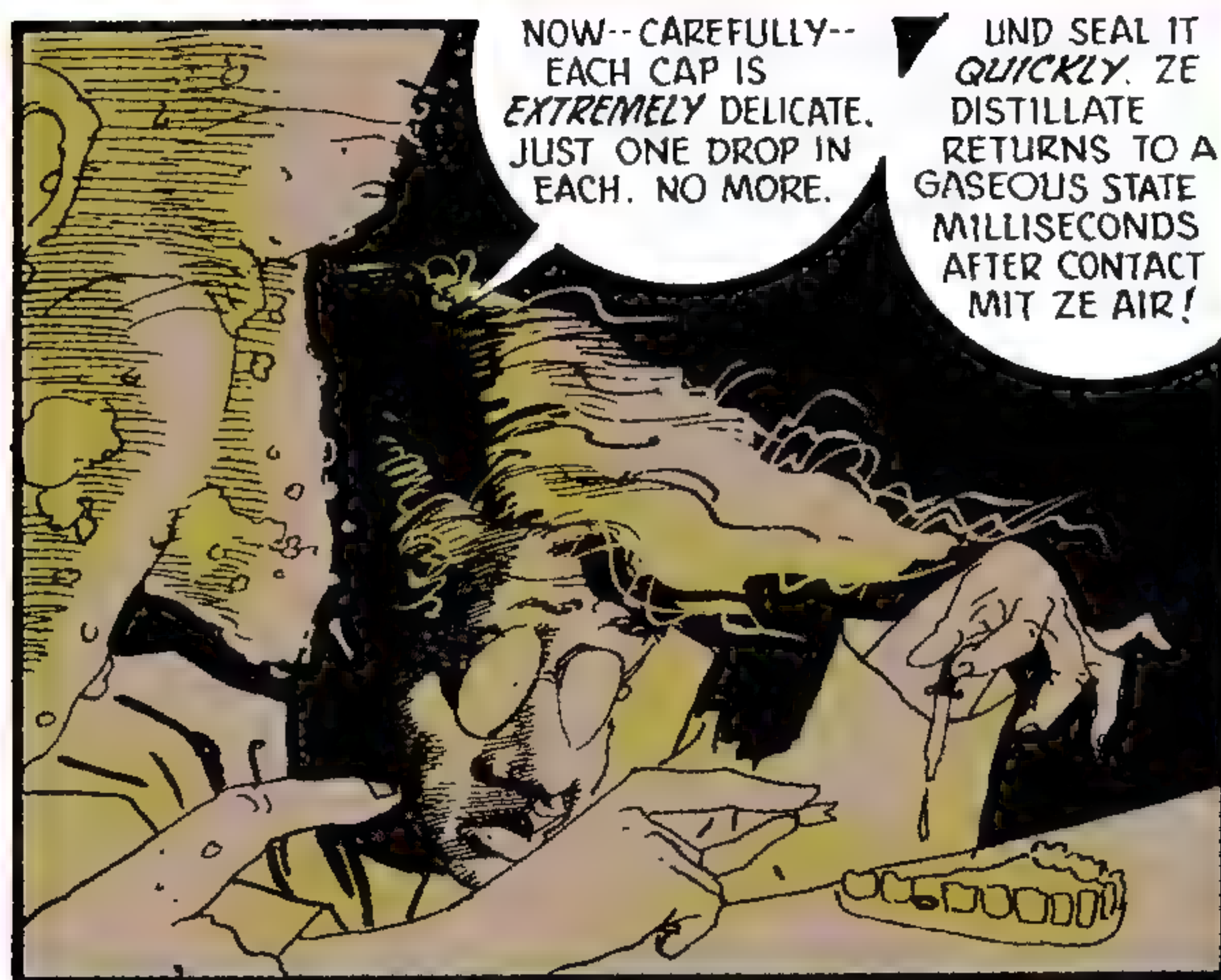
GOOT. THE SCURVY CELLS I INJECTED LAST MONTH HAFF RUN THEIR COURSE. ZE LAST OF MY TEETH IS ABOUT TO FALL OUT.

THERE. I AM READY NOW. LOAD ZE TEETH.



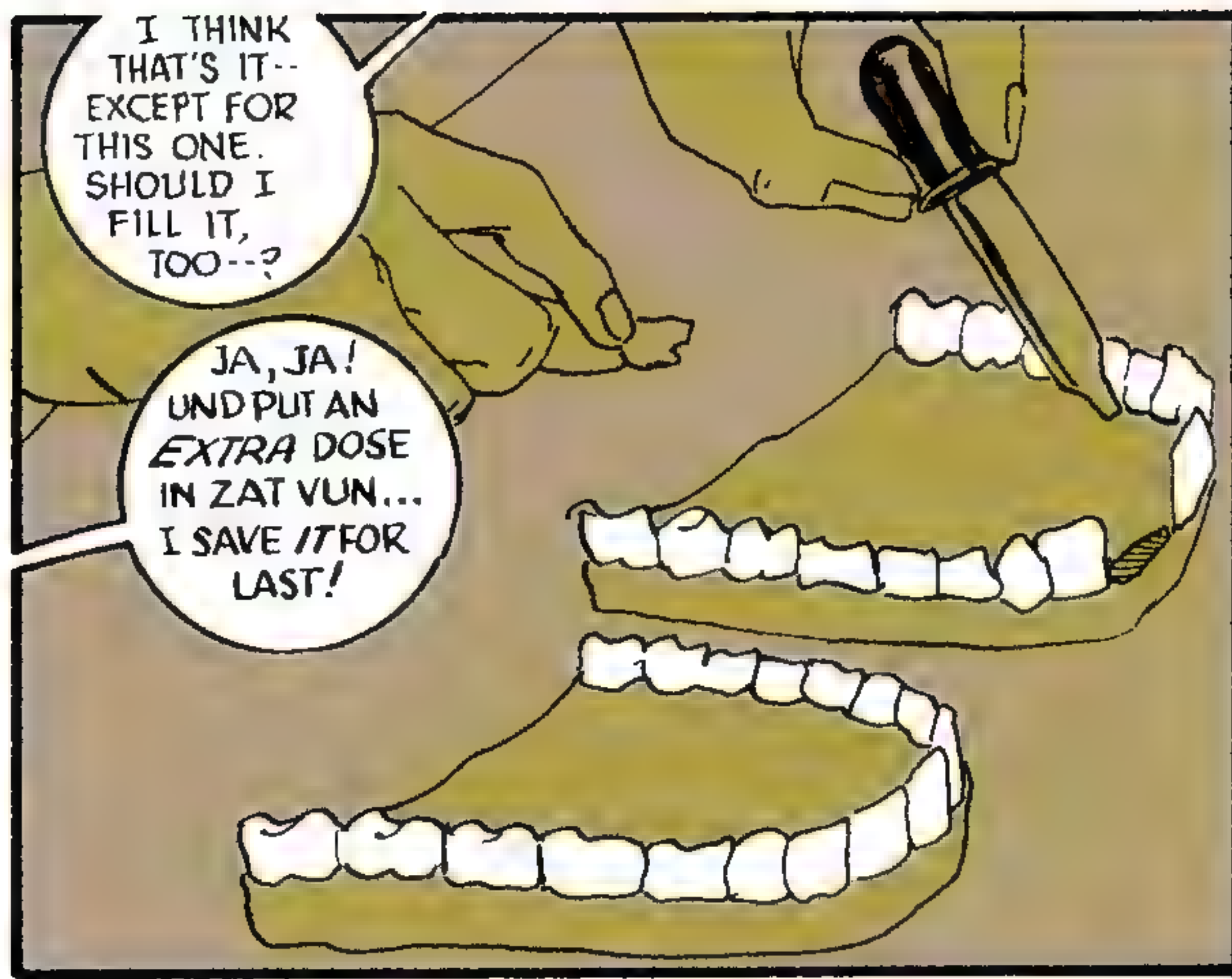
NOW-- CAREFULLY-- EACH CAP IS *EXTREMELY* DELICATE. JUST ONE DROP IN EACH. NO MORE.

UND SEAL IT *QUICKLY*. ZE DISTILLATE RETURNS TO A GASEOUS STATE MILLISECONDS AFTER CONTACT MIT ZE AIR!



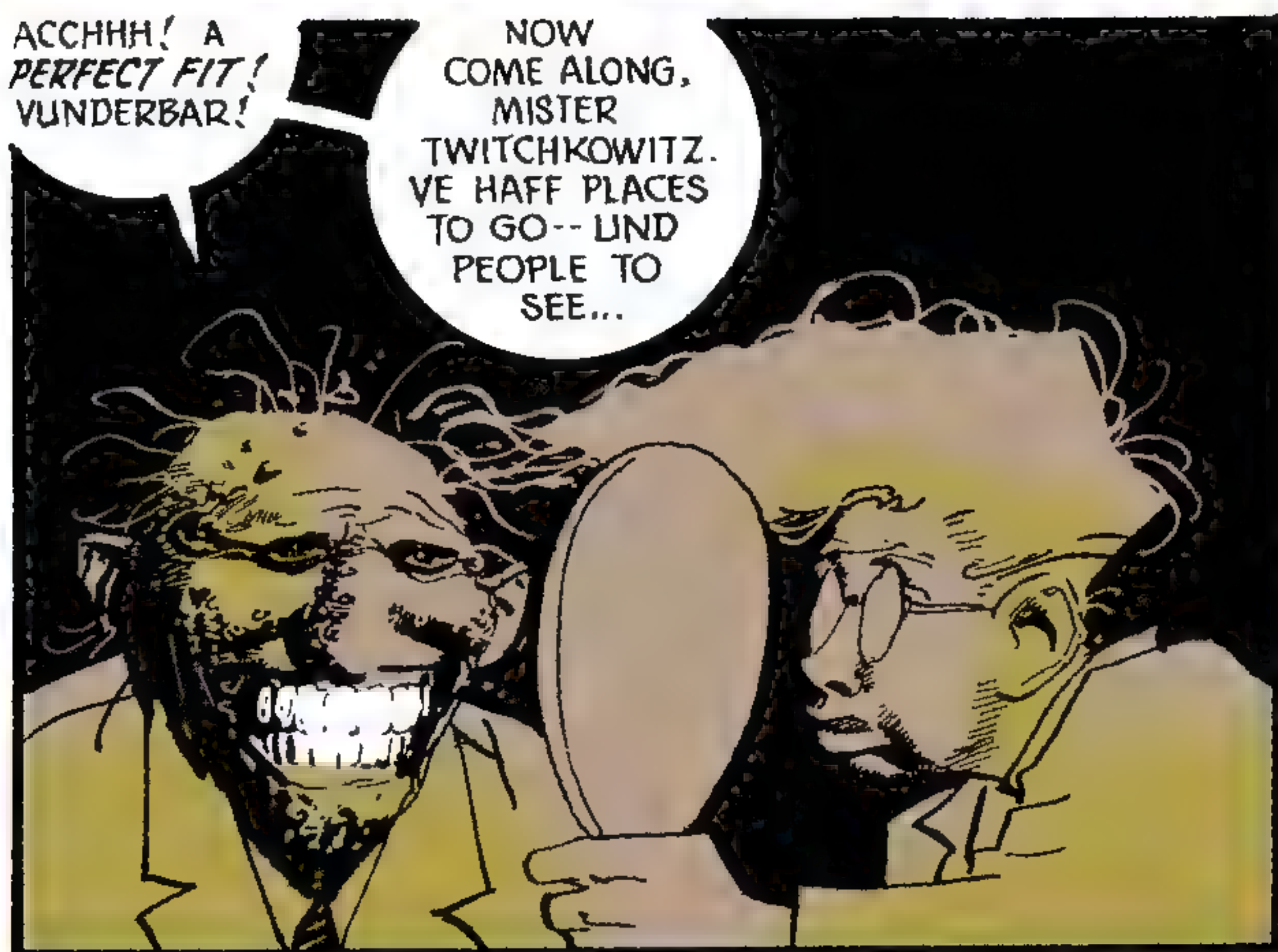
I THINK THAT'S IT-- EXCEPT FOR THIS ONE. SHOULD I FILL IT, TOO--?

JA, JA! UND PUT AN *EXTRA* DOSE IN ZAT VUN... I SAVE IT FOR LAST!



ACCHHH! A *PERFECT* FIT! VUNDERBAR!

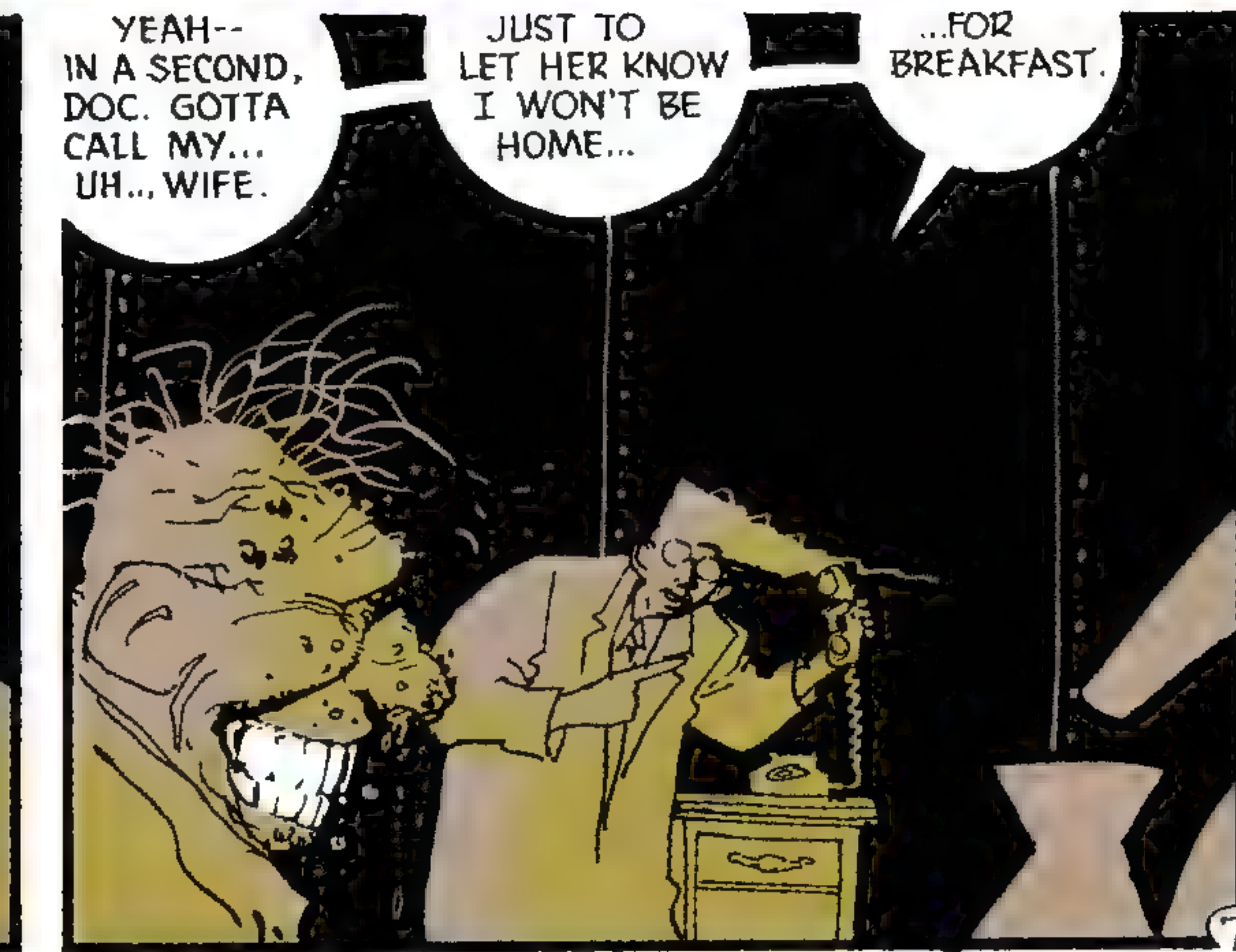
NOW COME ALONG, MISTER TWITCHKOWITZ. VE HAFF PLACES TO GO-- UND PEOPLE TO SEE...

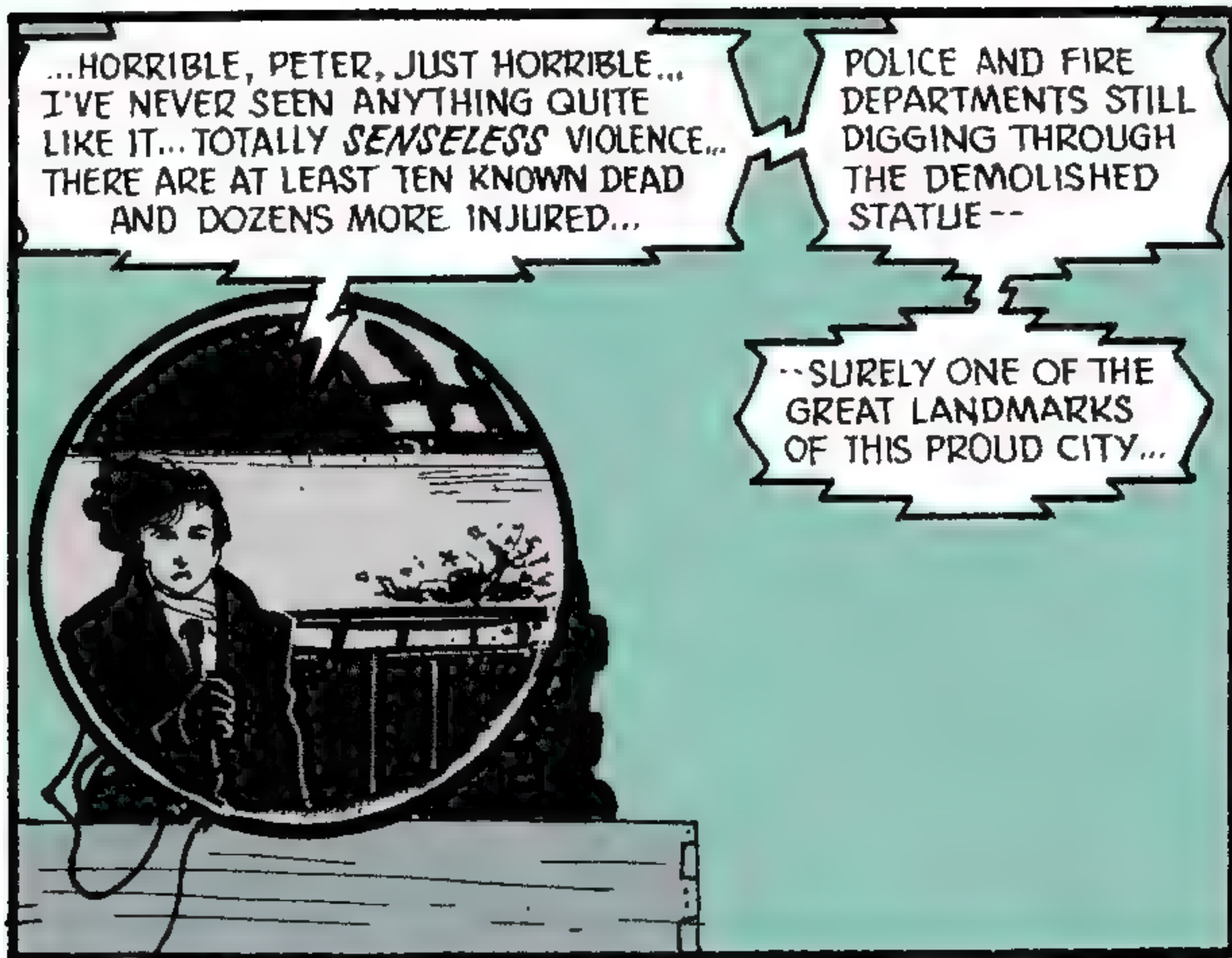


YEAH-- IN A SECOND, DOC. GOTTA CALL MY... UH... WIFE.

JUST TO LET HER KNOW I WON'T BE HOME...

...FOR BREAKFAST.





...HORRIBLE, PETER, JUST HORRIBLE... I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE IT... TOTALLY *SENSELESS* VIOLENCE... THERE ARE AT LEAST TEN KNOWN DEAD AND DOZENS MORE INJURED...

POLICE AND FIRE DEPARTMENTS STILL DIGGING THROUGH THE DEMOLISHED STATUE--

--SURELY ONE OF THE GREAT LANDMARKS OF THIS PROUD CITY...



...AND WE'VE BEEN NOTIFIED THAT THREE POLICE OFFICERS HAVE BEEN FOUND MURDERED ON THE PLAZA OVERLOOKING THE RINK.

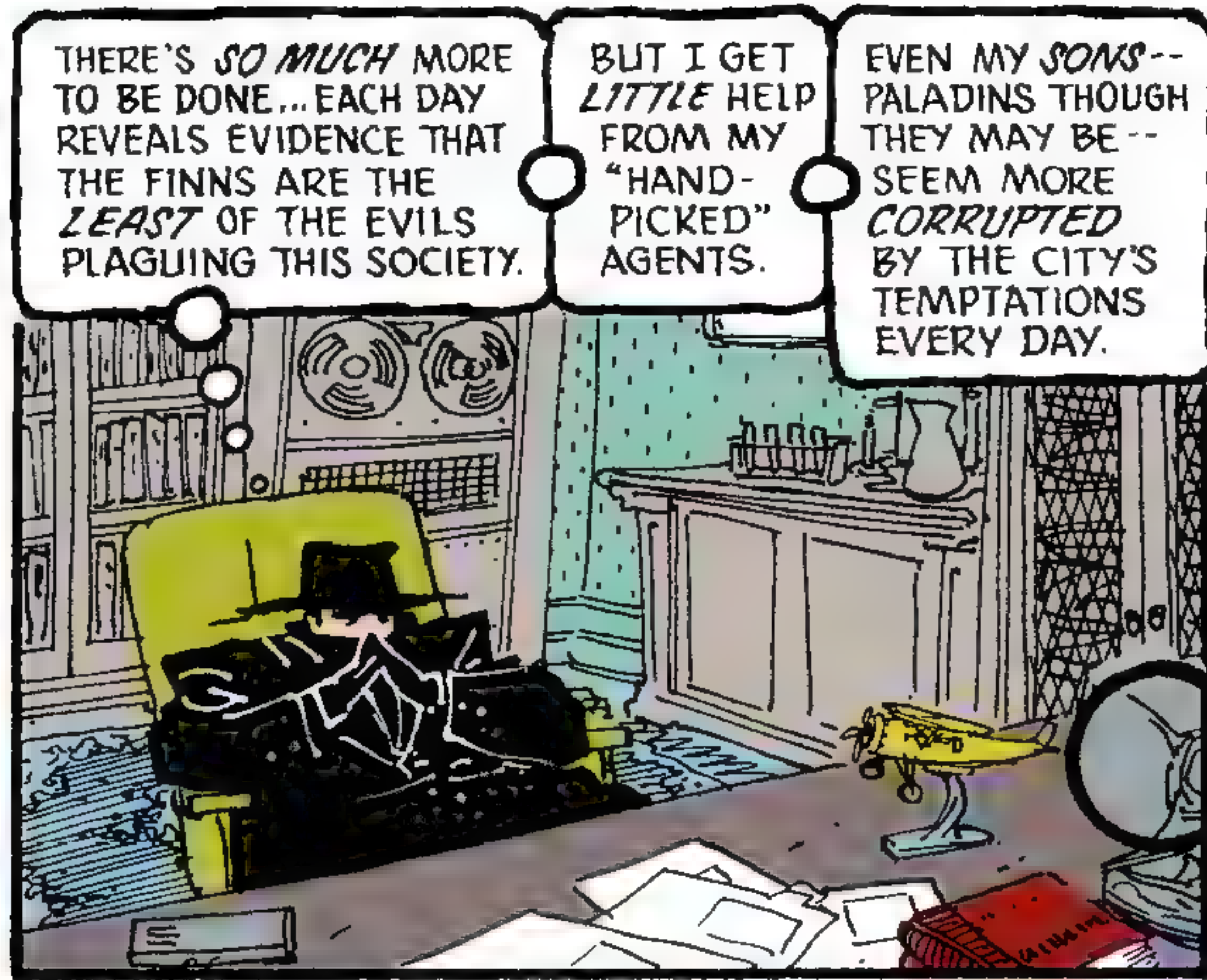
ALTHOUGH NO ONE IS SAYING ANYTHING JUST YET, THE WORD "TERRORISM" SEEMS TO BE ON EVERYONE'S TREMBLING LIPS... SO, LIKE IT OR NOT, PETER--



--IT LOOKS LIKE THE WAR HAS FINALLY HIT OUR SHORES.

INDEED IT *HAS*... AND IT IS A WAR THE SHADOW WILL *PERSONALLY* WAGE...

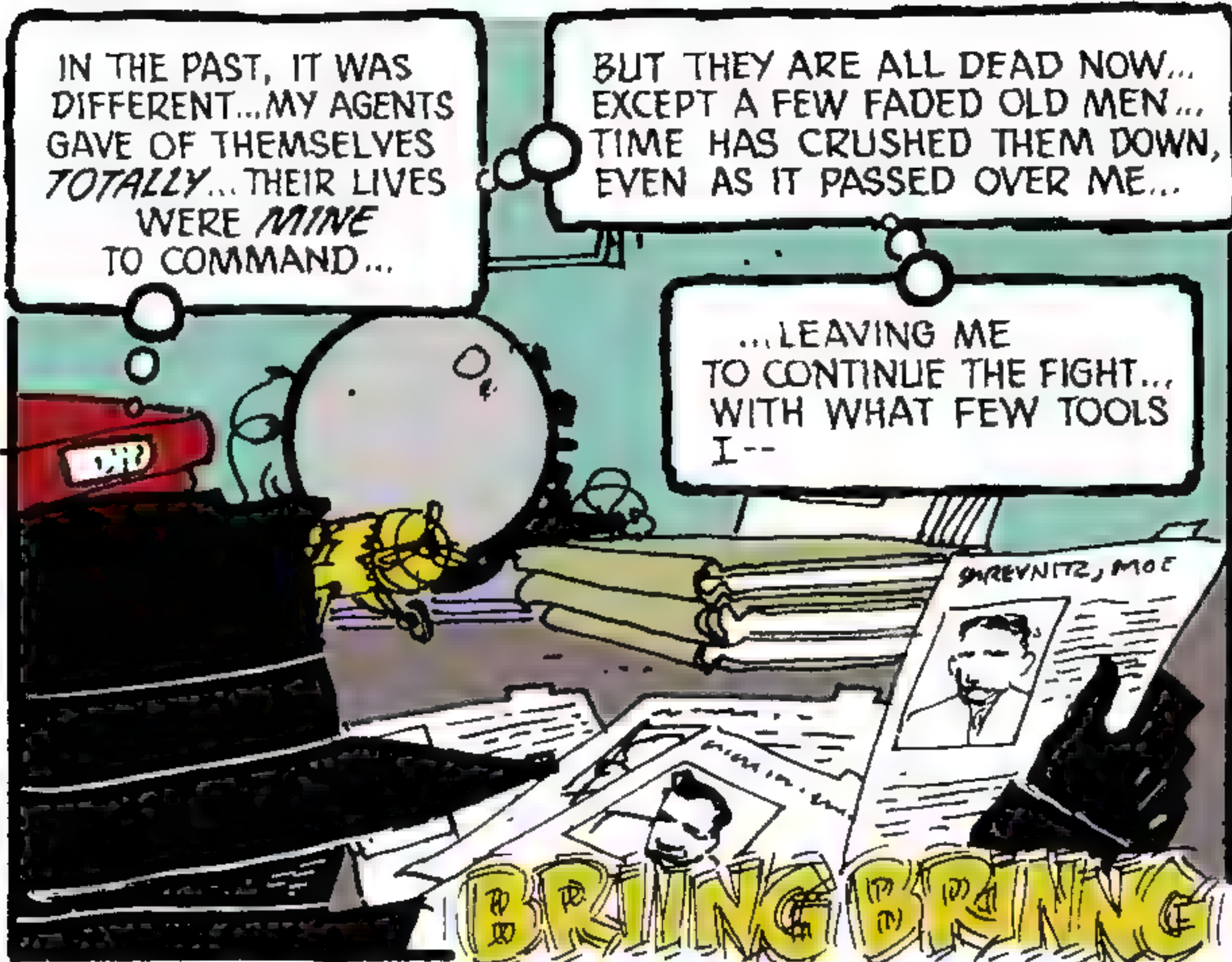
...ONCE MY CURRENT *INVESTIGATION* HAS RUN ITS COURSE. IF IT EVER DOES.



THERE'S *SO MUCH* MORE TO BE DONE... EACH DAY REVEALS EVIDENCE THAT THE FINNS ARE THE *LEAST* OF THE EVILS PLAGUING THIS SOCIETY.

BUT I GET *LITTLE* HELP FROM MY "HAND-PICKED" AGENTS.

EVEN MY *SONS*--PALADINS THOUGH THEY MAY BE--SEEM MORE *CORRUPTED* BY THE CITY'S TEMPTATIONS EVERY DAY.

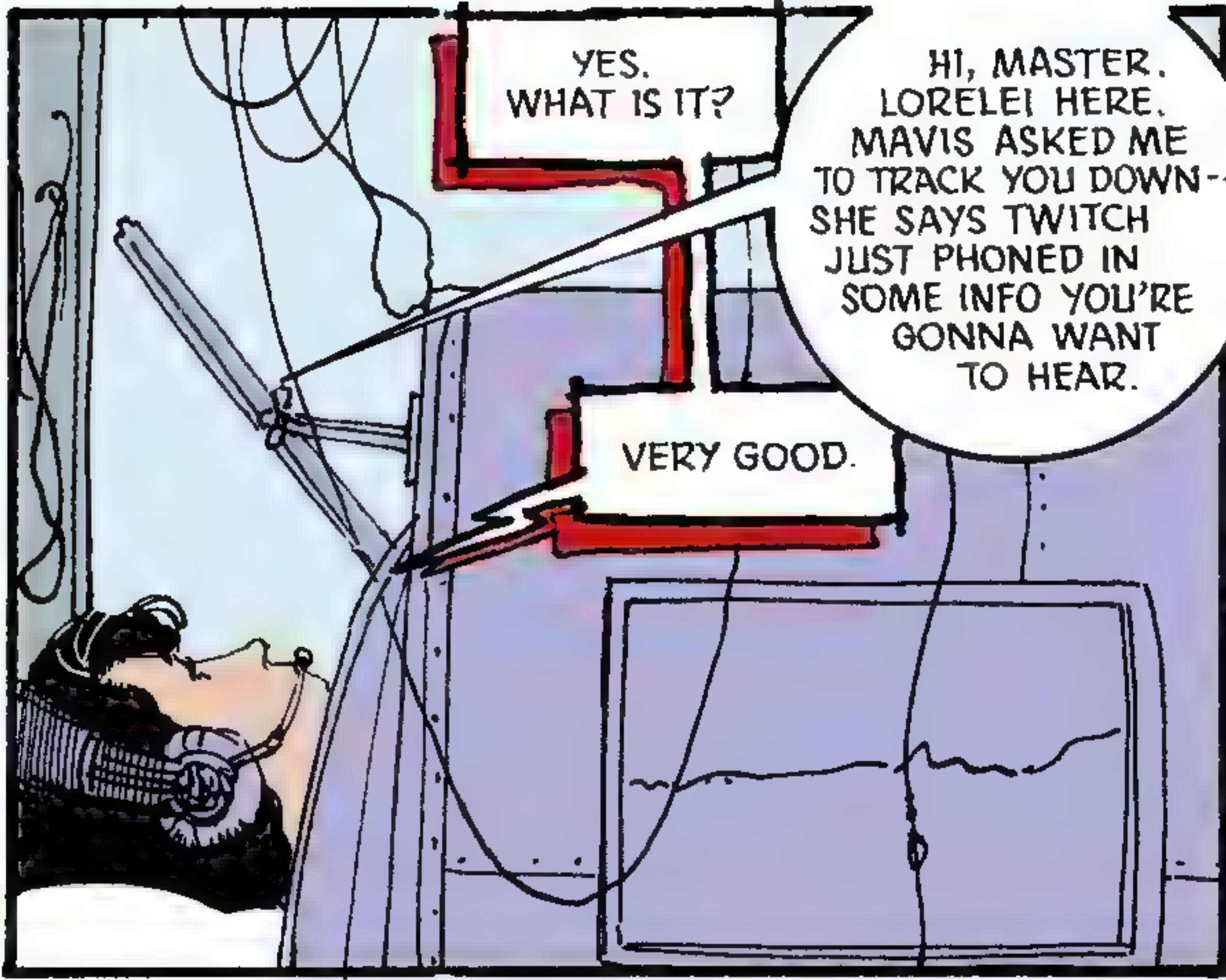


IN THE PAST, IT WAS DIFFERENT...MY AGENTS GAVE OF THEMSELVES *TOTALLY*...THEIR LIVES WERE *MINE* TO COMMAND...

BUT THEY ARE ALL DEAD NOW... EXCEPT A FEW FADED OLD MEN... TIME HAS CRUSHED THEM DOWN, EVEN AS IT PASSED OVER ME...

...LEAVING ME TO CONTINUE THE FIGHT... WITH WHAT FEW TOOLS I--

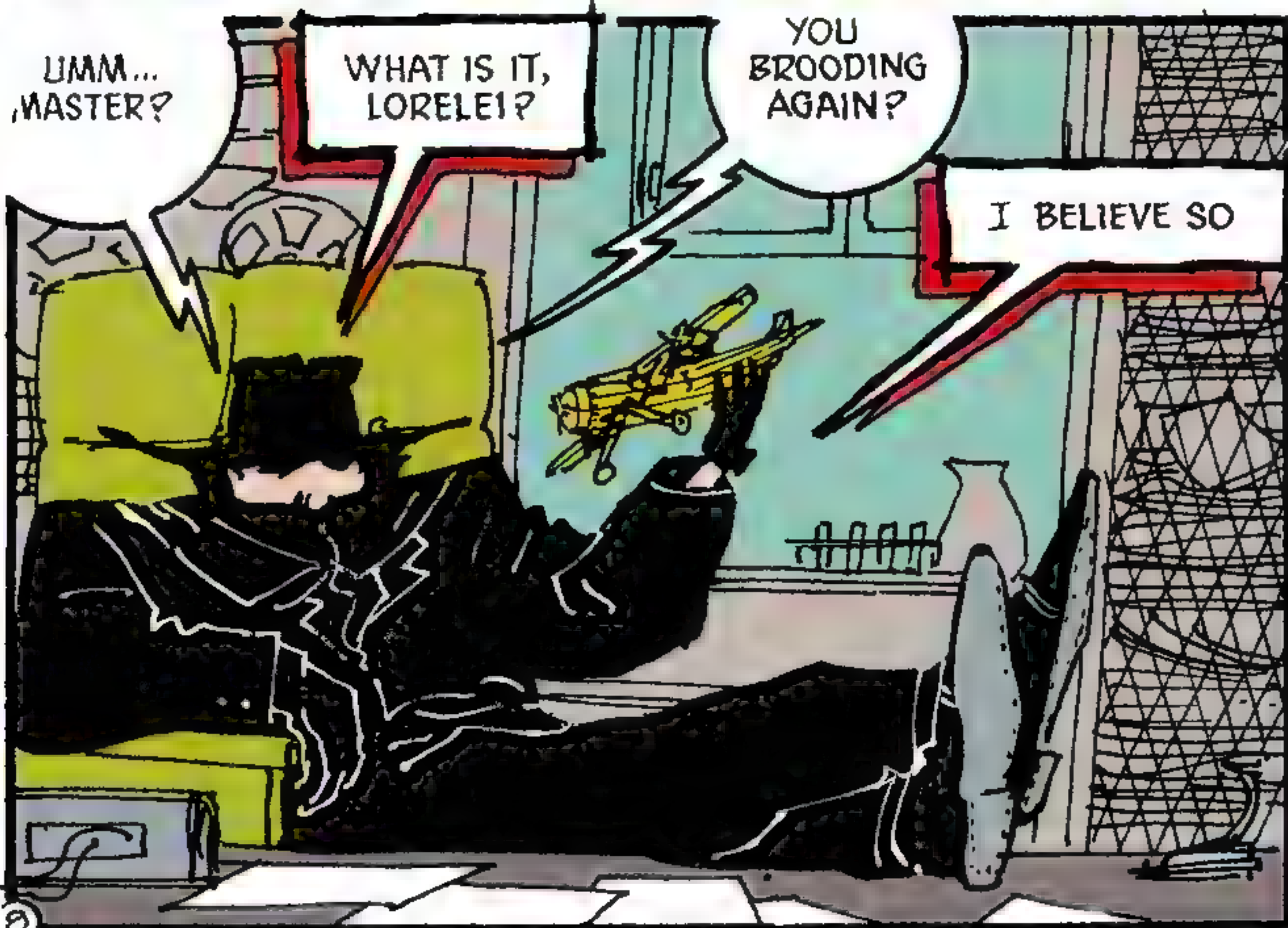
BRING BRING



YES. WHAT IS IT?

HI, MASTER. LORELEI HERE. MAVIS ASKED ME TO TRACK YOU DOWN-- SHE SAYS TWITCH JUST PHONED IN SOME INFO YOU'RE GONNA WANT TO HEAR.

VERY GOOD.



UMM... MASTER?

WHAT IS IT, LORELEI?

YOU BROODING AGAIN?

I BELIEVE SO



MAYBE YOU SHOULD GET GOING... DO SOME *BUSYWORK*... NAIL A FEW MISCREANTS...

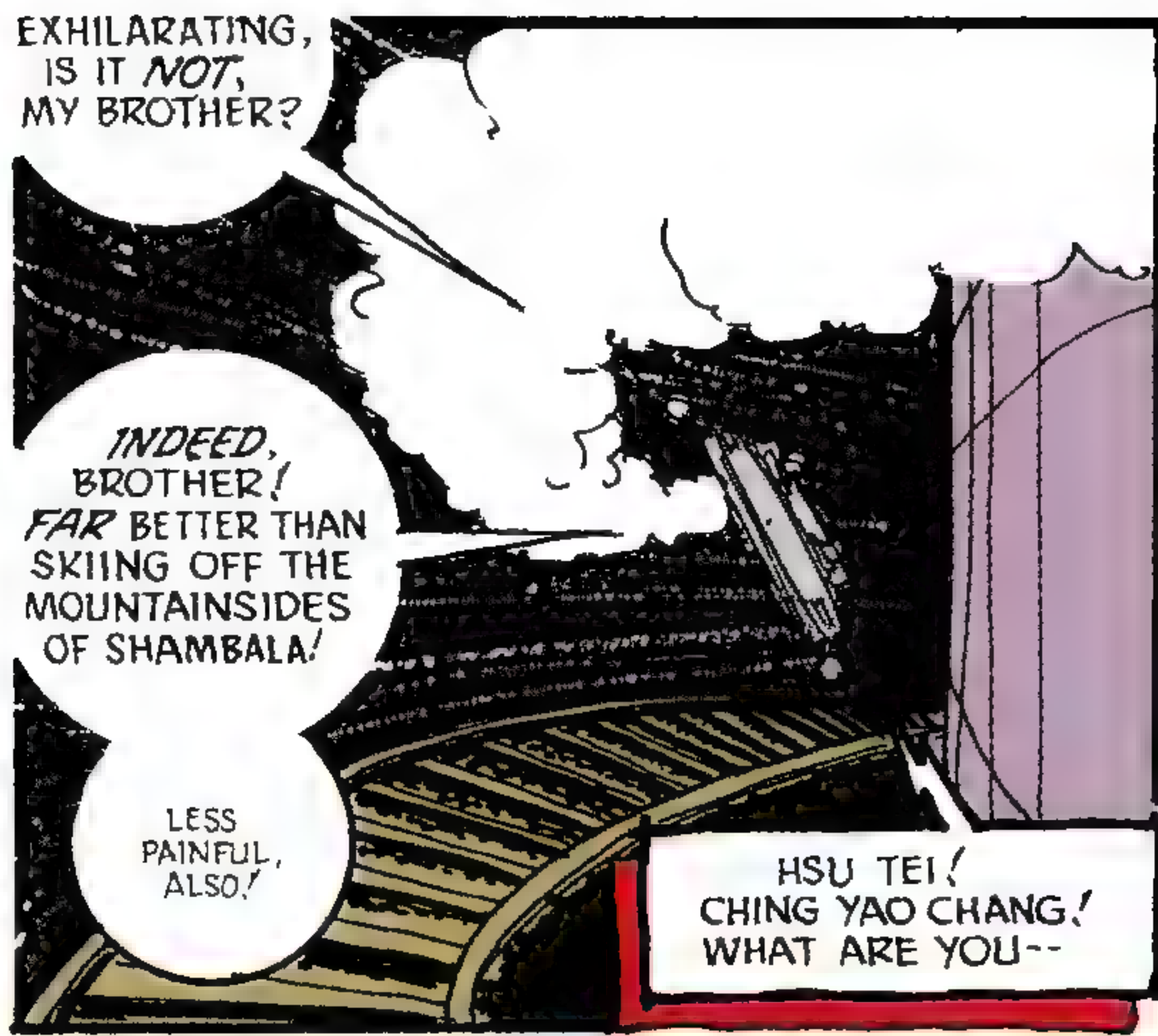
... YOU KNOW HOW THAT ALWAYS CHEERS YOU UP...

I INTEND TO--



"-- ONCE I LOCATE
THOSE TWO SONS
OF MINE..."

AWEEEEEE

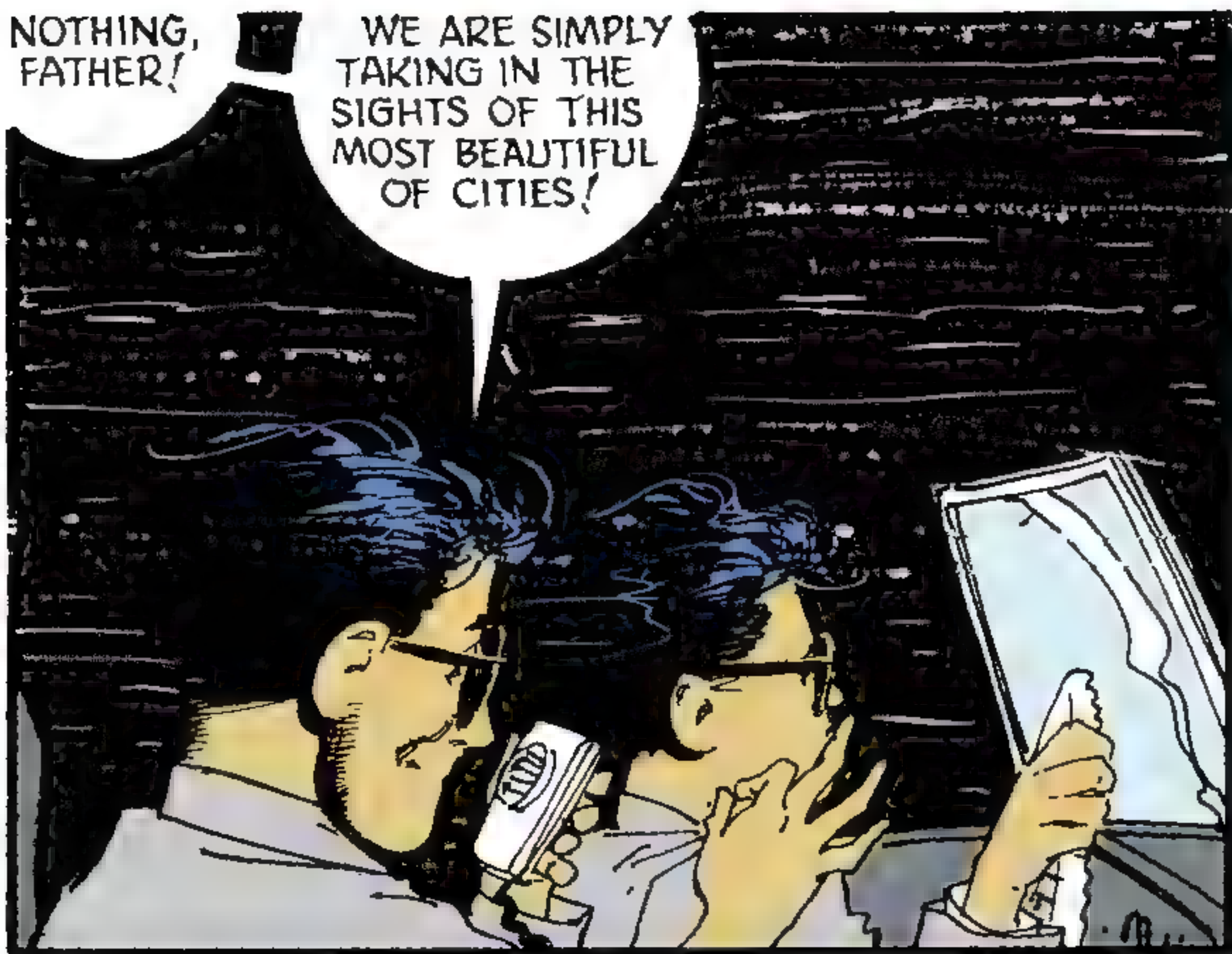


EXHILARATING,
IS IT *NOT*,
MY BROTHER?

INDEED,
BROTHER!
FAR BETTER THAN
SKIING OFF THE
MOUNTAINSIDES
OF SHAMBALA!

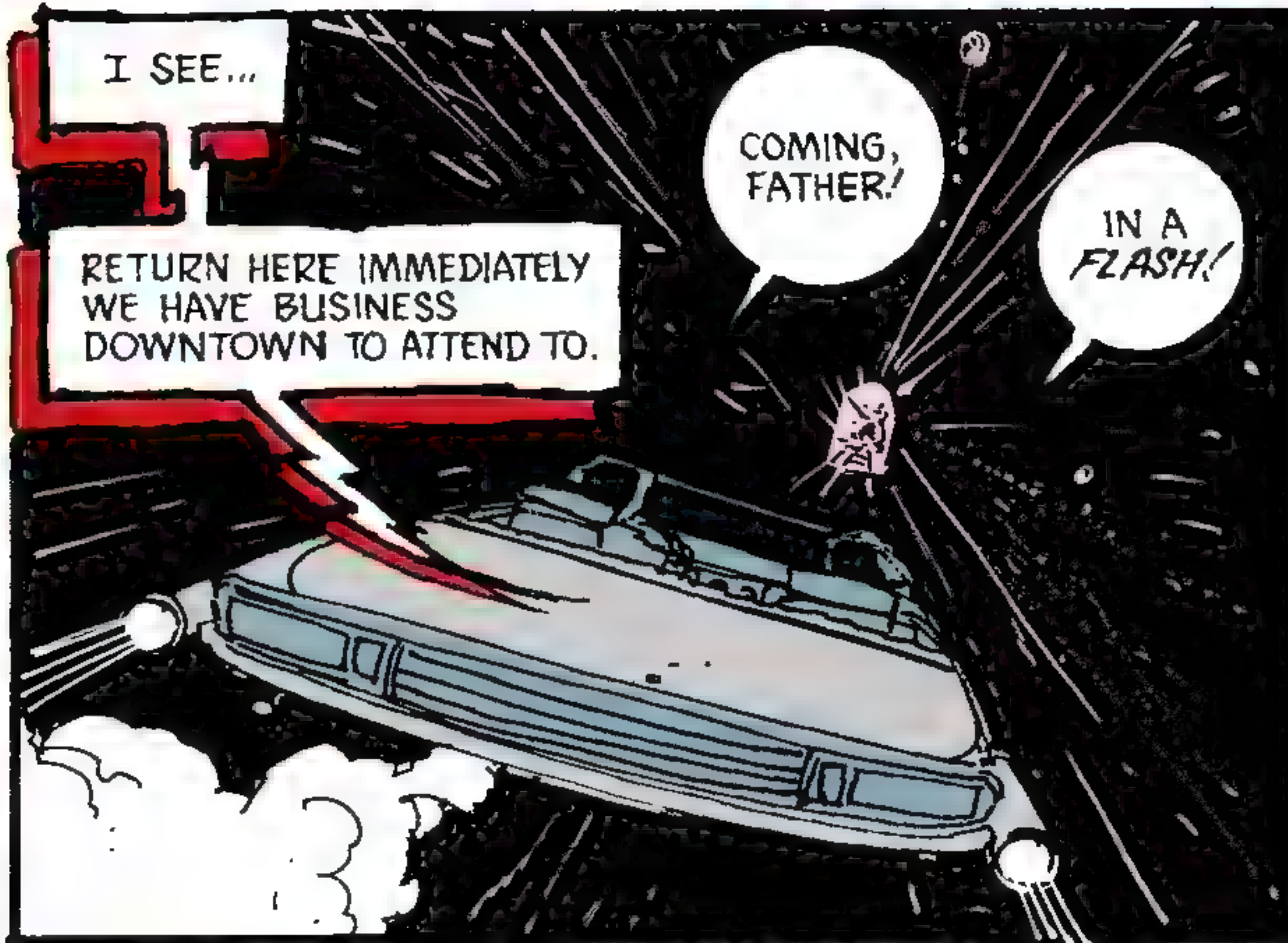
LESS
PAINFUL,
ALSO!

HSU TEI!
CHING YAO CHANG!
WHAT ARE YOU--



NOTHING,
FATHER!

WE ARE SIMPLY
TAKING IN THE
SIGHTS OF THIS
MOST BEAUTIFUL
OF CITIES!



I SEE...

RETURN HERE IMMEDIATELY
WE HAVE BUSINESS
DOWNTOWN TO ATTEND TO.

COMING,
FATHER!

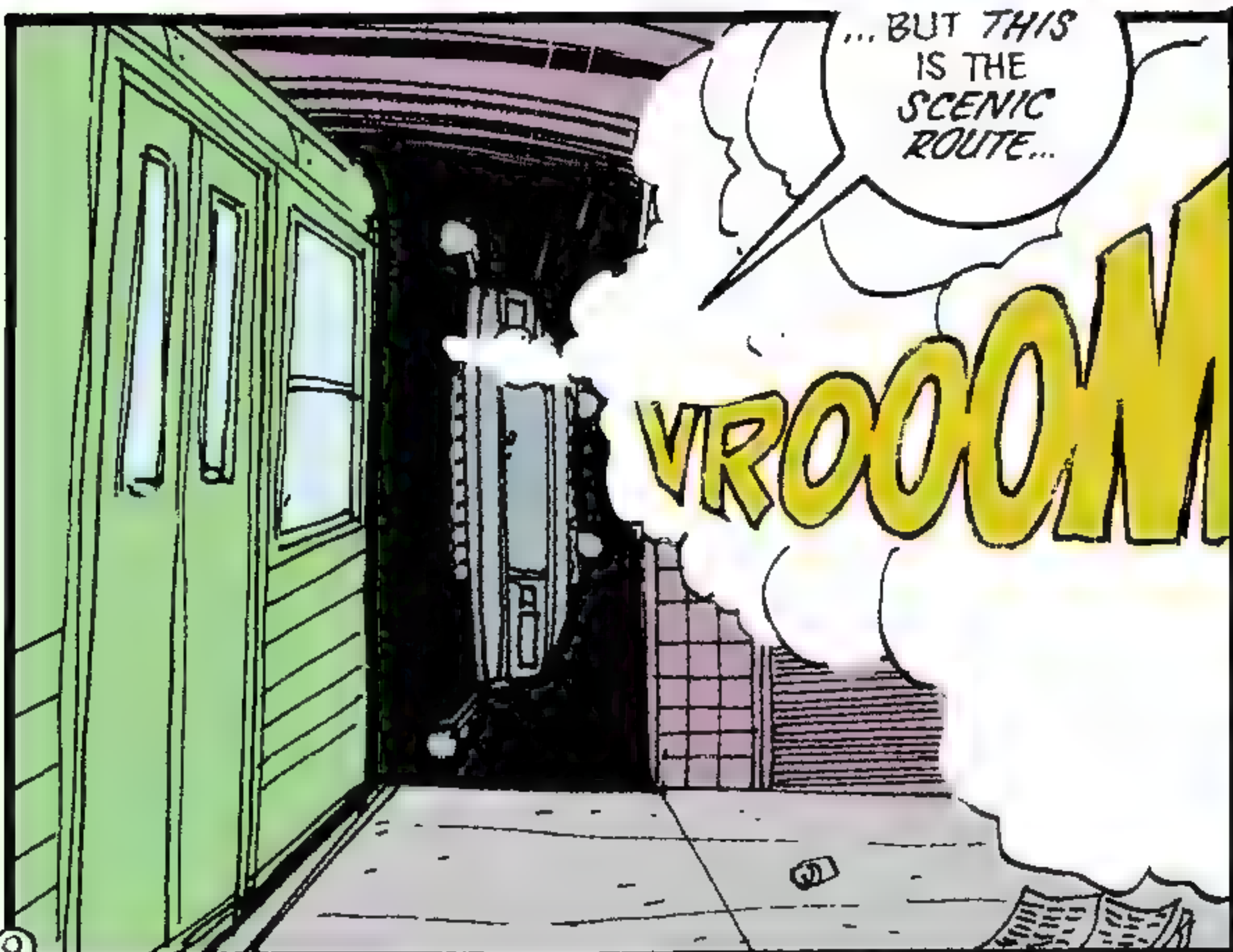
IN A
FLASH!



IS THIS
THE *ONLY*
ROUTE TO
TIMES
SQUARE,
BROTHER?

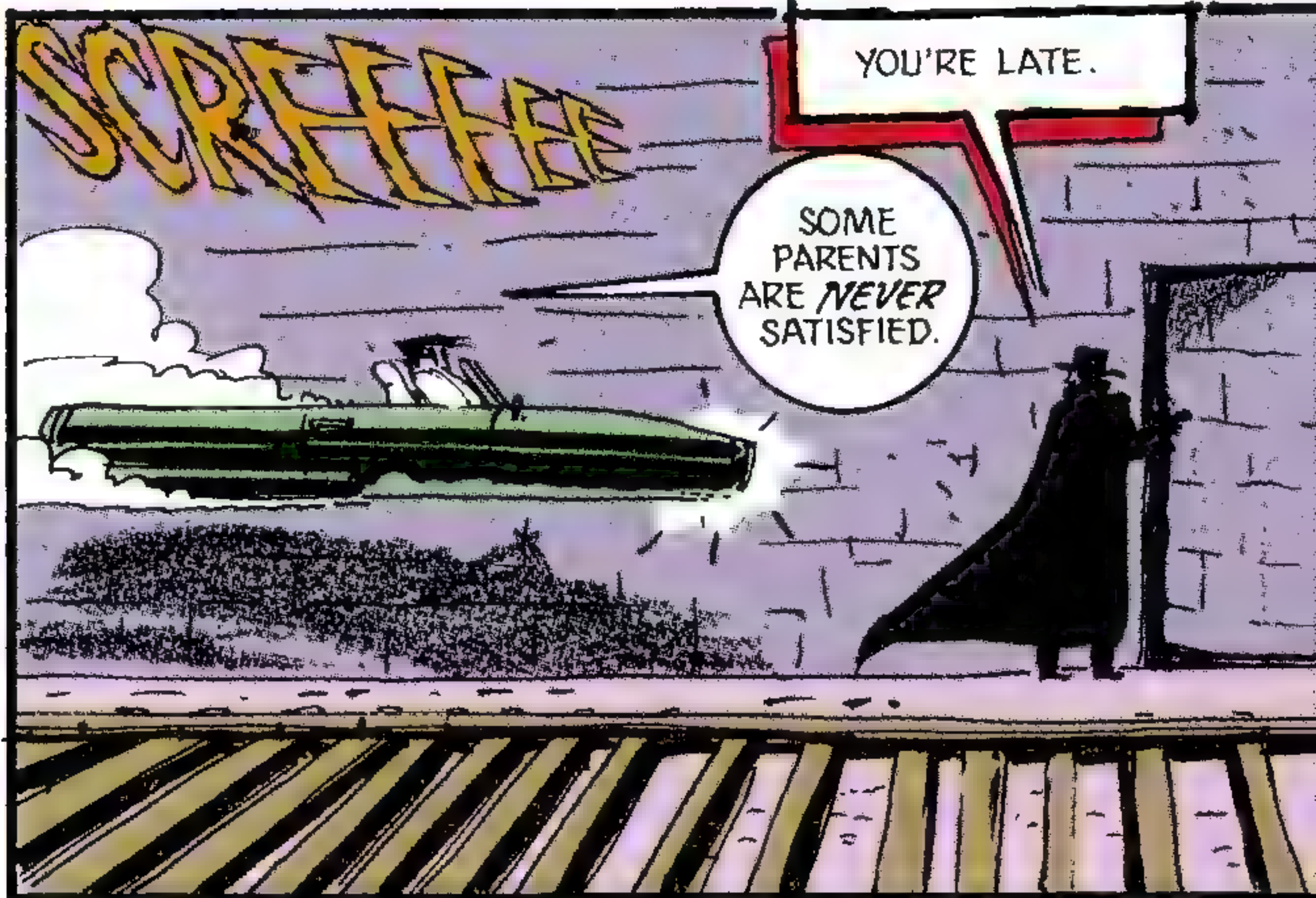


ALL TUNNELS
LEAD TO THE
SQUARE,
BROTHER...



... BUT THIS
IS THE
SCENIC
ROUTE...

VROOOON



YOU'RE LATE.

SOME
PARENTS
ARE *NEVER*
SATISFIED.

SCREEEEEE

IN A BIZARRE TURN OF EVENTS, SELF-PROFESSED WEENIE-KING GALEN FINN IS IN PRISON TONIGHT, CHARGED WITH SECOND-DEGREE MURDER.

INITIALLY, FINN HAD BEEN ARRESTED FOR ATTEMPTING TO BYPASS AN INQUIRY INTO A RECENT PROMOTION BY BRIBING AN F.D.A. AGENT WITH A PARCEL OF DIAMOND-FILLED FRANKS.

BUT A CURSORY EXAMINATION OF THE FINE MEAT VATS YIELDED FRAGMENTS OF A PACEMAKER BELONGING TO MISSING SECURITY GUARD FRED GUMM.

GUMM WAS LAST SEEN GUARDING GALEN FINN'S BROTHER ERKOL ON THE NIGHT OF THE YOUNGEST FINN'S MURDER IN A CITY HOSPITAL.

TONIGHT, POLICE ARE SIFTING THROUGH STILL OTHER HUMAN REMAINS FOUND IN THE VAT.

A BAIL HEARING HAS BEEN POSTPONED UNTIL FINN HIRES A NEW ATTORNEY. THE FINN FAMILY HAS BEEN WITHOUT LEGAL COUNSEL SINCE THE MURDER OF LAWYER HY BACH LAST WEEK.

AN' TA THINK THAT I BEEN EATIN' THEM FRANKS OF HIS FOR YEARS...

I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD...

CHEER UP, KID. THINK HOW MISTER GUMM MUST FEEL.

UHM... PRETTY DIGESTED, I'D SAY...

URRRPPP...

VERY AMUSING, DEWITT.

PITY WE HAD TO RELY ON THE POLICE TO GATHER THE EVIDENCE ON GALEN FINN...

...IF YOU HAD OBSERVED FINN'S ACTIVITIES AS YOU WERE INSTRUCTED, WE'D HAVE KNOWN ABOUT THIS WELL IN ADVANCE OF THE AUTHORITIES...

...IN WHICH CASE I WOULD HAVE ADMINISTERED A SWIFTER JUSTICE...

WELL, Y'SEE, MASTER-- I WUZ TRYIN' T'KEEP AN EYE ON HIM, BUT I KINDA GOT A LITTLE TOO CLOSE...

...HE KINDA MISTOOK ME FOR AN F.D.A. AGENT AND KINDA BRIBED ME WID A FISTFUL OF DIAMOND-FILLED FRANKS.

SO I FIGGERED SINCE MY COVER WAS BLOWN, I HADDA GET OUTTA DERE ASAP AND GO--

-- OUT AND BUY YOURSELF A NEW WARDROBE. I SEE, DEWITT. YOUR HONESTY IS... REFRESHING.

BUT YOU STILL HAVE A JOB TO DO... AND A NEW DUTY TO PERFORM. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?

UH... RIGHT. YOU GOT IT, BOSS.

EXCUSE ME, MASTER--

--BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TWITCH HIT *PAY DIRT* SEARCHING FOR SHAWN FINN'S H.Q.

HE'S USING A *TOY STORE* IN QUEENS AS A *FRONT* FOR A MAJOR LEAGUE DRUG-PROCESSING PLANT.

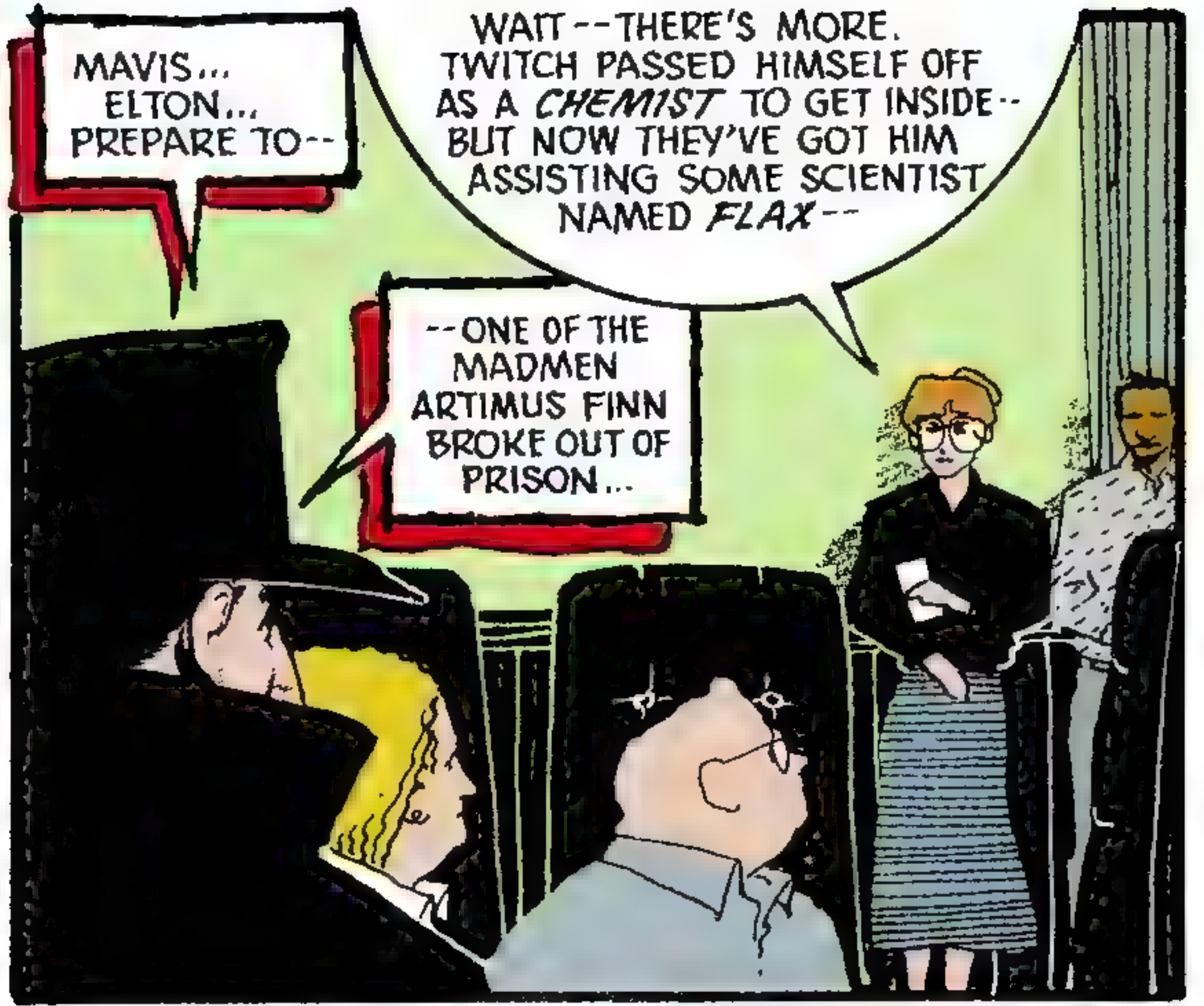
TWITCH SAYS THEY'RE PACKING THE GOODS INSIDE UGLY STUFFED ANIMALS-- SHAWN'S DEALERS JUST BUY 'EM OFF THE SHELVES AND SELL THE INNARDS!



MAVIS... ELTON... PREPARE TO--

WAIT--THERE'S MORE. TWITCH PASSED HIMSELF OFF AS A *CHEMIST* TO GET INSIDE-- BUT NOW THEY'VE GOT HIM ASSISTING SOME SCIENTIST NAMED *FLAX*--

--ONE OF THE MADMEN ARTIMUS FINN BROKE OUT OF PRISON...



ONE AND THE SAME--FLAX IS BUSY WHIPPING UP ALL SORTS OF POISON GASES-- AND TWITCH SAID FLAX WAS PREPARING TO *STEAL* SOME STUFF HE COULDN'T MAKE HIMSELF!

TWITCH DIDN'T KNOW-- BUT HE SEEMS TO HAVE THE SITUATION UNDER CONTROL...

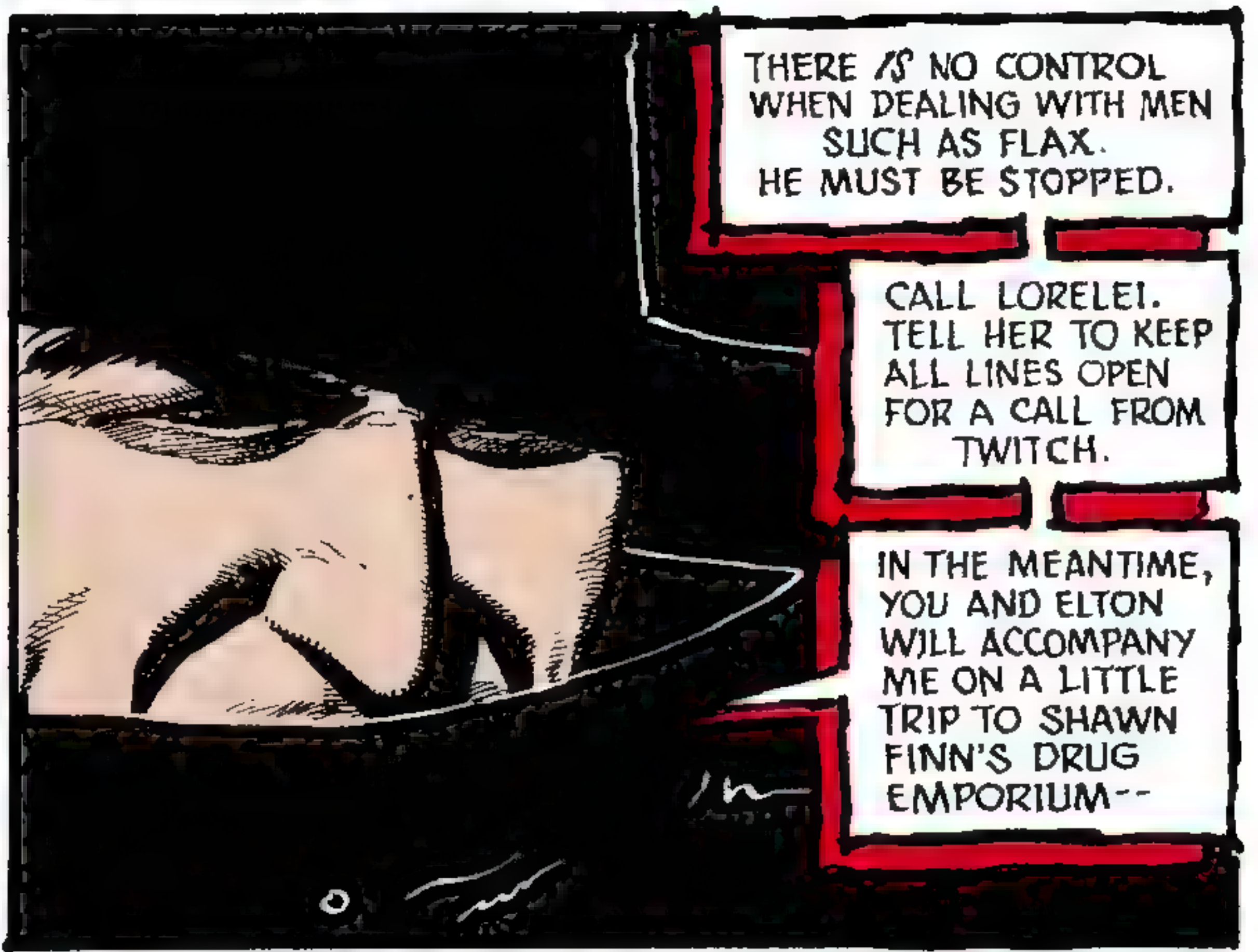
WHERE ARE THEY HEADED?



THERE IS NO CONTROL WHEN DEALING WITH MEN SUCH AS FLAX. HE MUST BE STOPPED.

CALL LORELEI. TELL HER TO KEEP ALL LINES OPEN FOR A CALL FROM TWITCH.

IN THE MEANTIME, YOU AND ELTON WILL ACCOMPANY ME ON A LITTLE TRIP TO SHAWN FINN'S DRUG EMPORIUM--



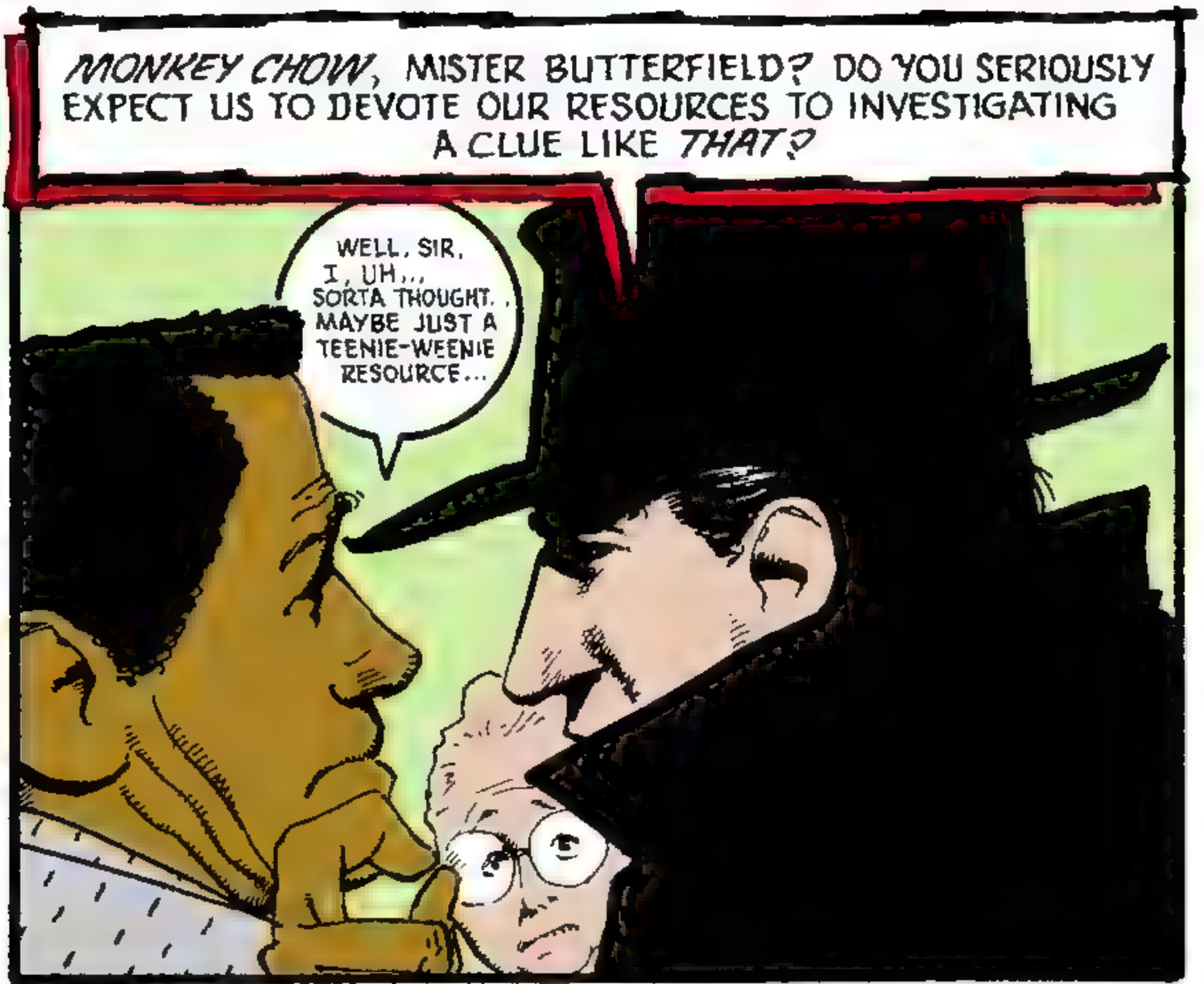
WAIT A SECOND, MASTER! YOU'RE FORGETTING THE LEAD I'VE BEEN FOLLOWING-- THE *MONKEY CHOW* I FOUND IN THE POCKET OF ARCHIE FINN'S CORPSE!

LORELEI SAYS THERE'S ONLY *ONE GUY* IN THE AREA THAT SELLS DOMESTICATED MONKEYS--AND I BELIEVE THAT *HE* COULD HELP LEAD US TO--



MONKEY CHOW, MISTER BUTTERFIELD? DO YOU SERIOUSLY EXPECT US TO DEVOTE OUR RESOURCES TO INVESTIGATING A CLUE LIKE *THAT*?

WELL, SIR, I, UH... SORTA THOUGHT. MAYBE JUST A TEENIE-WEENIE RESOURCE...



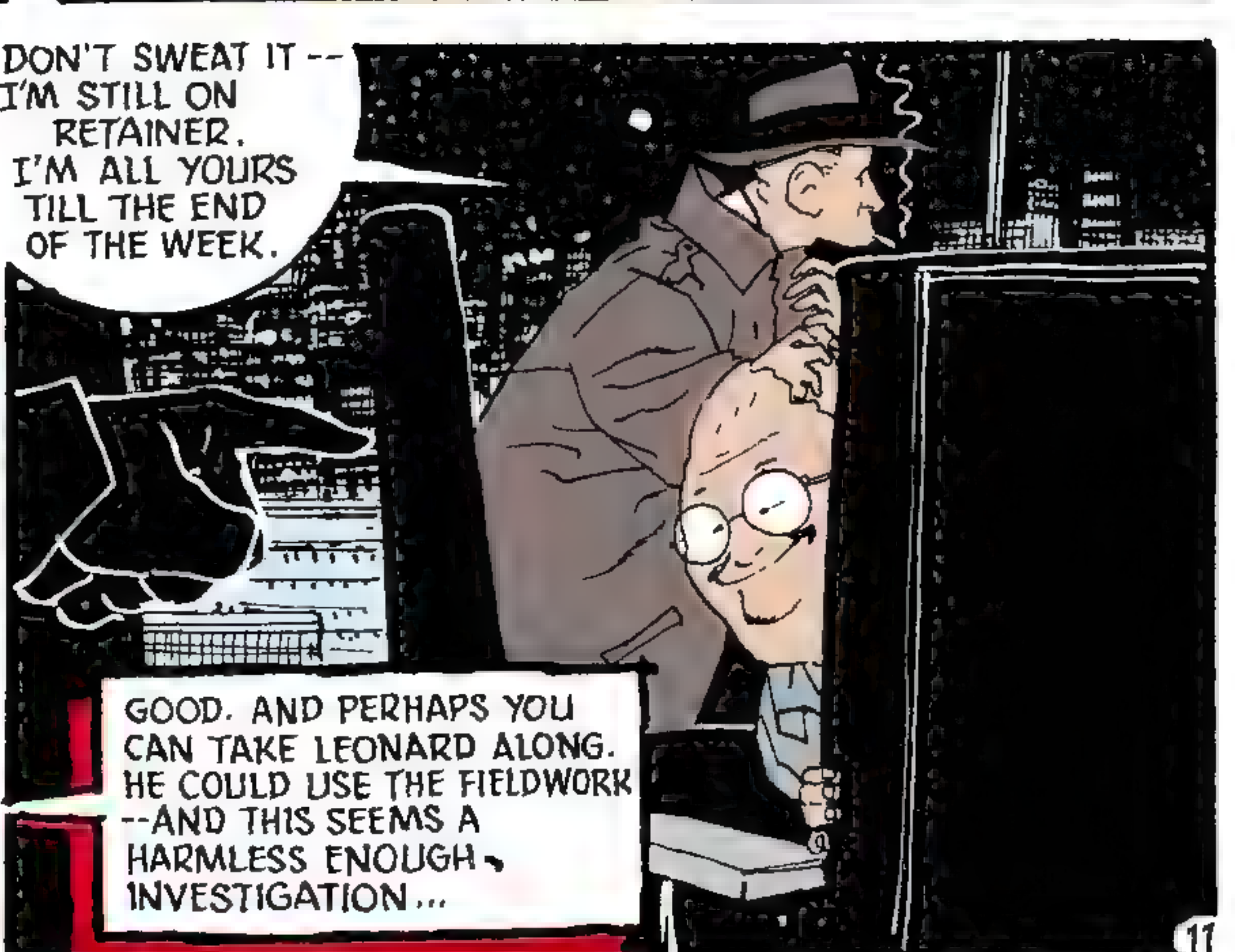
VERY GOOD, ELTON. YOUR PERSISTENCE IS ADMIRABLE. GIVE ALL YOUR INFORMATION TO MISTER MAGNET. PERHAPS HE HAS SOME TIME TO SPARE...

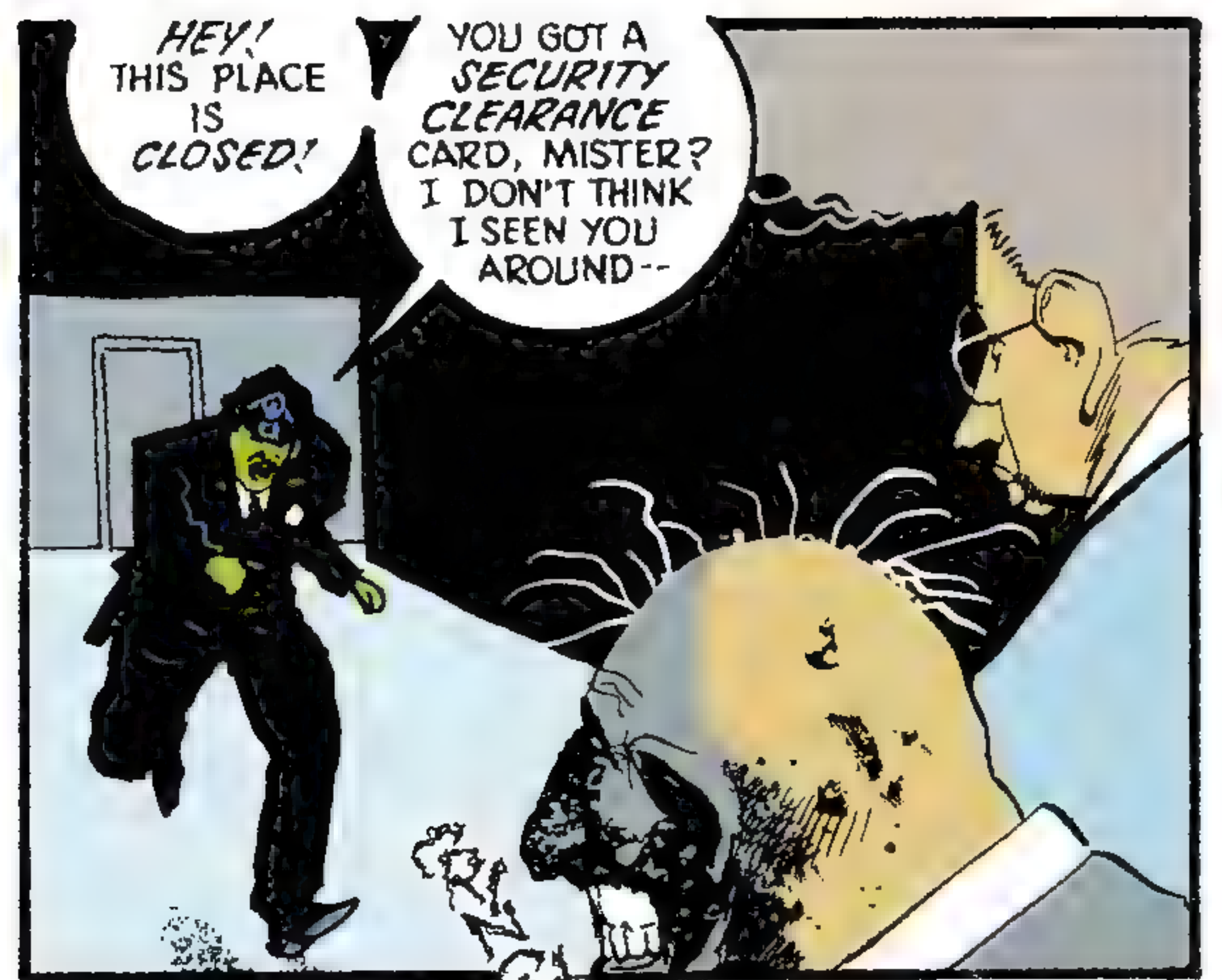
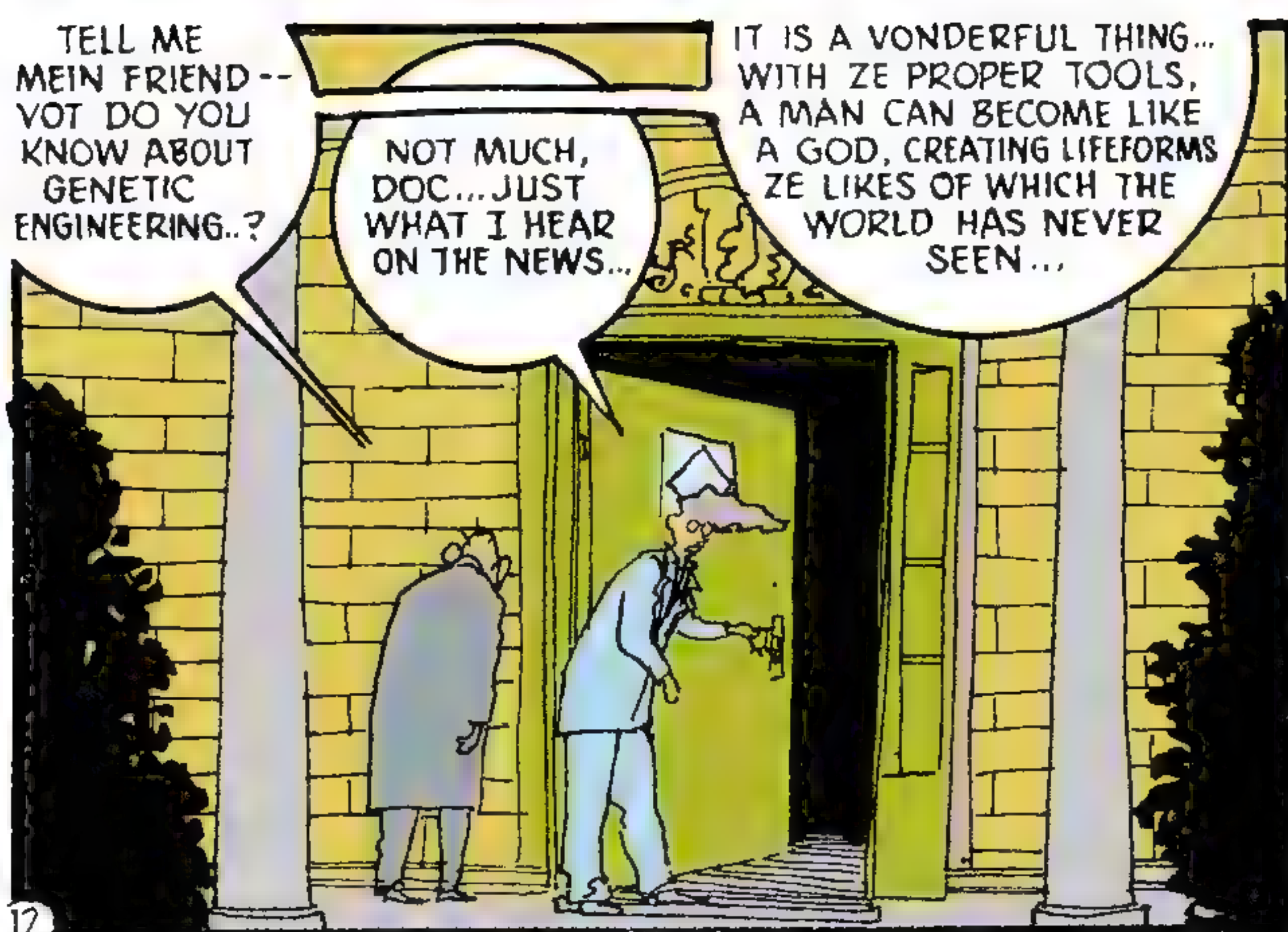
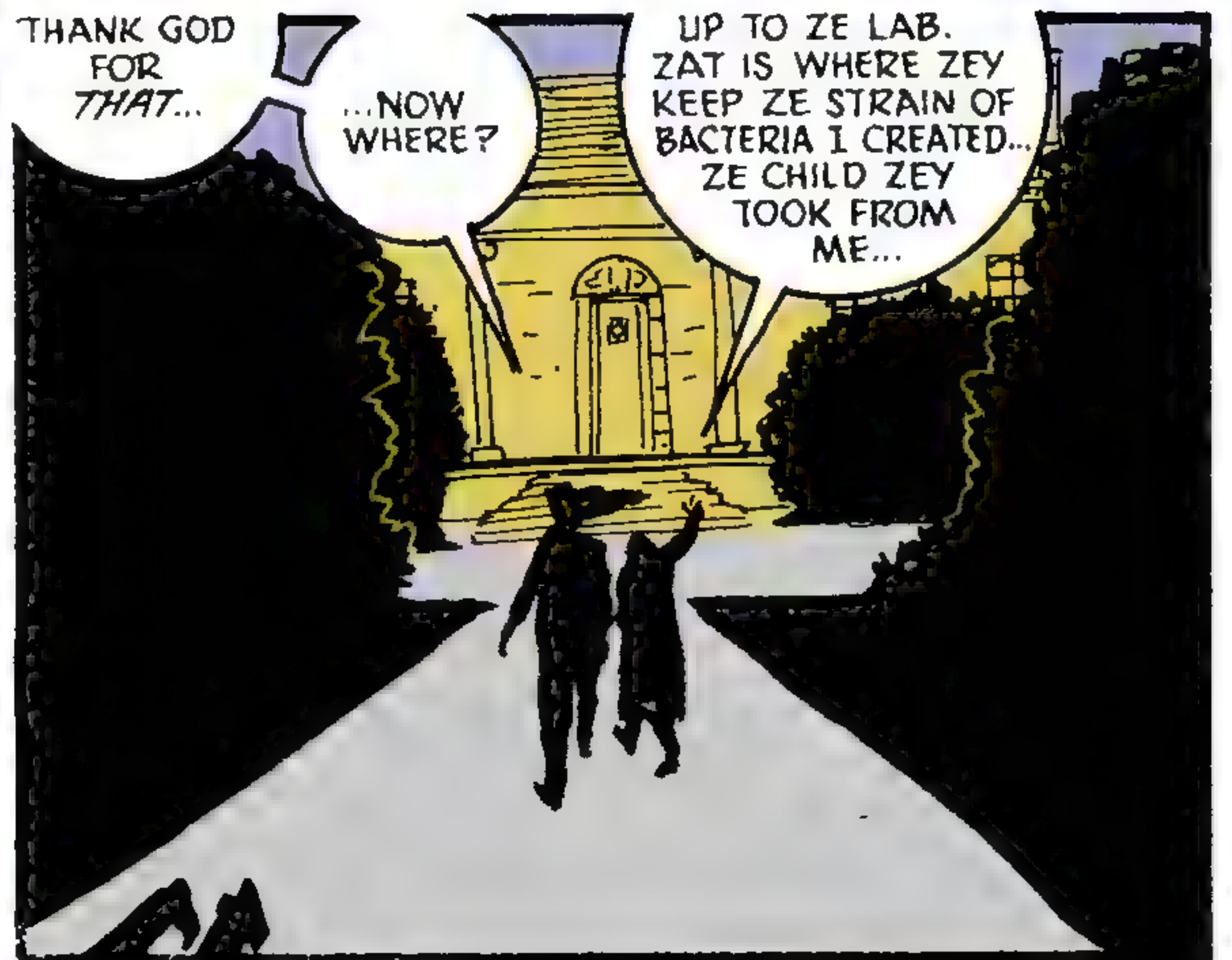
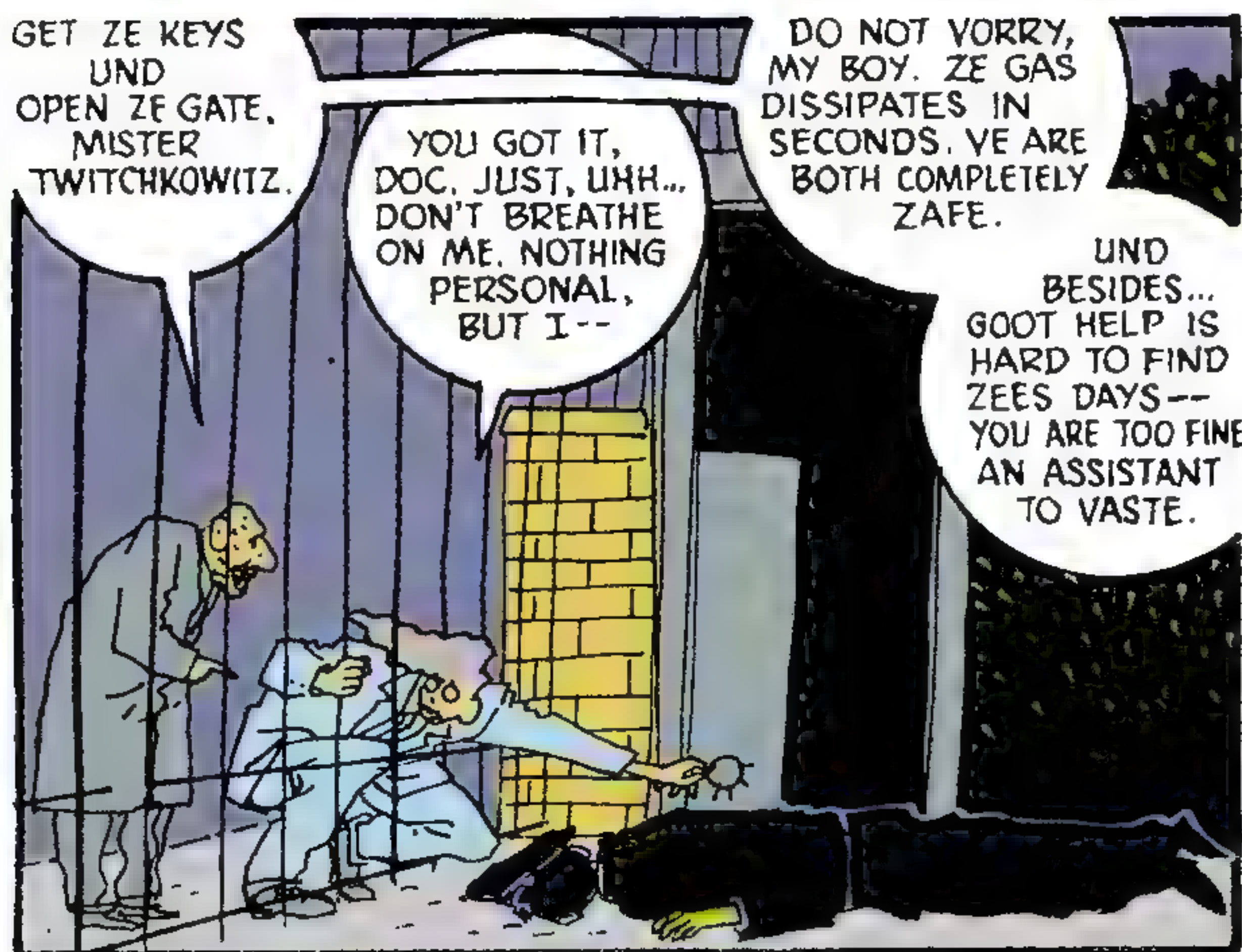
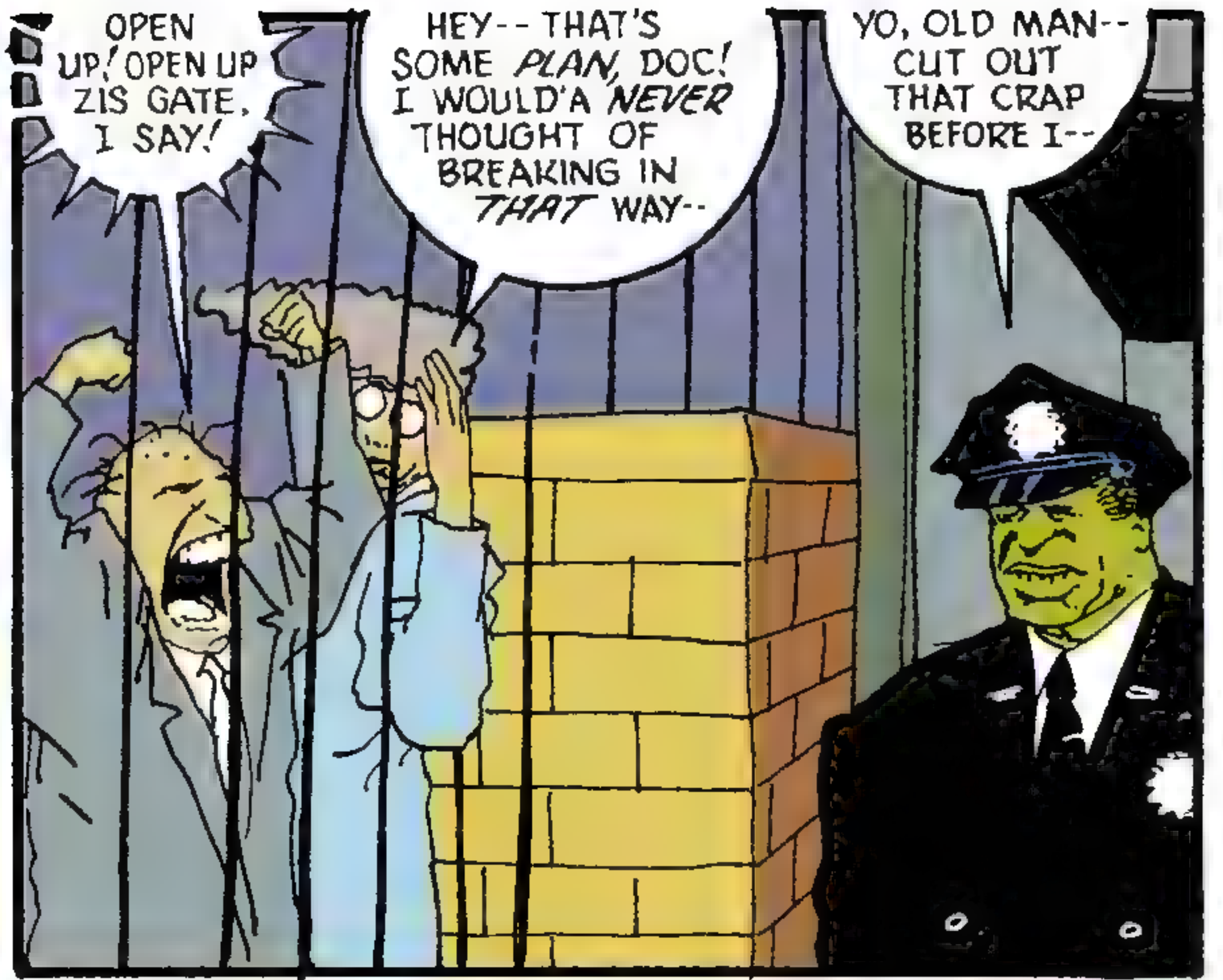
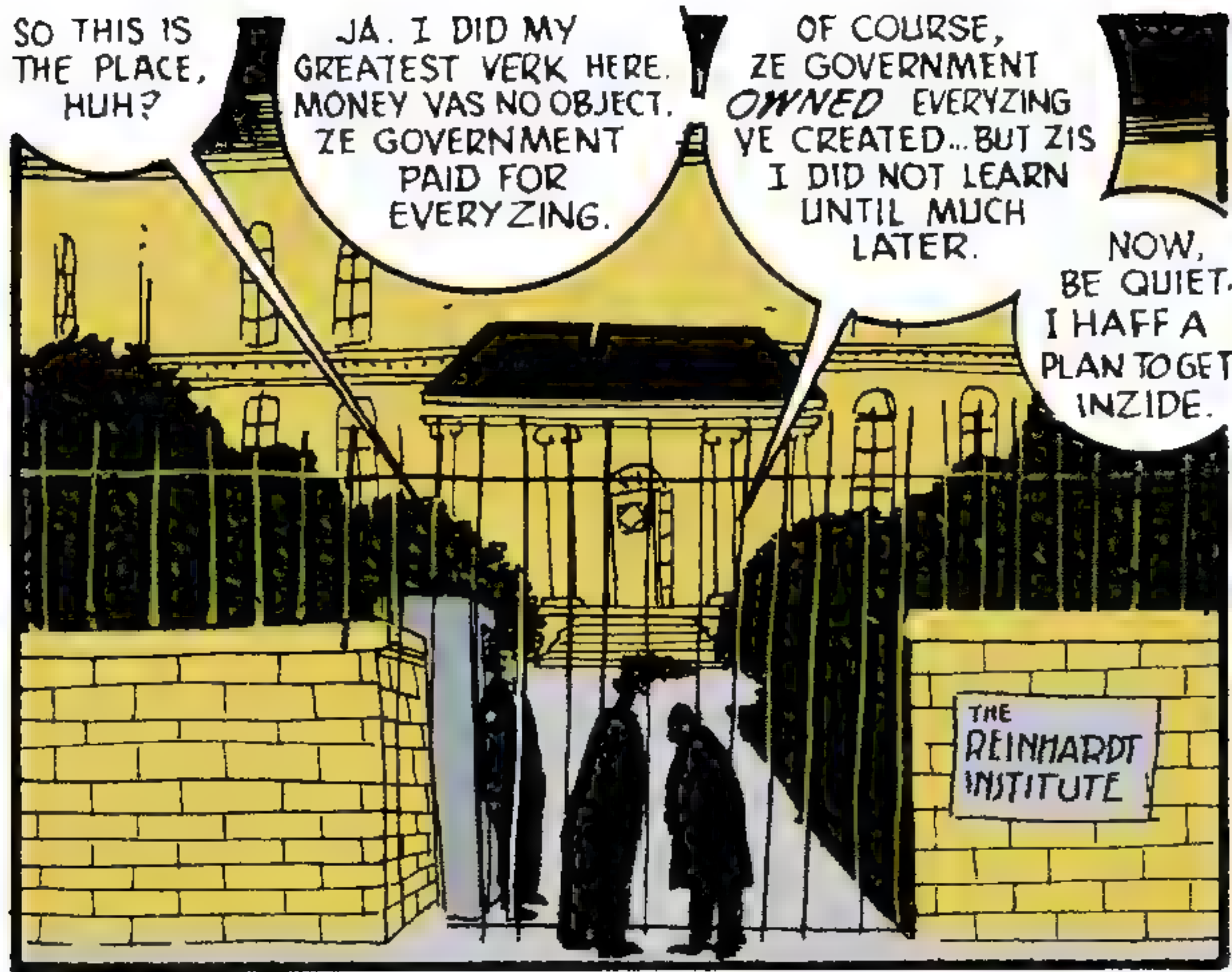
WAS THAT A TEST?



DON'T SWEAT IT -- I'M STILL ON RETAINER. I'M ALL YOURS TILL THE END OF THE WEEK.

GOOD. AND PERHAPS YOU CAN TAKE LEONARD ALONG. HE COULD USE THE FIELDWORK --AND THIS SEEMS A HARMLESS ENOUGH INVESTIGATION...



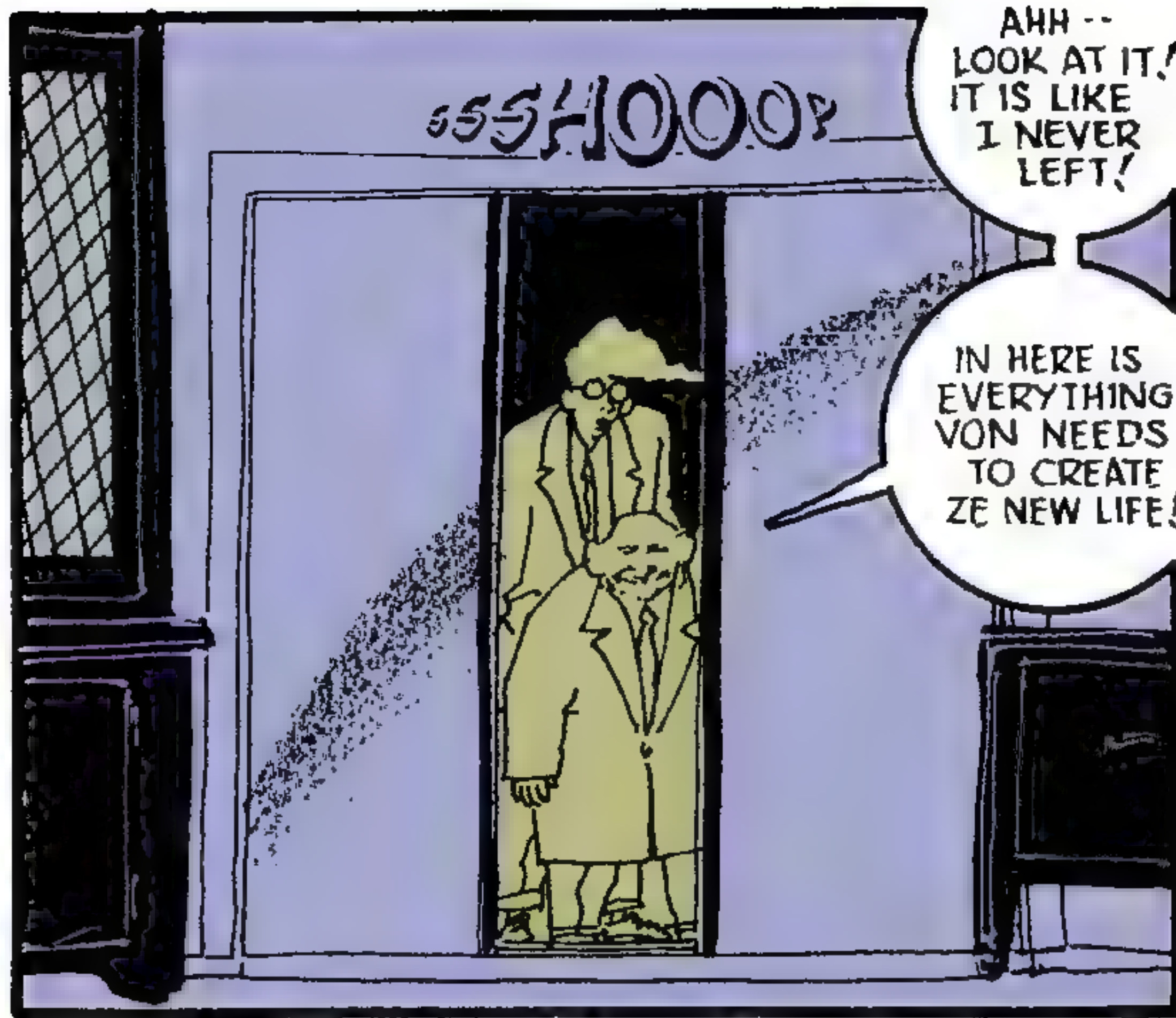




YOU DID IT AGAIN... GOD...

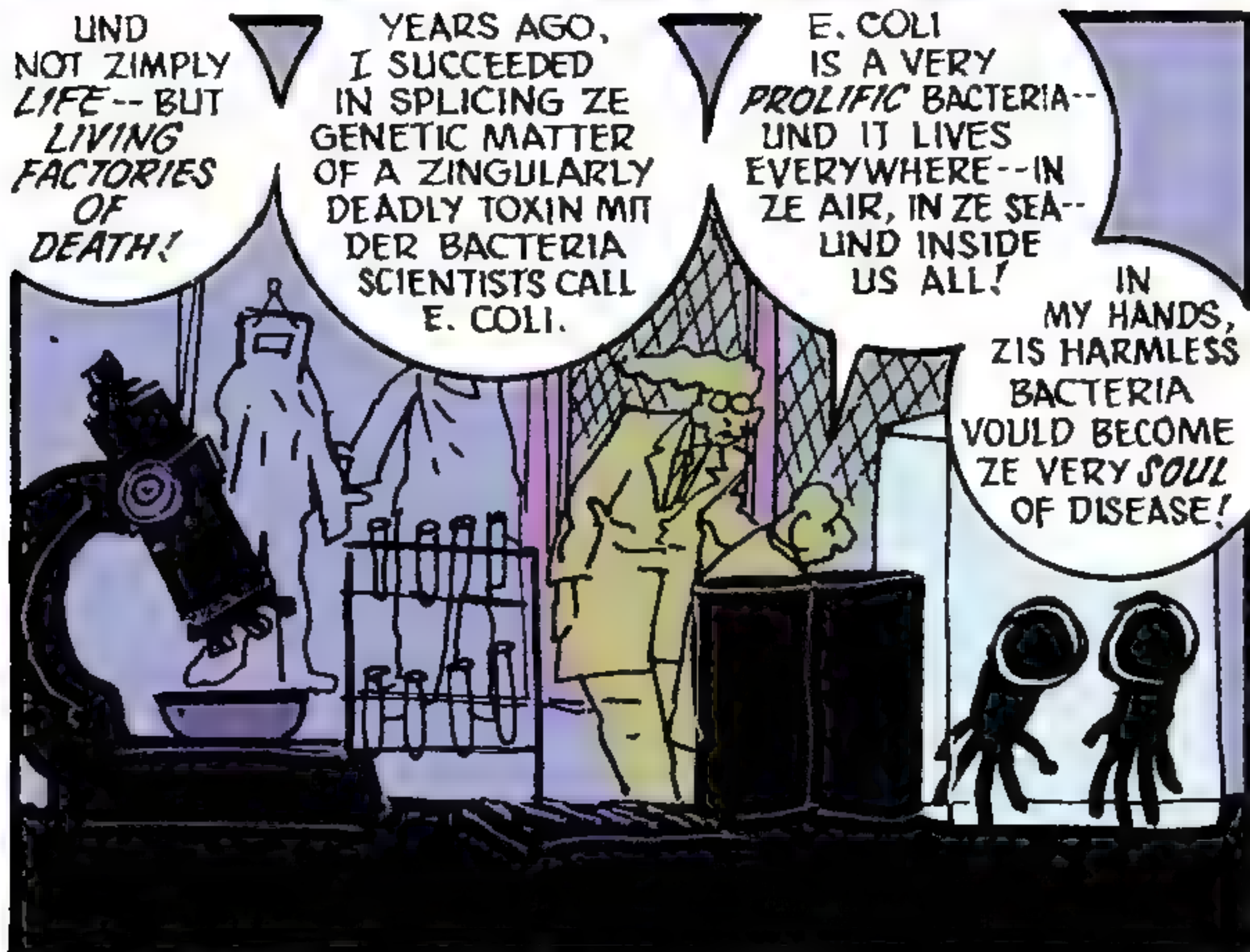
NO NEED TO BE ZO FORMAL, TWITCHKOWITZ... PLEASE... CALL ME DOCTOR FLAX.

UND TAKE HIS PASS CARD. VE VILL NEED IT TO GET INTO ZE LAB UND VAULT.



AHH -- LOOK AT IT! IT IS LIKE I NEVER LEFT!

IN HERE IS EVERYTHING VON NEEDS TO CREATE ZE NEW LIFE!

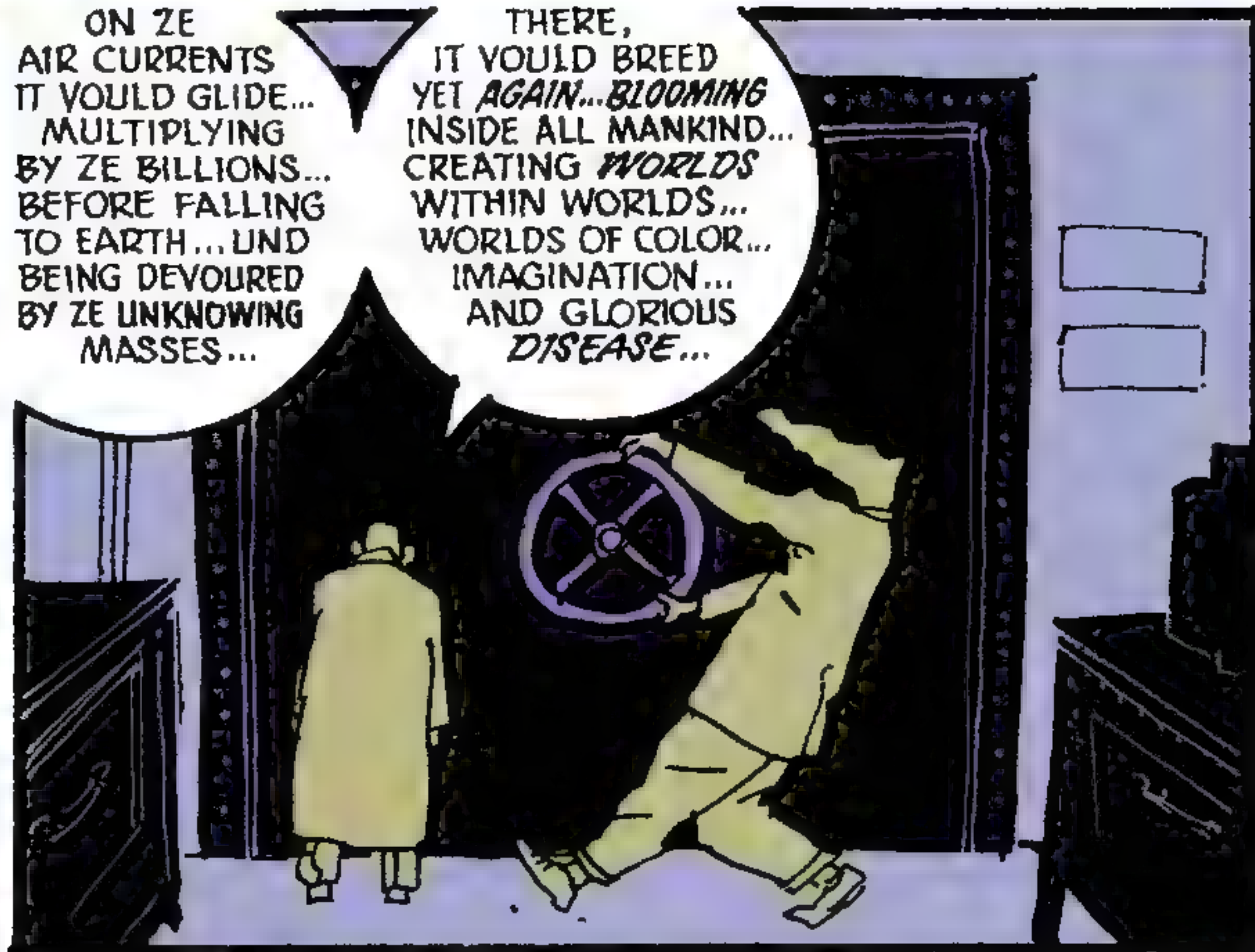


UND NOT ZIMPLY LIFE-- BUT LIVING FACTORIES OF DEATH!

YEARS AGO, I SUCCEEDED IN SPLICING ZE GENETIC MATTER OF A ZINGULARLY DEADLY TOXIN MIT DER BACTERIA SCIENTISTS CALL E. COLI.

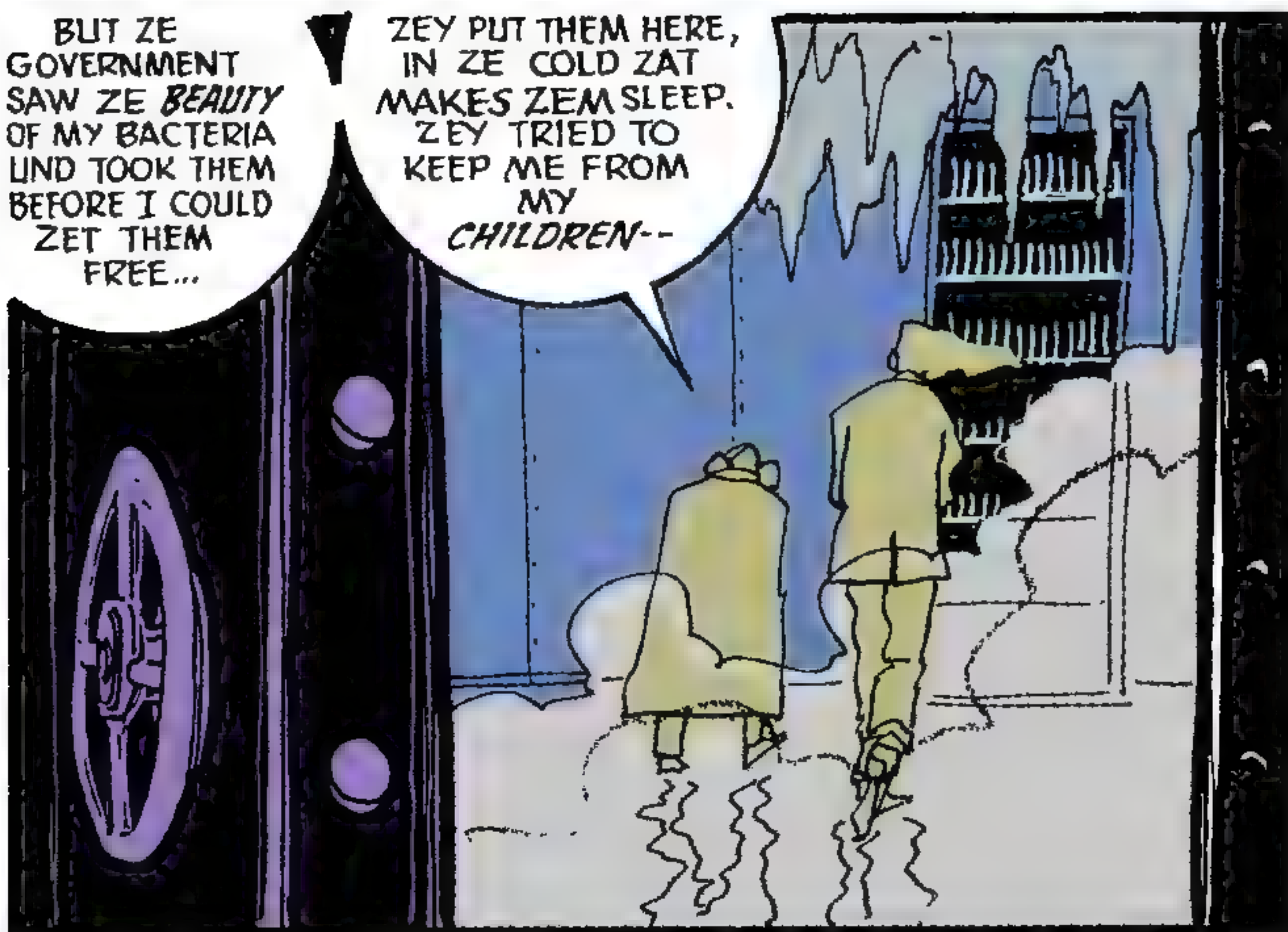
E. COLI IS A VERY PROLIFIC BACTERIA-- UND IT LIVES EVERYWHERE--IN ZE AIR, IN ZE SEA--UND INSIDE US ALL!

IN MY HANDS, ZIS HARMLESS BACTERIA VOULD BECOME ZE VERY SOUL OF DISEASE!



ON ZE AIR CURRENTS IT VOULD GLIDE... MULTIPLYING BY ZE BILLIONS... BEFORE FALLING TO EARTH... UND BEING DEVoured BY ZE UNKNOWING MASSES...

THERE, IT VOULD BREED YET AGAIN... BLOOMING INSIDE ALL MANKIND... CREATING WORLDS WITHIN WORLDS... WORLDS OF COLOR... IMAGINATION... AND GLORIOUS DISEASE...

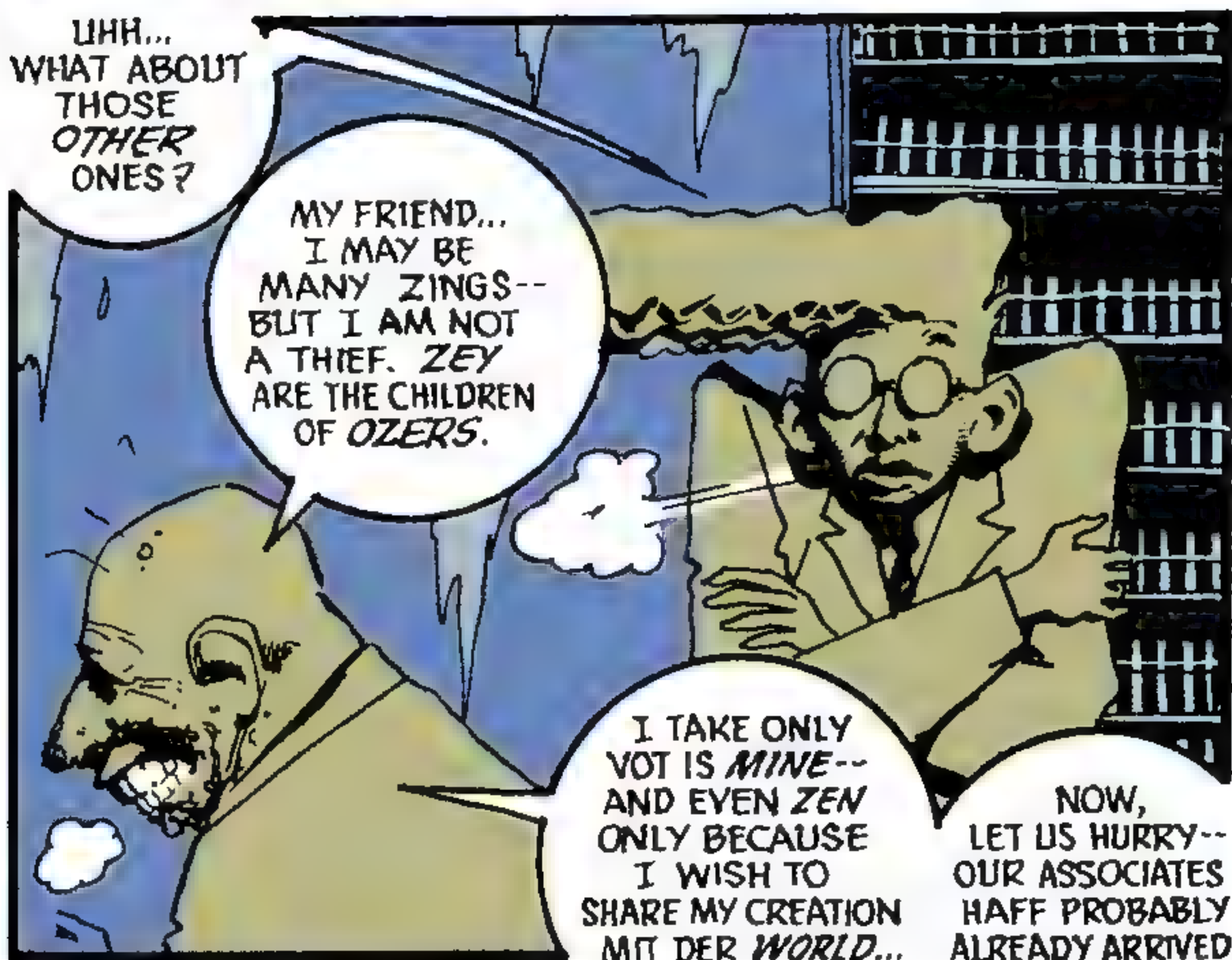


BUT ZE GOVERNMENT SAW ZE BEAUTY OF MY BACTERIA UND TOOK THEM BEFORE I COULD ZET THEM FREE...

ZEY PUT THEM HERE, IN ZE COLD ZAT MAKES ZEM SLEEP. ZEY TRIED TO KEEP ME FROM MY CHILDREN--



--BUT I VOULD NOT BE DENIED...!



UHH... WHAT ABOUT THOSE OTHER ONES?

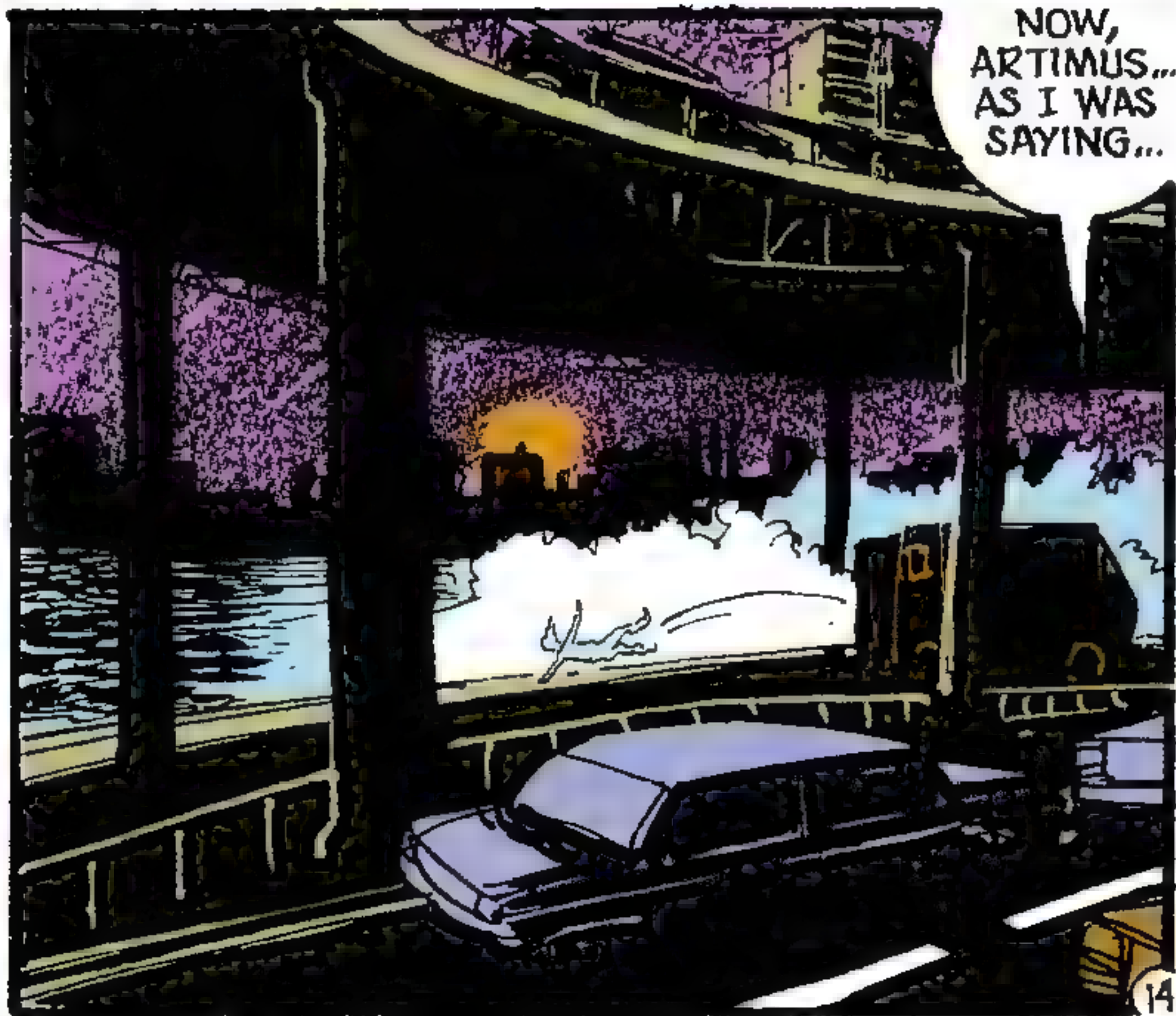
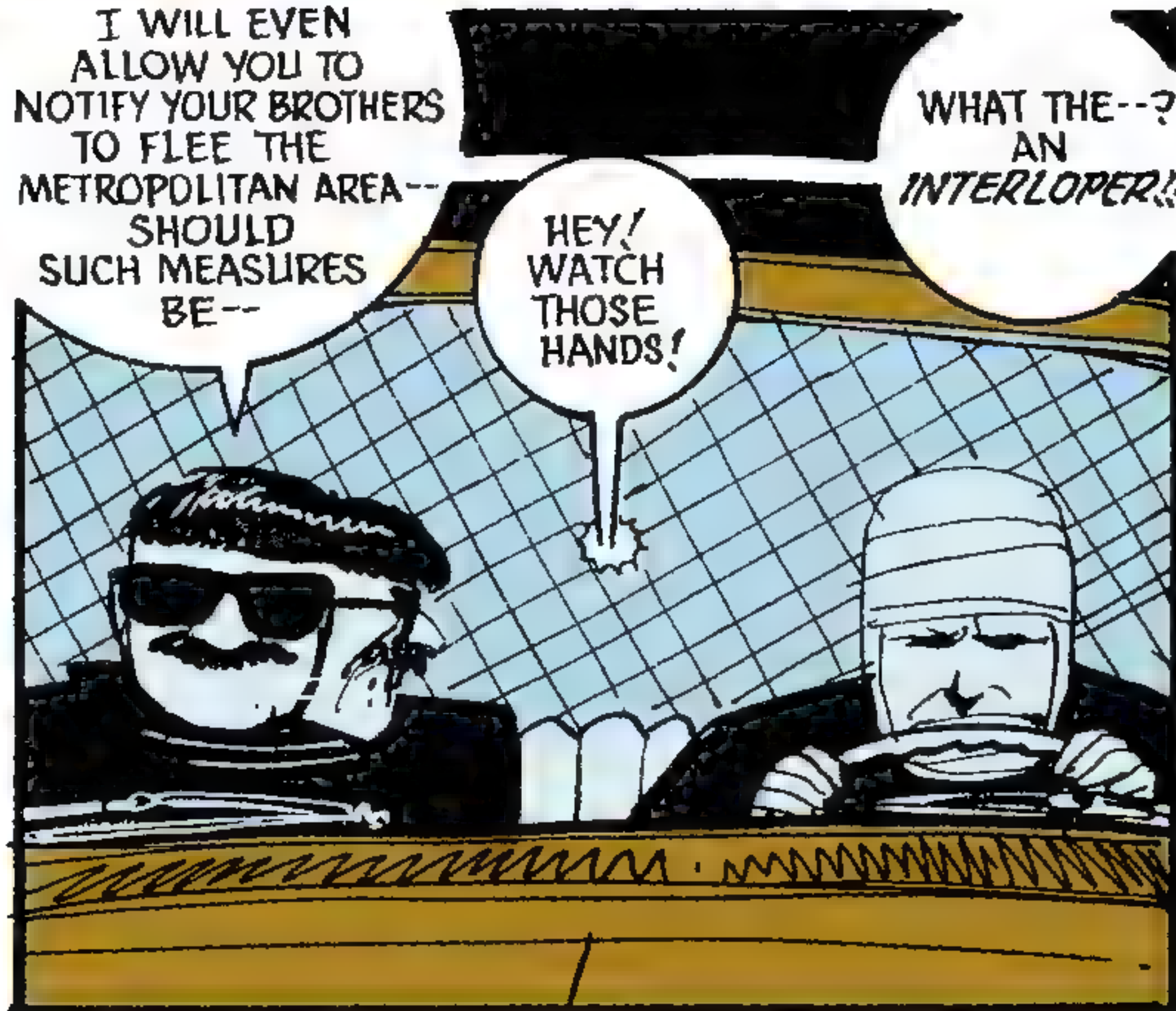
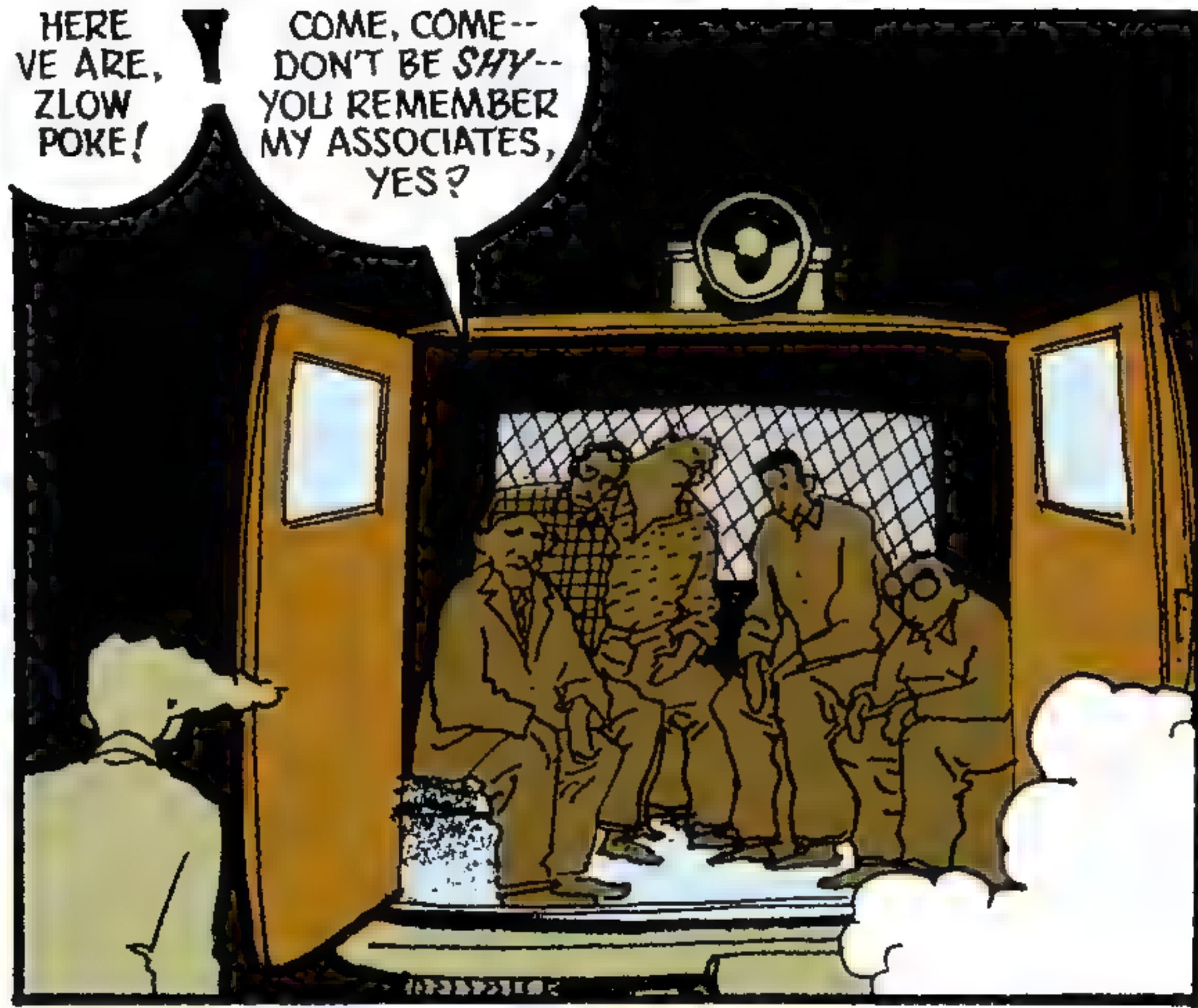
MY FRIEND... I MAY BE MANY ZINGS-- BUT I AM NOT A THIEF. ZEY ARE THE CHILDREN OF OZERS.

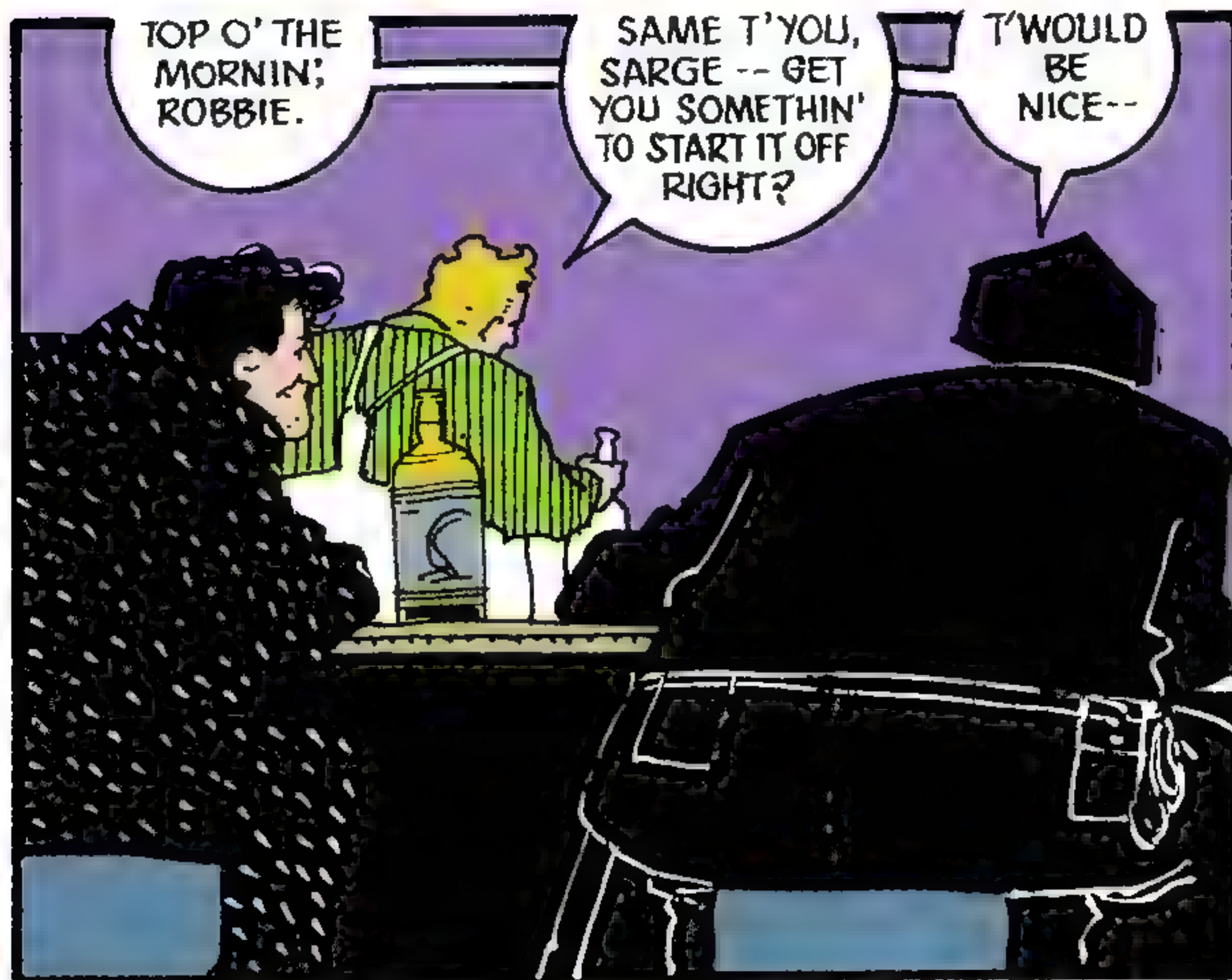
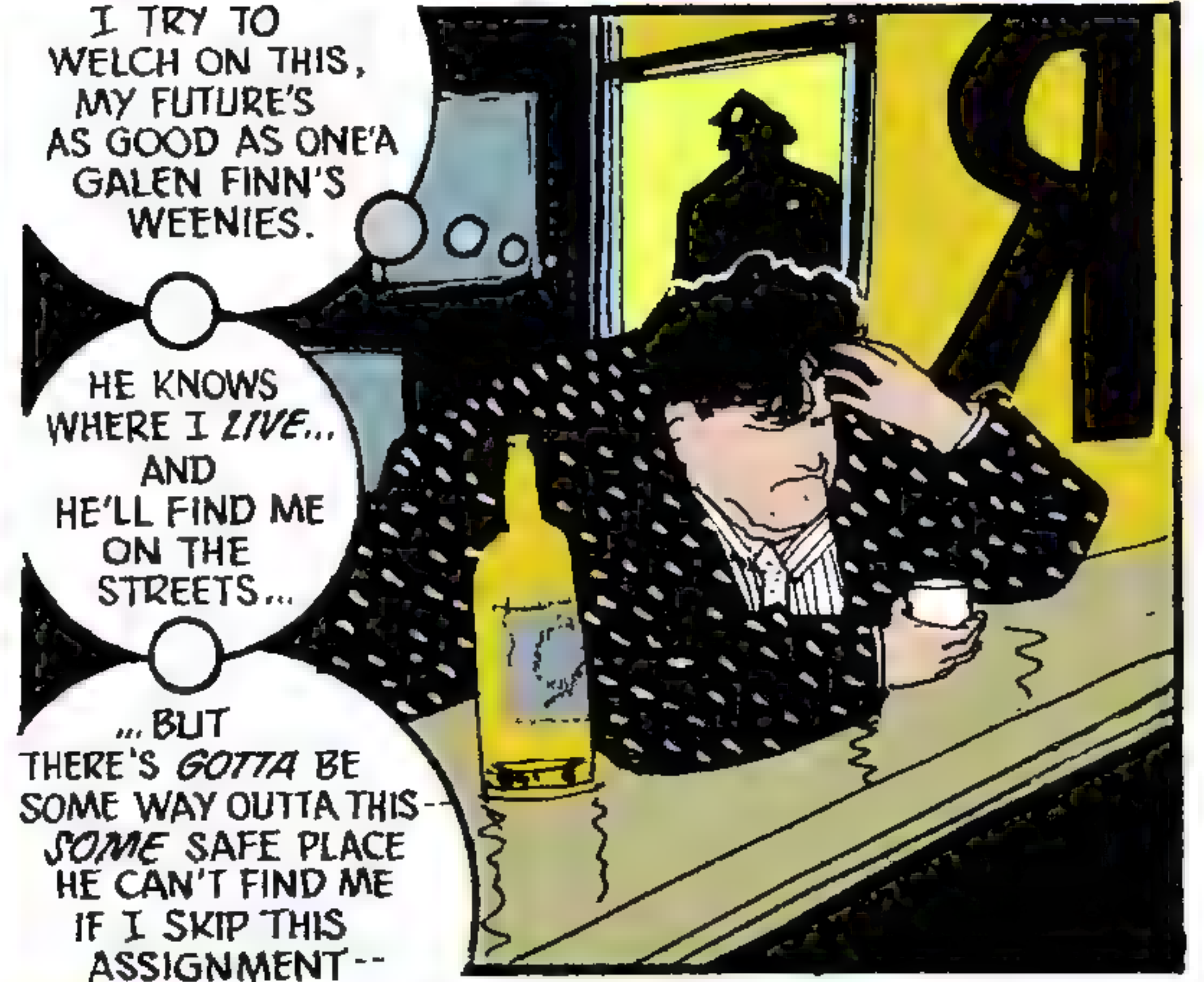
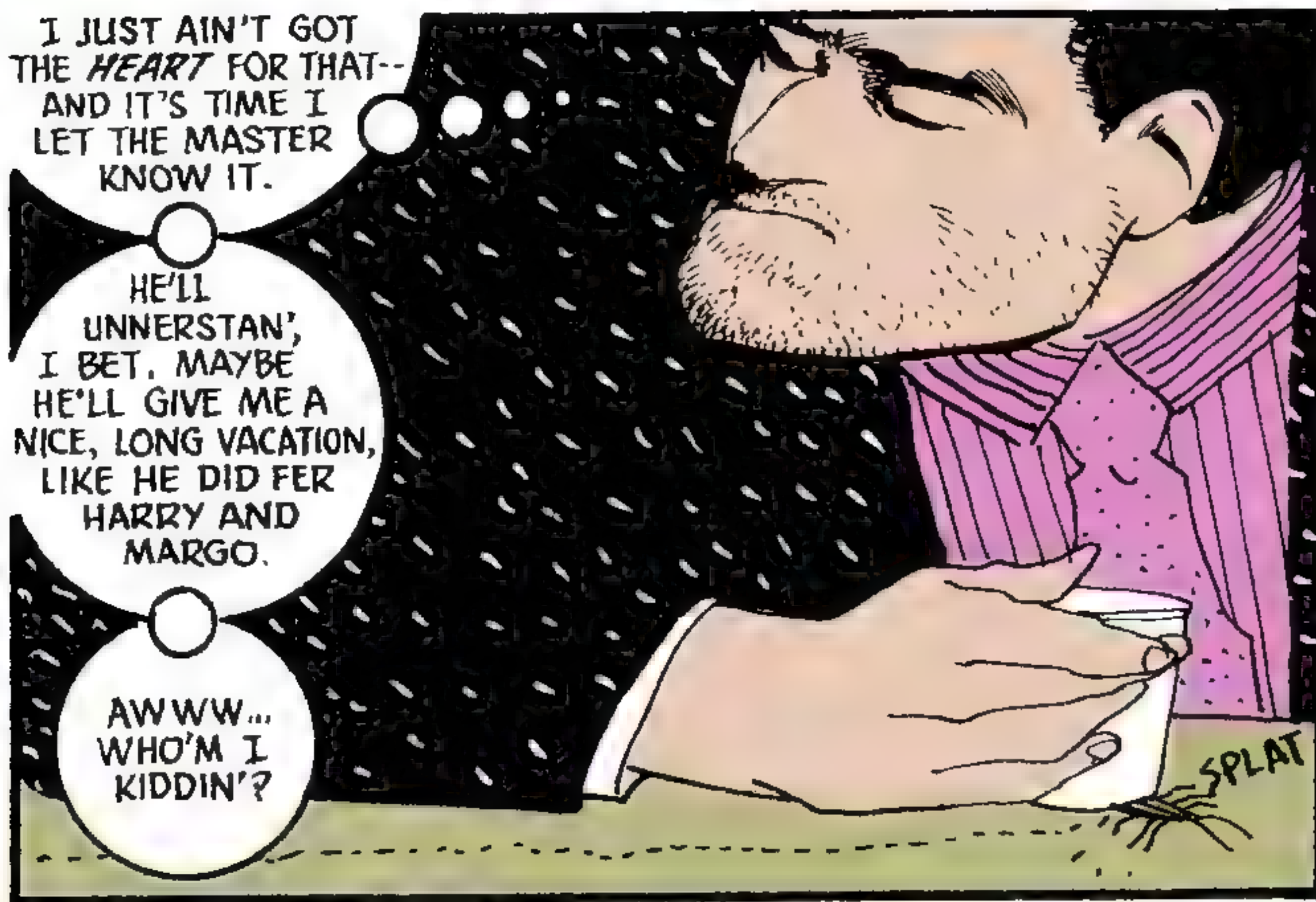
I TAKE ONLY VOT IS MINE-- AND EVEN ZEN ONLY BECAUSE I WISH TO SHARE MY CREATION MIT DER WORLD...

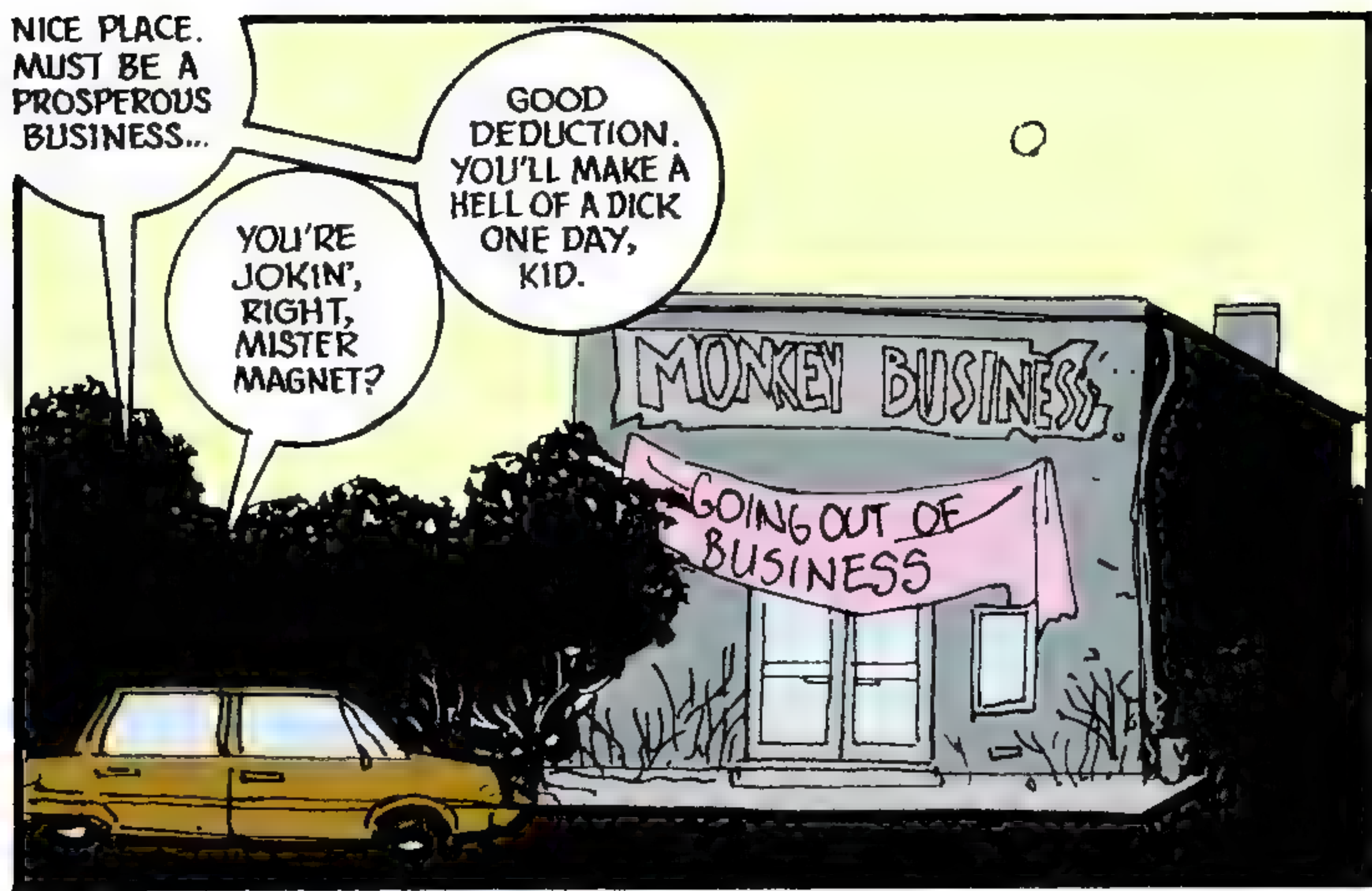
NOW, LET US HURRY-- OUR ASSOCIATES HAFF PROBABLY ALREADY ARRIVED.



ASSOCIATES???







NICE PLACE.
MUST BE A
PROSPEROUS
BUSINESS...

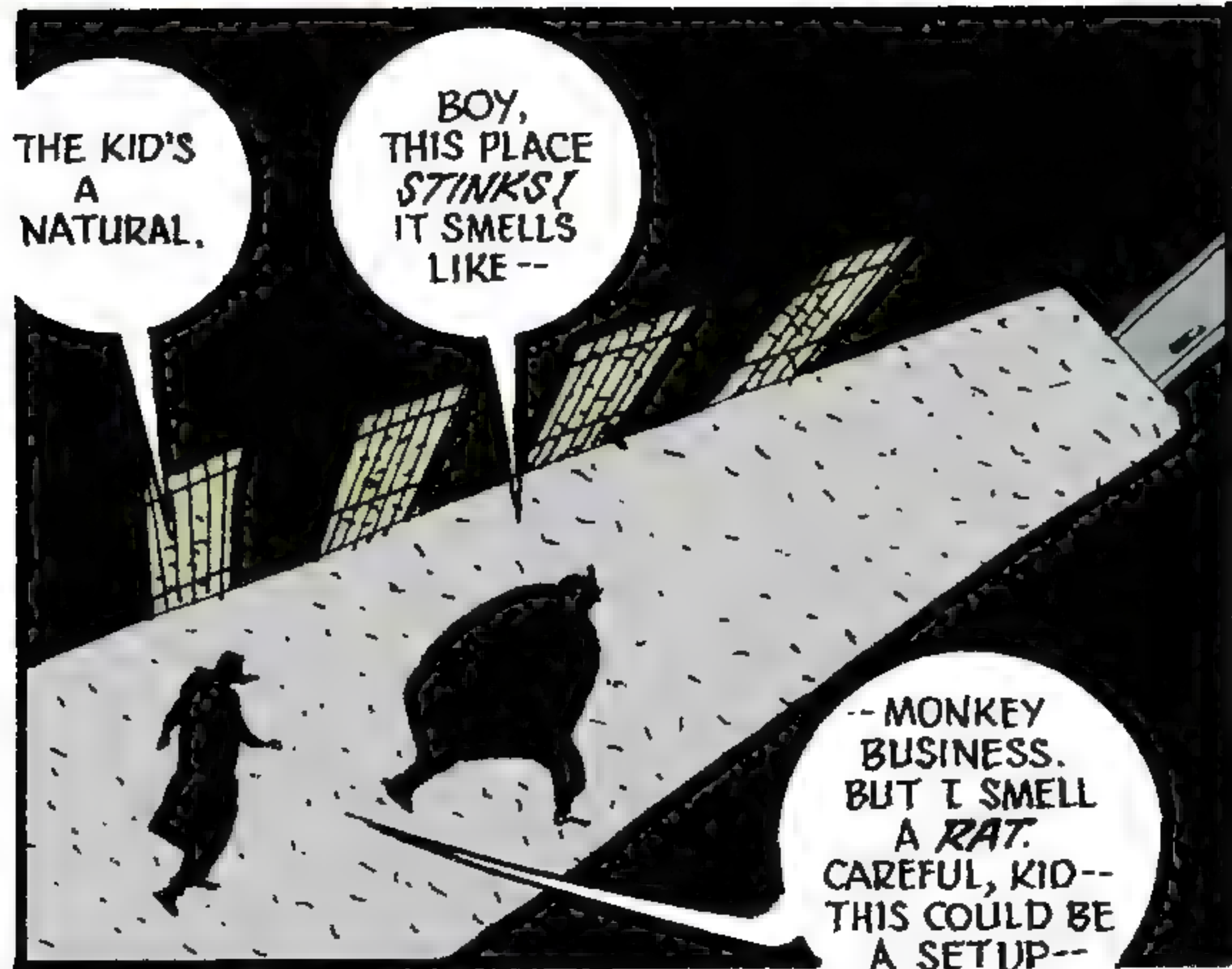
YOU'RE
JOKIN',
RIGHT,
MISTER
MAGNET?

GOOD
DEDUCTION.
YOU'LL MAKE A
HELL OF A DICK
ONE DAY,
KID.

LET'S SEE NOW...
PLACE LOOKS
SHUT TIGHT
AS A DRUM.
MUST BE
HIDING
SOMETHING.

WE'RE SHORT ON
FIREPOWER.
ONLY HAVE MY
ONE GUN, NEED A
PLAN OF ATTACK
TO GET US
IN THERE--

MISTER
MAGNET!
THE DOOR'S
OPEN!



THE KID'S
A
NATURAL.

BOY,
THIS PLACE
STINKS!
IT SMELLS
LIKE --

-- MONKEY
BUSINESS.
BUT I SMELL
A RAT.
CAREFUL, KID--
THIS COULD BE
A SETUP--

MISTER
MAGNET--
LOOKIT
THIS!
IT'S--



HEY!
WHO'S OUT THERE?
I THOUGHT I
TOLD YOU KIDS--



--T'QUIT
BOTHERIN'
ME AND
MAYBELL--

--I...
URHH...
SHEEE...

UMMM...
WHAT
C'N I DO
FOR
YOU FOLKS...?



YOU
ARE--?

JOCKO SCHWARTZ-
SIMIAN SPECIALIST.
GOT THE ONLY
MONKEY AND APE
WHOLESALE OPERATION
THIS SIDE OF THE
APPALACHIANS.

YOU LOOKIN'
FOR
MONKEYSHINES--
YOU COME
TO ME.

I CAN
SEE
THAT...



BUT WE'RE NOT REALLY
IN THE MARKET FOR
BUYING... WE'RE
INTERESTED IN YOUR
CUSTOMER RECORDS
FOR THE LAST FEW
YEARS...

...IT'S FOR...
AN ARTICLE
WE'RE DOING
FOR... UHH...

--NATURAL
HISTORY
MAGAZINE!

WELL, SURE--
I GOT 'EM ALL
RIGHT HERE...

THREE
CUSTOMERS?
THAT'S IT?

AIN'T
MUCH CALL
FOR MONKEYS...
NOT SINCE
THEY CANCELLED
"ME AND THE
CHIMP."

SCRATCH
SCRATCH
RUB
RUB
MONKEY CHOW

JUST LOOK AT THE FACTS!

FIRST, ERROL FINN GETS STABBED BY THE PRONG KILLER...

THEN, ARTIE FINN GETS SHOT UP IN A DOUBLE CROSS OVER A SHIPMENT OF ILLEGAL FIREARMS...

ERROL GETS TERMINALLY PERFORATED BY A HIT MAN WHILE COMATOSE IN THE HOSPITAL...

...AND ARCHIE AND LONNEGAN FINN GET BLOWN TO BITS IN THEIR HIGH-RISE BROTHEL!

NOW... WHAT DOES THAT MEAN TO YOU--?

UMMM... I'M NOT SURE...

LOOK-- THERE'S MORE...

GALEN FINN'S IN PRISON-- THE BOYS IN FORENSICS FOUND BITS AND PIECES OF TEN DIFFERENT BODIES STUCK TO THE ROTORS OF HIS MIXING VATS.

AND THE FINNS' ATTORNEY-- THAT BACH S.O.B.-- WAS KILLED IN THE ESCAPE OF THOSE PSYCHOPATHIC INMATES--

NOW ARE YOU CATCHING MY DRIFT?

MAX...?

I'M STILL THINKING...

LOOK, YOU NINCOMPOOP! EVERYONE KNOWS THE FINNS CONTROL ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES IN THIS CITY--

--BUT SUDDENLY, IT LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF A FULL-SCALE GANG WAR!

THE ONLY QUESTION IS-- WHO ARE THEY FIGHTING? IT CAN'T BE A LOCAL RIVAL FAMILY-- THEY'RE ALL SCARED STIFF OF THE FINNS...

MAYBE THE COLOMBIANS... OR THE TONG--?

PERHAPS IT'S JUST A GROUP OF CONCERNED CITIZENS, SIR. AFTER ALL, YOU YOURSELF HAVE CALLED THE FINNS SCUM ON NUMEROUS OCCASIONS...

DON'T BE STUPID, MAX-- WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS IS DOING IT TO GAIN CONTROL OF THIS CITY.

IF WE CAN NAB THEM IN THE CRIMINAL ACT, WE'LL SET ORGANIZED CRIME IN THIS CITY BACK TEN YEARS!

BY MY COUNT, THERE'S THREE FINNS LEFT ON THE STREETS-- PATRICK, SHAWN AND ARTIE...

GOD ONLY KNOWS WHERE THEY ARE-- BUT WE'D BETTER FIND THEM--

"--BEFORE THEIR *KILLERS* DO!"



THIS HAS ALL GONE BAD... TERRIBLY, TERRIBLY BAD...

I SHOULD NEVER HAVE ENCOURAGED HIM... ARTIE CAN BE SO RASH AT TIMES.

SO WE SUFFERED A FEW LOSSES... SO WHAT?

WE SHOULD HAVE LET THE SHADOW DO HIS THING--IT PROBABLY WOULD HAVE KEPT US ON OUR TOES.

BUT NOOO... WE HAD TO LISTEN TO ARTIE... HAD TO FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GO HEAD-TO-HEAD WITH THE SHADOW... BREAK A GROUP OF *MADMEN* OUT OF PRISON TO DO IT...

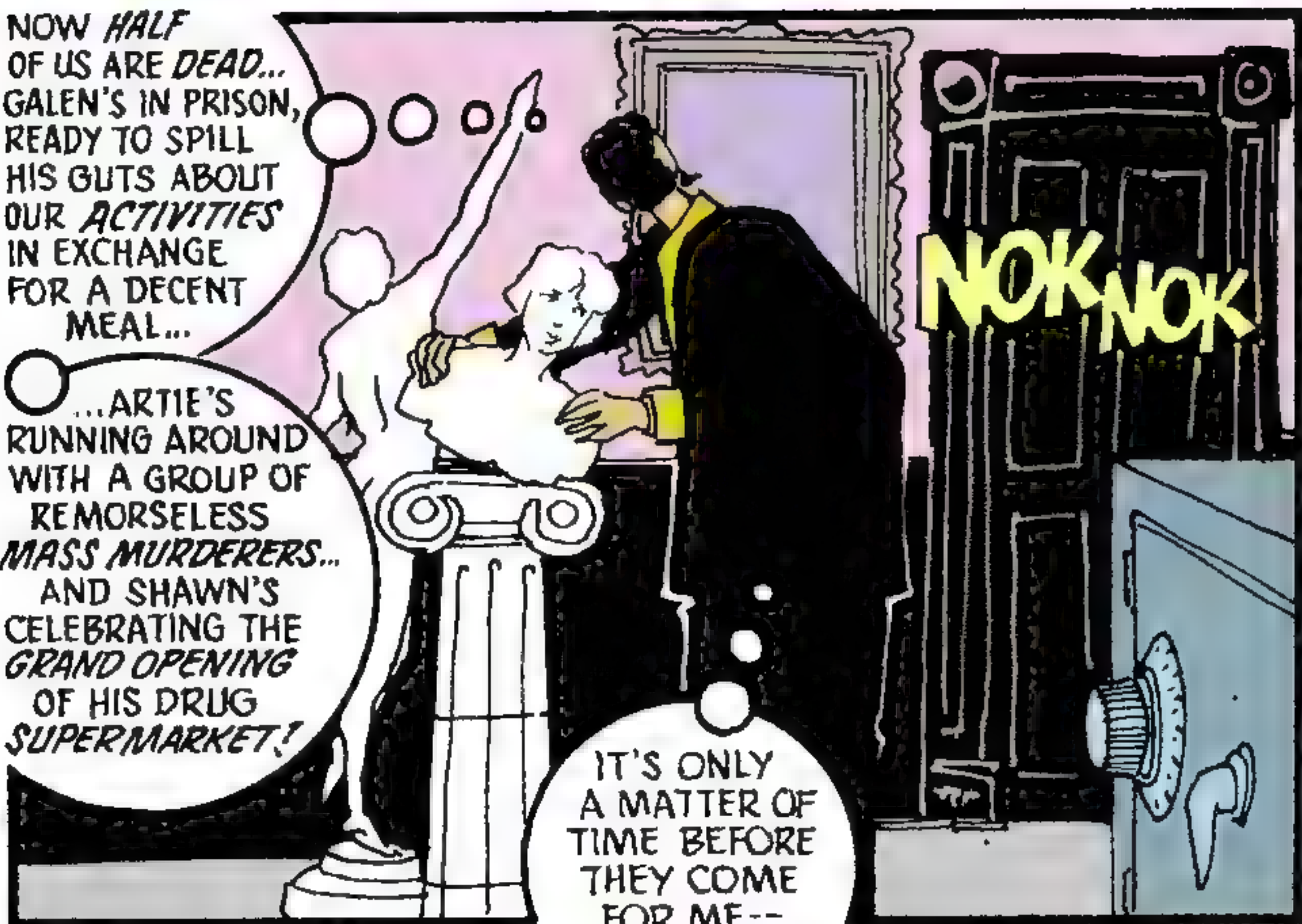


NOW *HALF* OF US ARE DEAD... GALEN'S IN PRISON, READY TO SPILL HIS GUTS ABOUT OUR *ACTIVITIES* IN EXCHANGE FOR A DECENT MEAL...

...ARTIE'S RUNNING AROUND WITH A GROUP OF REMORSELESS *MASS MURDERERS*... AND SHAWN'S CELEBRATING THE *GRAND OPENING* OF HIS *DRUG SUPERMARKET*!

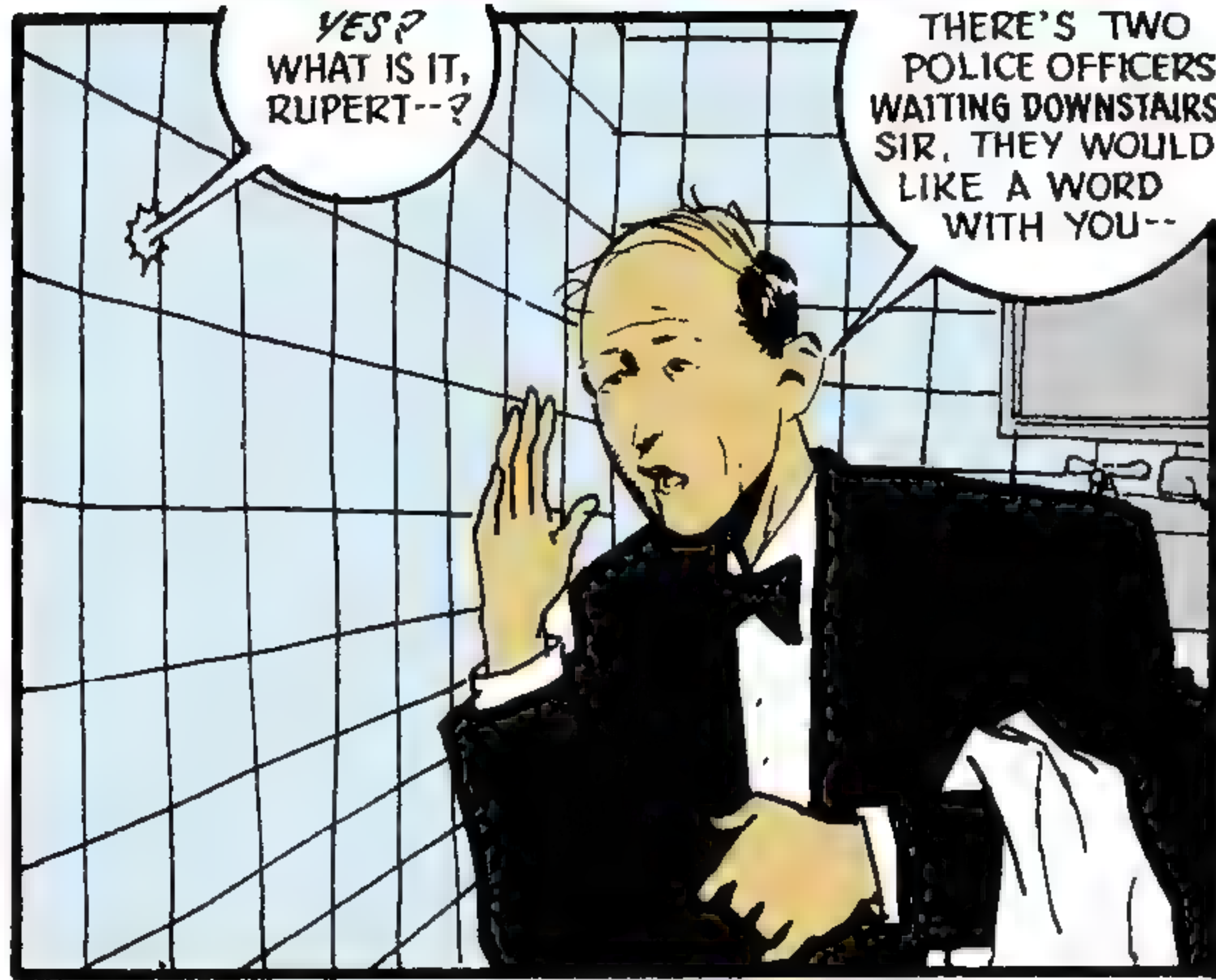
IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THEY COME FOR ME--

NOK NOK



YES? WHAT IS IT, RUPERT--?

THERE'S TWO POLICE OFFICERS WAITING DOWNSTAIRS, SIR. THEY WOULD LIKE A WORD WITH YOU--



GOOD LORD! TELL THEM-- I'M NOT HOME! TELL THEM-- I'M IN *LONDON* ON BUSINESS! TELL THEM-- ANYTHING! JUST GET RID OF THEM!

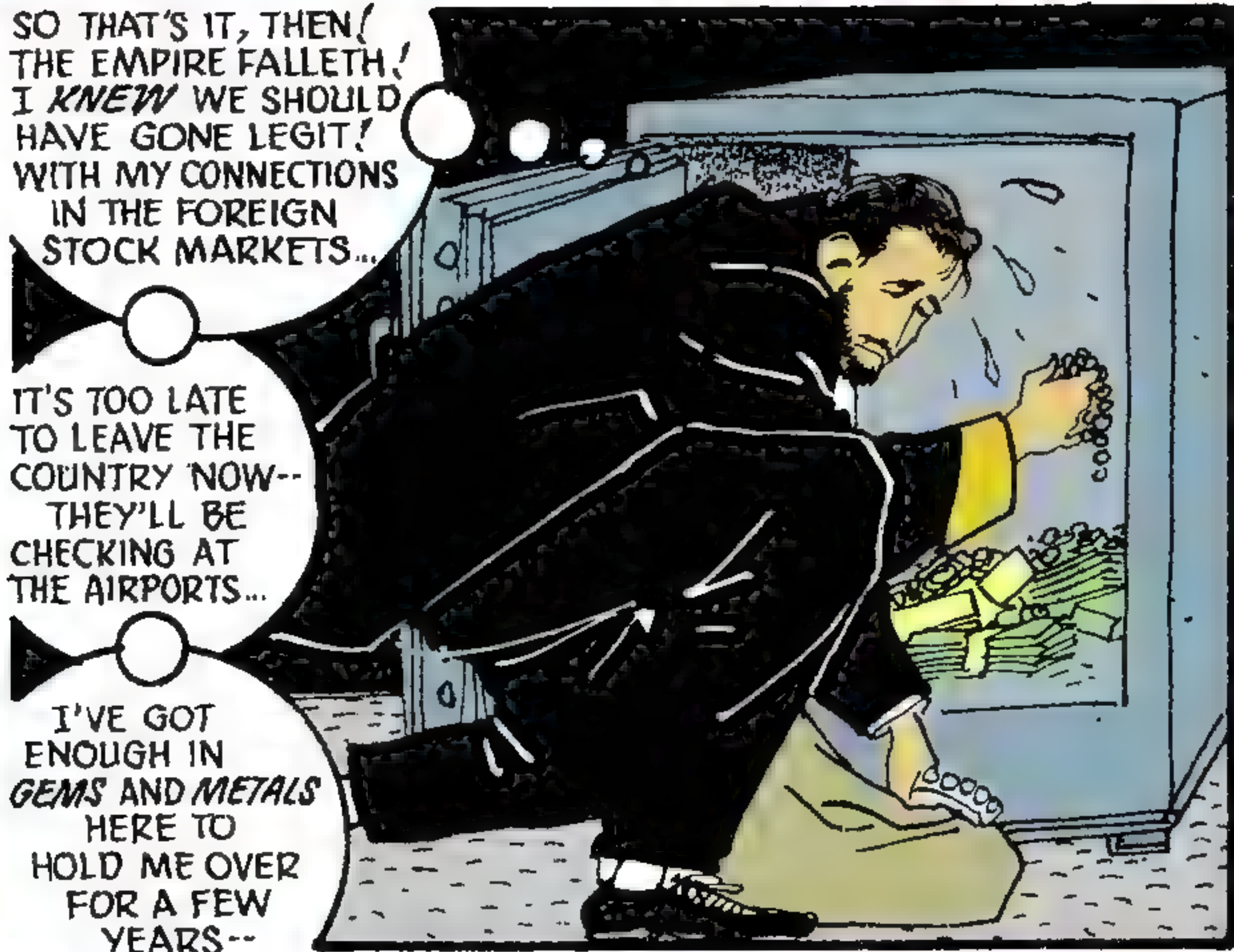
VERY GOOD, SIR.



SO THAT'S IT, THEN! THE EMPIRE FALLETH! I *KNEW* WE SHOULD HAVE GONE LEGIT! WITH MY CONNECTIONS IN THE FOREIGN STOCK MARKETS...

IT'S TOO LATE TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY NOW-- THEY'LL BE CHECKING AT THE AIRPORTS...

I'VE GOT ENOUGH IN *GEMS* AND *METALS* HERE TO HOLD ME OVER FOR A FEW YEARS--



--BUT I'LL NEED A PLACE TO STAY UNTIL THE HEAT DIES DOWN... SOMEPLACE WHERE THEY'LL *NEVER* FIND ME... I--

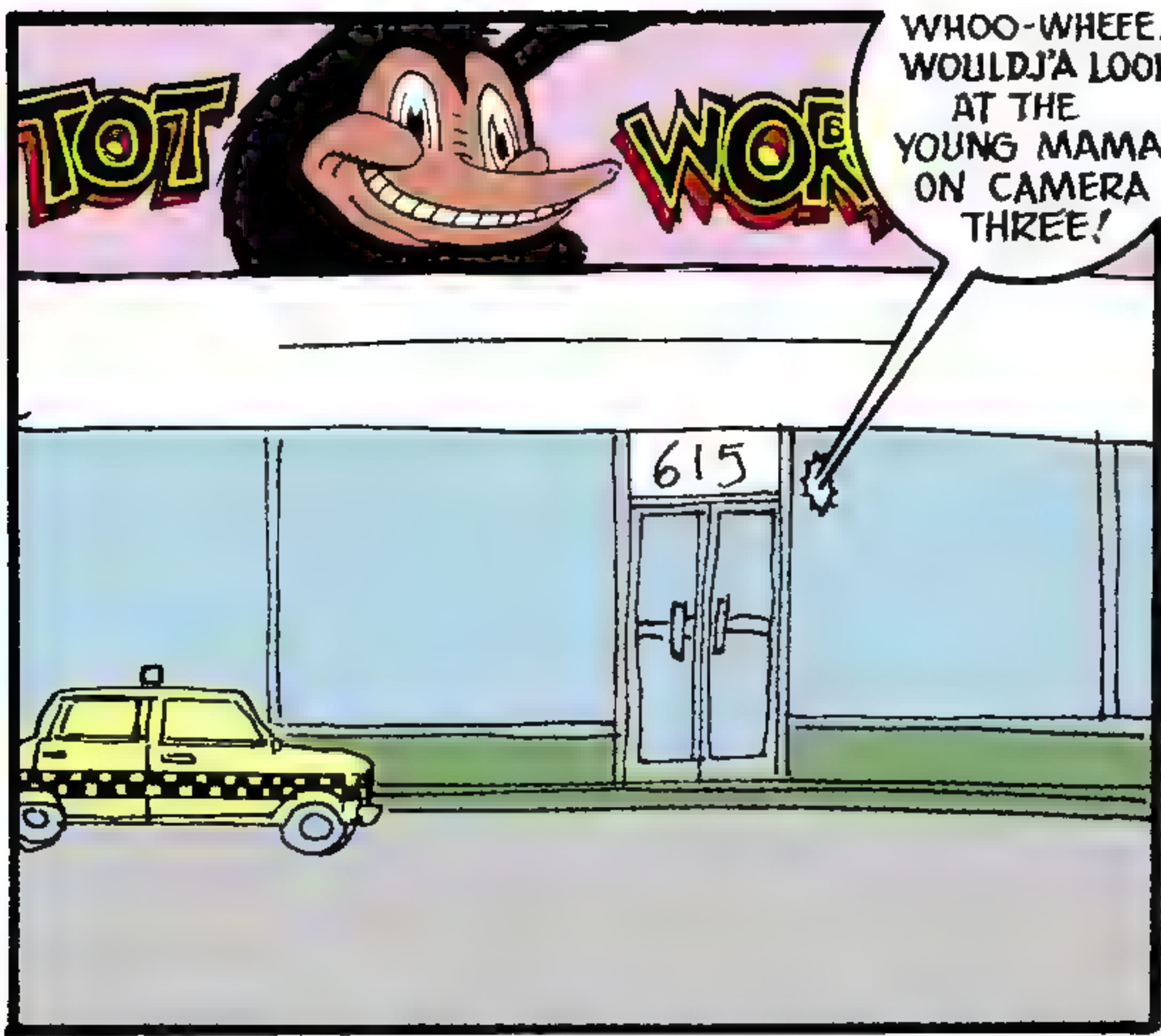
»GULP«



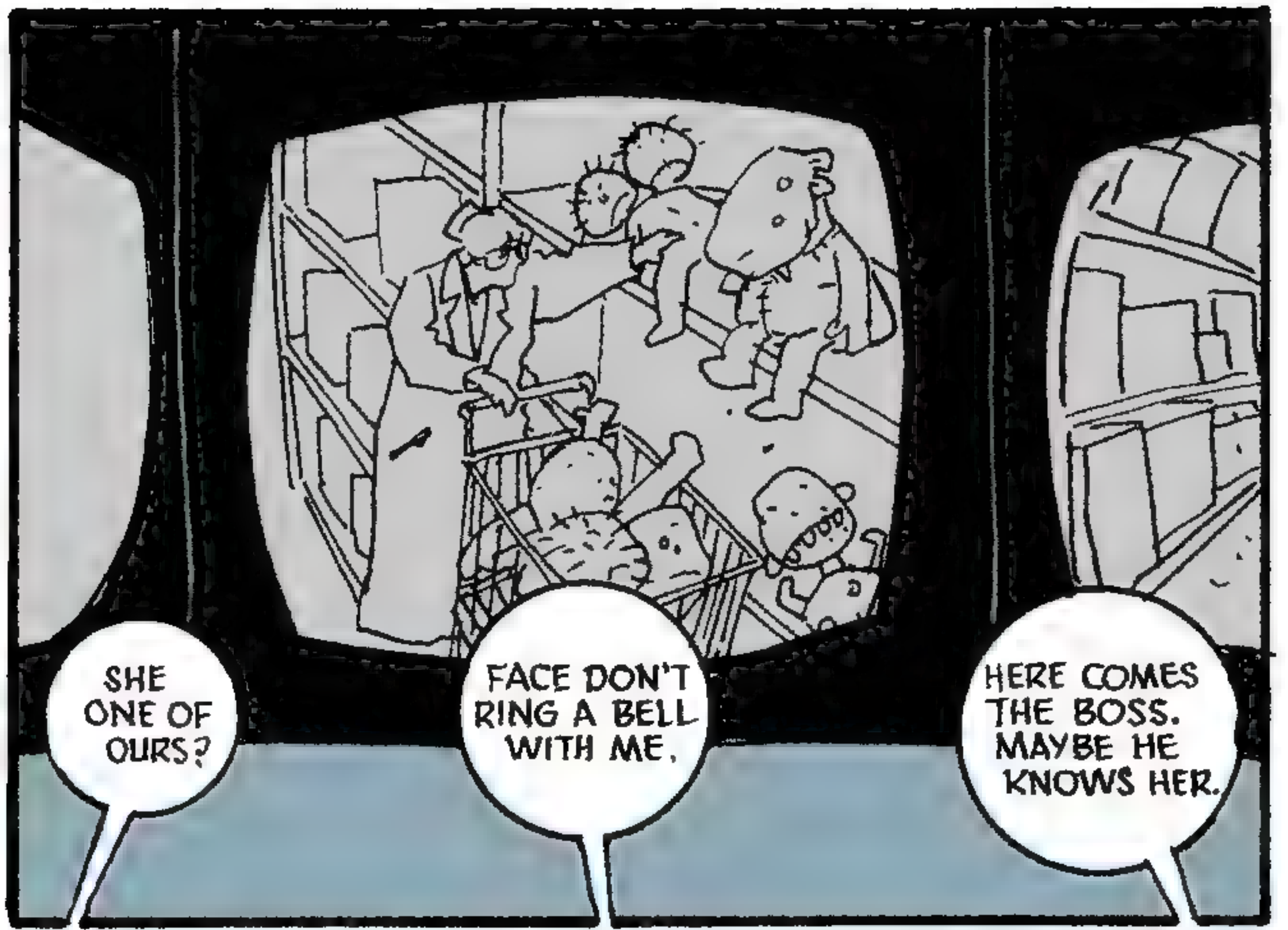
BUT THERE'S NO CHOICE NOW IS THERE?

WELL, THEN... TO *MOTHER'S* IT IS...





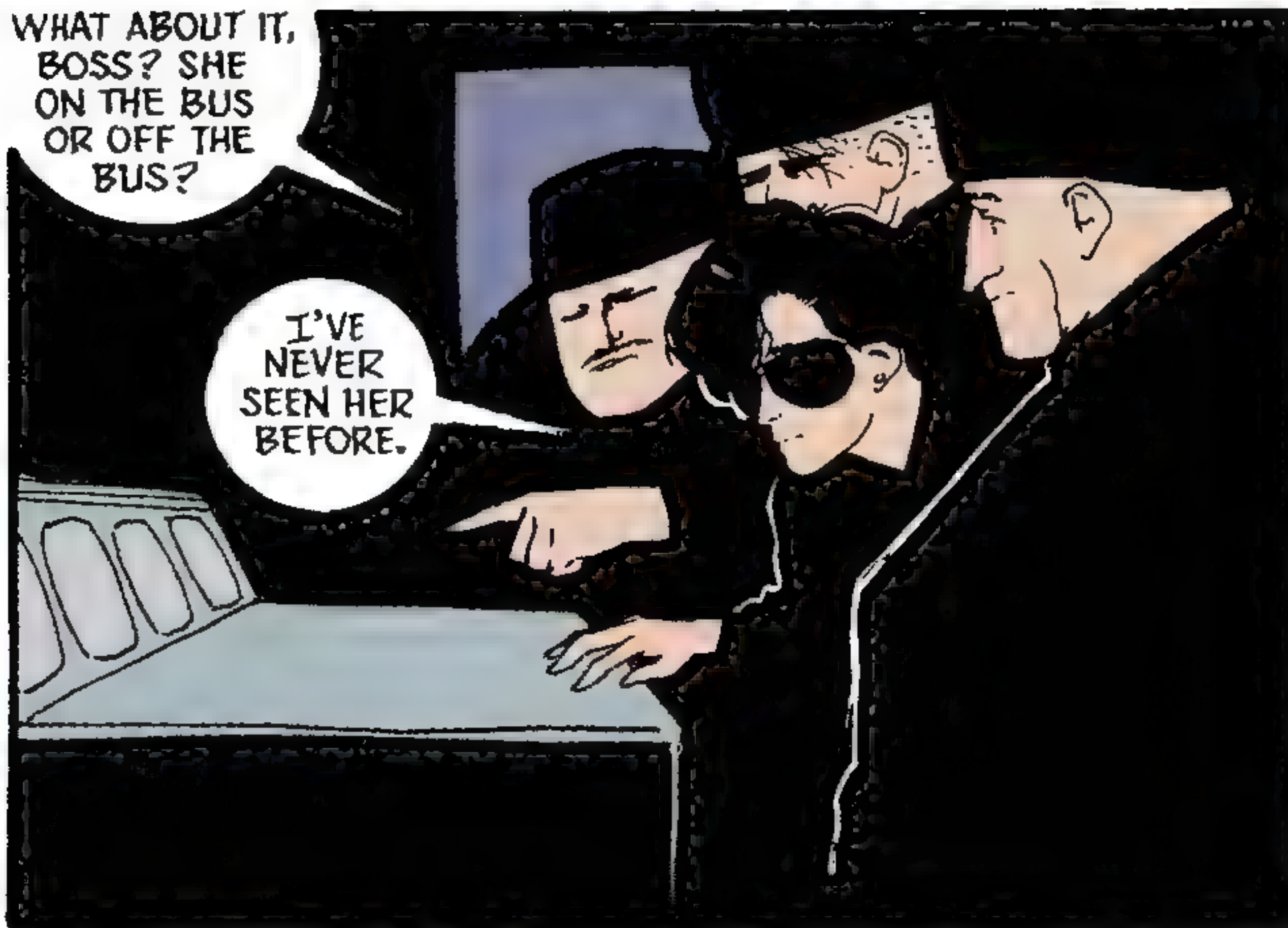
WHOO-WHEE...
WOULDJA LOOK
AT THE
YOUNG MAMA
ON CAMERA
THREE!



SHE
ONE OF
OURS?

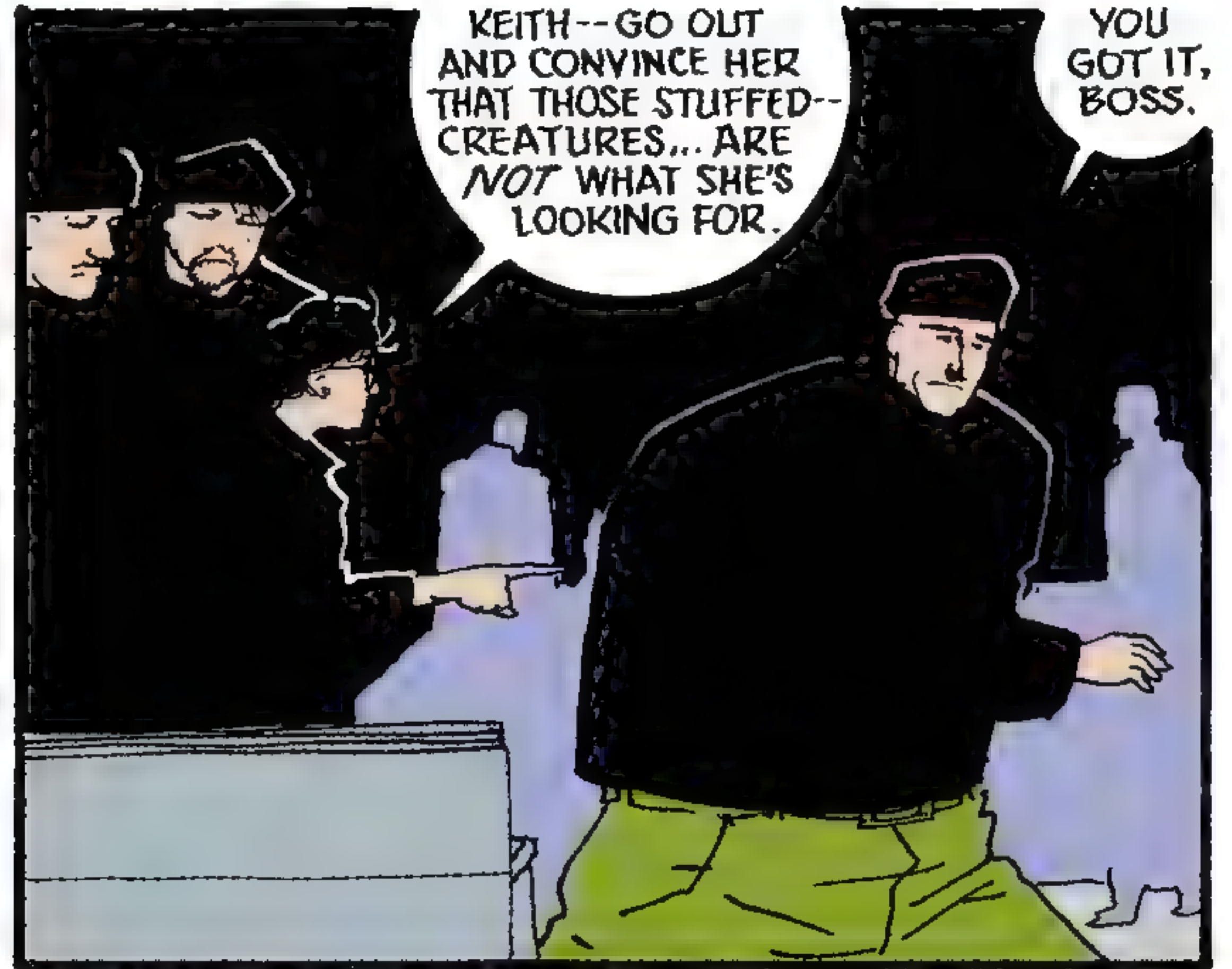
FACE DON'T
RING A BELL
WITH ME.

HERE COMES
THE BOSS.
MAYBE HE
KNOWS HER.



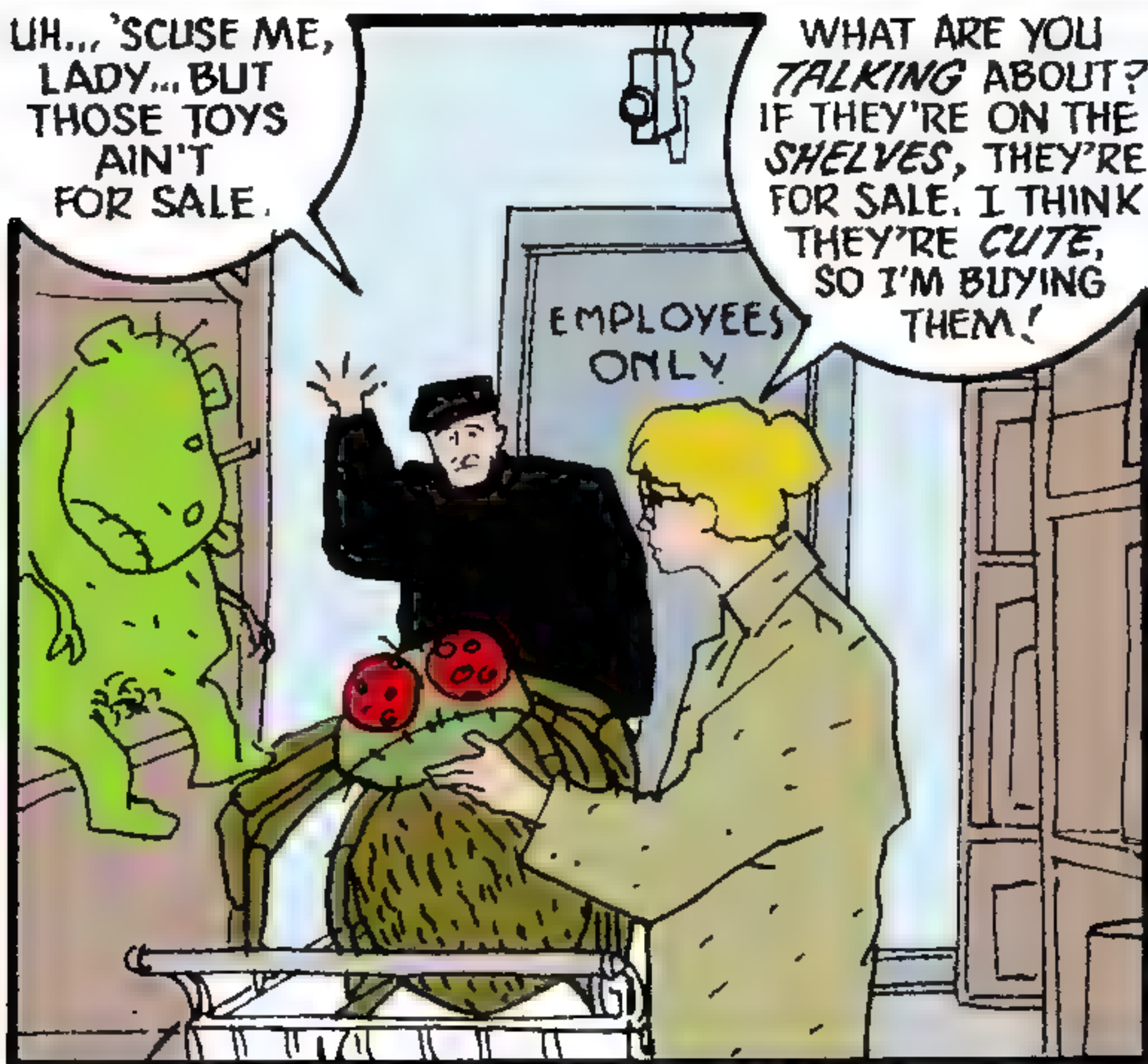
WHAT ABOUT IT,
BOSS? SHE
ON THE BUS
OR OFF THE
BUS?

I'VE
NEVER
SEEN HER
BEFORE.



KEITH--GO OUT
AND CONVINCE HER
THAT THOSE STUFFED-
CREATURES... ARE
NOT WHAT SHE'S
LOOKING FOR.

YOU
GOT IT,
BOSS.



UH... 'SCUSE ME,
LADY... BUT
THOSE TOYS
AIN'T
FOR SALE.

WHAT ARE YOU
TALKING ABOUT?
IF THEY'RE ON THE
SHELVES, THEY'RE
FOR SALE. I THINK
THEY'RE *CUTE*,
SO I'M BUYING
THEM!



LADY-- YOU DON'T
WANT THESE TOYS.
THEY'RE *UGLY*, GIVE
A KID *NIGHTMARES*.

ARE YOU *KIDDING*? TAKE
A LOOK AT SOME OF THE
OTHER TOYS THIS PLACE
SELLS! THESE THINGS ARE
TAME COMPARED TO THEM!

LOOK, LADY--
YOU *AIN'T*
BUYIN'
THESE TOYS...

MARK,
KEVIN --
HELP KEITH
ESCORT THE
LADY OUT,
PLEASE.



AND BOYS--
THOSE TOYS WERE
DESIGNED TO BE
UNAPPEALING.
NO ONE WOULD
WANT THEM--
UNLESS THEY
KNEW WHAT'S
INSIDE.

TAKE YOUR
WEAPONS.
USE THEM
IF
NECESSARY.

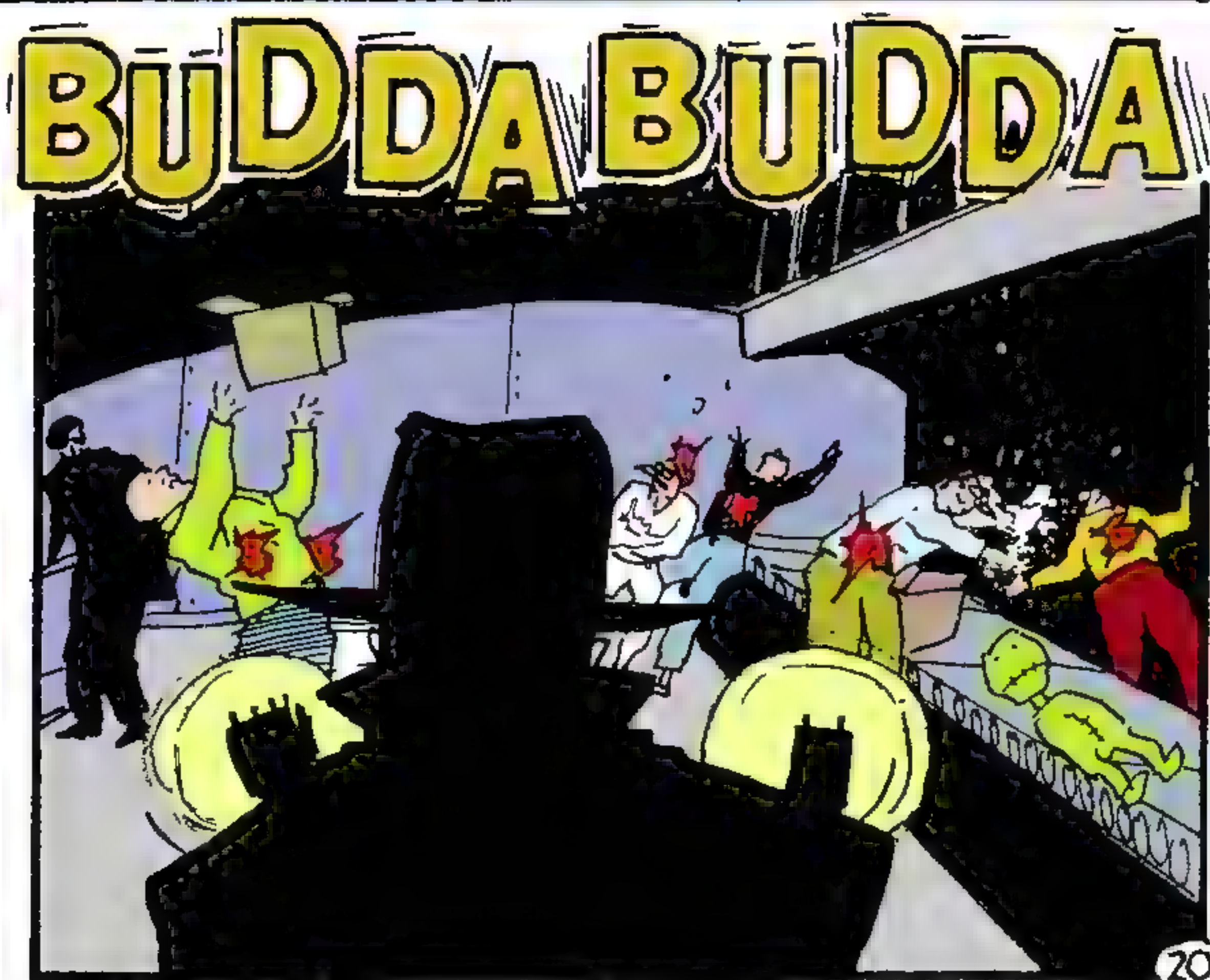
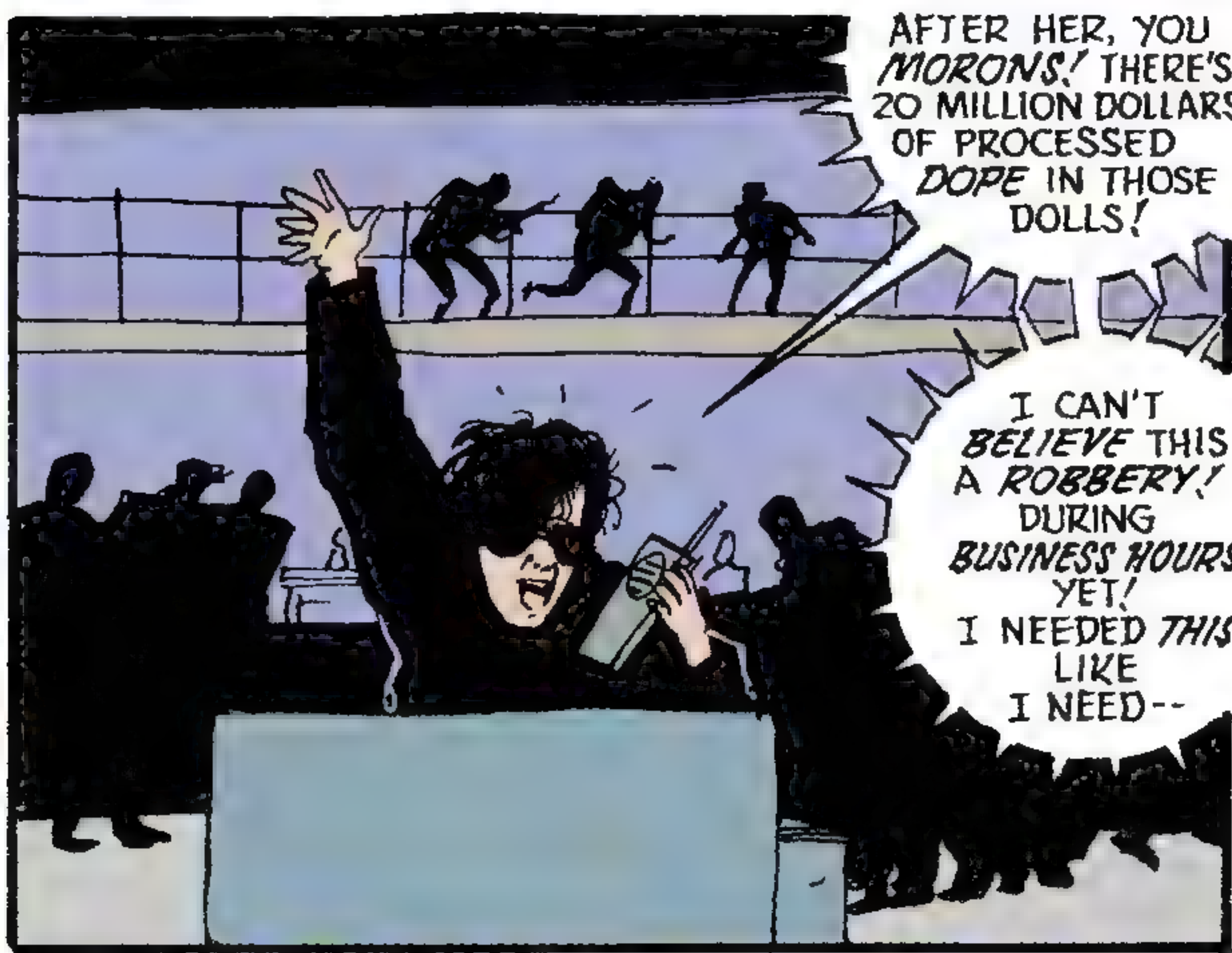
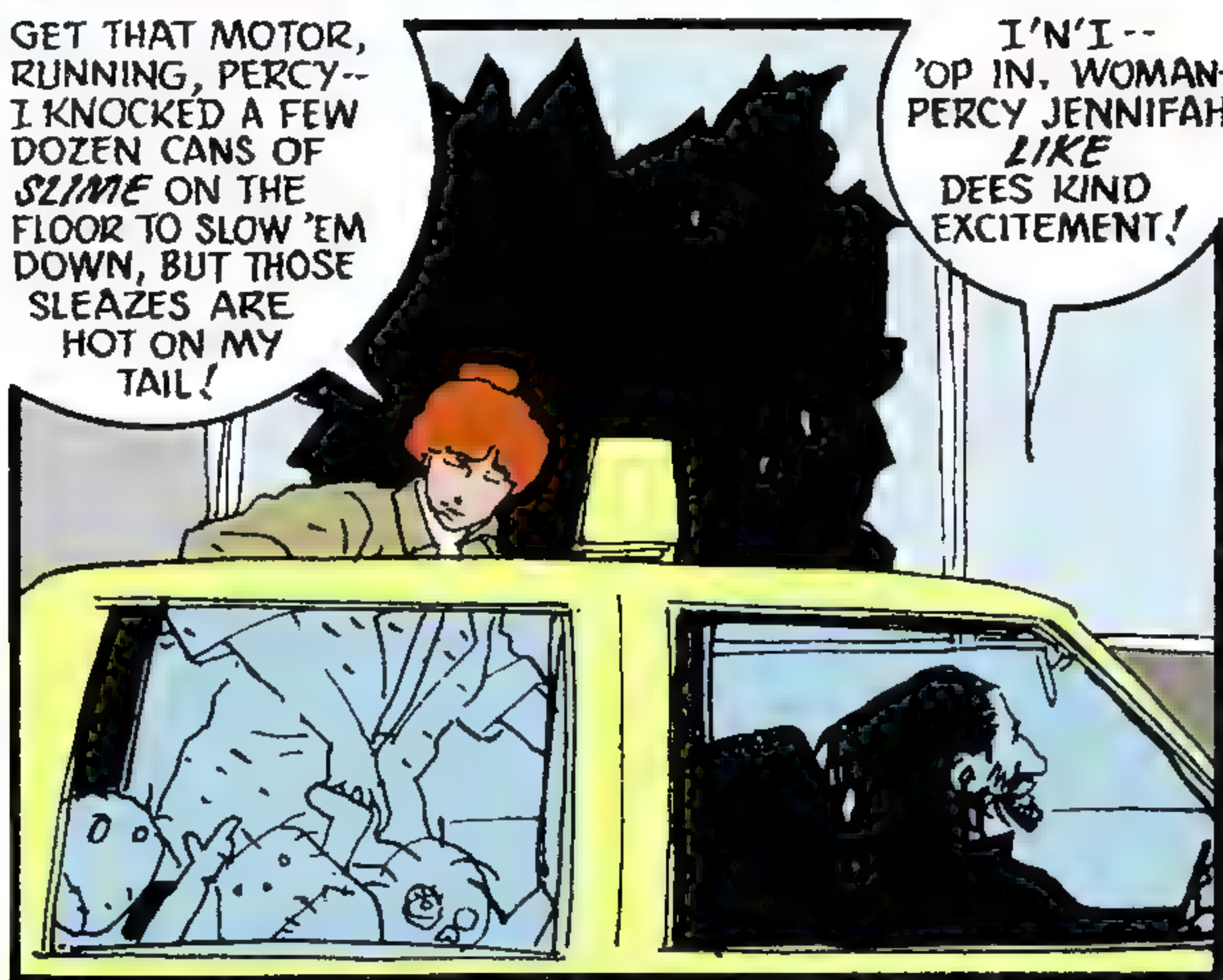
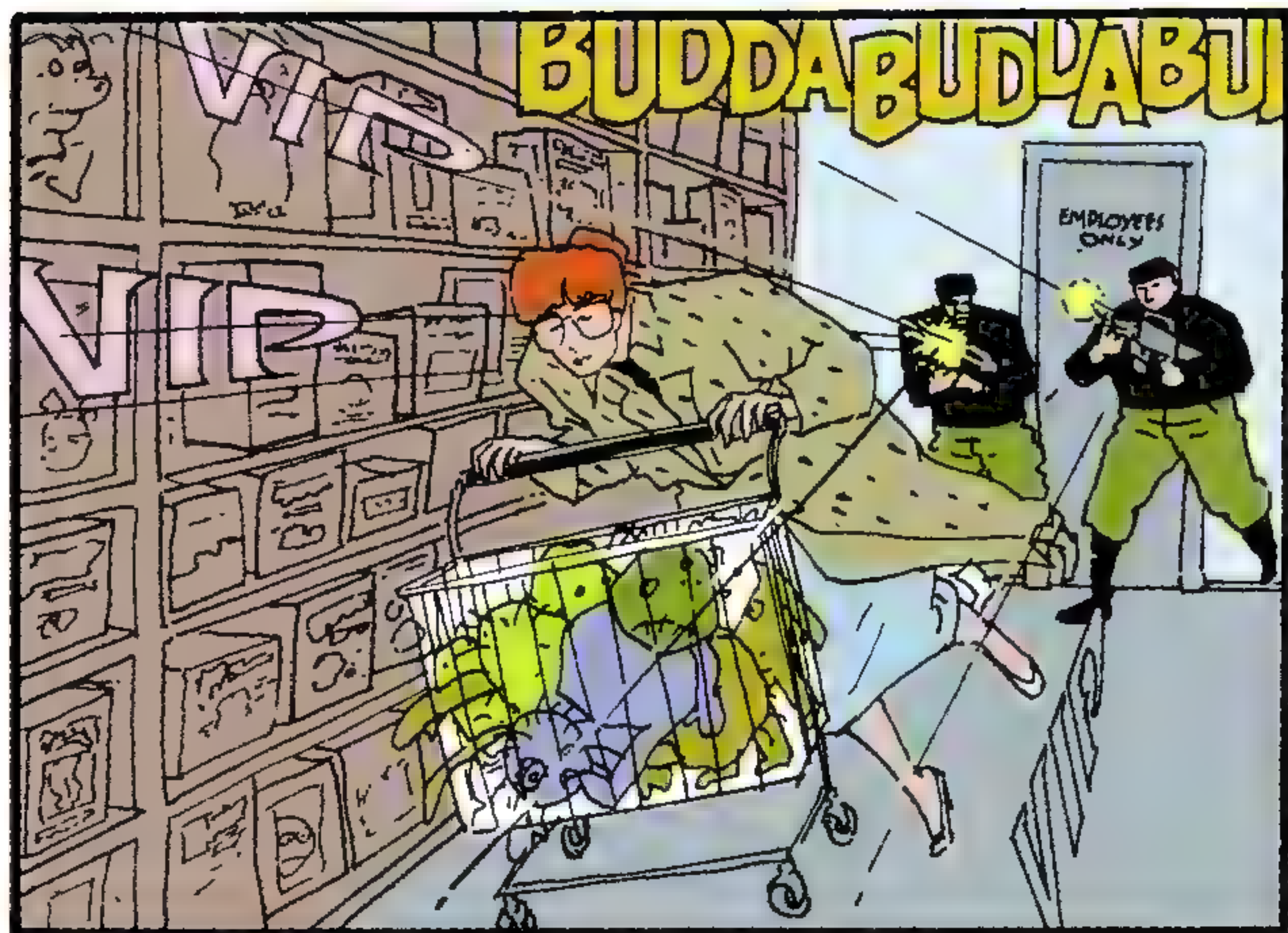
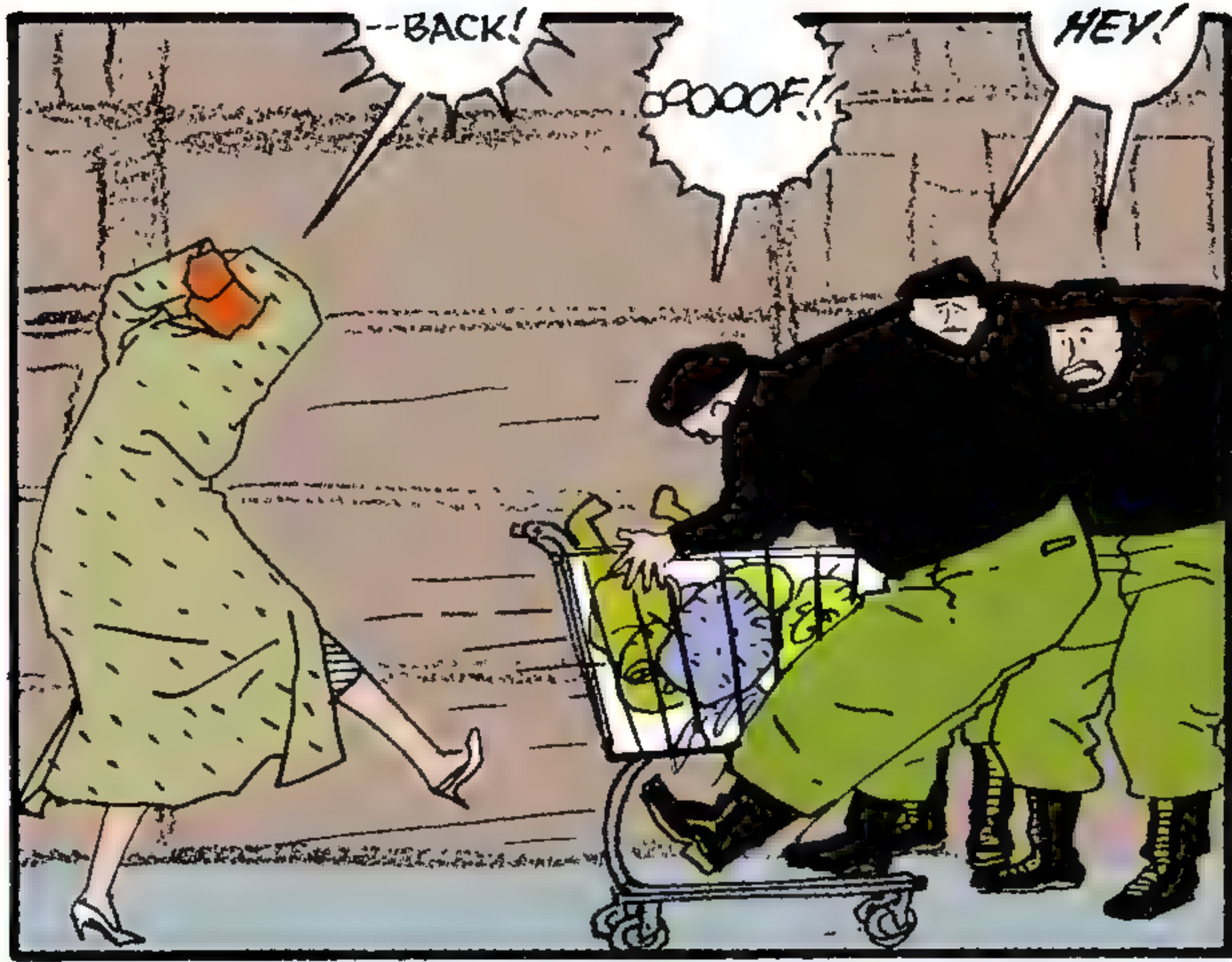
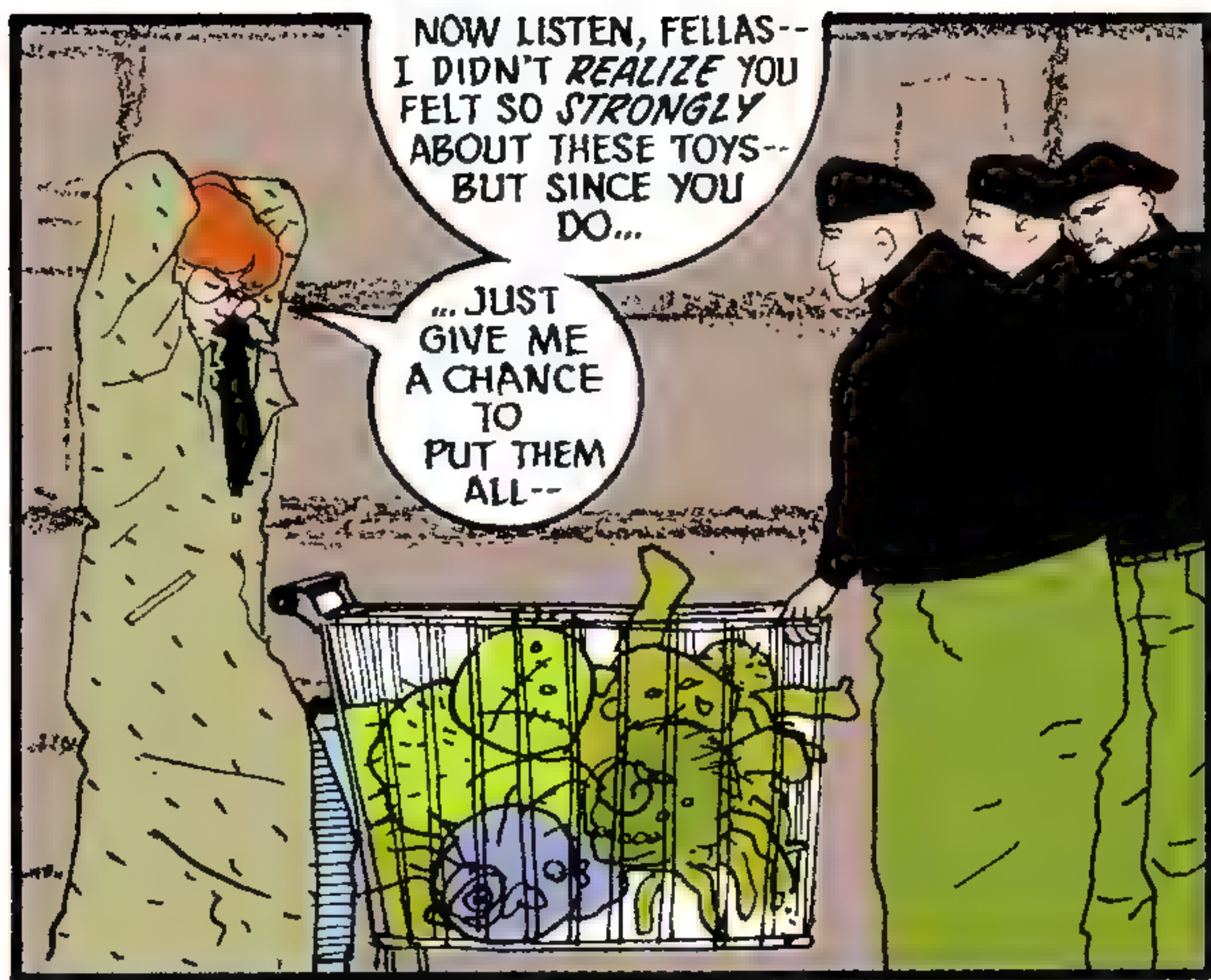
SHUCK
SHUCK

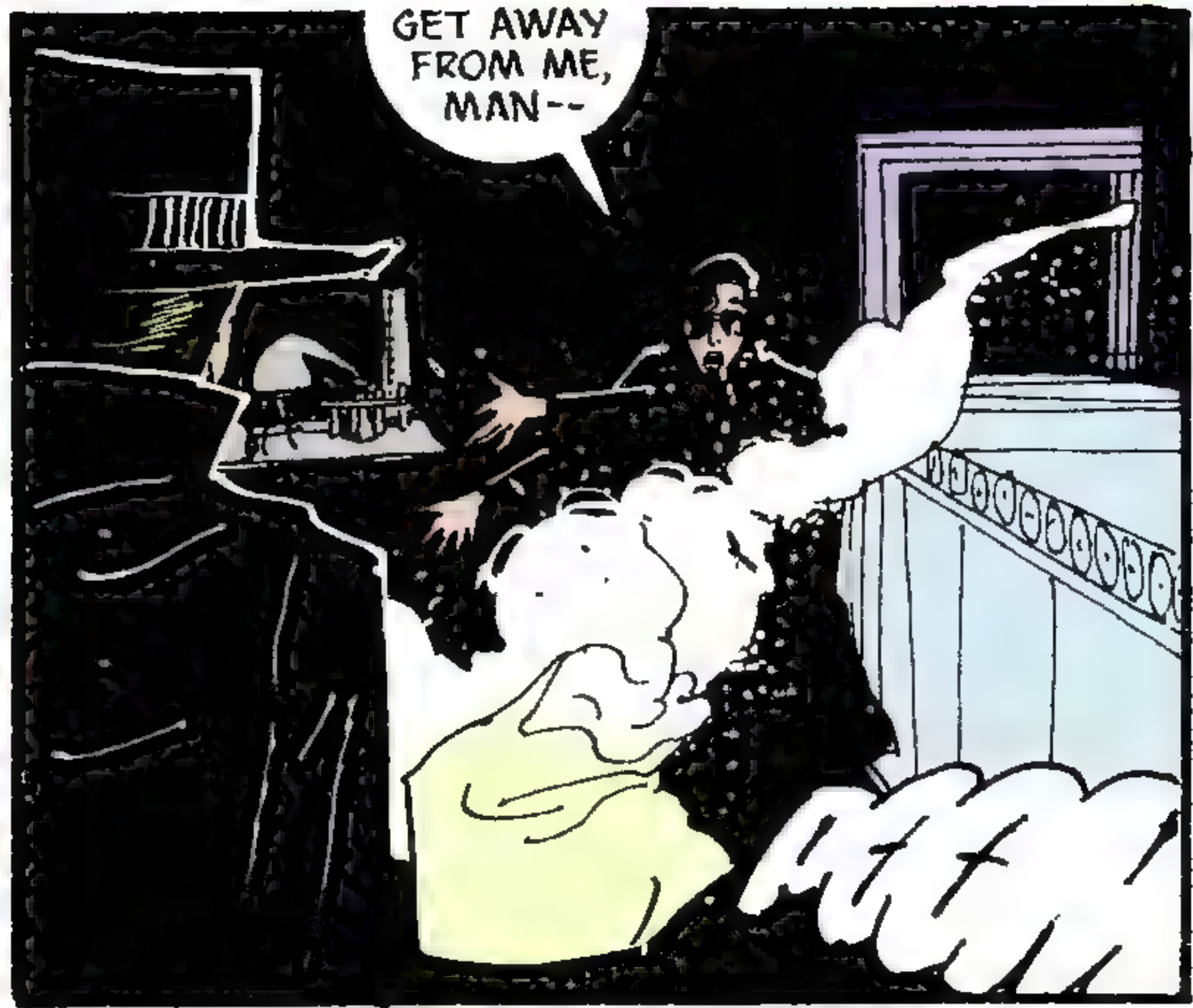
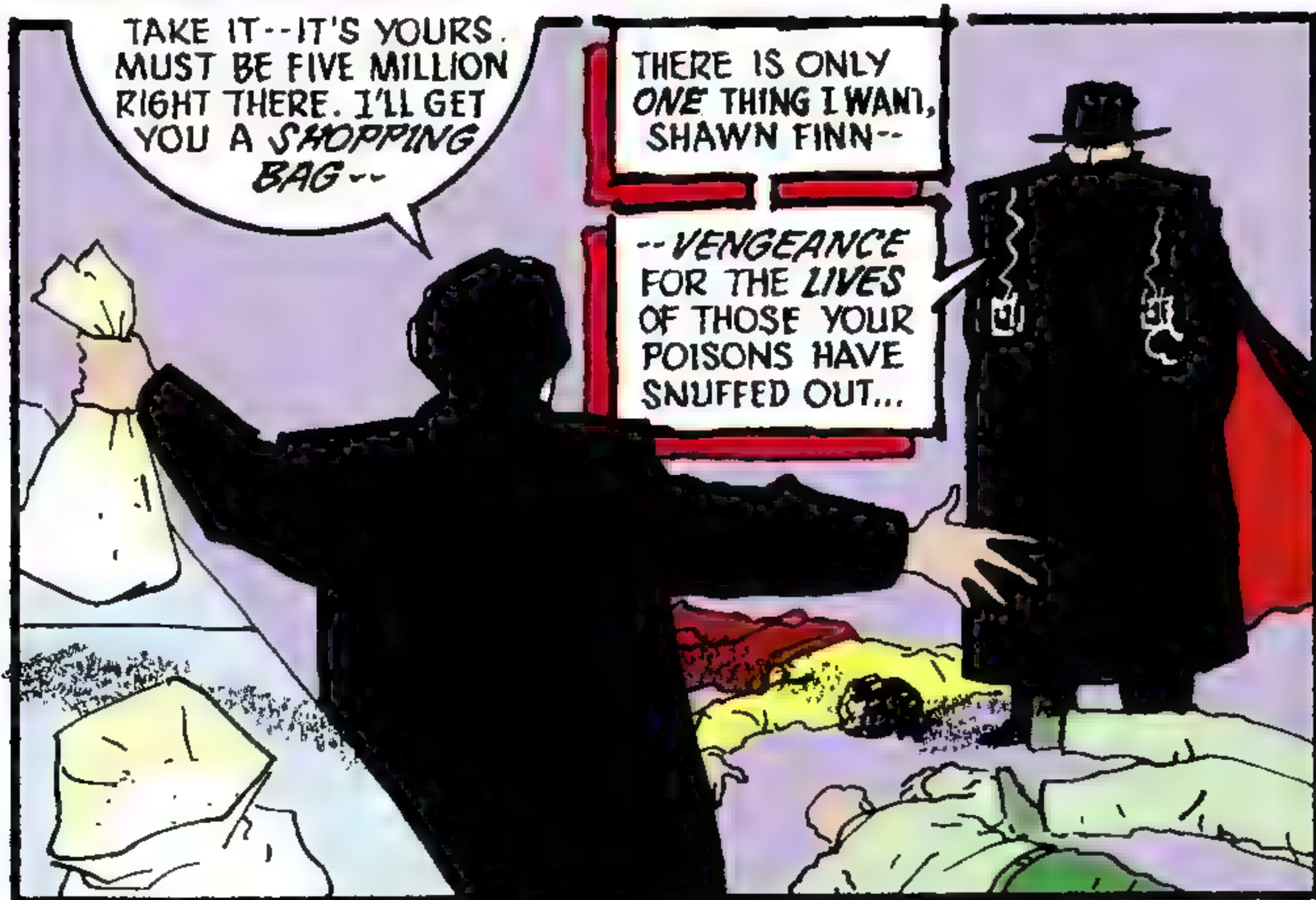
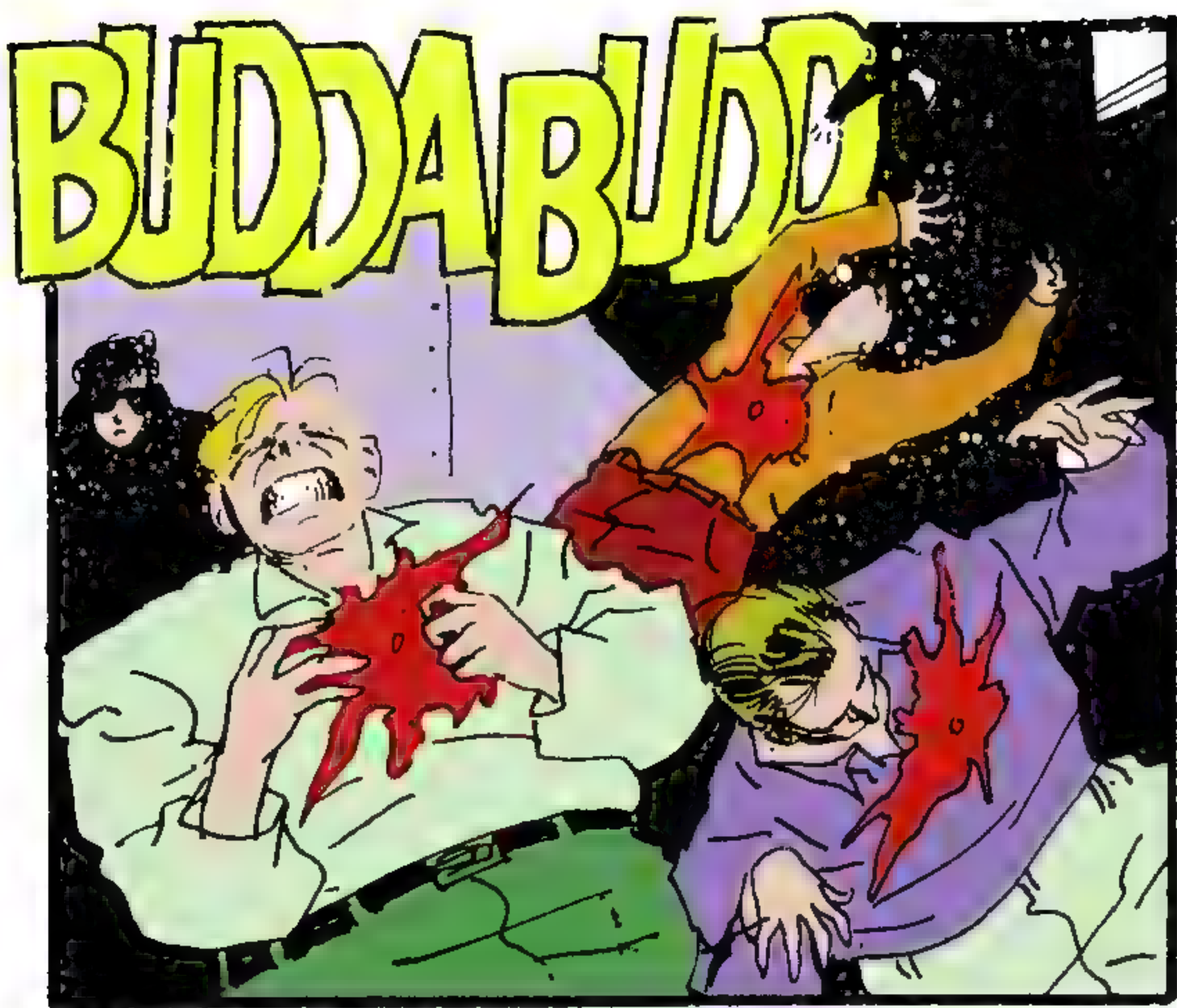


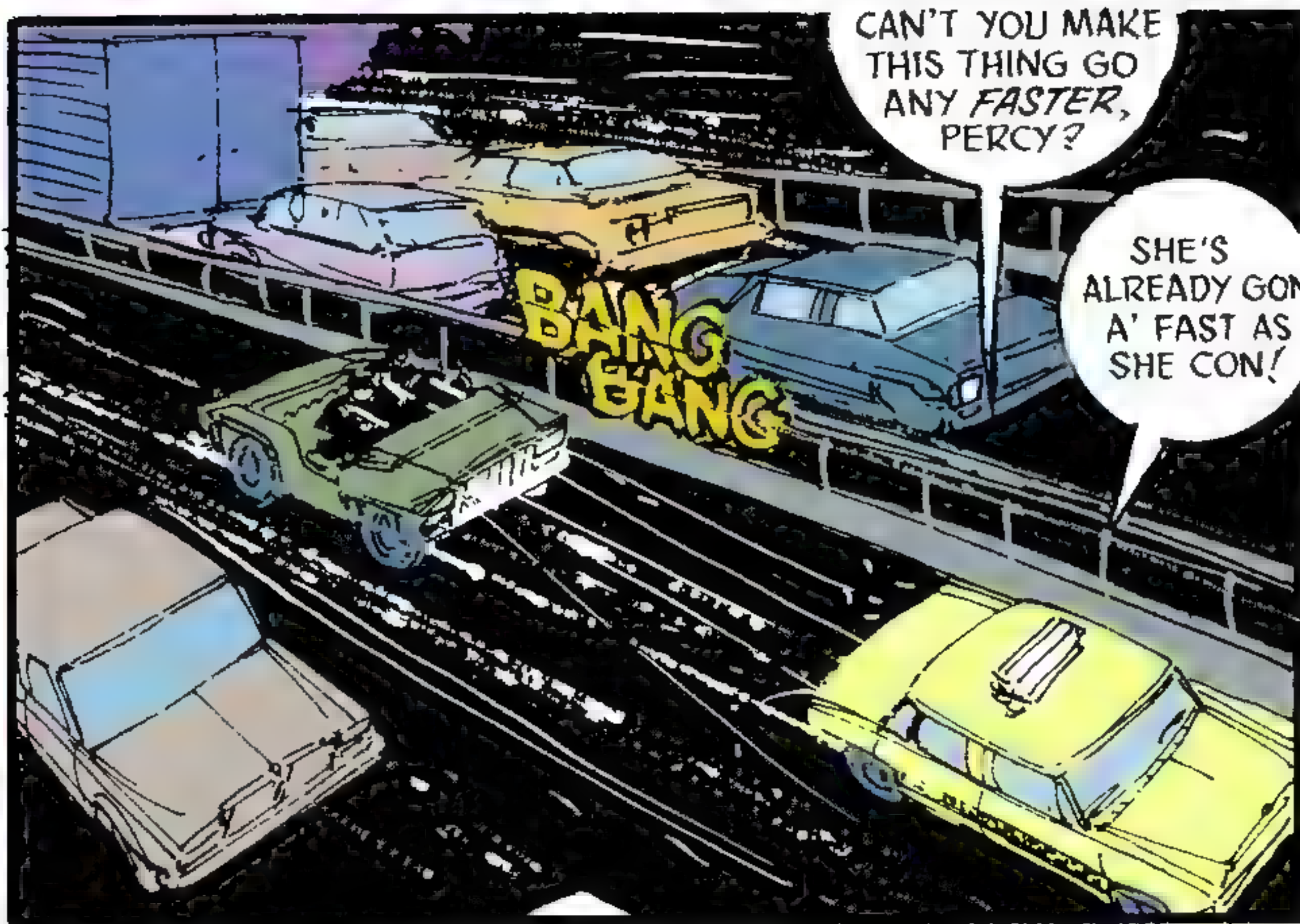
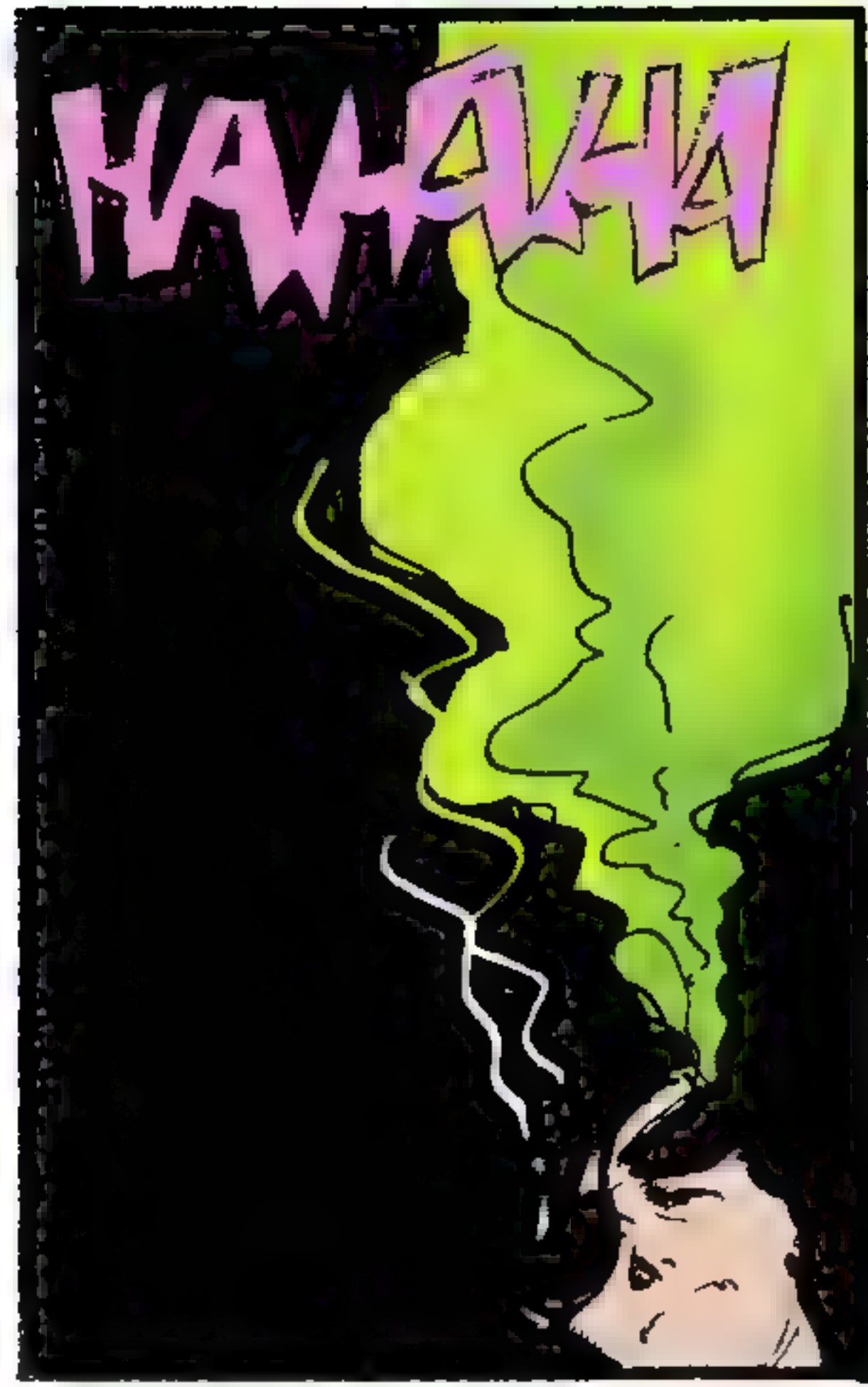
MOVE AWAY
FROM THE CART,
LADY. HANDS
BEHIND YOUR
HEAD.

WHAT'S GOING ON
HERE? WHO *ARE*
YOU PEOPLE?

I TRIED
TO BE *NICE*,
LADY-- NOW
LOOK WHAT
HAPPENS.







CAN'T YOU MAKE THIS THING GO ANY *FASTER*, PERCY?

SHE'S ALREADY GON' A' FAST AS SHE CON!

ALL RIGHT, THEN. TIME TO UNVEIL OUR *SECRET WEAPON*.

POP THE TRUNK, PERCY.

WID PLEASURE, MAVIS!

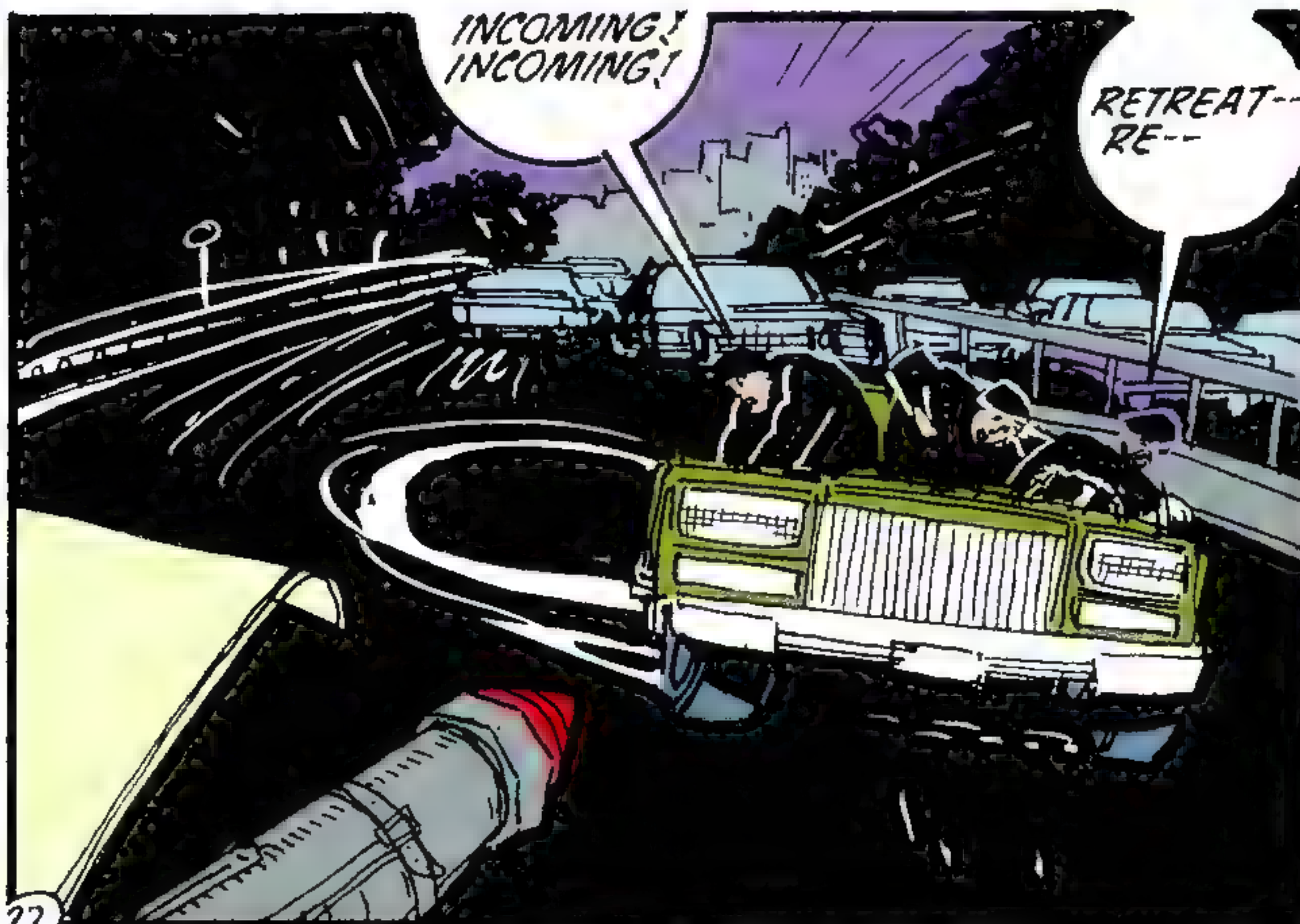
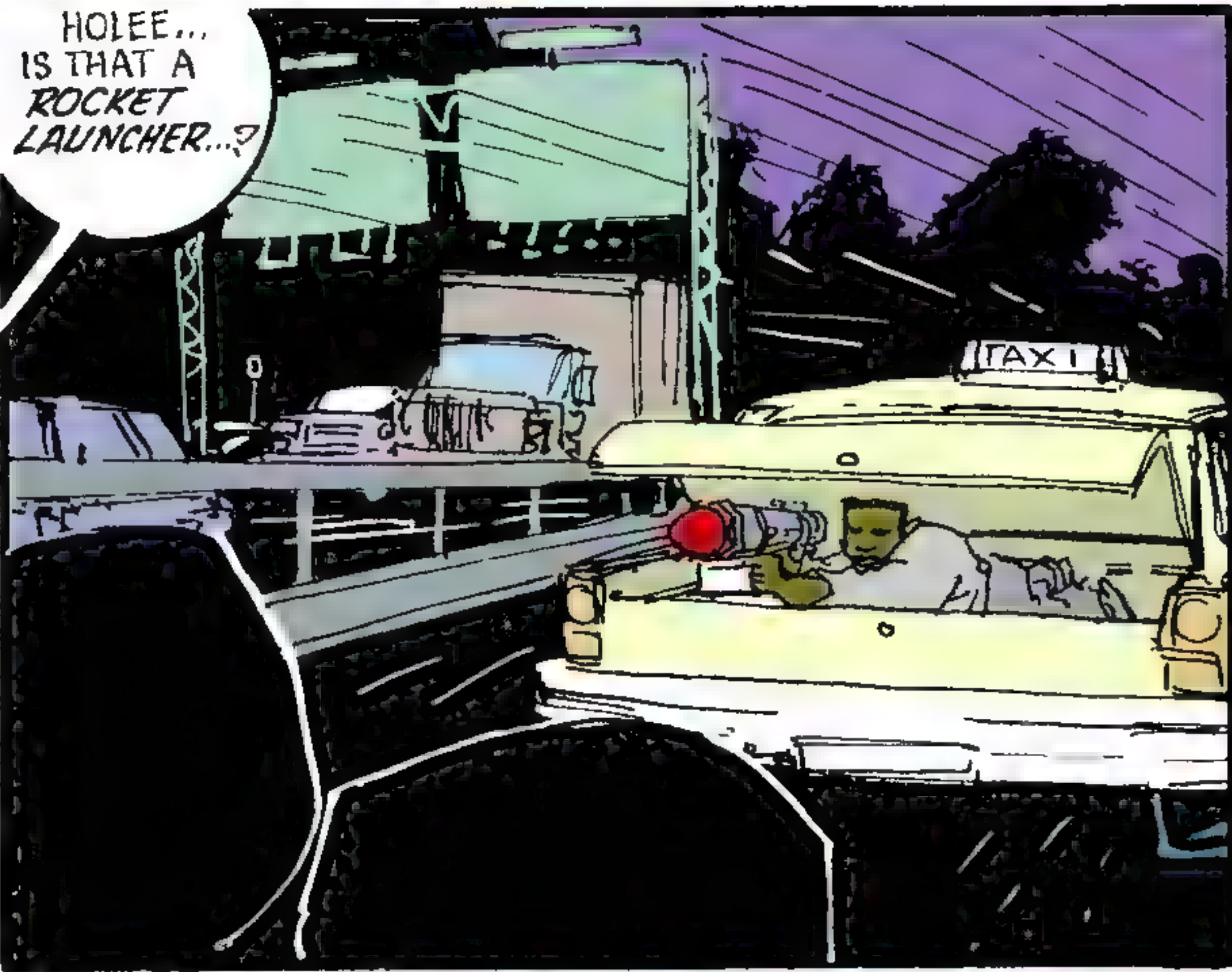


KEEP THOSE SHOTS AWAY FROM THE *TRUNK*, JERK!

YOU PUT A HOLE IN THE *GAS TANK*. THE WHOLE *CITY'S* GONNA BE HIGH TONIGHT!

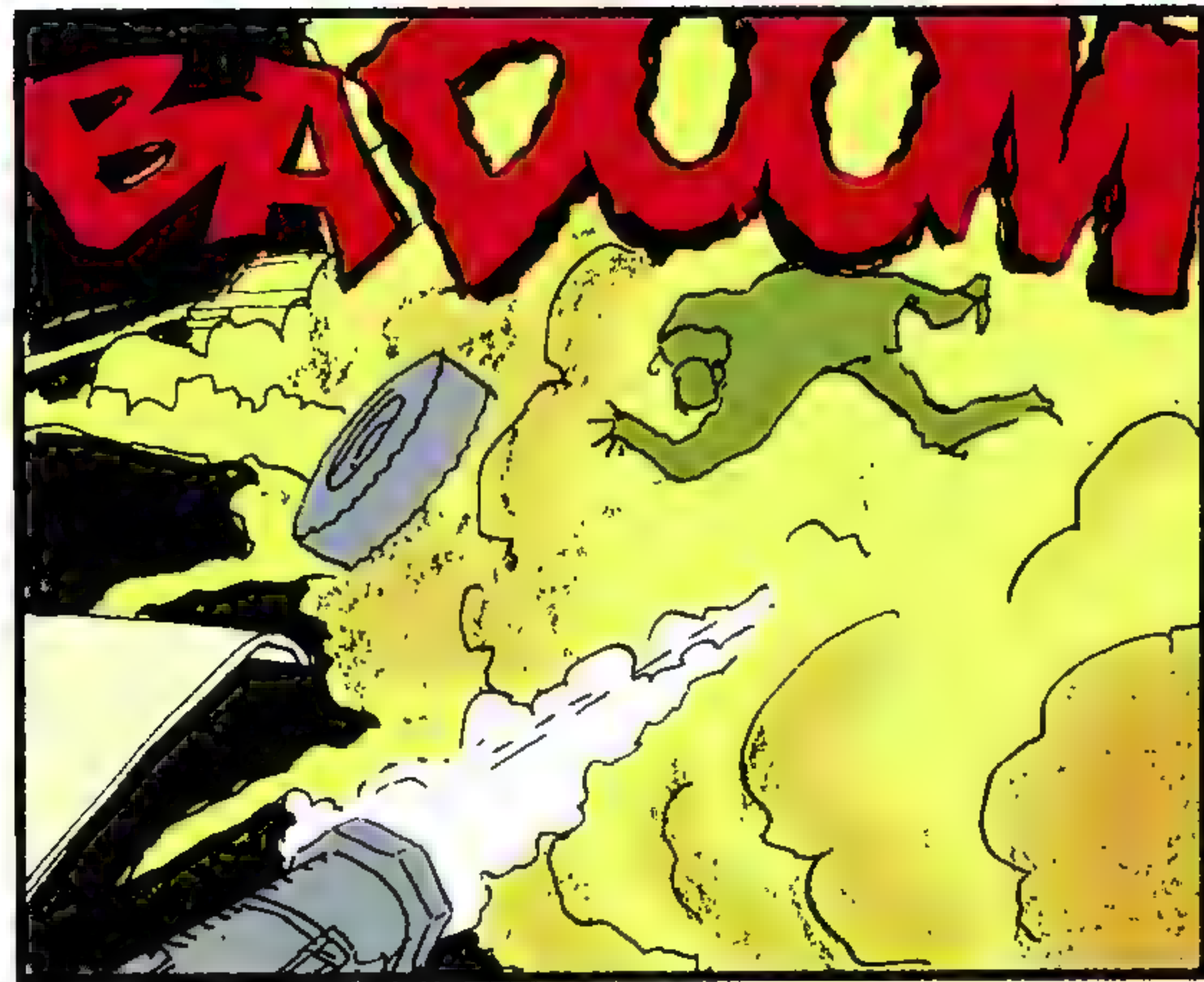
AIM FOR THE *WINDOWS*-- AND WATCH FOR ANY--

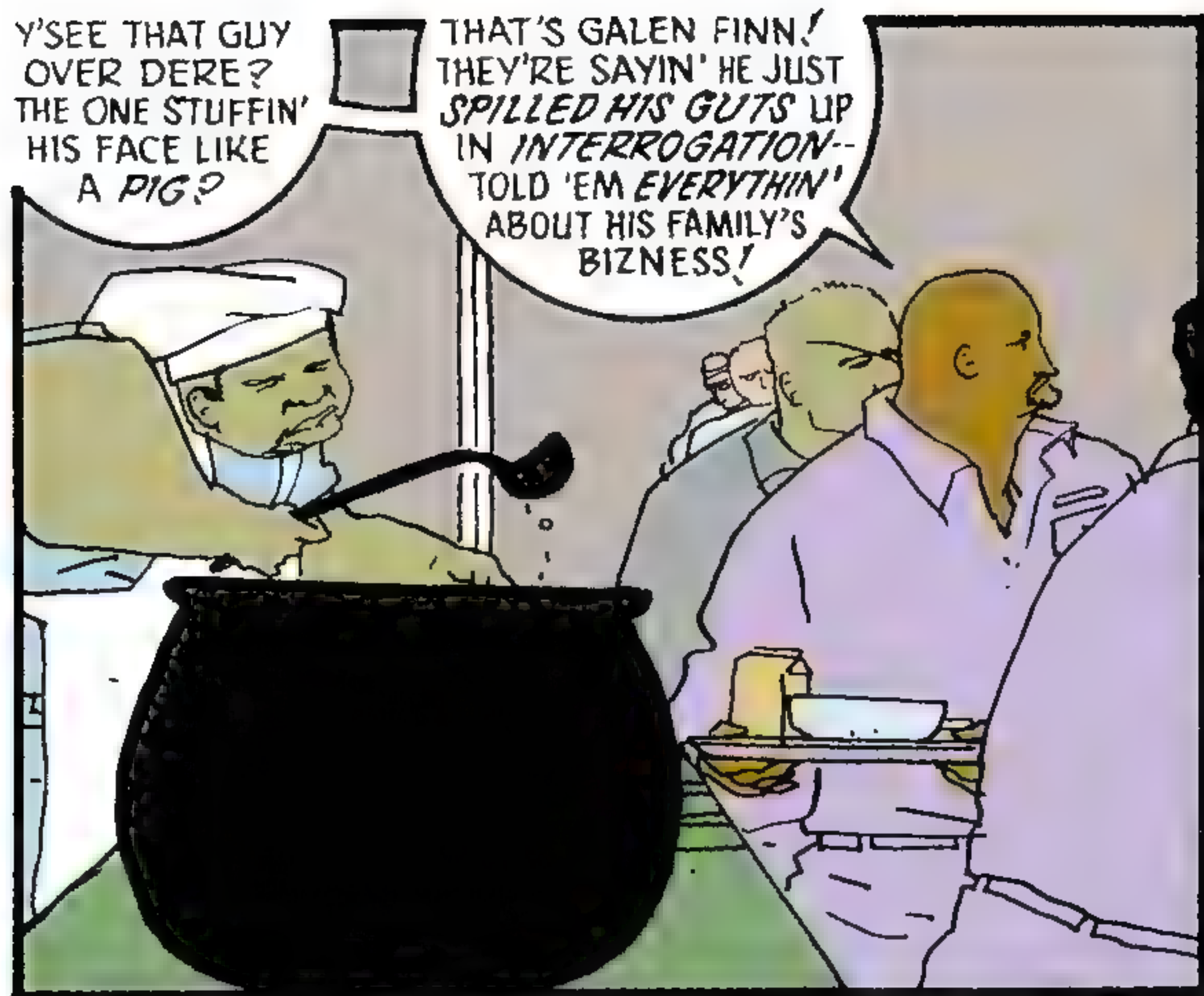
HOLEE... IS THAT A *ROCKET LAUNCHER*...?



INCOMING! INCOMING!

RETREAT-- RE--



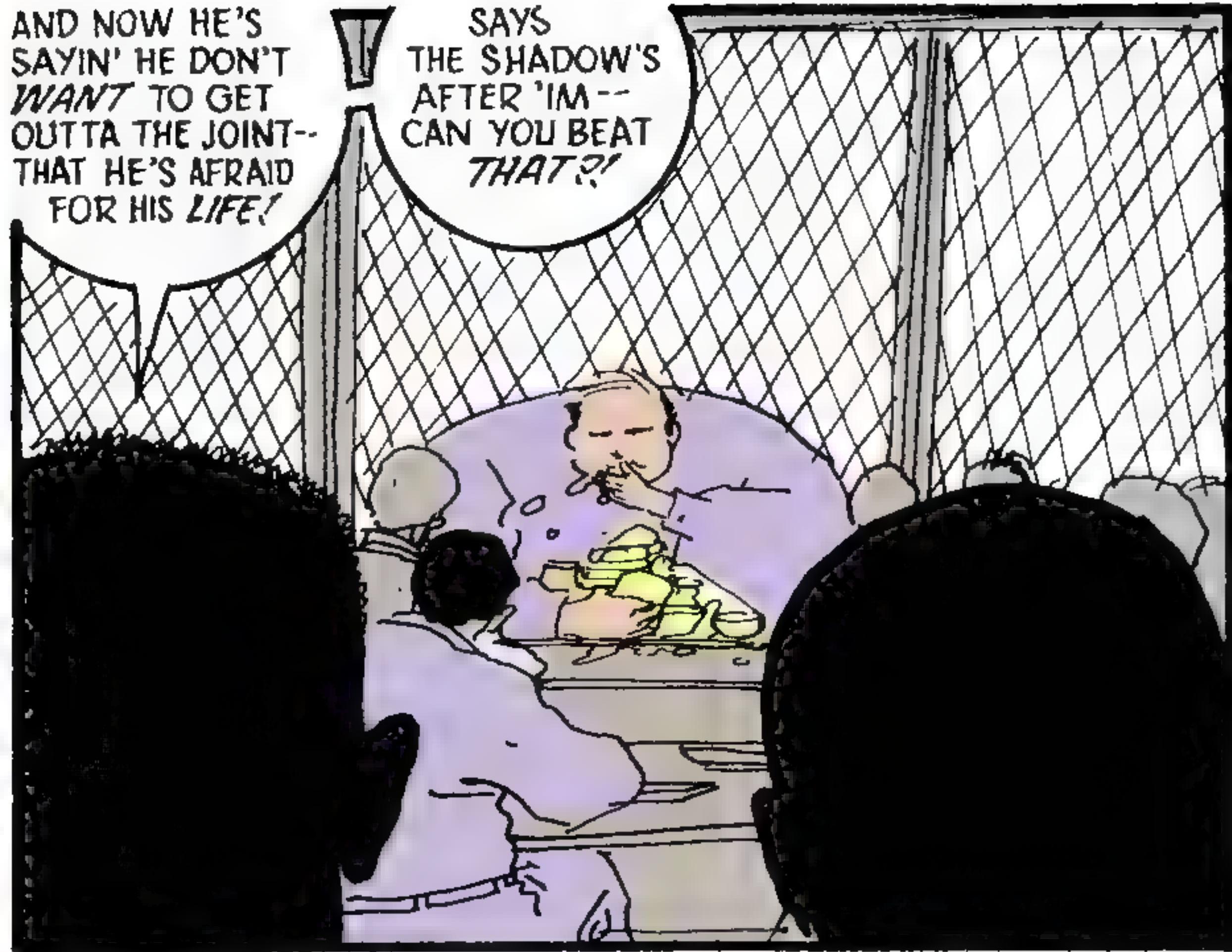


Y'SEE THAT GUY
OVER DERE?
THE ONE 'STUFFIN'
HIS FACE LIKE
A PIG?

THAT'S GALEN FINN!
THEY'RE SAYIN' HE JUST
SPILLED HIS GUTS UP
IN INTERROGATION--
TOLD 'EM EVERYTHIN'
ABOUT HIS FAMILY'S
BIZNESS!

AND NOW HE'S
SAYIN' HE DON'T
WANT TO GET
OUTTA THE JOINT--
THAT HE'S AFRAID
FOR HIS LIFE!

SAYS
THE SHADOW'S
AFTER 'IM--
CAN YOU BEAT
THAT?!

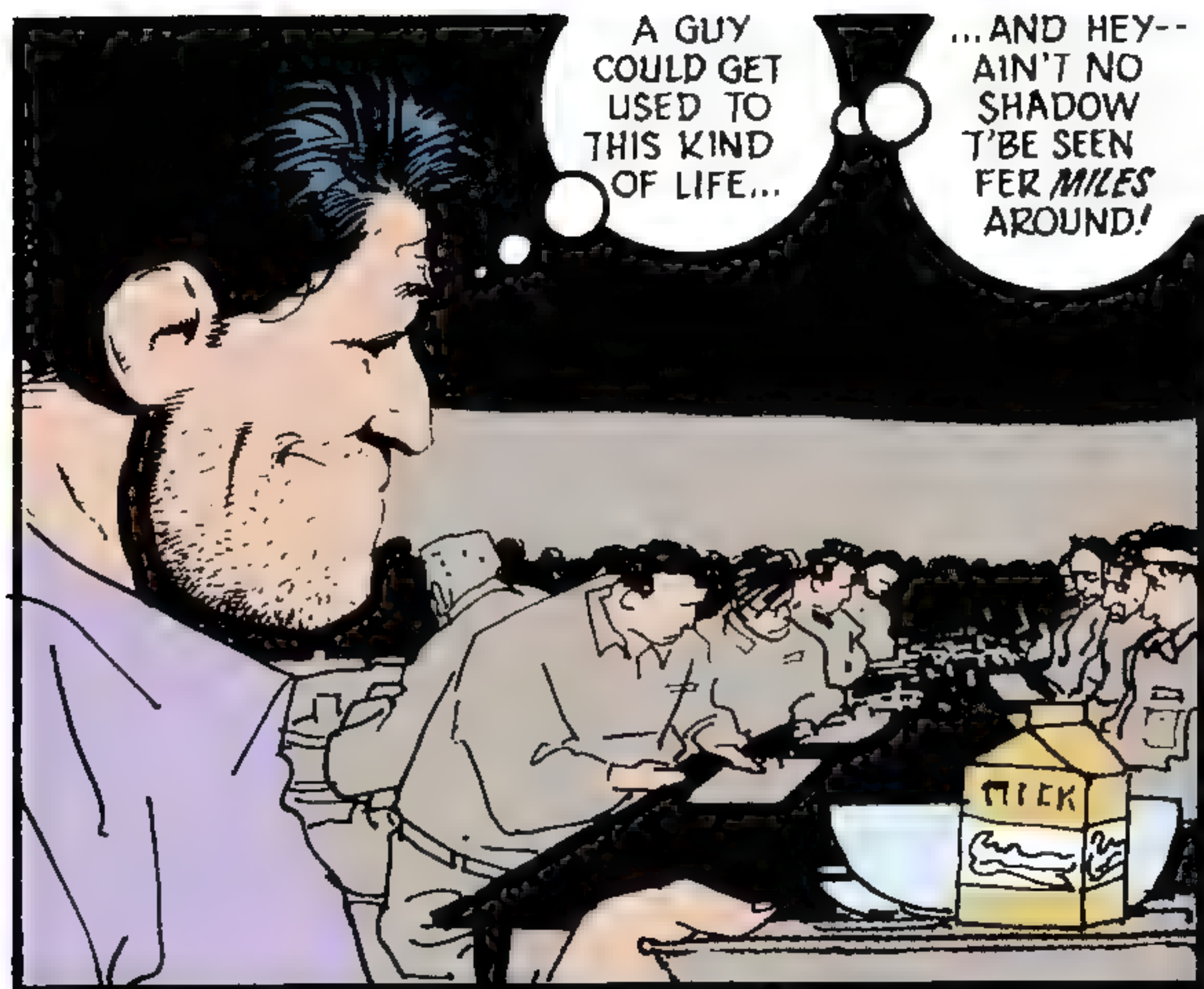


— HMMM...
TELL ME, SOLLY--
HOWCUM
YOU KNOW
ALL THESE
THINGS?

OH...
SIMPLE
I JUST
GOT OUT OF
SOLITARY...

'SCUSE
ME.

NOW THIS
AIN'T SO BAD...
THREE SQUARES
A DAY...
ROOF OVER YER
HEAD... PLENTY
OF COMPANY...



A GUY
COULD GET
USED TO
THIS KIND
OF LIFE...

...AND HEY--
AIN'T NO
SHADOW
T'BE SEEN
FER MILES
AROUND!



MIND IF I
PULL UP
A SEAT,
FRIEND?

YOU!!!



OH GEEZ...

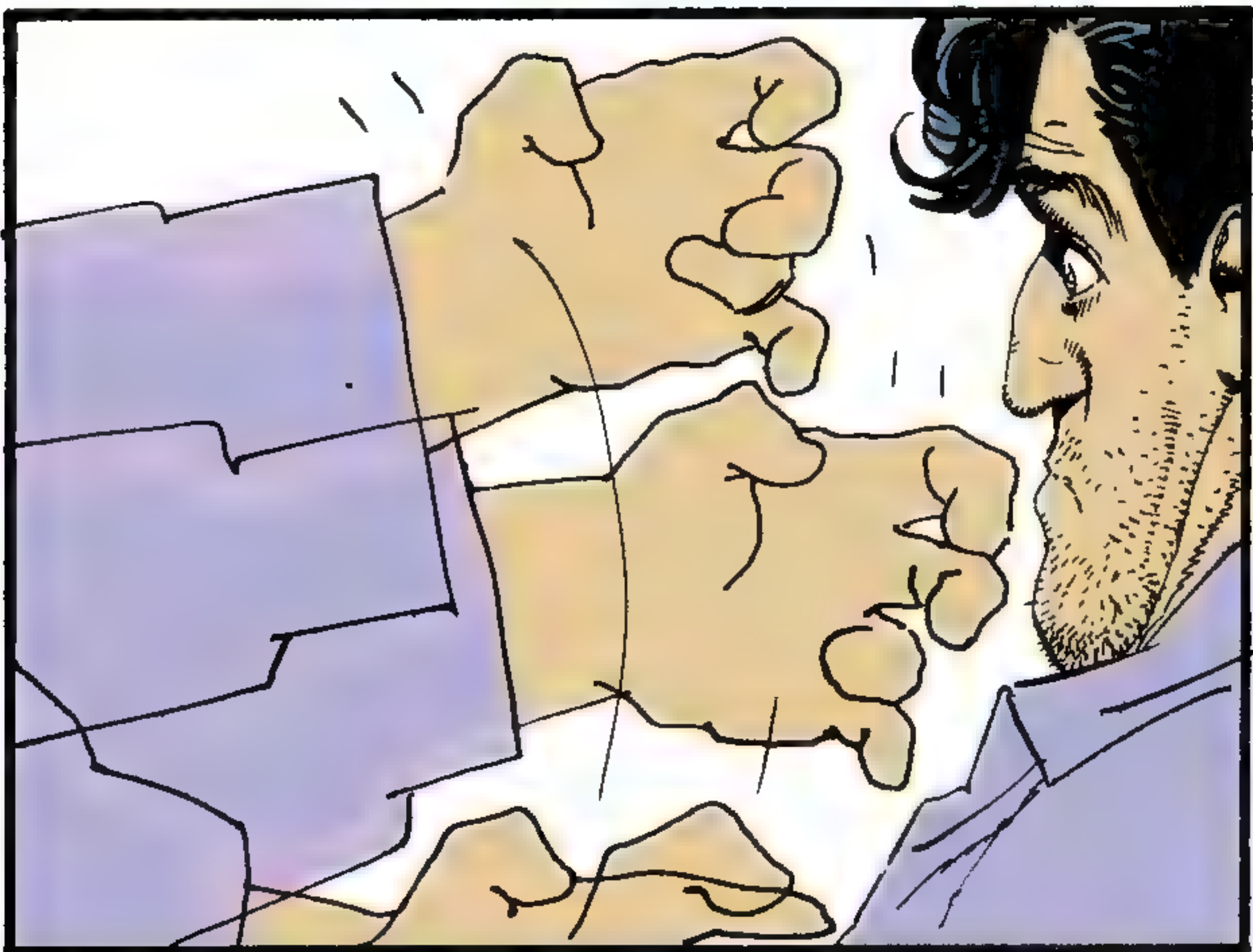
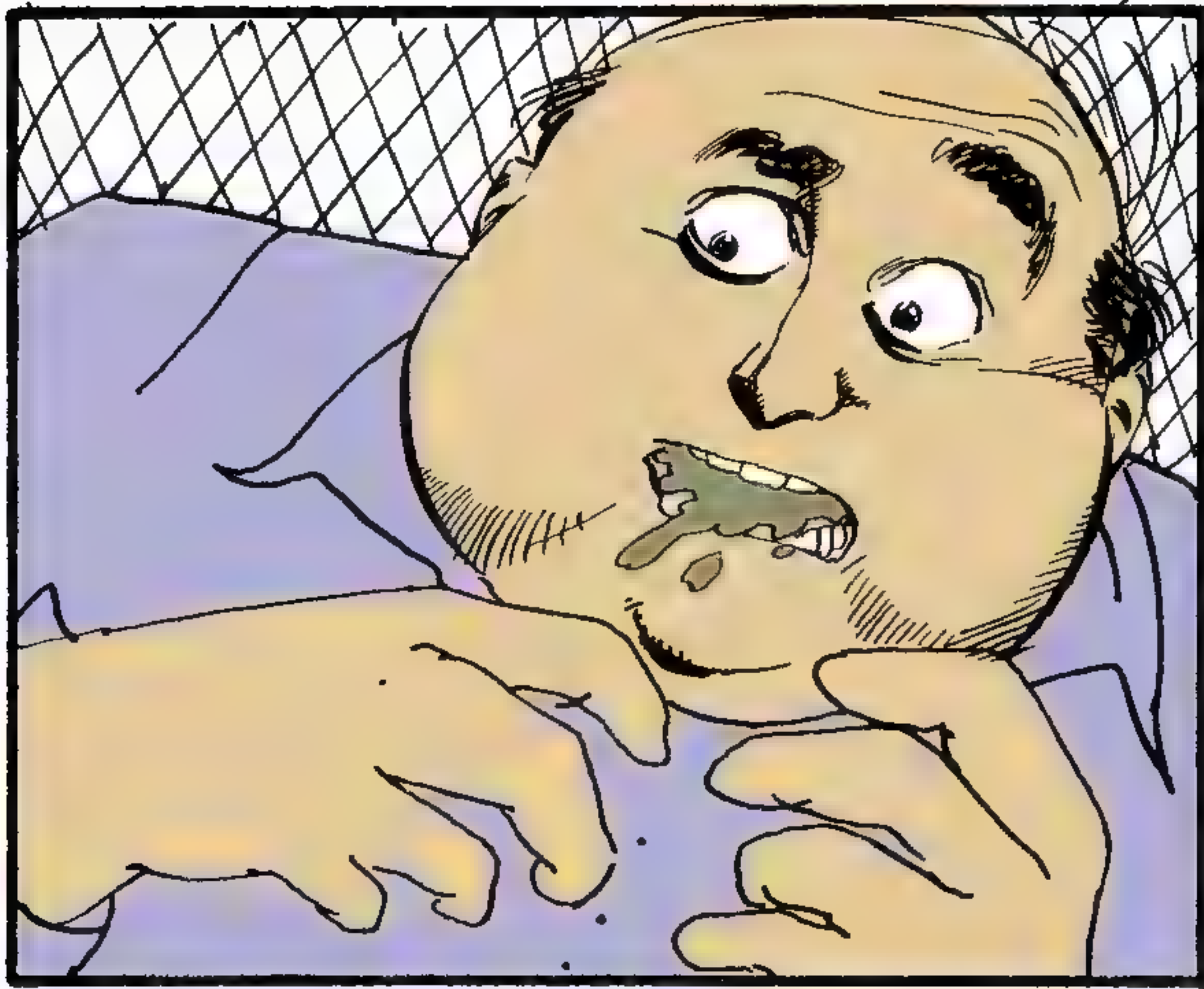
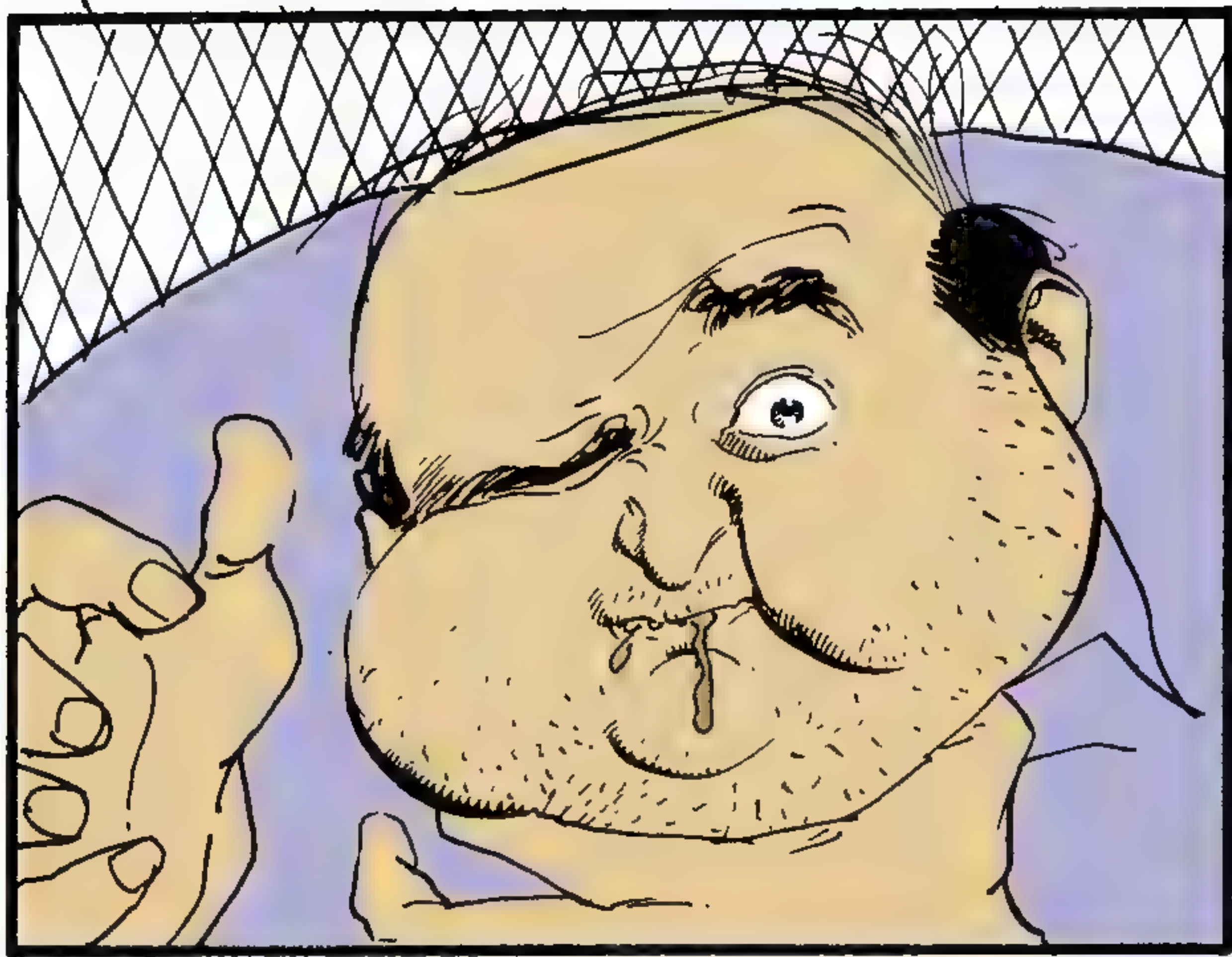
YOU
KAKK
SON OF A
KAKK

TOOK MY
KOFF
FRANKS
GAKKK

SET
GAKK
SET ME
GAKK

ULLPPPP--





THIS IS THE LAST OF 'EM. IF IT DON'T PAN OUT, ELTON'S HUNCH WAS A BUST...

BUT IF IT *DOES* PAN OUT, MISTER MAGNET, WE'LL BE--

HEY! WHAT IF IT DOES PAN OUT?

-- TOP OF THE HOUR, POLICE ARE REPORTING A BIZARRE DEATH IN CITY PRISON, AS IMPRISONED WIENER KING GALEN FINN APPARENTLY--

NOT EXACTLY SURE ANYMORE, KID-- THIS IS ALL GETTING TOO COMPLICATED FOR--

MOOOOOOOO

WHAT THE HECK IS THAT, MISTER MAGNET? SOUNDS LIKE A HOWLING--

THIS IS IT, KID-- WE'RE GOING IN--

BLAM

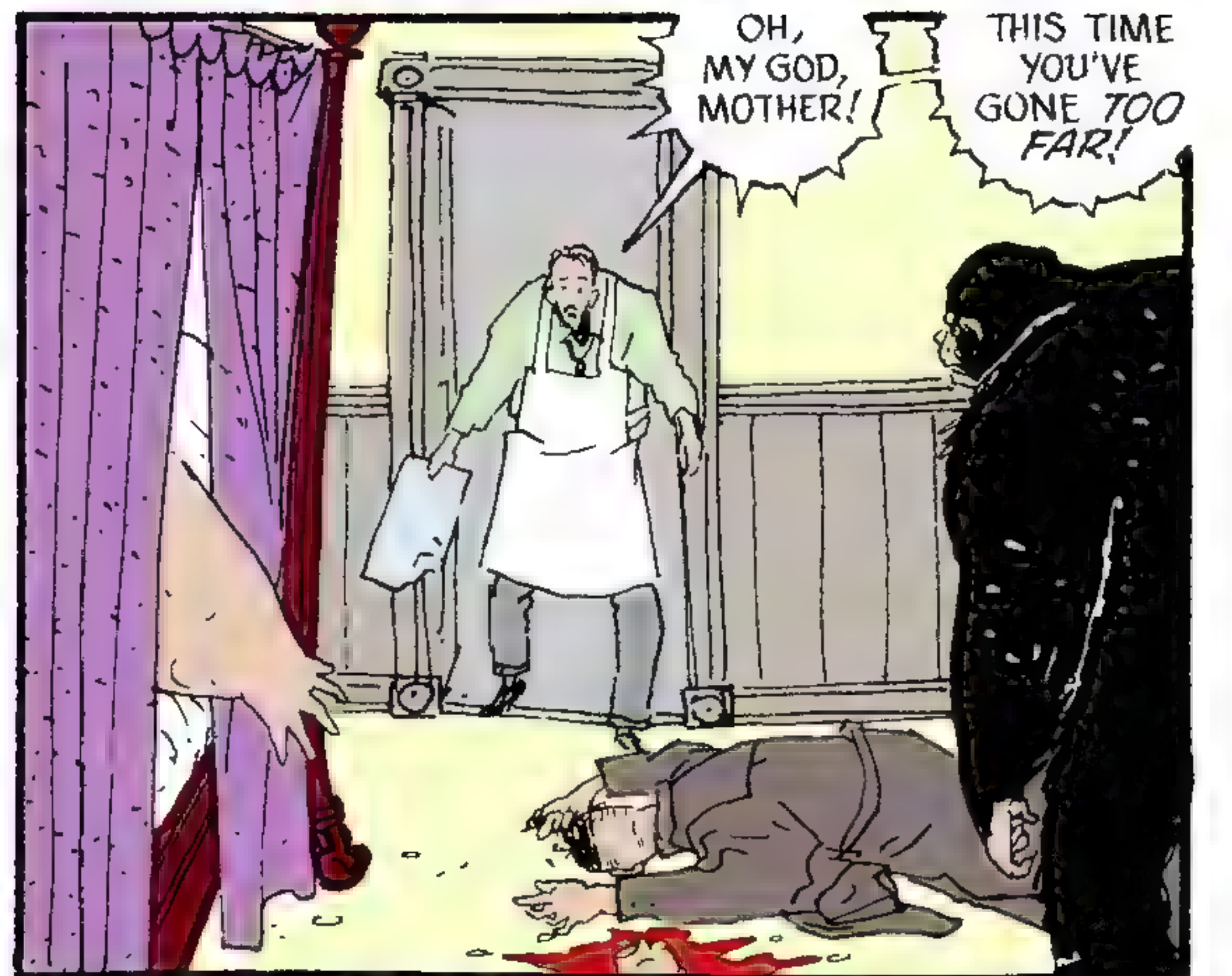
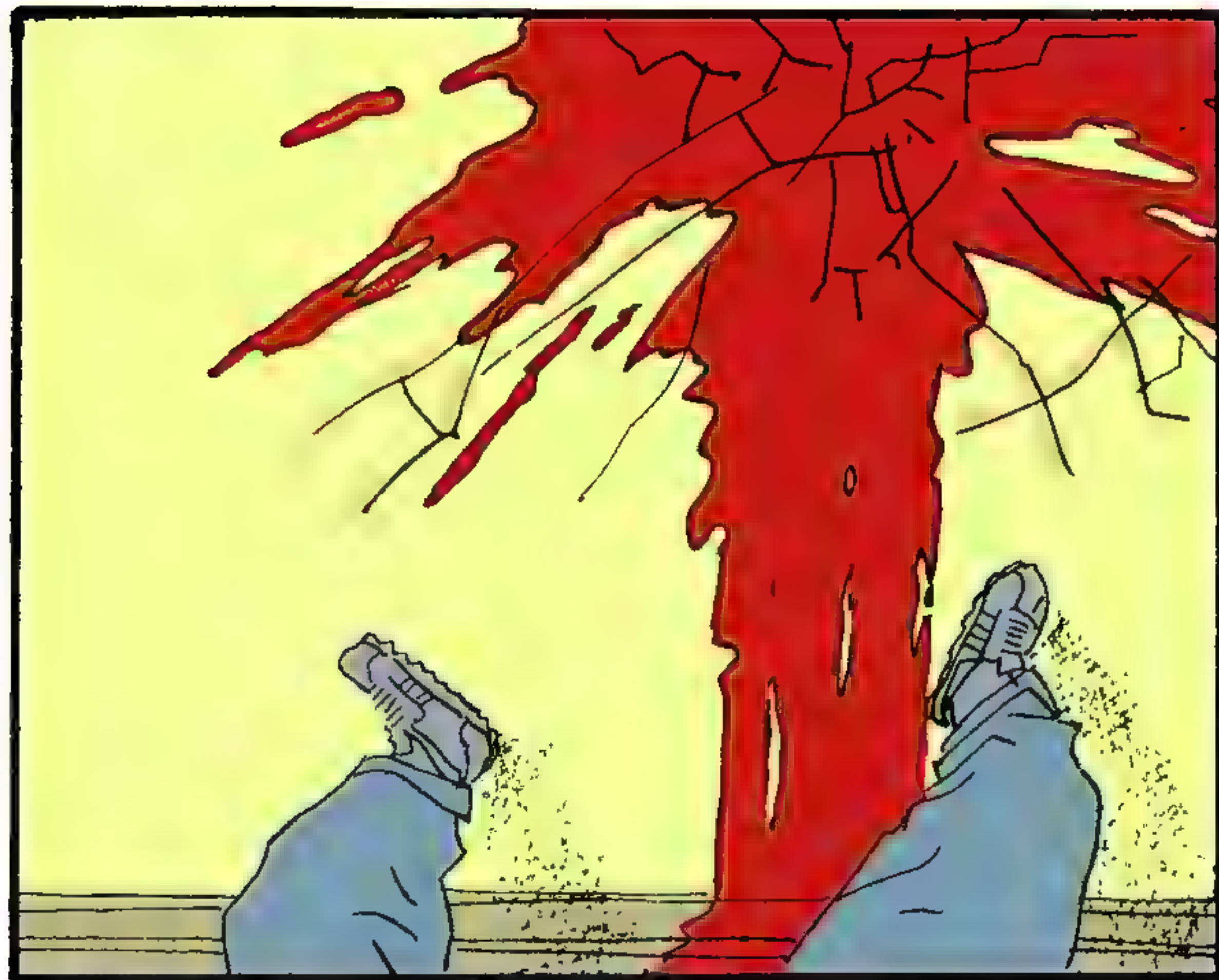
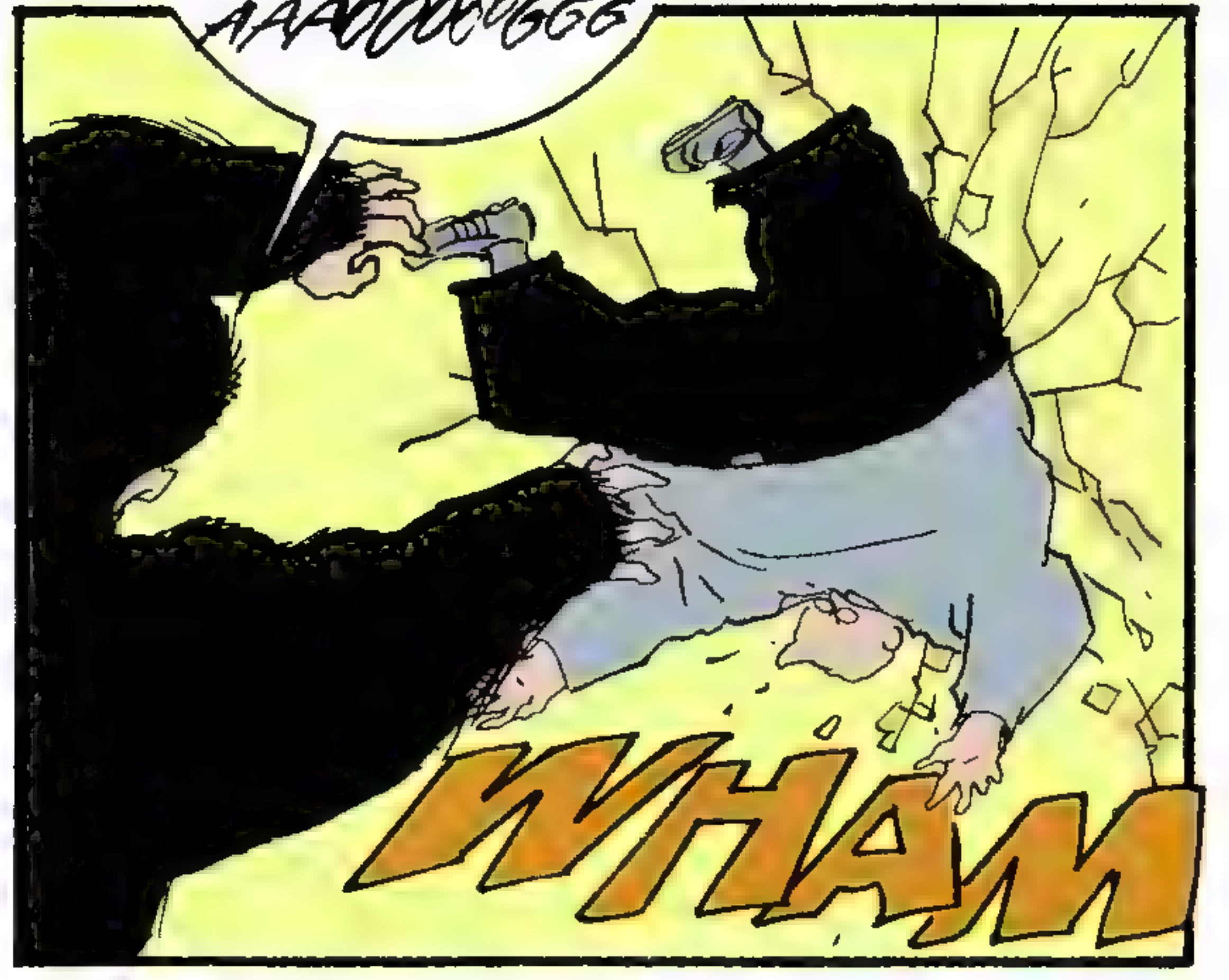
IT'S COMING FROM THAT ROOM, MISTER MAGNET--

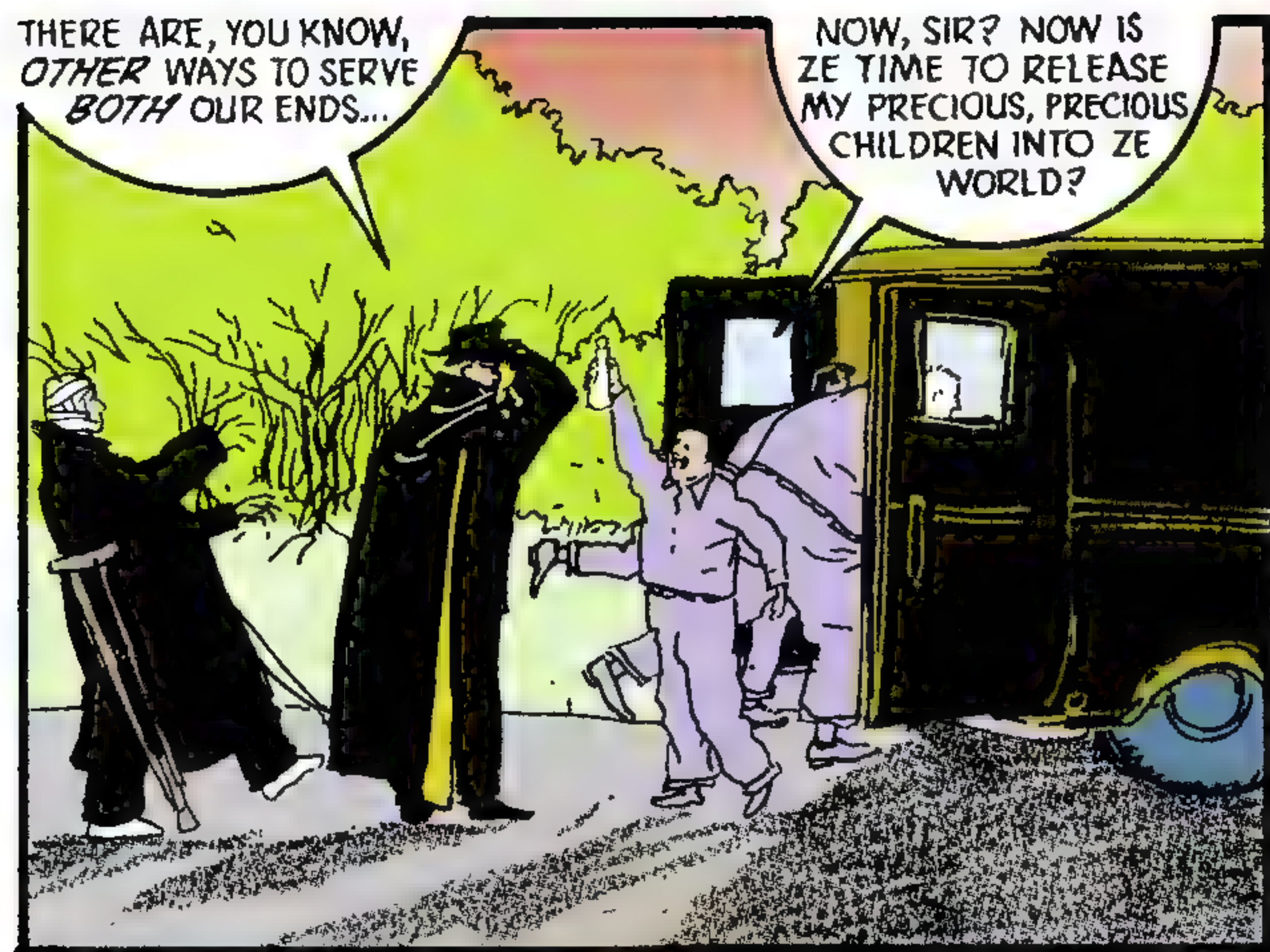
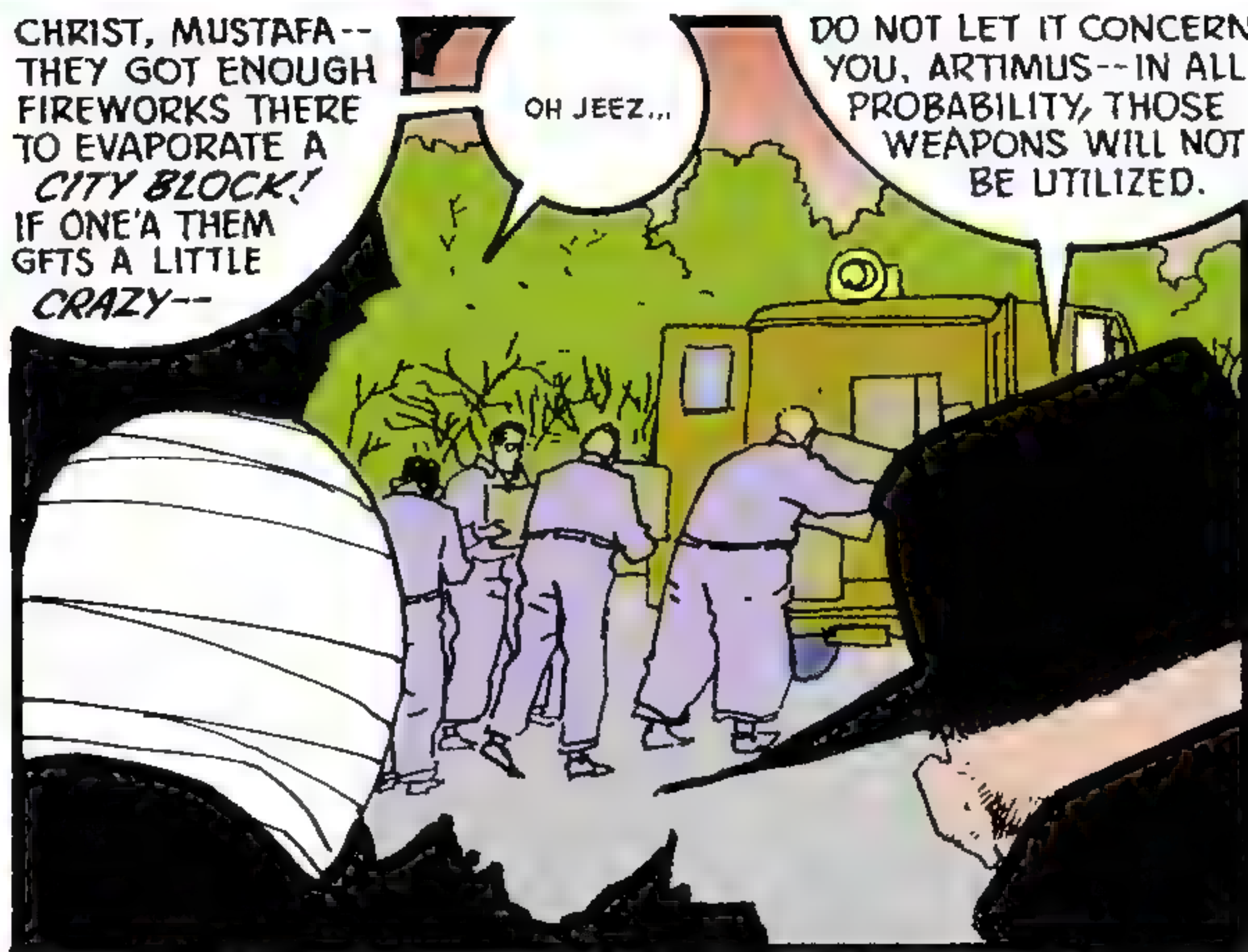
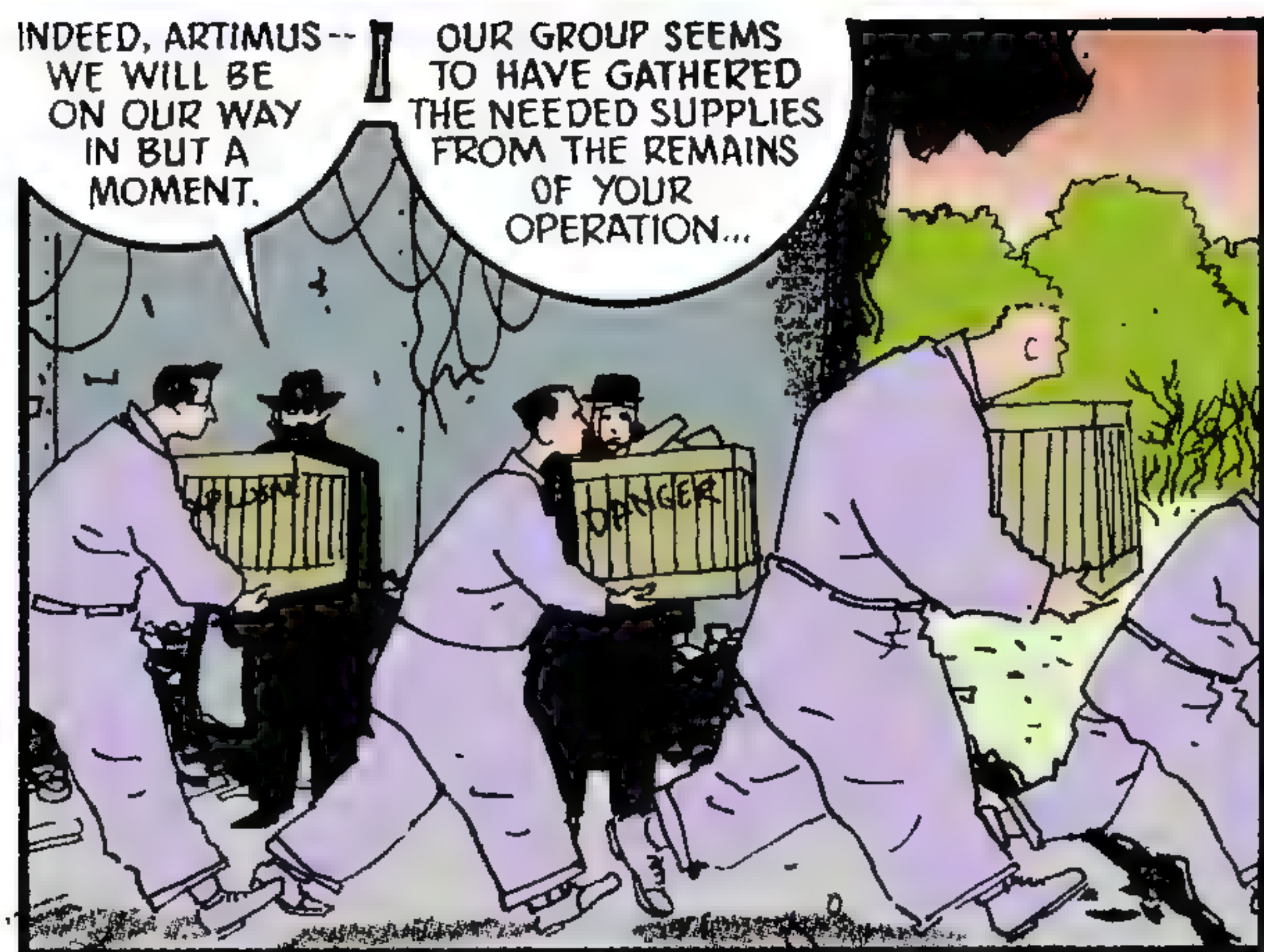
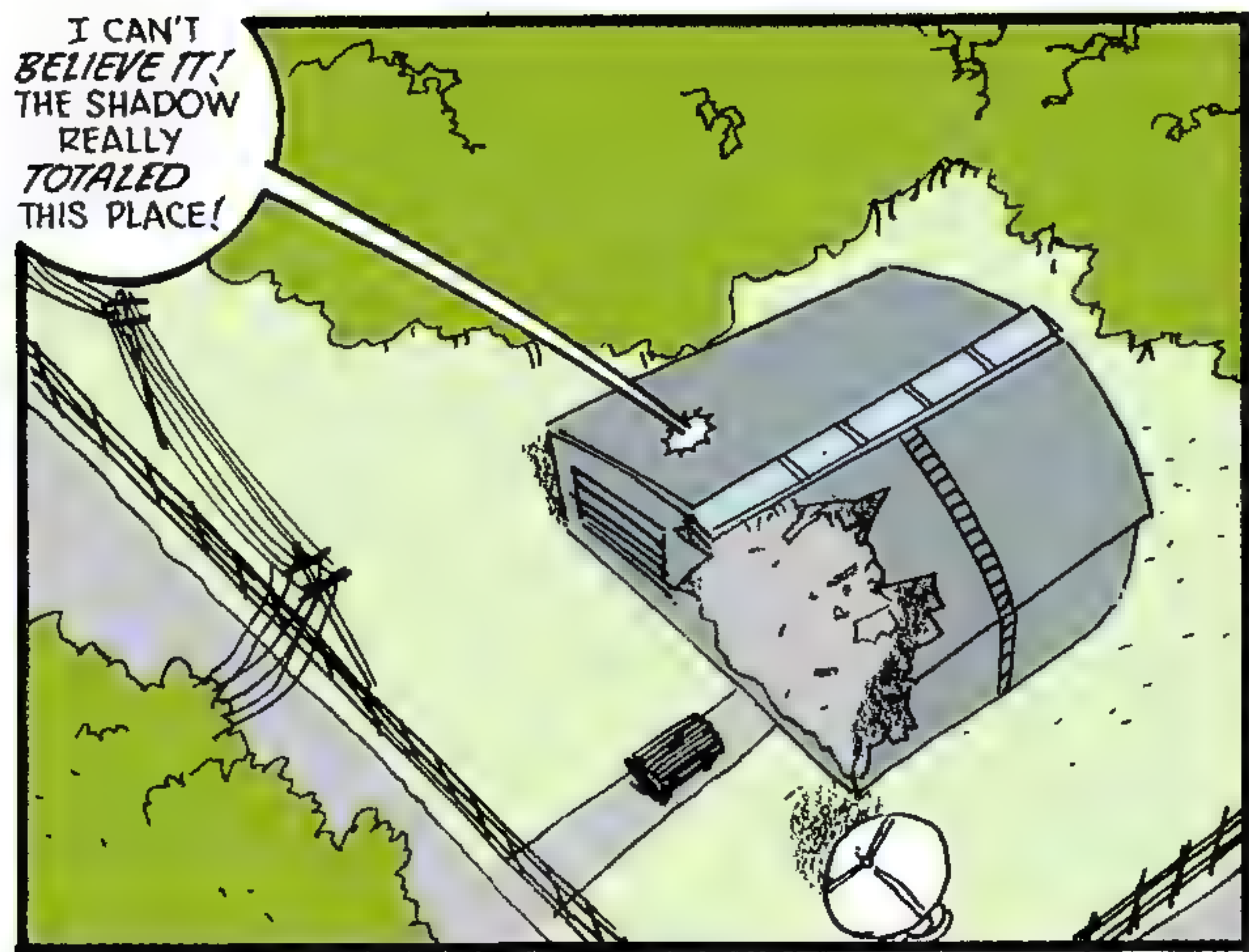
DON'T GET COCKY, KID-- STICK BEHIND ME-- WE CAN'T BE SURE--

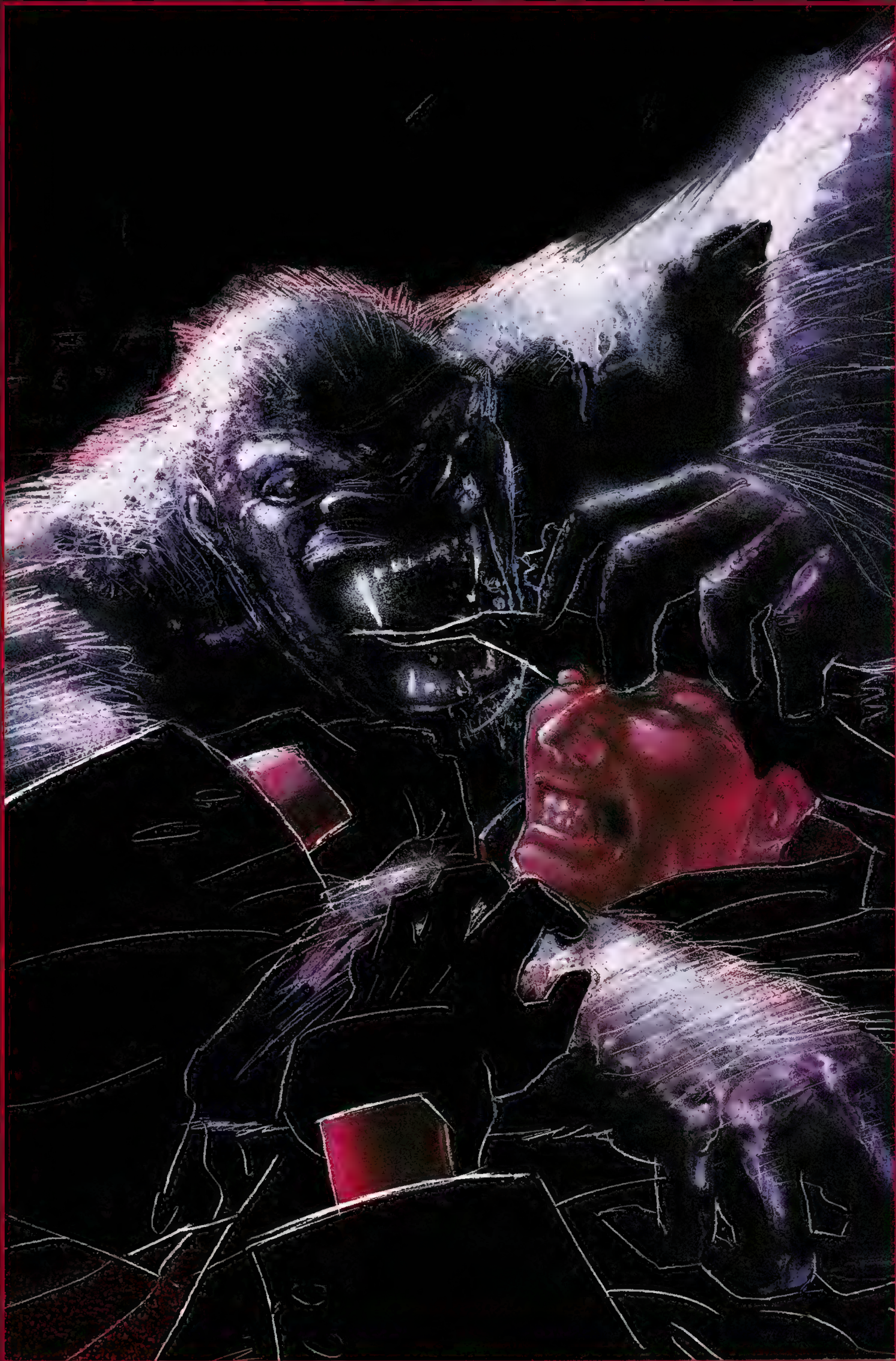
..WHAT'S IN THERE...

GOO RRRRRRR

MMMM YYY BBA AAGBBEE







#13

cover art by KYLE BAKER

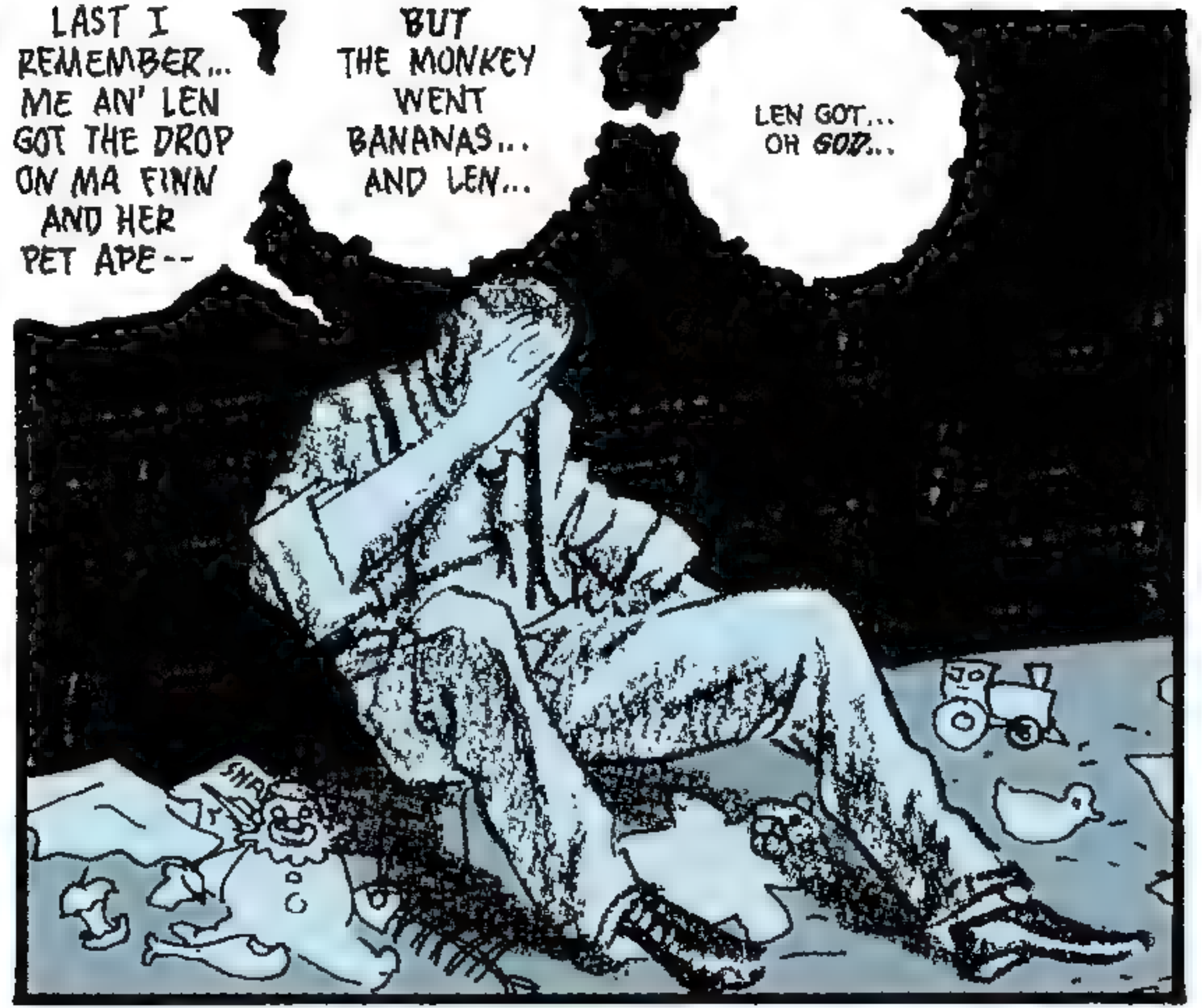


OOHH...
WHAT
HIT ME...?

LAST I
REMEMBER...
ME AN' LEN
GOT THE DROP
ON MA FINN
AND HER
PET APE--

BUT
THE MONKEY
WENT
BANANAS...
AND LEN...

LEN GOT...
OR *SOZ*...



...WHERE
THE HELL
AM I???

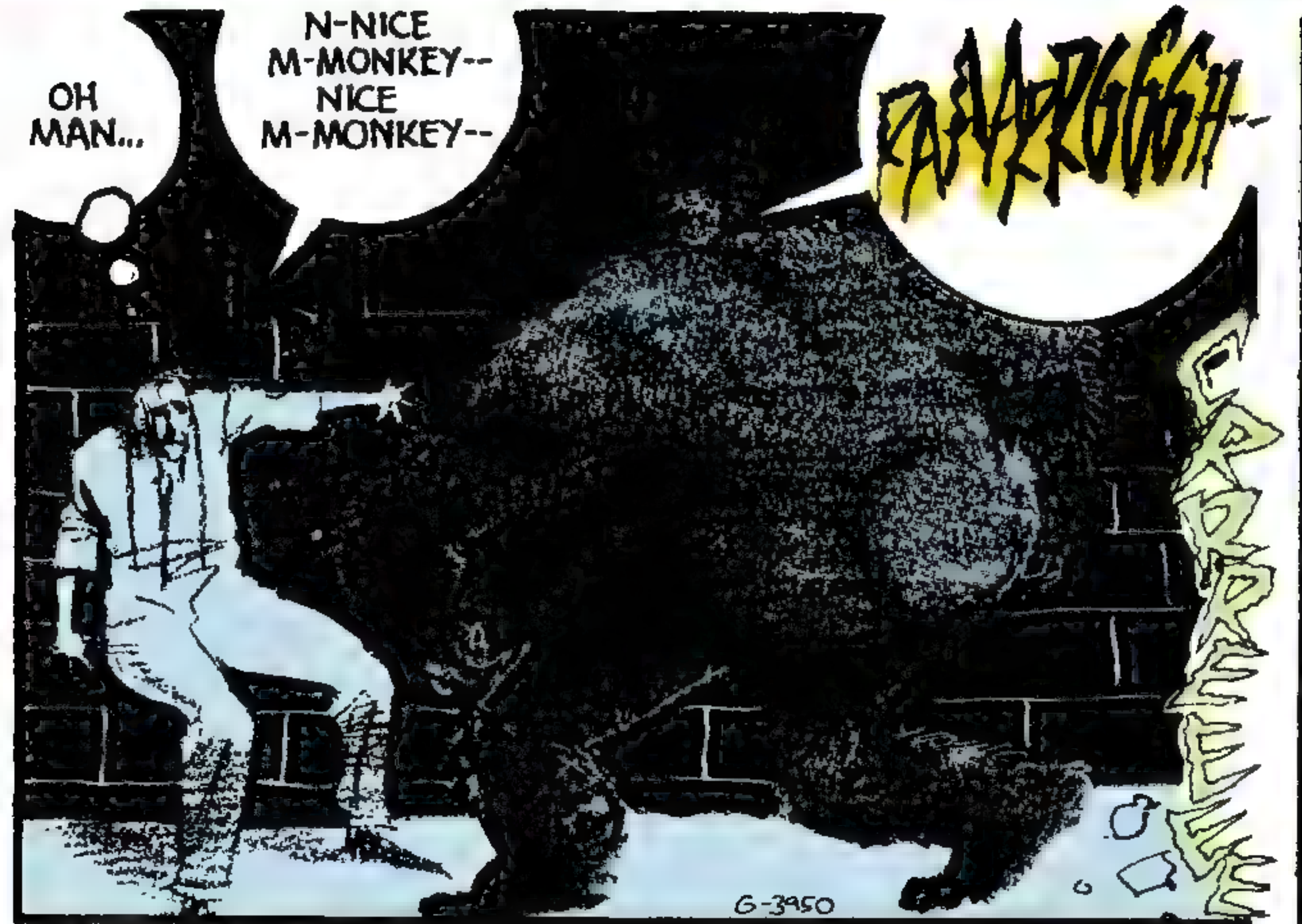


SQUEEK

OOHH



RRRRGGGHHH



OH
MAN...

N-NICE
M-MONKEY--
NICE
M-MONKEY--

RRRRGGGHHH



HHHHHHH???

BEPPU!
WHAT'S
GOING ON
DOWN
THERE?!



GET UP HERE
RIGHT NOW--
THERE'S MORE
CLEANING
TO DO!

NRRRRRUUGGH!

AND NO
BACK TALK!
YOU'VE
ALREADY DONE
ENOUGH
DAMAGE FOR
ONE DAY!



I
SWEAR!
SOMETIMES
YOU'RE MORE
TROUBLE
THAN YOU'RE
WORTH!

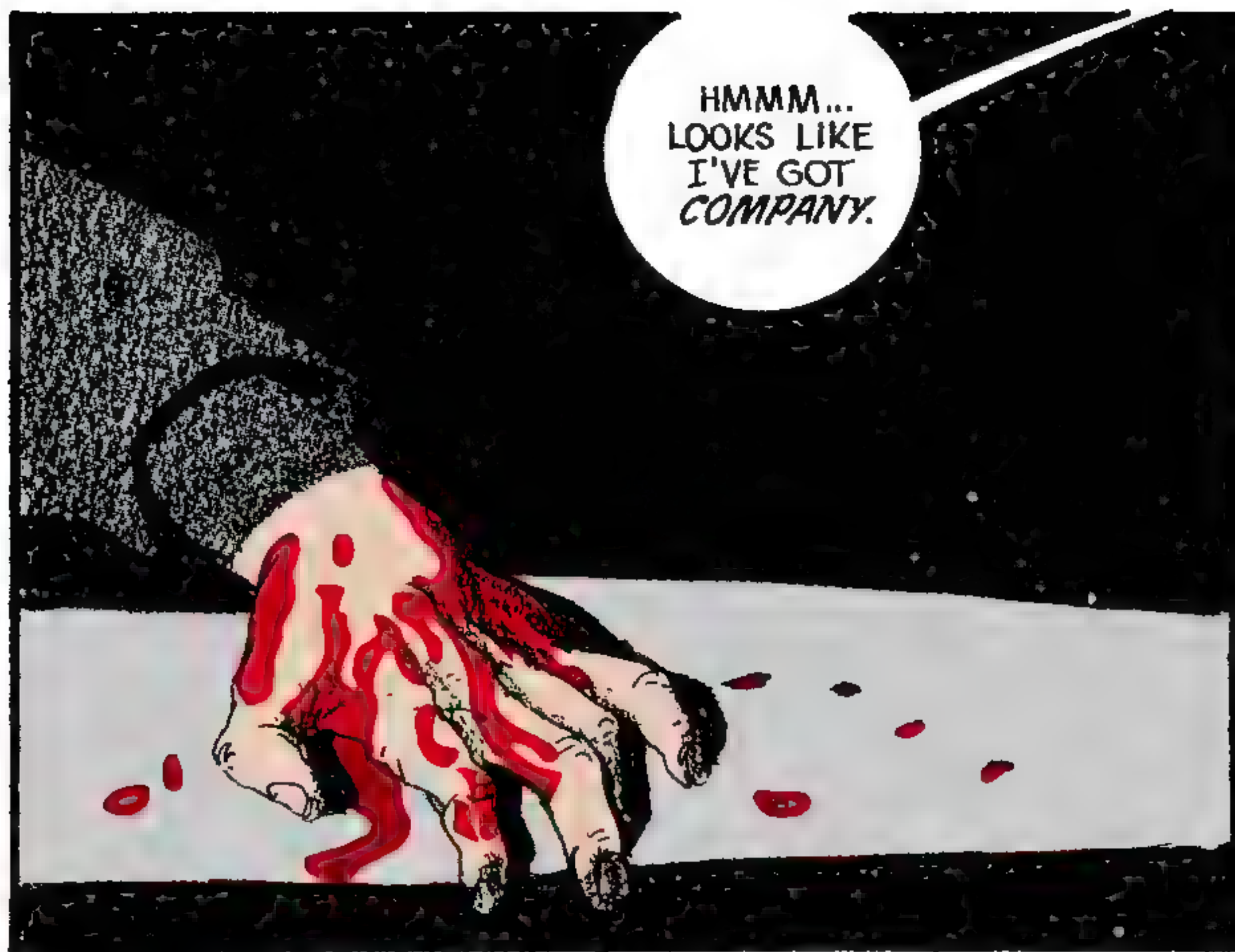
RRRRGGGHHH



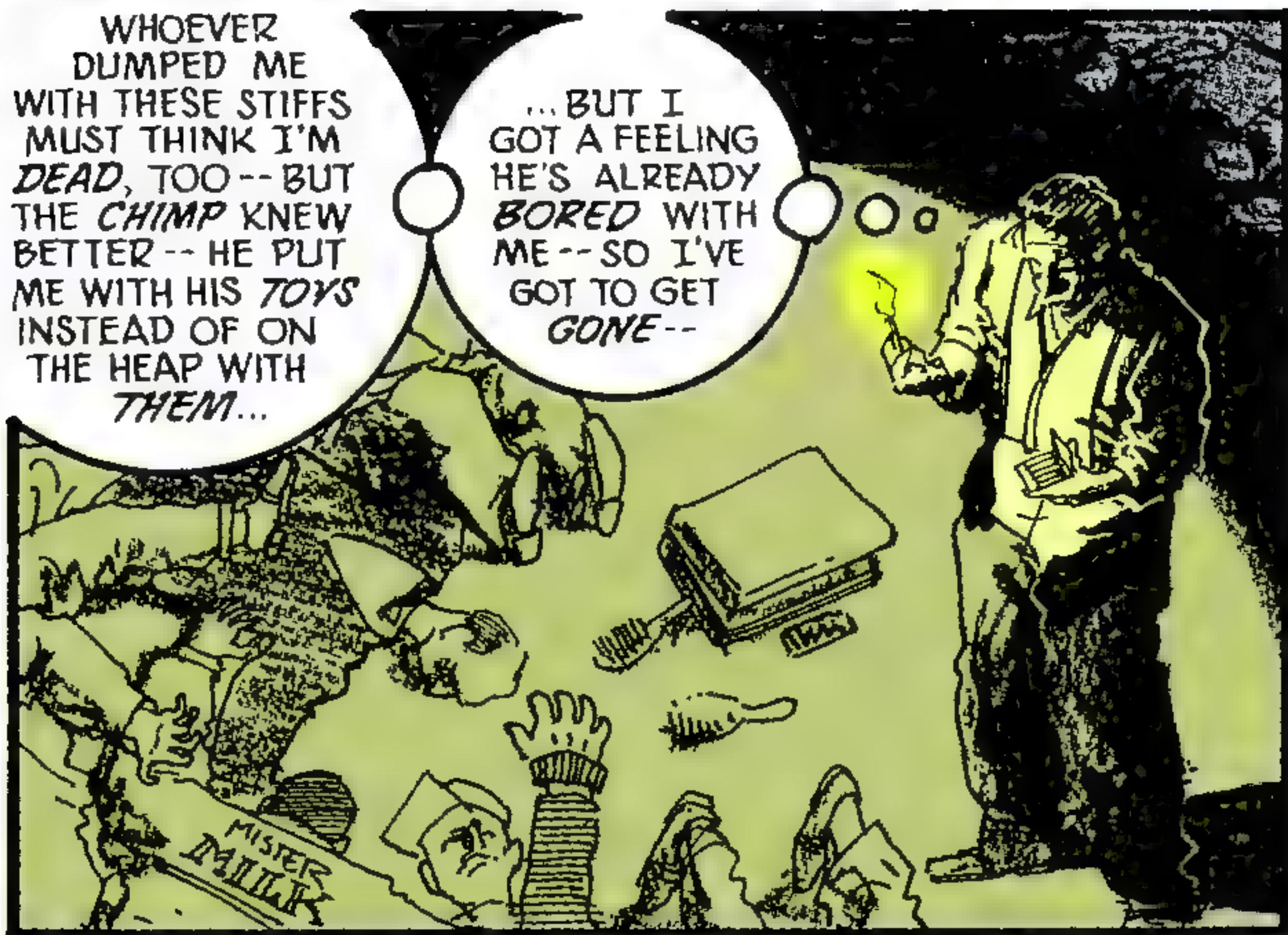
WHAT NOW, MAGNET...?

WHEN A GORILLA KILLS YOUR PARTNER, YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT...

CAN'T AFFORD TO GO UP AND TANGLE WITH THAT APE-- SO I'VE GOT TO FIND *ANOTHER* WAY OUT OF THIS STINKING HELL-HOLE--



HMMM... LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT *COMPANY*.



WHOEVER DUMPED ME WITH THESE STIFFS MUST THINK I'M DEAD, TOO-- BUT THE *CHIMP* KNEW BETTER-- HE PUT ME WITH HIS *TOYS* INSTEAD OF ON THE HEAP WITH *THEM*...

...BUT I GOT A FEELING HE'S ALREADY *BORED* WITH ME-- SO I'VE GOT TO GET *GONE*--

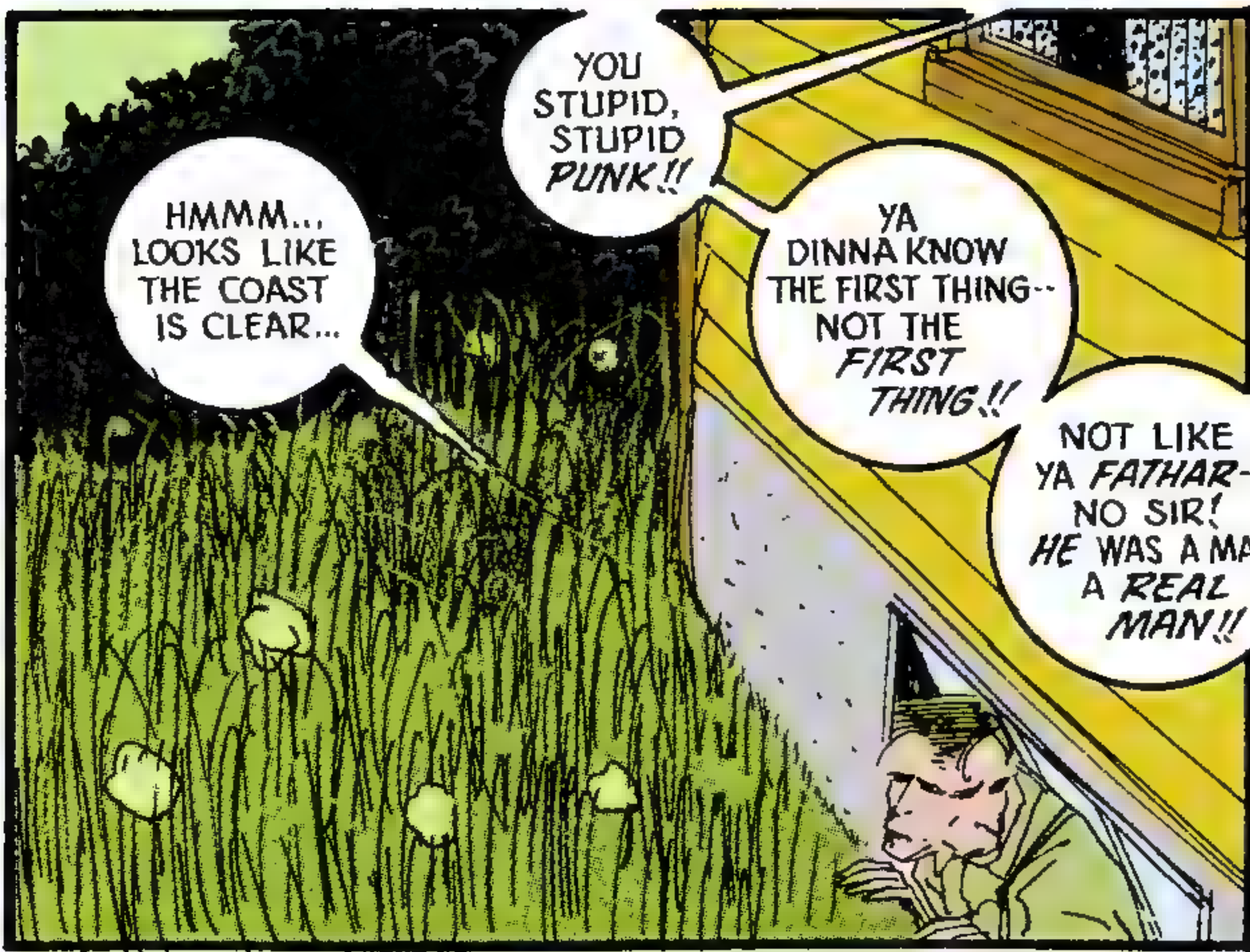


...AND *THERE'S* MY TICKET OUT OF HERE!

--THAT LIGHT! IT MIGHT BE COMING FROM--



I KNEW IT-- A *WINDOW*!



HMMM... LOOKS LIKE THE COAST IS CLEAR...

YOU STUPID, STUPID *PUNK*!!

YA DINNA KNOW THE FIRST THING-- NOT THE *FIRST* THING!!

NOT LIKE YA *FATHAR*-- NO SIR! HE WAS A MAN-- A *REAL* MAN!!



NOBODY PUSHED HIM AROUND-- *N-O-N-OBODY*!

STUPID KIDS-- YOU AN' YER BROTHERS! GET YASELVES *KILLED*!!

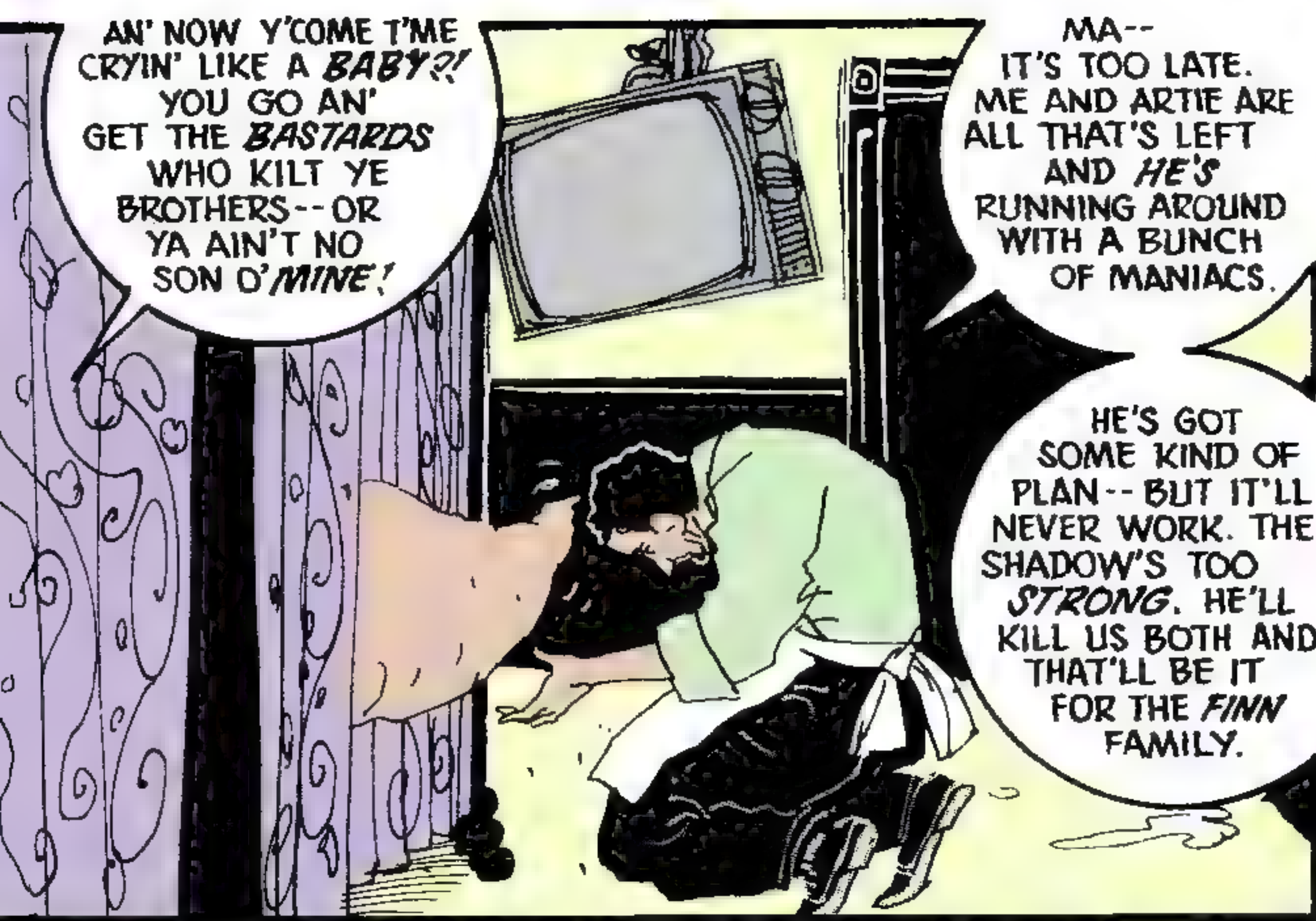
THAT'S NO WAY TO RUN A *BUSINESS*!



AN' YER POOR OLD *MOTHER*-- SICK AS A *DOG*! BUT DO YA COME AN' VISIT? *NO*!

ONLY TIME I HEAR FROM YA-- IT'S WHEN ONE O' YOU UP AN' *DIES*!

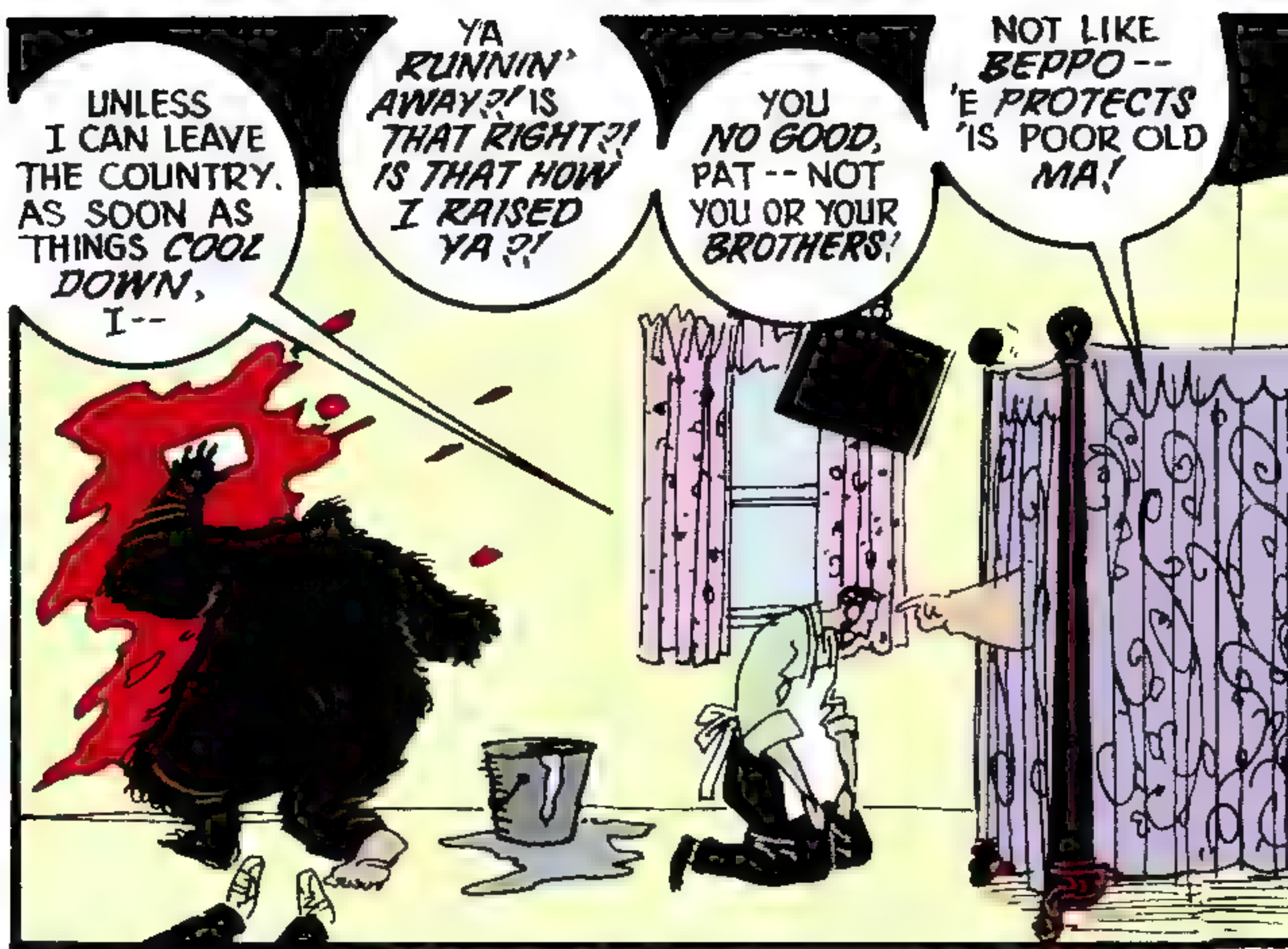
EVEN THEN, SOMETIMES I SEE IT ON THE *TEEVEE* FIRST!



AN' NOW Y'COME T'ME
CRYIN' LIKE A *BABY*?!
YOU GO AN'
GET THE *BASTARDS*
WHO KILT YE
BROTHERS-- OR
YA AIN'T NO
SON O' MINE!

MA--
IT'S TOO LATE.
ME AND ARTIE ARE
ALL THAT'S LEFT
AND *HE'S*
RUNNING AROUND
WITH A BUNCH
OF MANIACS.

HE'S GOT
SOME KIND OF
PLAN-- BUT IT'LL
NEVER WORK. THE
SHADOW'S TOO
STRONG. HE'LL
KILL US BOTH AND
THAT'LL BE IT
FOR THE *FINN*
FAMILY.

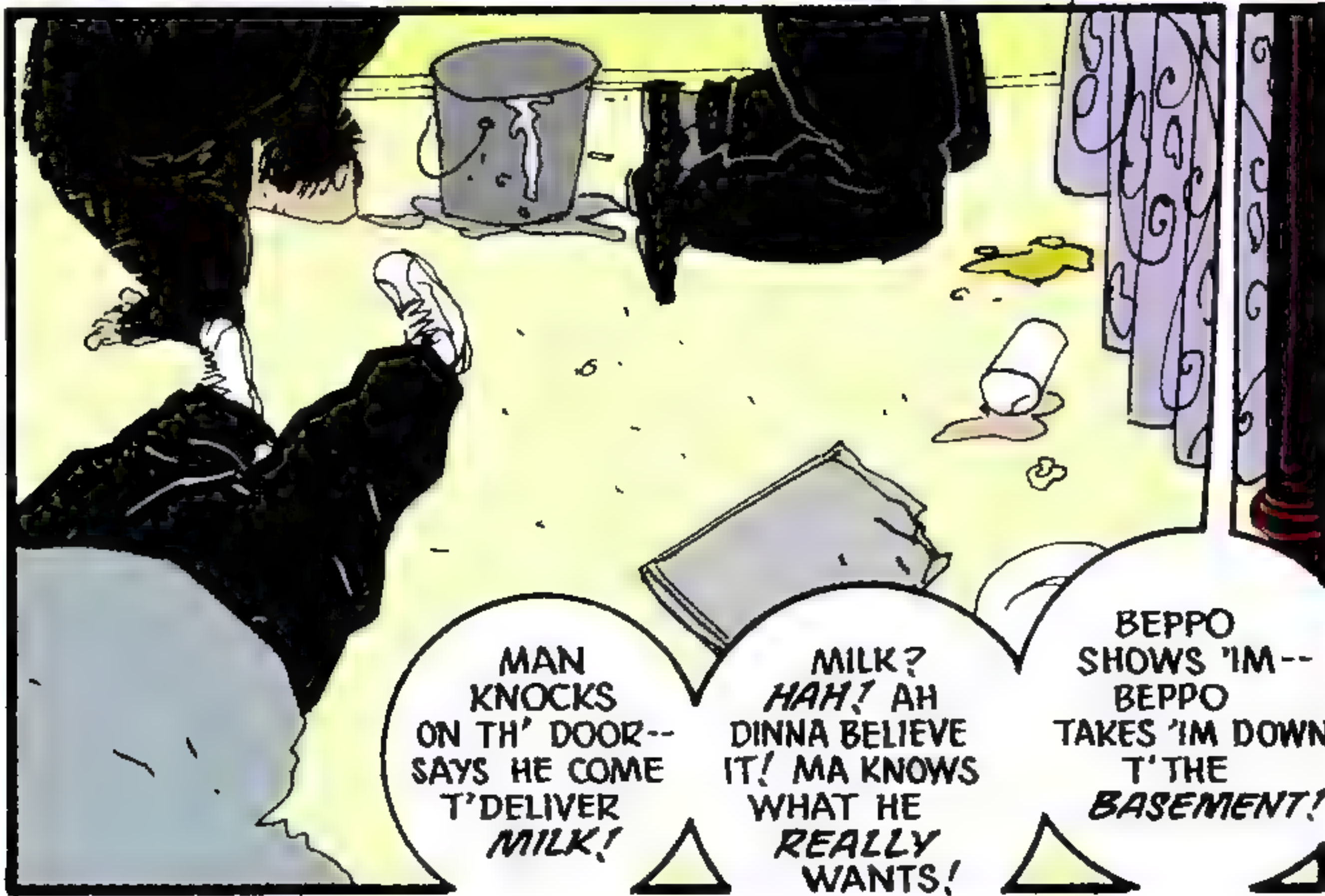


UNLESS
I CAN LEAVE
THE COUNTRY.
AS SOON AS
THINGS *COOL*
DOWN,
I--

YA
RUNNIN'
AWAY? IS
THAT RIGHT?
IS THAT HOW
I *RAISED*
YA?!

YOU
NO GOOD,
PAT -- NOT
YOU OR YOUR
BROTHERS!

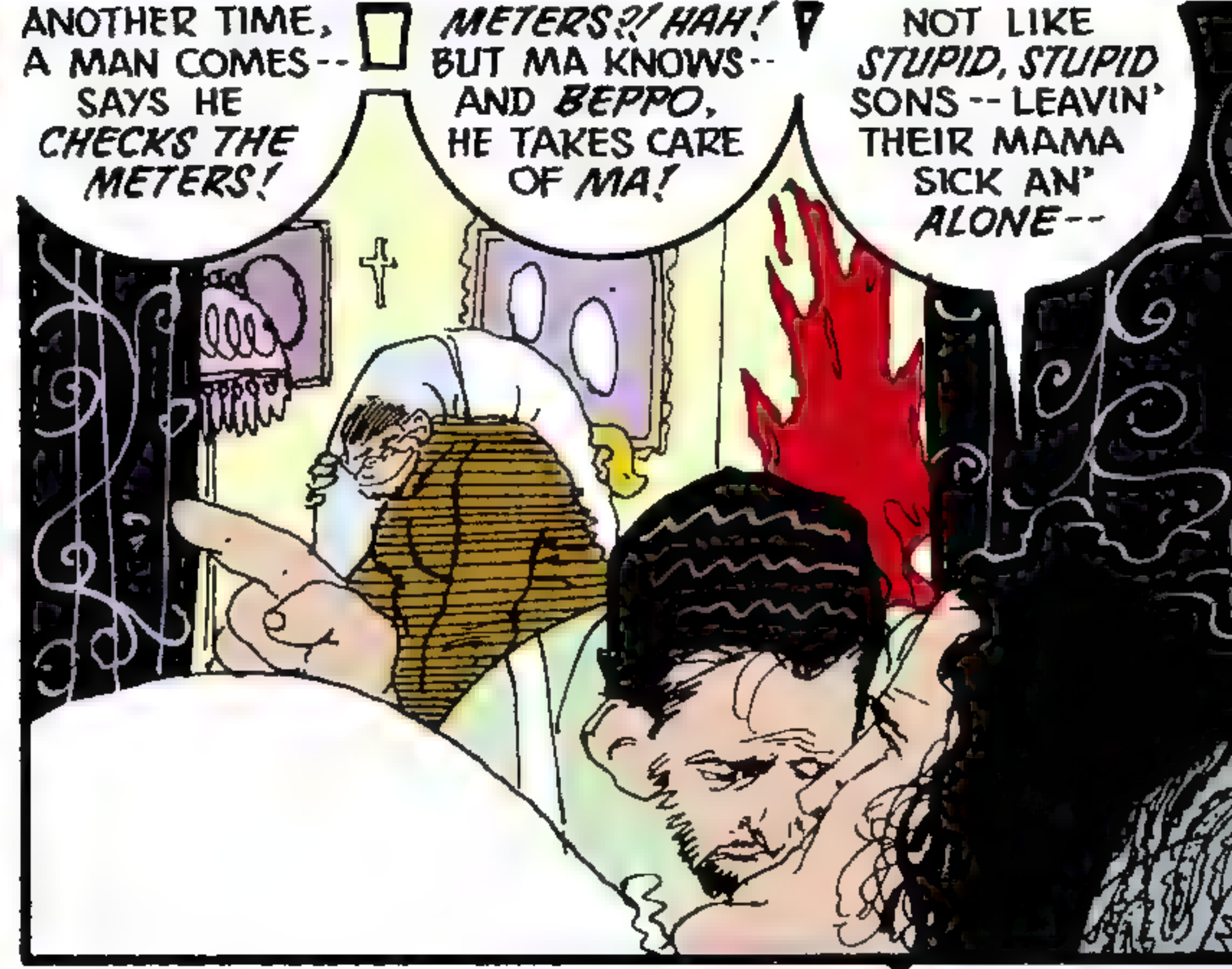
NOT LIKE
BEPPU--
'E *PROTECTS*
'IS POOR OLD
MA!



MAN
KNOCKS
ON TH' DOOR--
SAYS HE COME
T'DELIVER
MILK!

MILK?
HAH! AH
DINNA BELIEVE
IT! MA KNOWS
WHAT HE
REALLY
WANTS!

BEPPU
SHOWS 'IM--
BEPPU
TAKES 'IM DOWN
T' THE
BASEMENT!



ANOTHER TIME,
A MAN COMES--
SAYS HE
CHECKS THE
METERS!

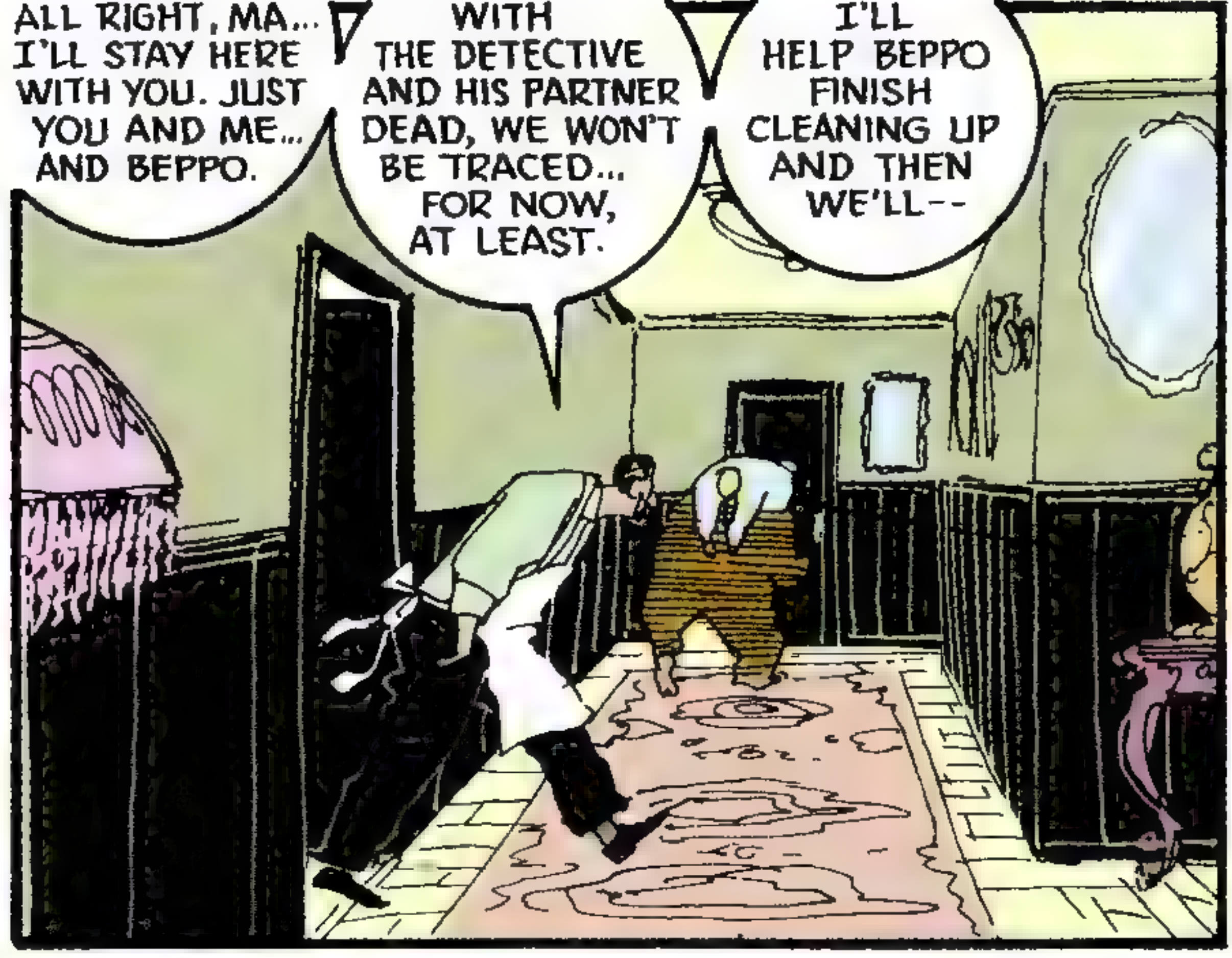
METERS? *HAH!*
BUT MA KNOWS--
AND *BEPPU*.
HE TAKES CARE
OF MA!

NOT LIKE
STUPID, STUPID
SONS -- LEAVIN'
THEIR MAMA
SICK AN'
ALONE--



MA-- YOU'RE
TALKING *CRAZY*!
YOU CAN'T BE
SERIOUS--

OH, NO?
YOU GO WITH
BEPPU-- 'E'LL
SHOW YOU--
BEPPU DON'T LET
ANY MAN
TOUCH HIS *MA*!



ALL RIGHT, MA...
I'LL STAY HERE
WITH YOU. JUST
YOU AND ME...
AND BEPPU.

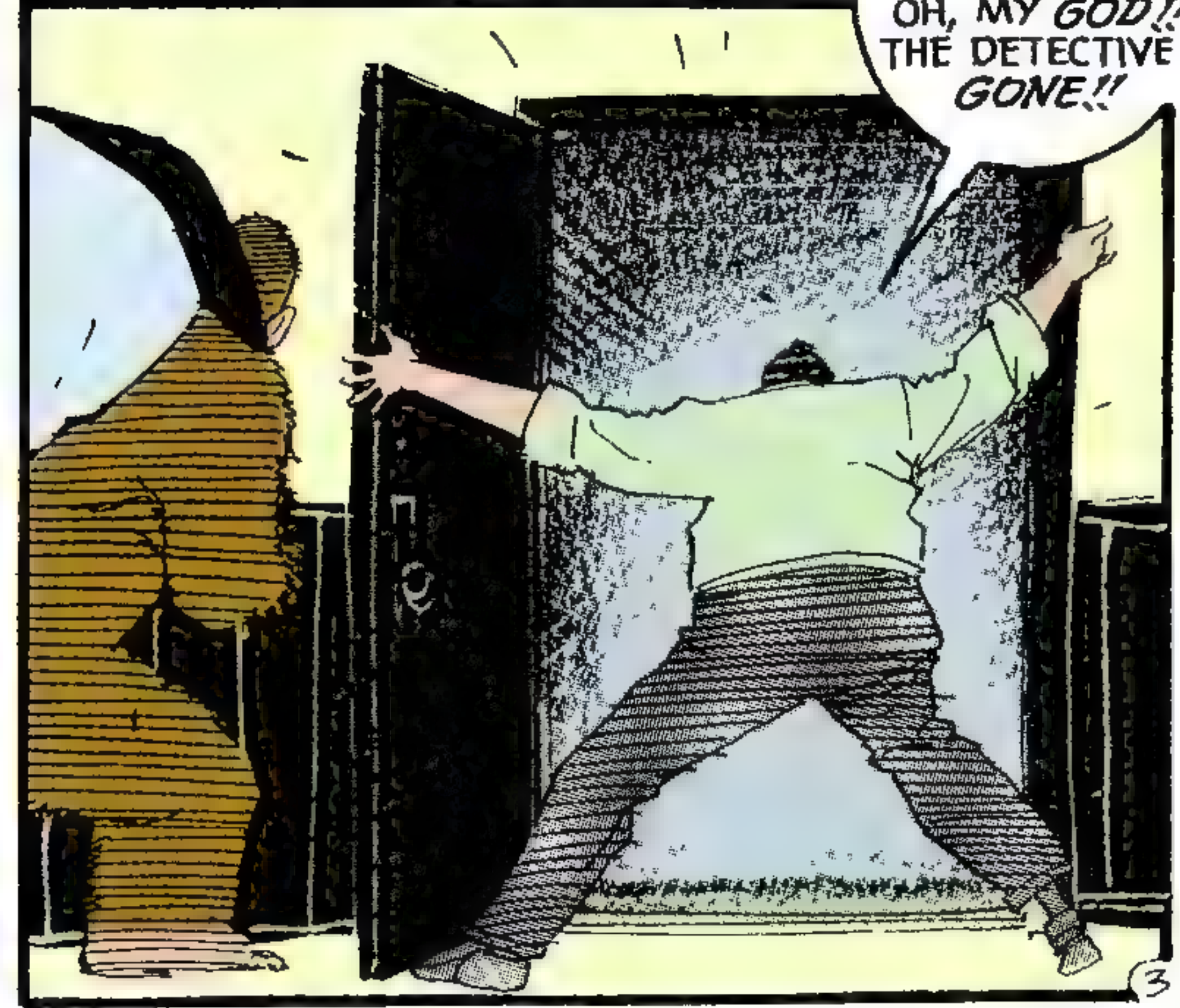
WITH
THE DETECTIVE
AND HIS PARTNER
DEAD, WE WON'T
BE TRACED...
FOR NOW,
AT LEAST.

I'LL
HELP BEPPU
FINISH
CLEANING UP
AND THEN
WE'LL--



WHAT WAS
THAT--

NGGGHHH???



OH, MY GOD!!
THE DETECTIVE--
GONE!!



HELL, YEAH...
LOOKIT -- HE
AIN'T BRUISED
AT ALL... LITTLE
BLUE,
THOUGH...

WONDER
WHAT
HIS STORY
WAS...

BE A WHILE
'FORE WE CAN
FIND OUT -- WHEN
I CALLED IN HIS I.D. TO
H.Q., CARDONA'S ASSISTANT
TOLD ME TO JUST *SIT
TIGHT* TILL THEY SHOWED UP...

FUNNY... WE
FIND WEIRDOS
LIKE HIM
DEAD IN THE PARK
EVERY DAY...

...BUT *THIS* ONE,
CARDONA AND
HIS BOY MAX
DECIDE
TO TAKE
PERSONAL...

HEY...
MAYBE
THEY'RE
RELATED--?

MAYBE, MAGUIRE--
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE
TO *ASK*--

ALL RIGHT, MEN--
JUST STAND AWAY
FROM HIM-- LET
ME THROUGH--

MAX!! CONSNARN IT,
BOY! GET YOUR *BUTT*
BACK HERE! JUST
WHO DO YOU THINK
IS *IN CHARGE*
OF THIS
INVESTIGATION?!

MAX!
ARE YOU *DEAF*?!
YOU MAY HAVE
DRAGGED ME *OUT*
HERE-- BUT I'M *STILL*
YOUR *BOSS*, DAMMIT!
FORGET *THAT* AND
I'LL HAVE YOU
POUNDING A BEAT
AGAIN, JUST
LIKE --

OH.

SORRY,
MAX. I
DIDN'T--

YOU
KNEW
HIM--?

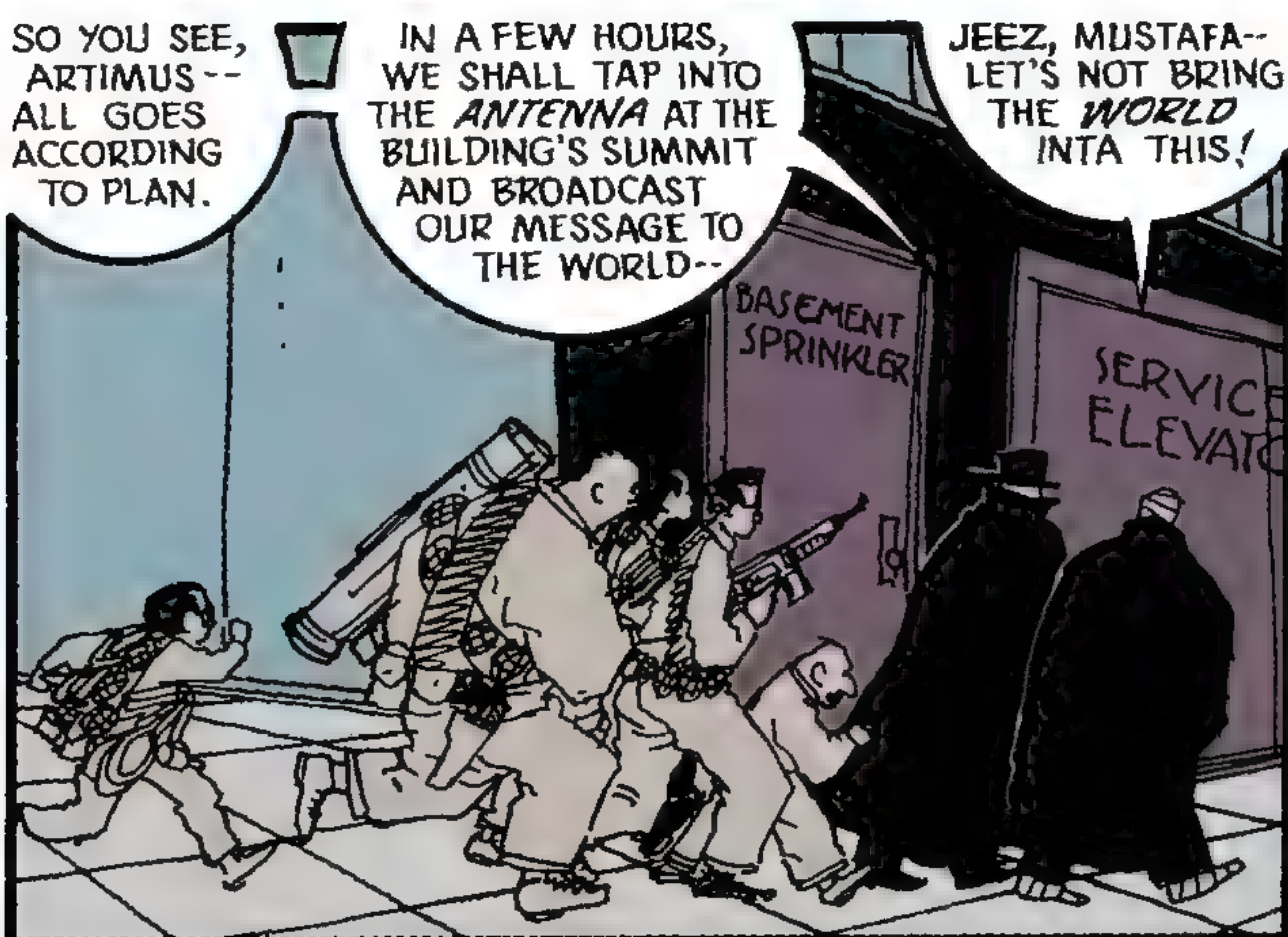
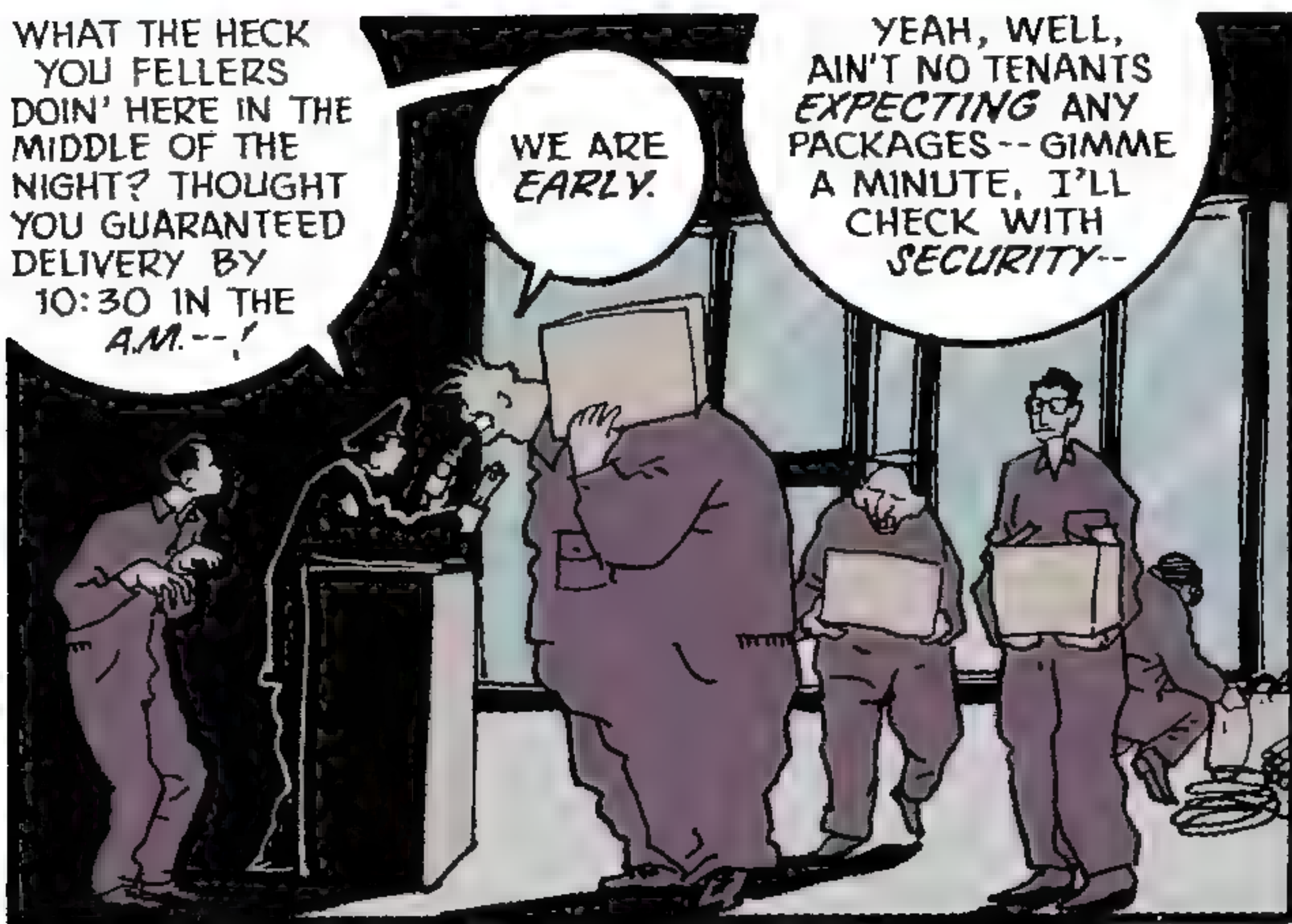
YES, SIR...
HE WAS.
A FRIEND...

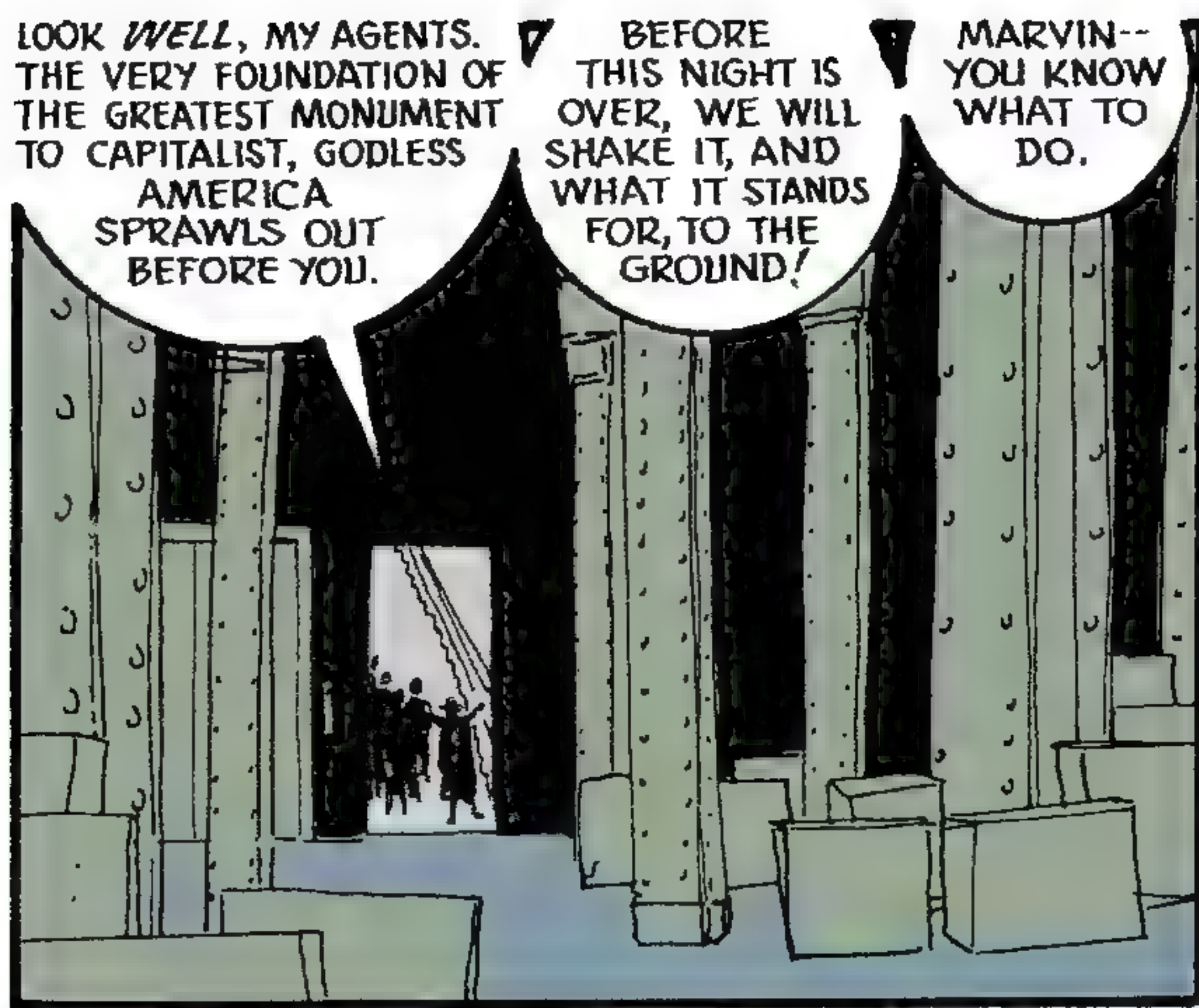
THEY CAN
TAKE HIM
AWAY
NOW...

DON'T YOU
WORRY, MAX!
WE'LL CATCH
WHOEVER
DID THIS!

ONCE THE BOYS
IN *FORENSICS*
HAVE A CHANCE TO
POKE AROUND
INSIDE YOUR PAL,
FIND OUT WHAT
CROAKED HIM,
WE'LL BE ON... THE
TRAIL--

YES, SIR...





LOOK *WELL*, MY AGENTS. THE VERY FOUNDATION OF THE GREATEST MONUMENT TO CAPITALIST, GODLESS AMERICA SPRAWLS OUT BEFORE YOU.

BEFORE THIS NIGHT IS OVER, WE WILL SHAKE IT, AND WHAT IT STANDS FOR, TO THE GROUND!

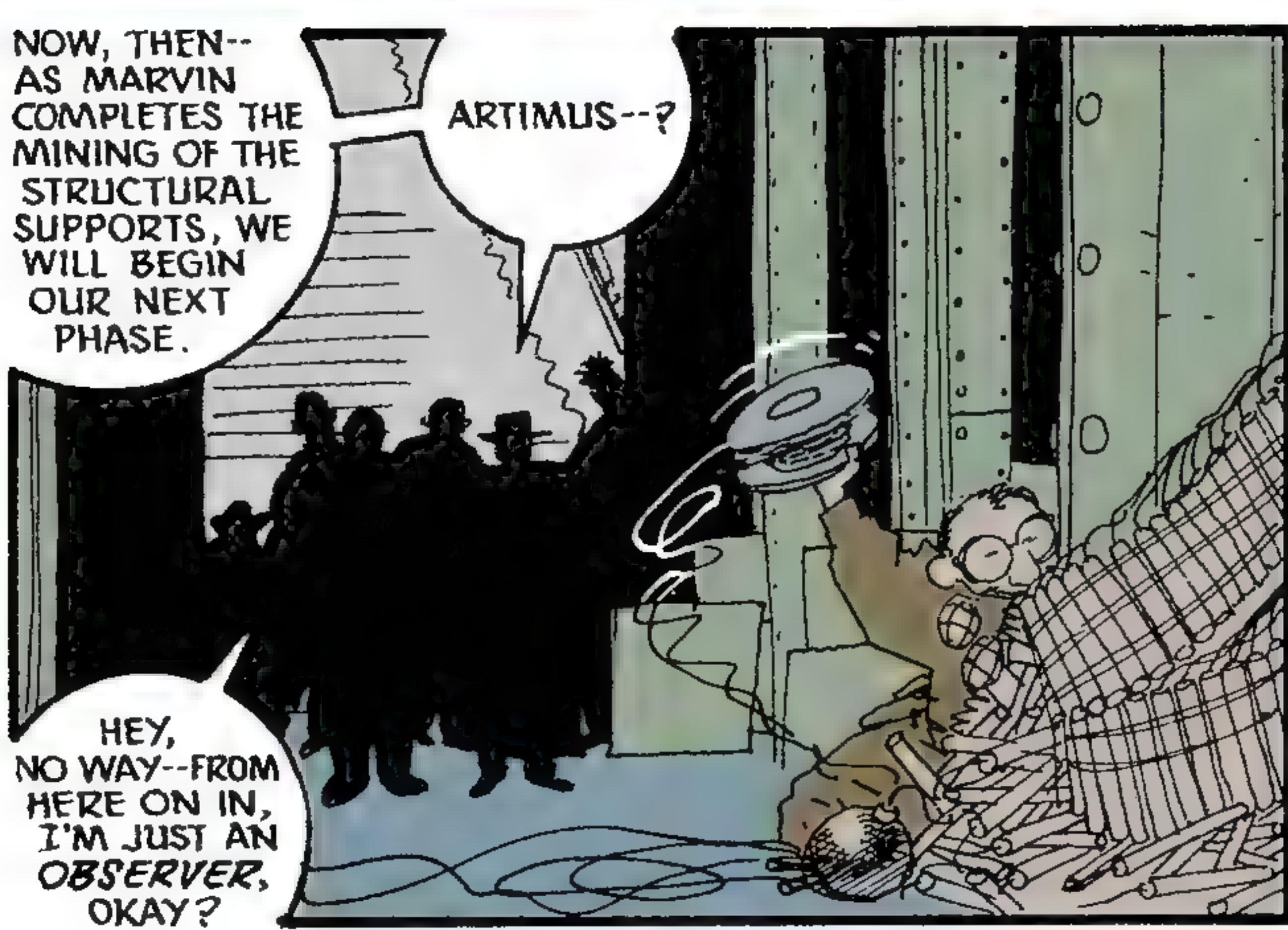
MARVIN-- YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.



YESSIR! WHAT I DO *BEST!*

AND MARVIN-- PLEASE GIVE *ME* THE DETONATOR. YOU KNOW HOW YOUR *ENTHUSIASM* HAS A WAY OF GETTING THE BETTER OF YOU...

AW, SHUCKS...



NOW, THEN-- AS MARVIN COMPLETES THE MINING OF THE STRUCTURAL SUPPORTS, WE WILL BEGIN OUR NEXT PHASE.

ARTIMUS--?

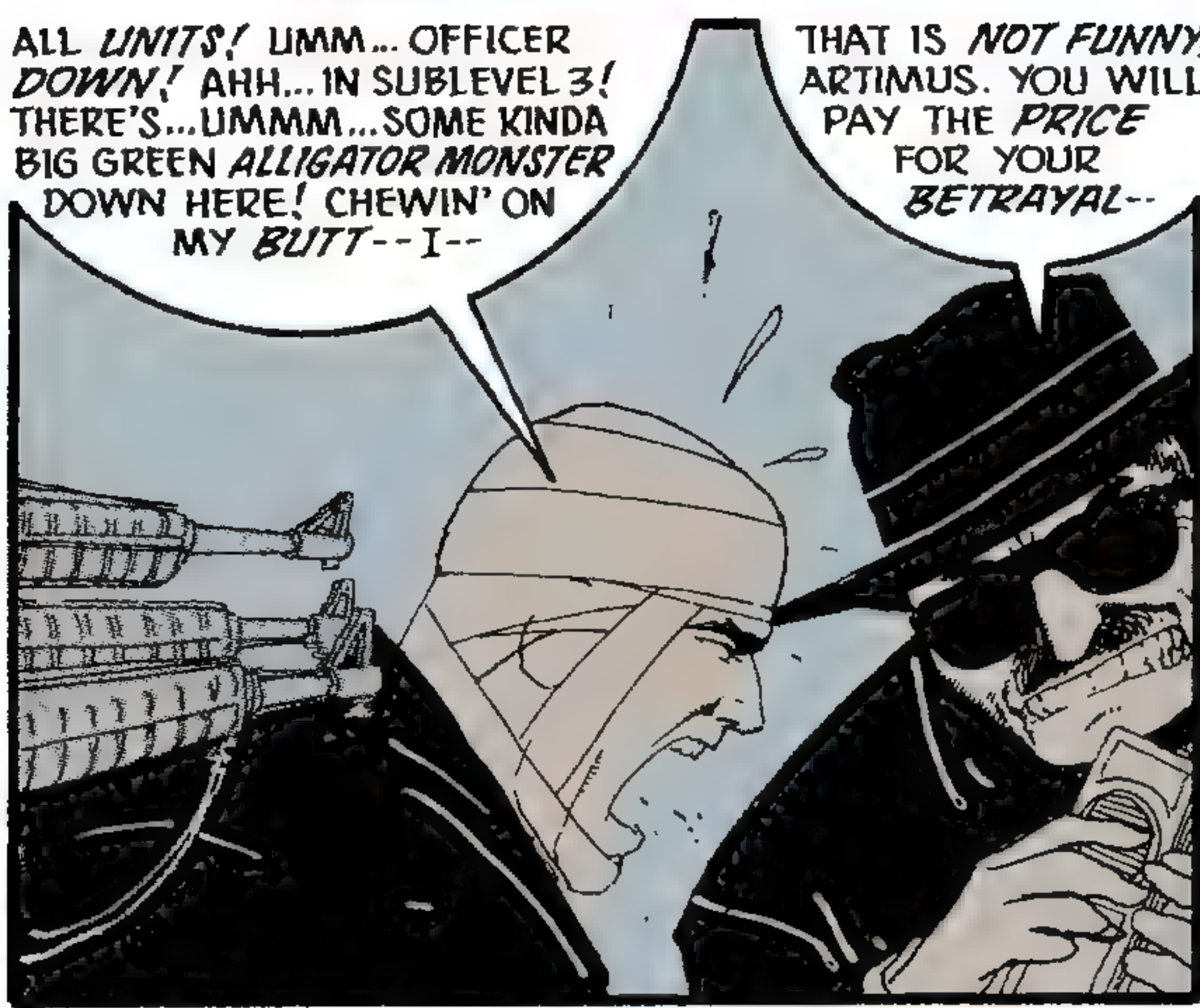
HEY, NO WAY--FROM HERE ON IN, I'M JUST AN *OBSERVER*, OKAY?



I AM AFRAID NOT. I NEED YOUR *VOICE*-- ONLY *YOUR* NATIVE NEW YORK *DIALECT* CAN CONVINCE THE OTHER GUARDS THAT YOU ARE ONE OF THEM--

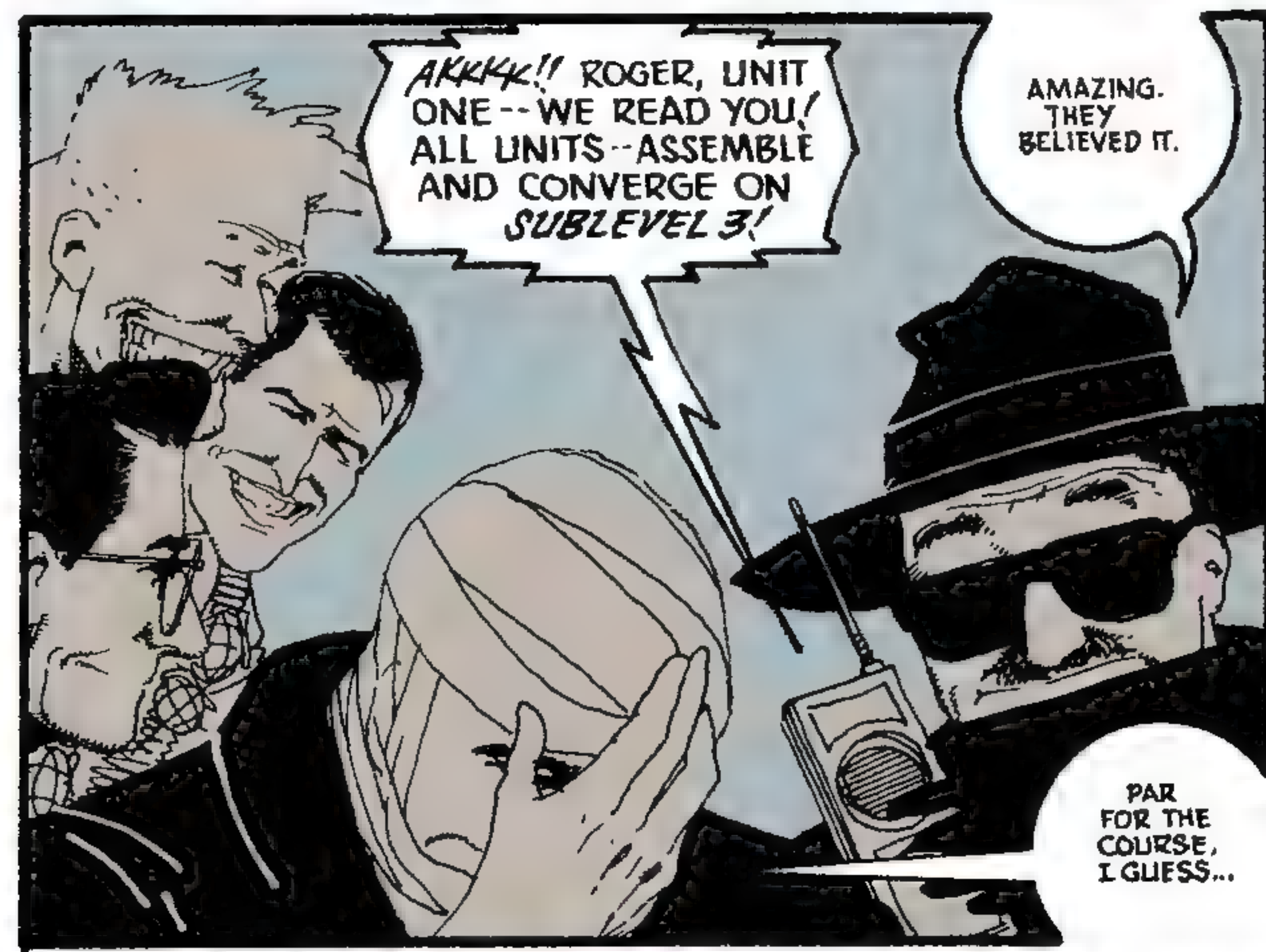
ONLY *YOU* CAN BRING THEM TO *US*. DO NOT *FORCE* MY HAND, ARTIMUS. DO IT.

AW, JEEZ...



ALL *UNITS*! UMM... OFFICER *DOWN*! AHH... IN SUBLEVEL 3! THERE'S... UMMM... SOME KINDA BIG GREEN *ALLIGATOR MONSTER* DOWN HERE! CHEWIN' ON MY *BUTT*-- I--

THAT IS *NOT FUNNY*, ARTIMUS. YOU WILL PAY THE *PRICE* FOR YOUR *BETRAYAL*--



AKKKK!! ROGER, UNIT ONE-- WE READ YOU! ALL *UNITS*-- ASSEMBLE AND CONVERGE ON *SUBLEVEL 3*!

AMAZING. THEY BELIEVED IT.

PAR FOR THE COURSE, I GUESS...



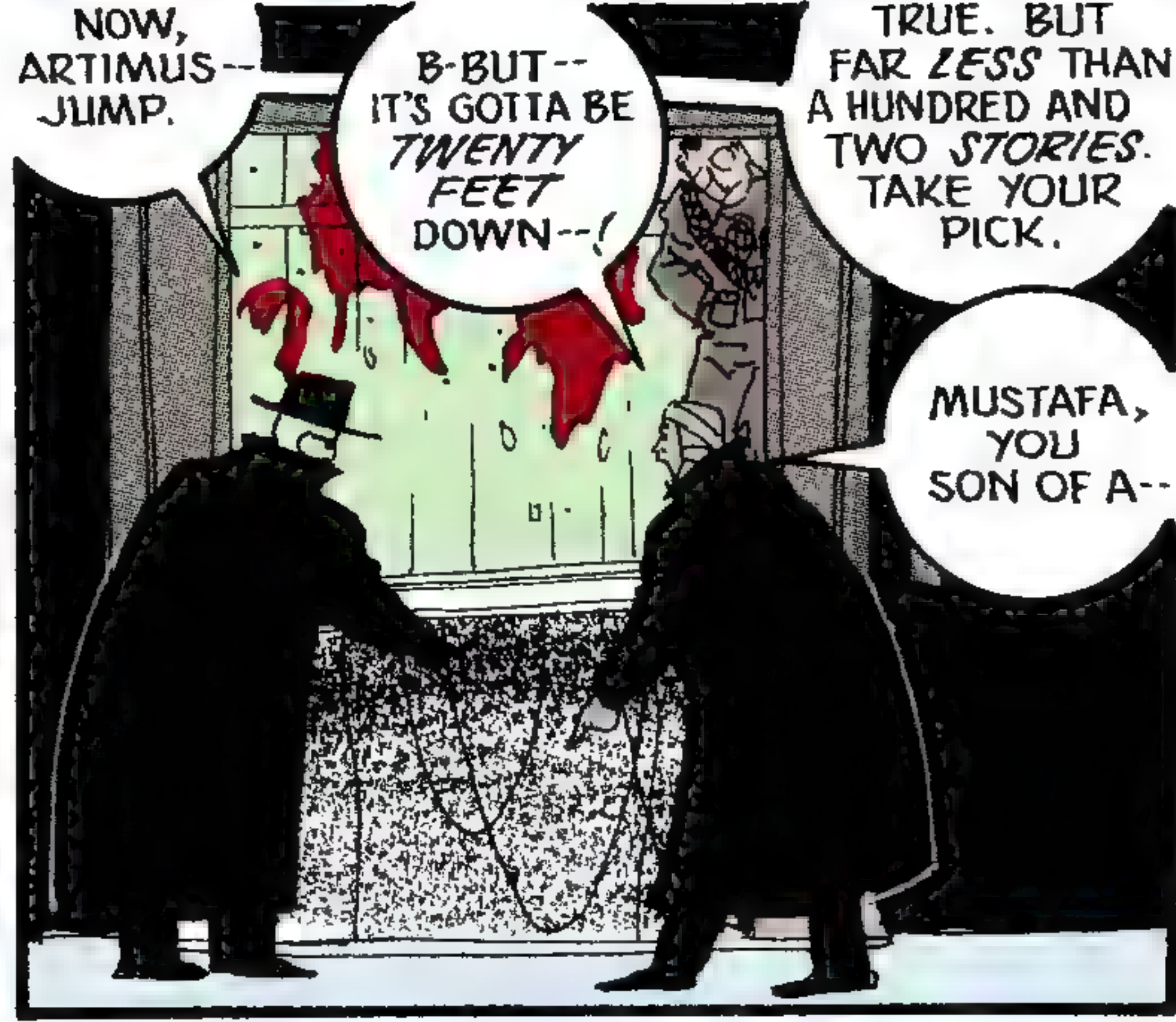
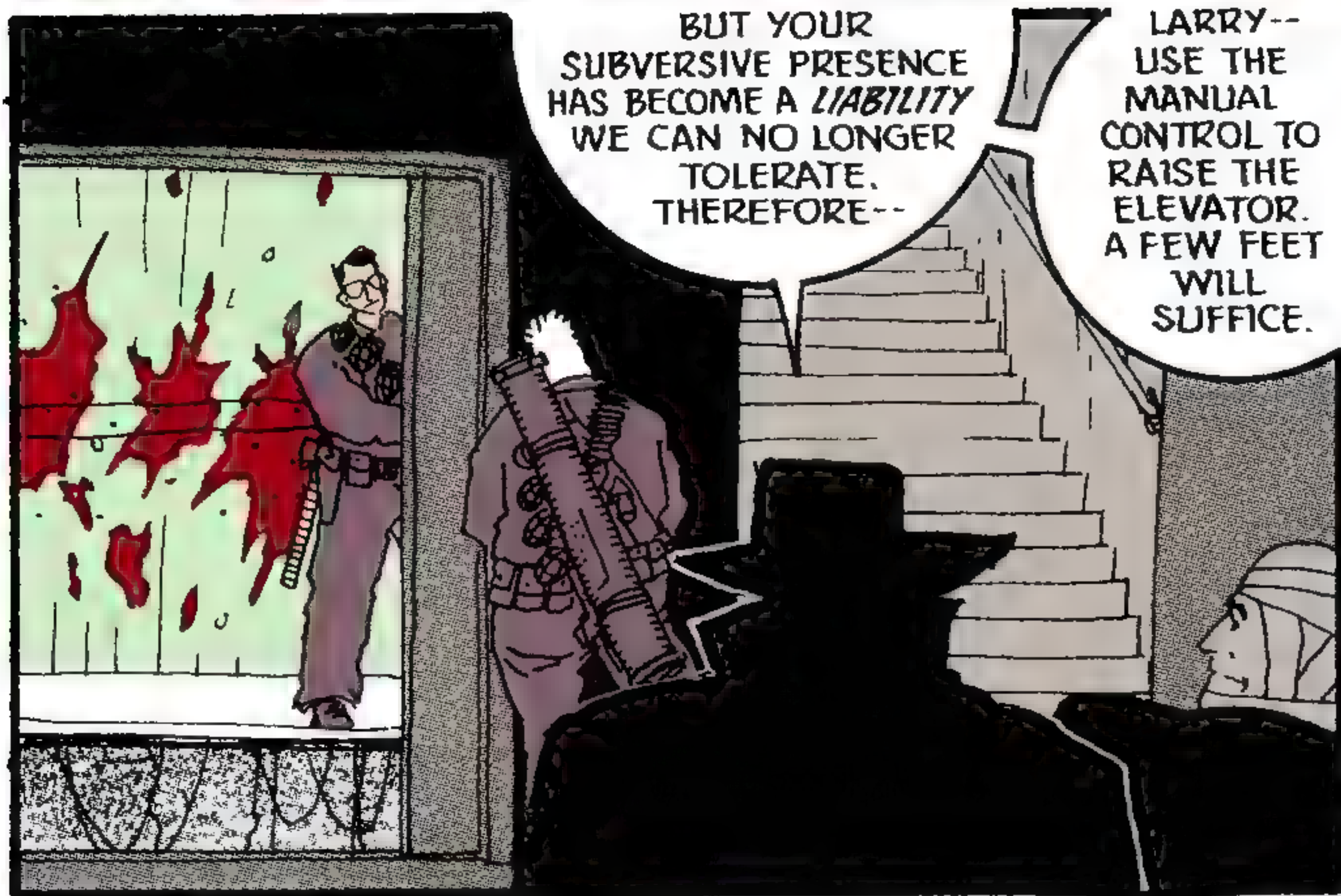
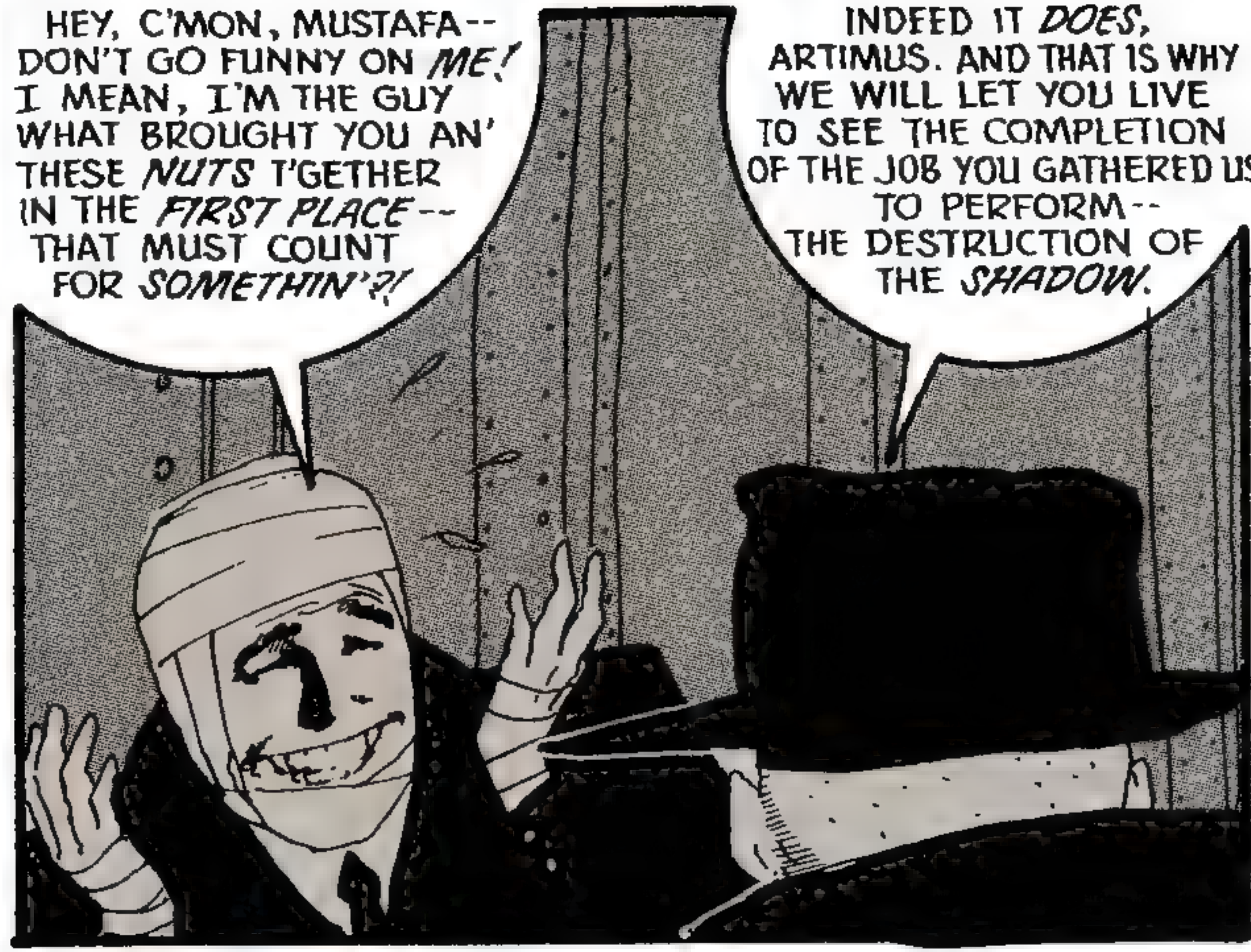
AGENTS-- POSITION YOURSELVES. GET READY...

... AIM--



-- FIRE!

BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA BRATTA BR



WE'LL
GET THEM,
LITTLE
BUDDY... I
SWEAR
IT...

FORENSICS

WHEN THE OLD-TIMERS
GOT KILLED, IT DIDN'T
REALLY HURT... THEY
WERE BEFORE MY
TIME...

BUT YOU, TWITCH... YOU
WERE LIKE KIN... WE HAD
SOME *WILD* TIMES
TOGETHER... AND EVEN
WHEN I HAD TO *ARREST*
YOU, YOU NEVER LOST
YOUR SENSE OF
HUMOR...

SIGH...
THEY WERE
GOOD TIMES,
TWITCH...

... AND NOW
I'VE GOT TO
TELL THE OTHERS
THOSE TIMES
ARE GONE
FOR GOOD...

MAVIS--
BRACE
YOURSELF.
I'VE GOT
BAD NEWS...

OH
MY
GOD.

HOW?

I DON'T KNOW!
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
HE *SUFFERED* ANY--
SEEMS AS PEACEFUL
AS A *BABE*... MATTER
OF FACT, HE LOOKS
BETTER THAN I'VE
EVER SEEN HIM.

SMALL CONSOLATION. GET THE
AUTOPSY REPORT. THAT WILL GIVE
US A PLACE TO START--

RIGHT, MASTER.
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE
GOING TO DO--
CARDONA'S UPSTAIRS
ARRANGING FOR--

HARUMMPH...

UHH...
SORRY TO
INTERRUPT YOU,
SON, BUT
WE'RE READY
TO GET
UNDER WAY.

RIGHT.
GOTTA GO, MAS--
UHH--MAY. CALL YOU
AS SOON AS WE
FIND OUT ANYTHING--

WHERE'S GWEN--
SOMEBODY'S
GOT TO TELL
HER--

SHE'S GOT
AN EXHIBITION
MATCH AT THE
GARDEN TONIGHT--
A 4-H
FUNDRAISER...

WE'LL HANDLE HER
WHEN SHE RETURNS.
UNTIL THEN, WE MUST
REDOUBBLE OUR EFFORTS
TO RID THIS CITY OF
THE *PLAGUE* OF THE
FINN FAMILY.

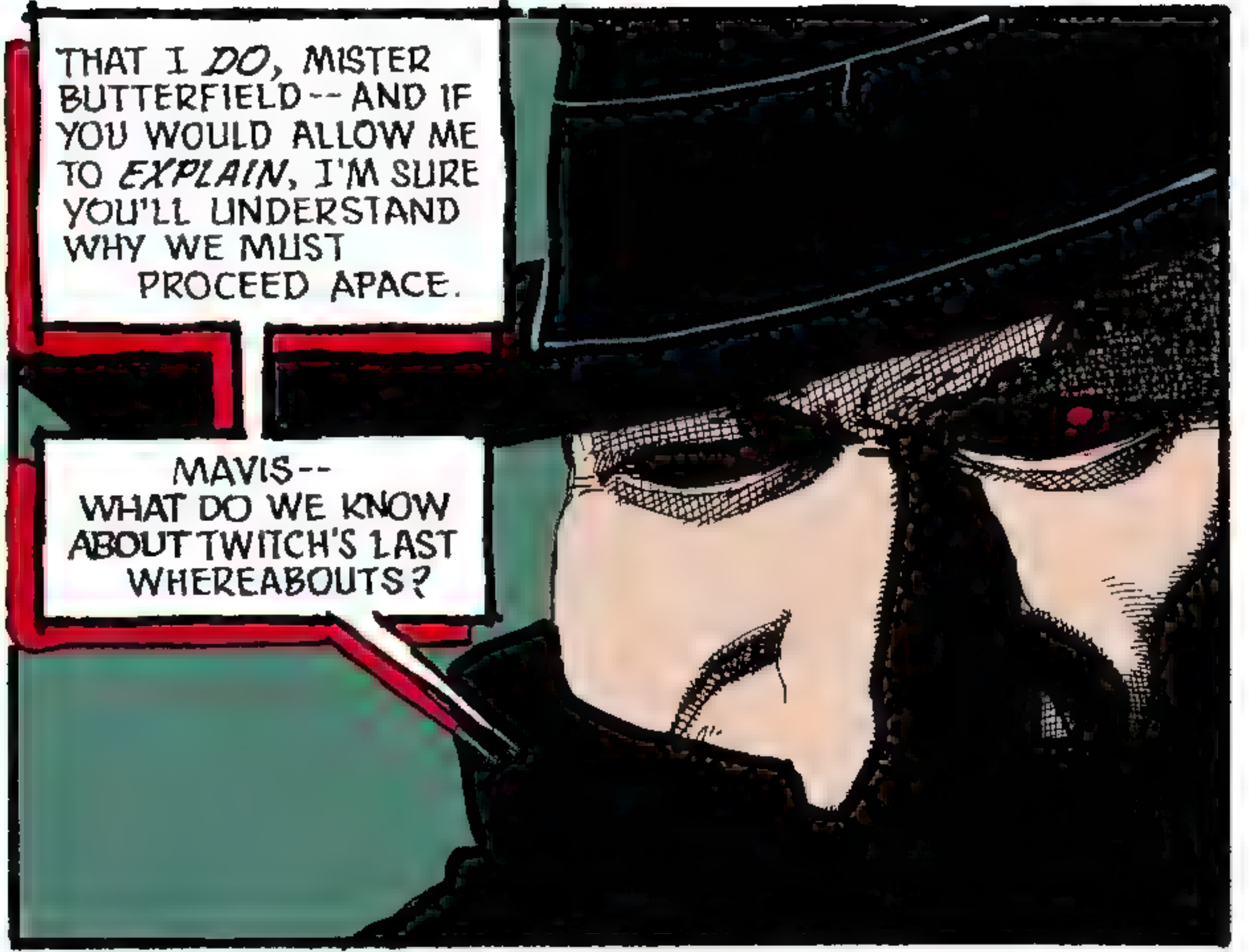
WE ARE
TOO CLOSE
TO STOP
NOW.



SO
THAT'S
IT?

WE JUST
FORGET ABOUT
POOR TWITCH?
DISCARD HIM
LIKE A USED
TISSUE?

HEY,
MASTER--
DON'T YOU HAVE
A HUMAN BONE
IN YOUR
ENTIRE
BODY?



THAT I *DO*, MISTER
BUTTERFIELD-- AND IF
YOU WOULD ALLOW ME
TO *EXPLAIN*, I'M SURE
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND
WHY WE MUST
PROCEED APACE.

MAVIS--
WHAT DO WE KNOW
ABOUT TWITCH'S LAST
WHEREABOUTS?

LET'S SEE... LAST TIME
HE CALLED IN, HE'D
MANAGED TO INFILTRATE
SHAWN FINN'S DRUG
OPERATION, WHERE
HE'D BEEN ASSIGNED TO
ASSIST A SCIENTIST
NAMED *FLAX*...

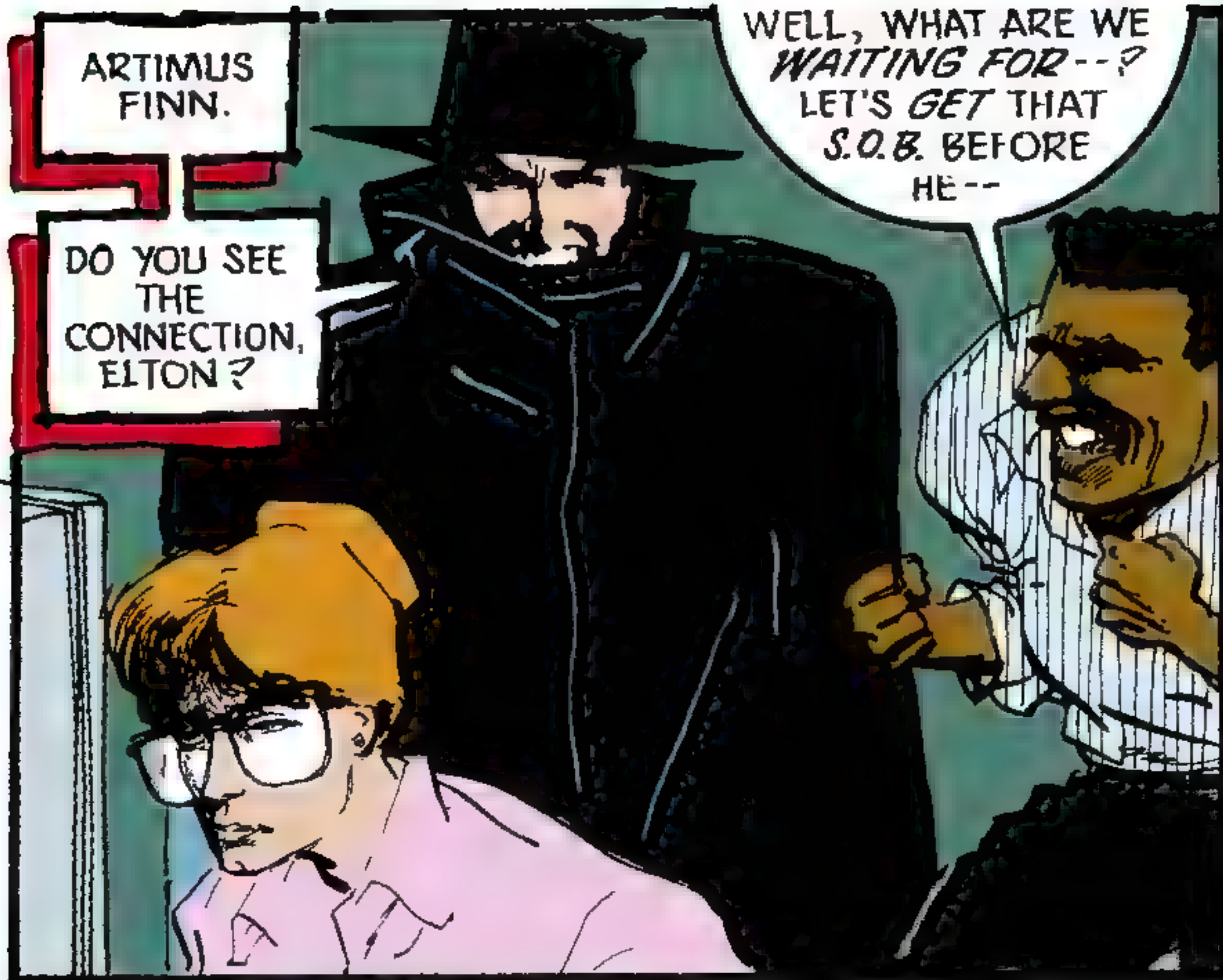
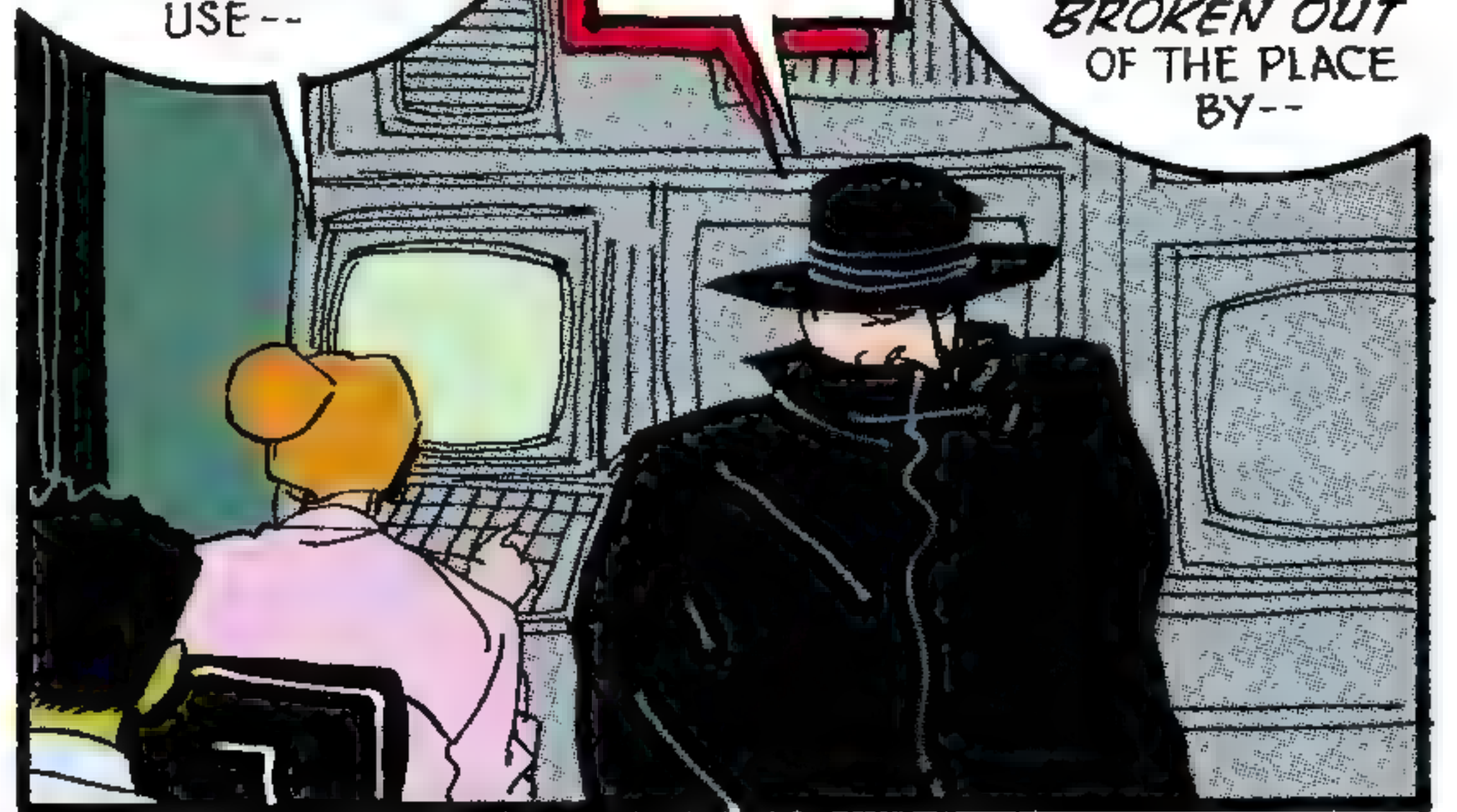
I CROSS-
REFERENCED THE NAME
ON THE MEDICAL
DATABASE--TURNS OUT
FLAX IS SOME *NUT*
MOLECULAR BIOLOGIST--
GENE SPLICING,
STUFF LIKE
THAT.



GUY GOT A KICK OUT OF
WHIPPING UP KILLER
MICROBES-- FIRST FOR
THE *GOVERNMENT*,
THEN FOR PLAIN,
GOOD OLD
RECREATIONAL
USE--

GET ON
WITH IT,
MAVIS...

RIGHT. WELL, THEY
PUT HIM AWAY
FOR THAT STUFF--
AND HE'D BEEN IN
THE PSYCHO WING
AT DOWNSTATE--
UNTIL HE GOT
BROKEN OUT
OF THE PLACE
BY--



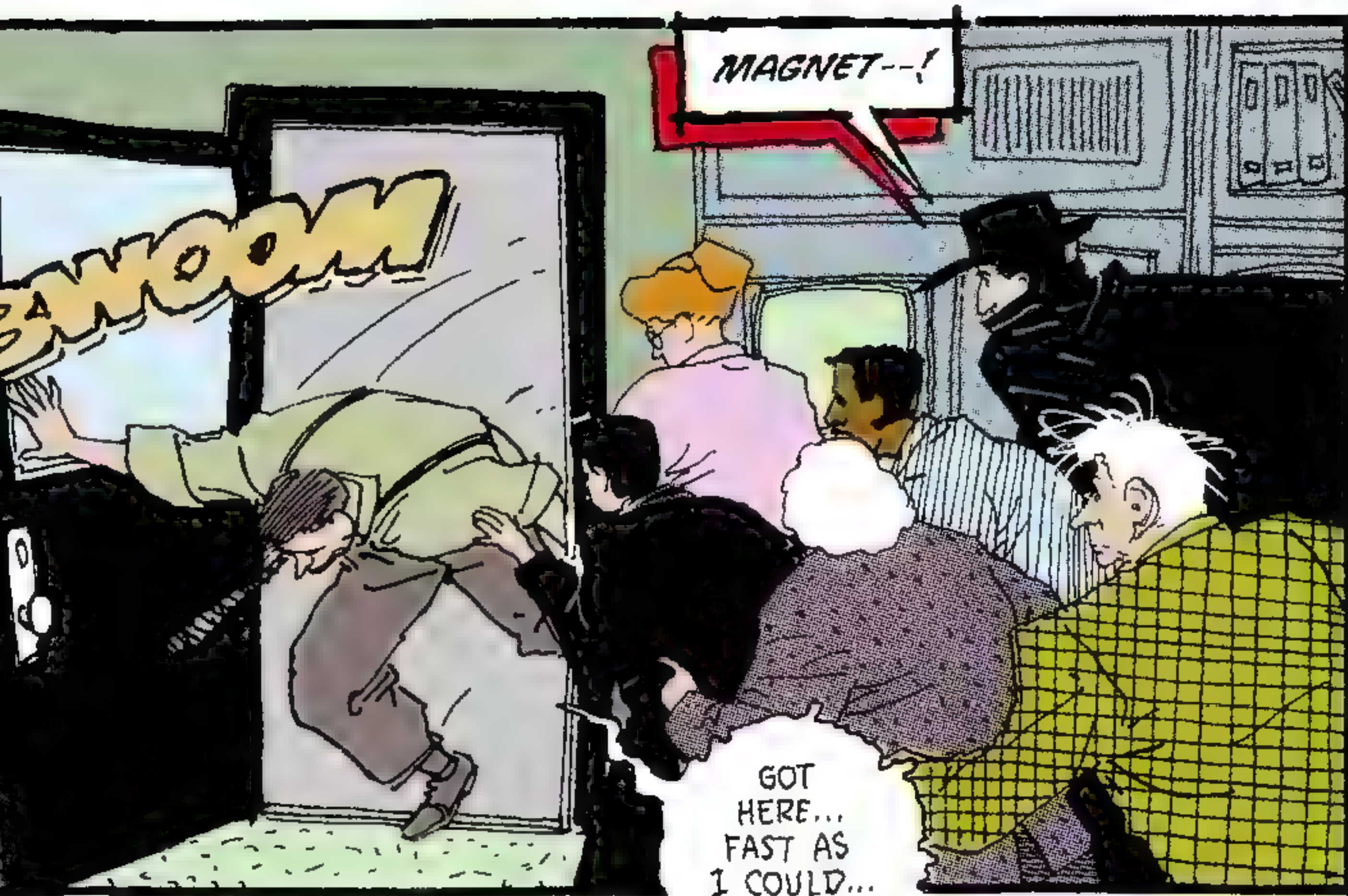
ARTIMUS
FINN.

DO YOU SEE
THE
CONNECTION,
ELTON?

WELL, WHAT ARE WE
WAITING FOR--?
LET'S GET THAT
S.O.B. BEFORE
HE--

IT'S NOT THAT *SIMPLE*. WE DON'T
KNOW *WHERE* ARTIMUS OR FLAX
ARE AT THE MOMENT--NOR DO WE
KNOW THE DISPOSITION OF THE
OTHER LUNATICS...

...NOT TO MENTION
PATRICK FINN, WHO
SEEMS TO HAVE
VANISHED OFF THE
FACE OF THE--



MAGNET--!

GOT
HERE...
FAST AS
I COULD...

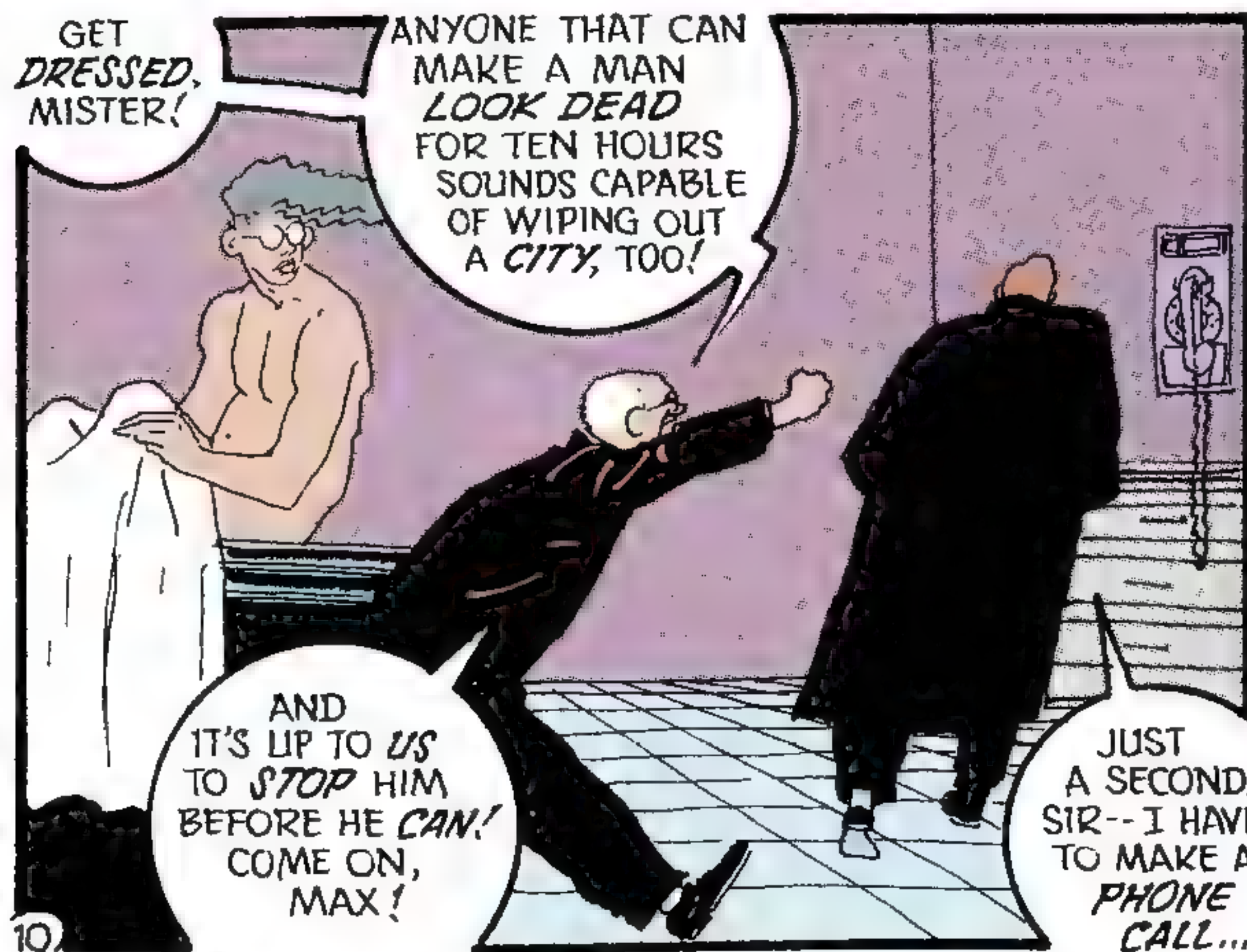
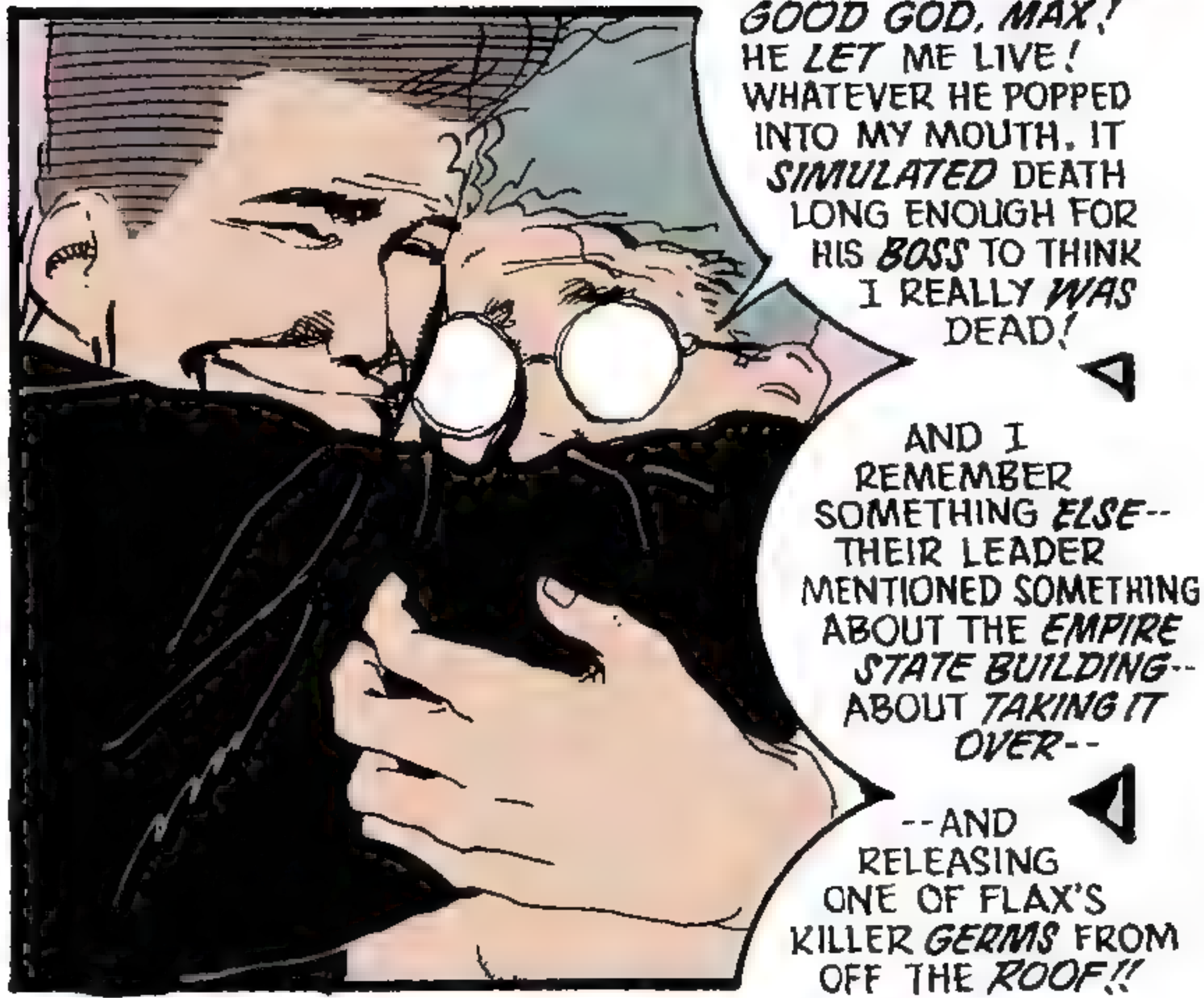
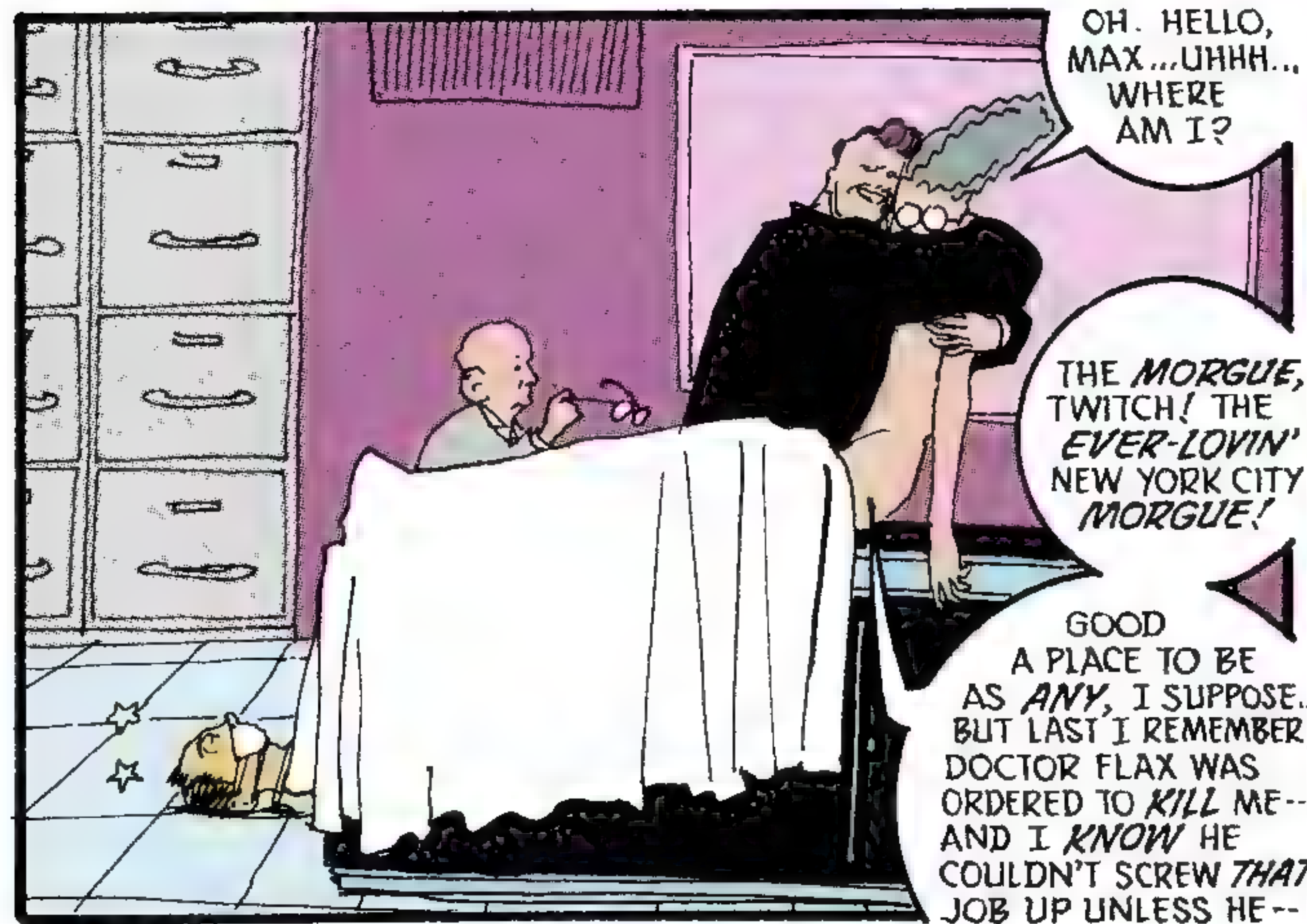
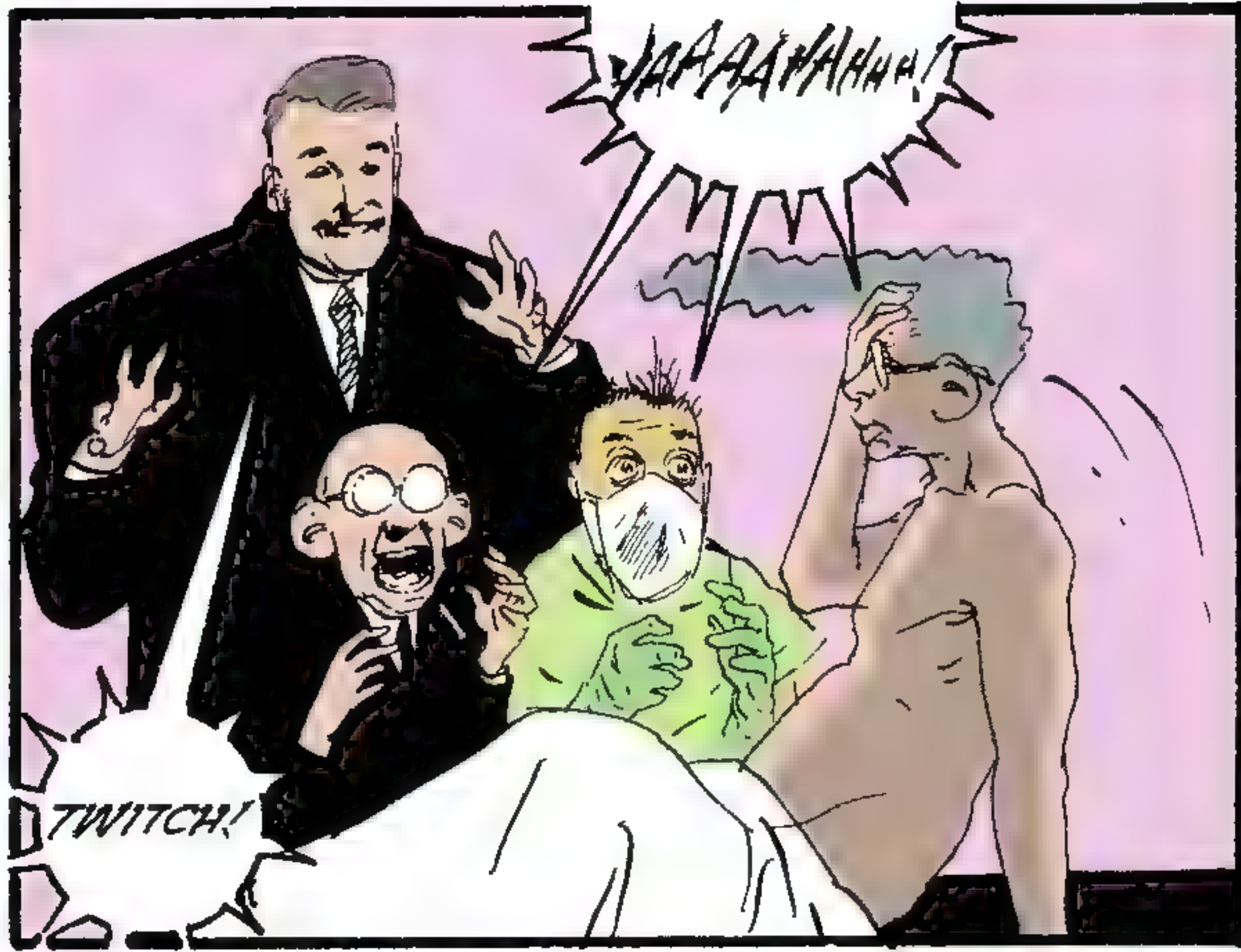
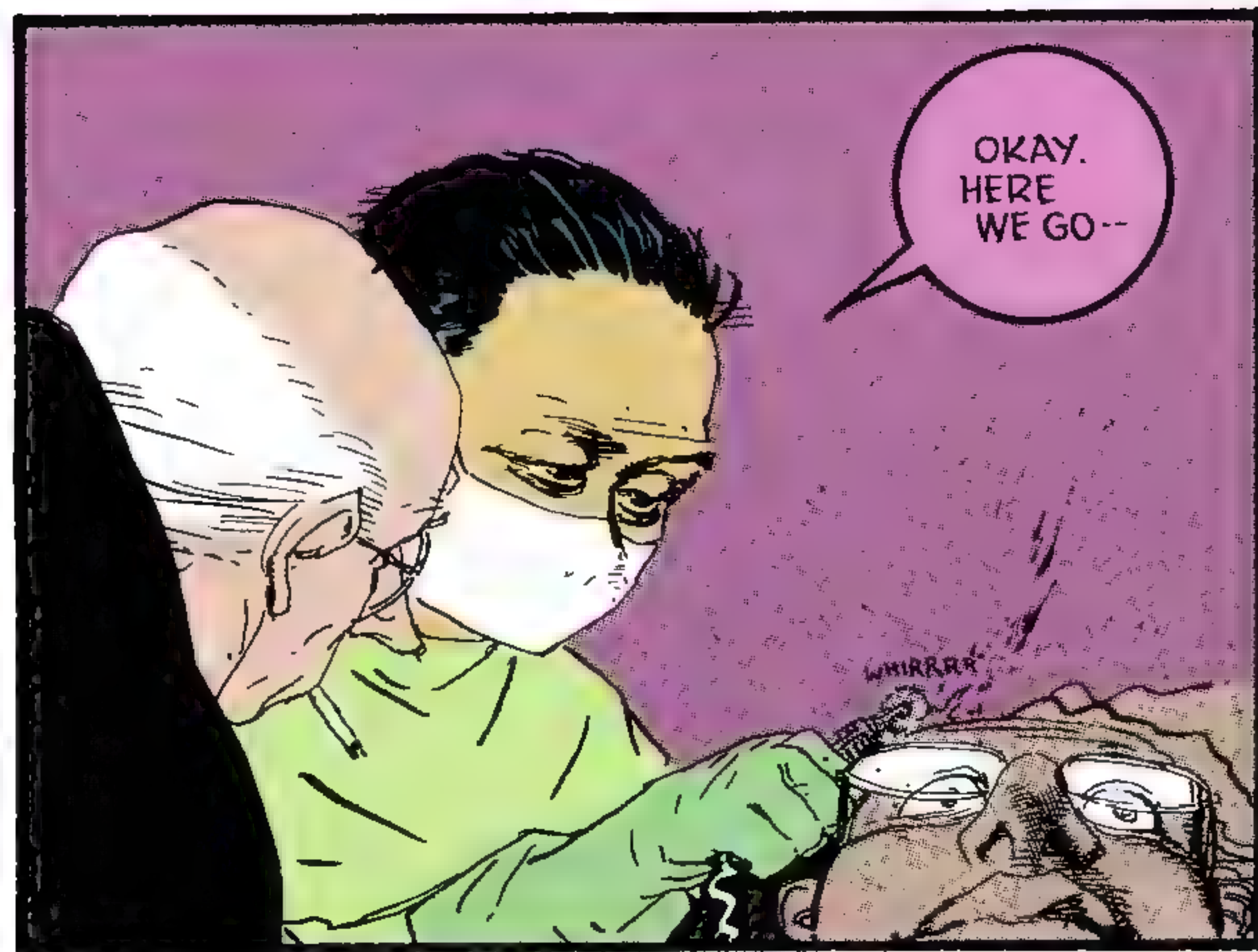
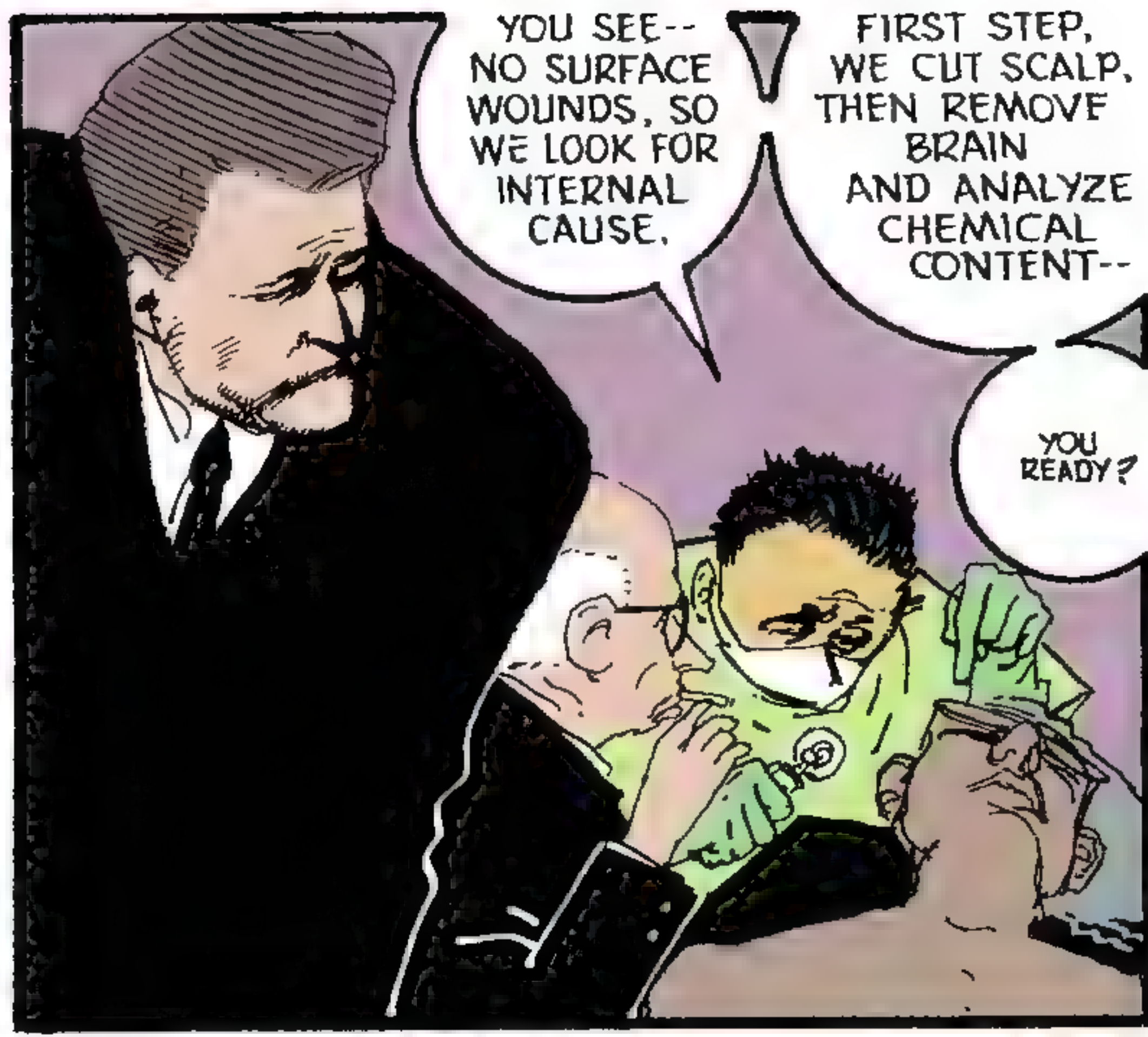
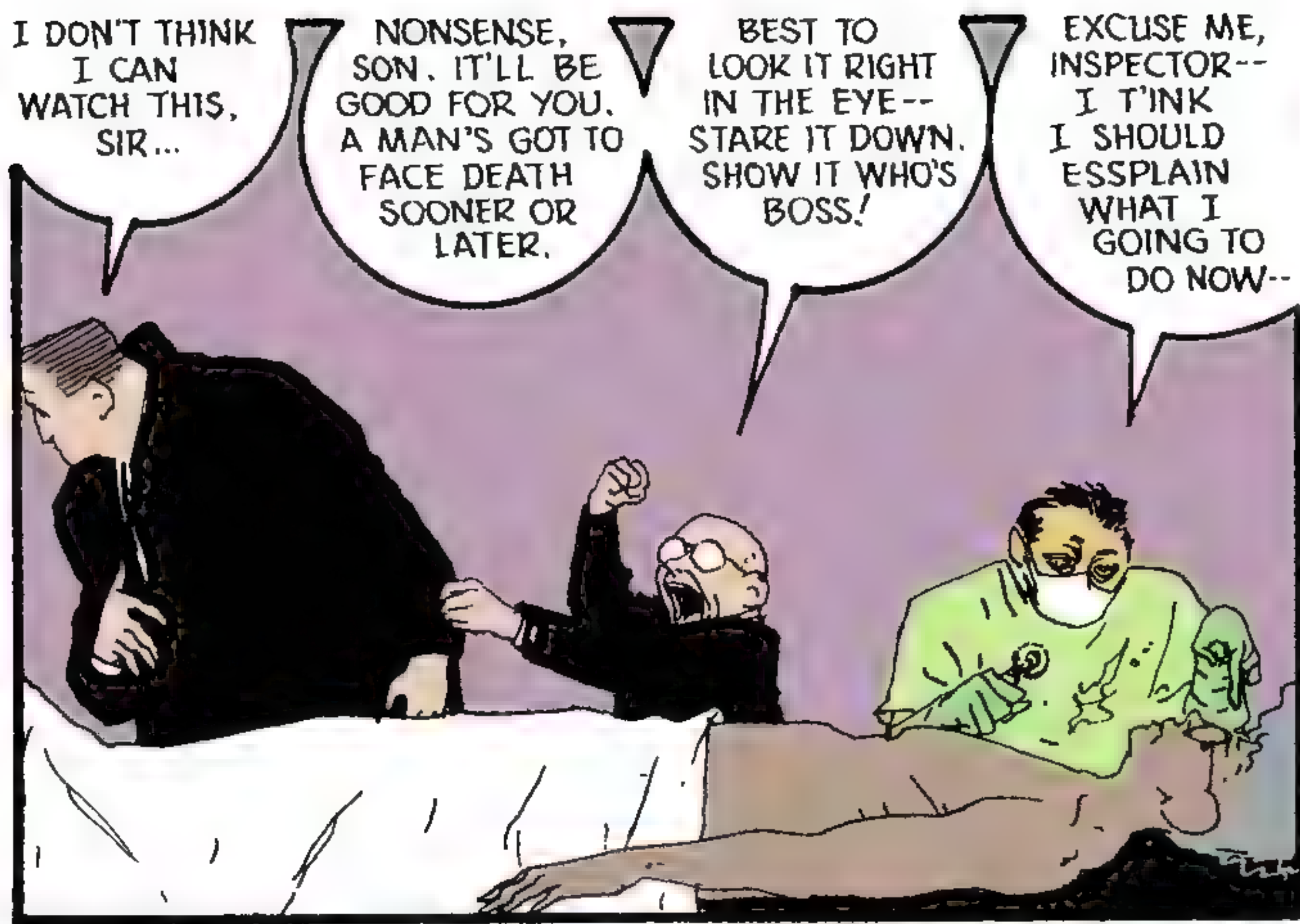


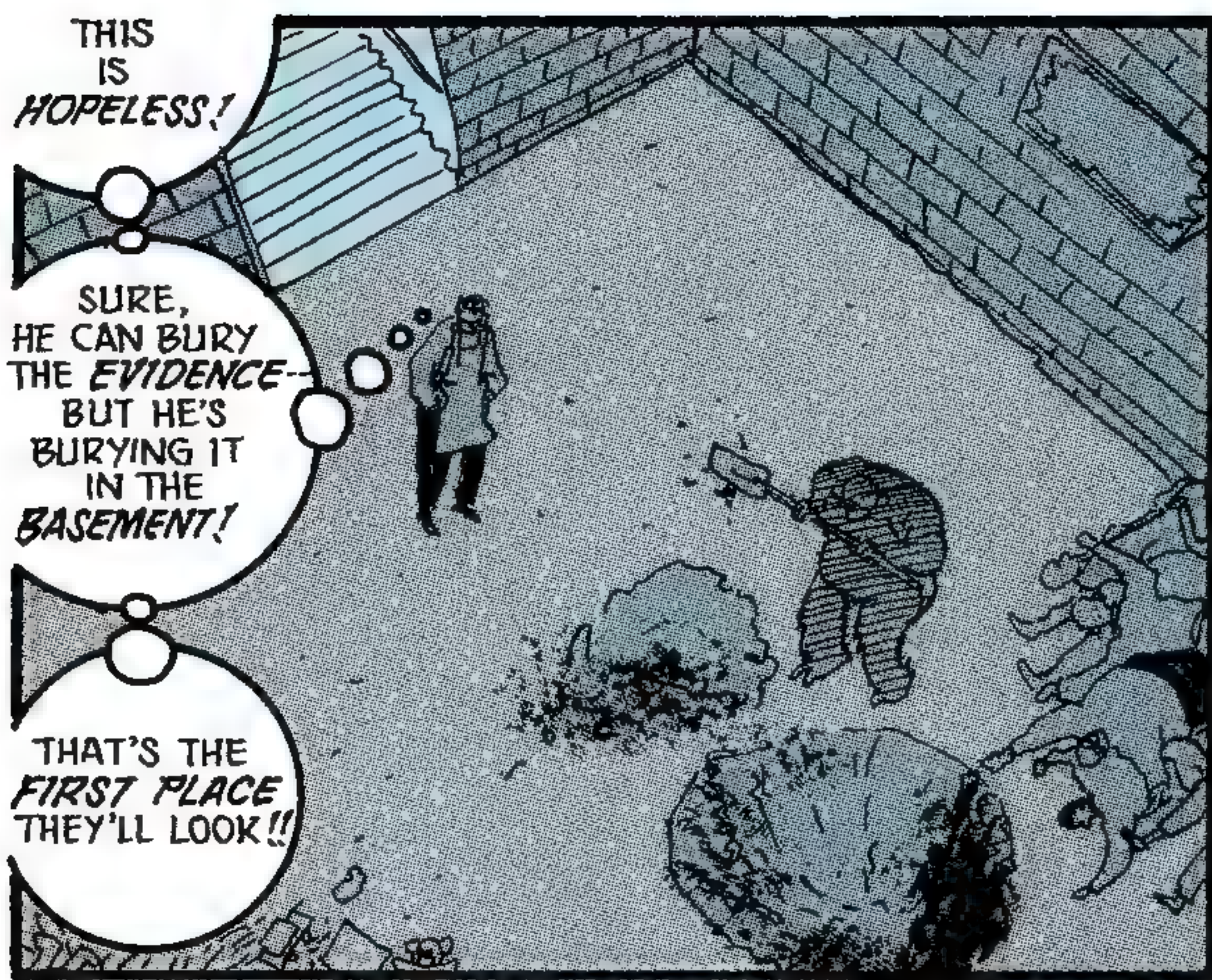
FOUND
PAT FINN...
HOLED UP
AT HIS...
MOTHER'S
HOUSE...

KILLED
LEN...
ALMOST
ME, TOO...

GOT THE
ADDRESS...
RIGHT HERE...
WISH I COULD
JOIN YOU...
FOR THE
CLEAN-UP..

...BUT I'M
A LITTLE...
BEAT
MYSELF...





THIS IS **HOPELESS!**

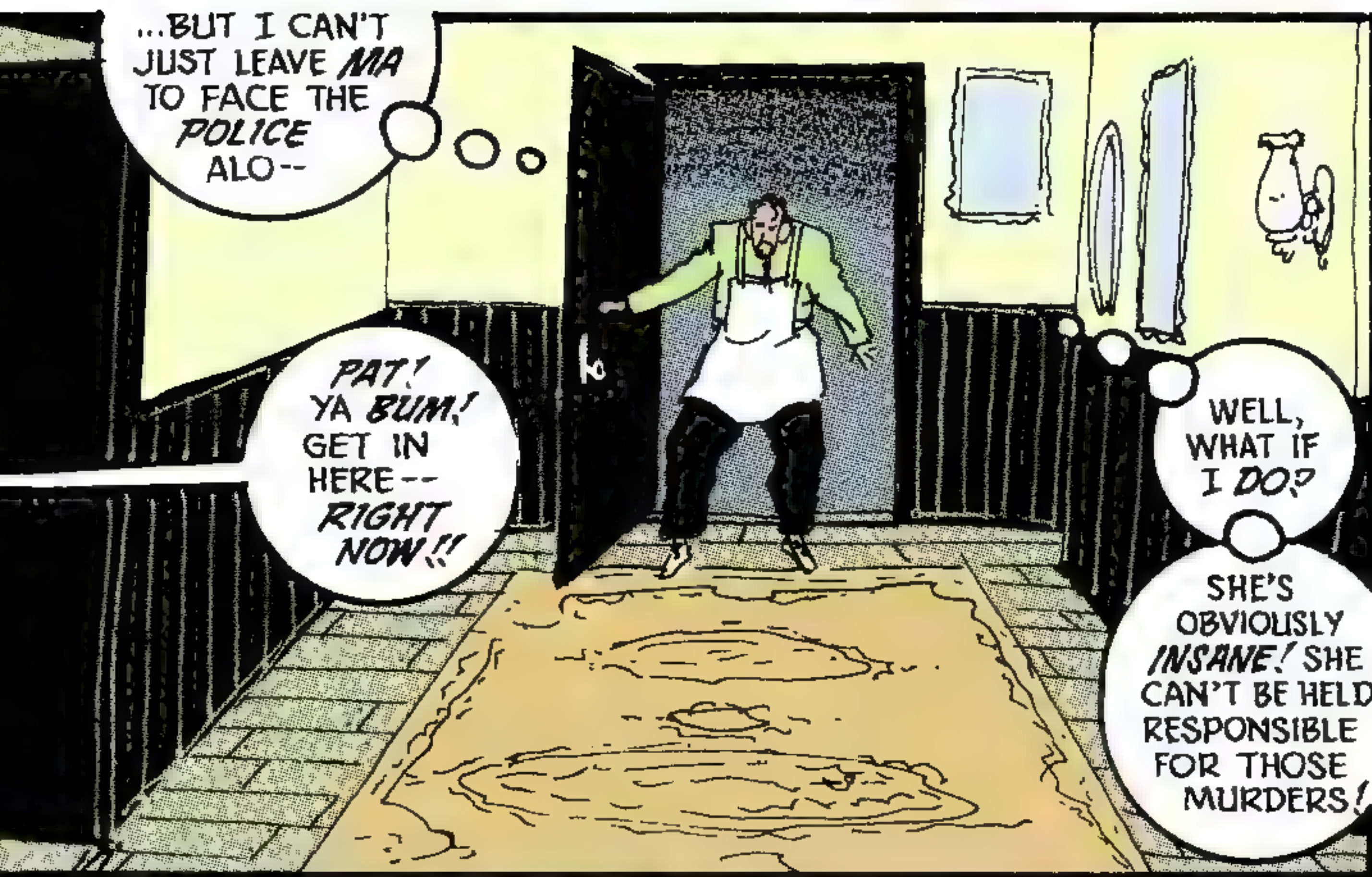
SURE, HE CAN BURY THE **EVIDENCE**-- BUT HE'S BURYING IT IN THE **BASEMENT!**

THAT'S THE **FIRST PLACE** THEY'LL LOOK!!



NO...ONCE THE DETECTIVE ARRIVES WITH THE POLICE, IT'S ALL OVER FOR ME... NOT TO MENTION **MA** AND **BEPPU**...

...UNLESS I GO **NOW**... GET TO THE **AIRPORT**... CATCH THE FIRST PLANE TO **EUROPE**...

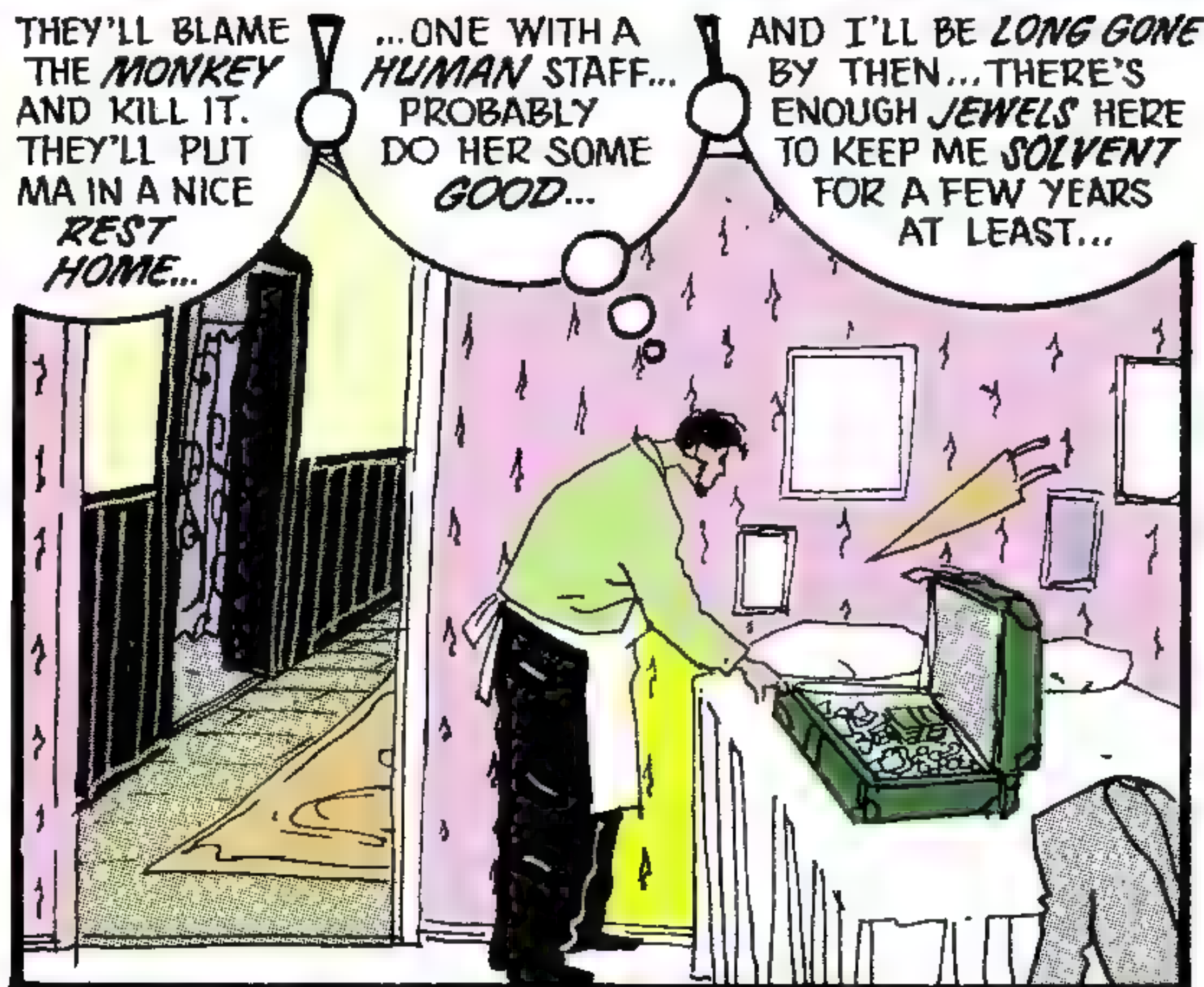


...BUT I CAN'T JUST LEAVE **MA** TO FACE THE **POLICE** ALO--

PAT! YA **BUM!** GET IN HERE-- **RIGHT NOW!!**

WELL, WHAT IF I **DO?**

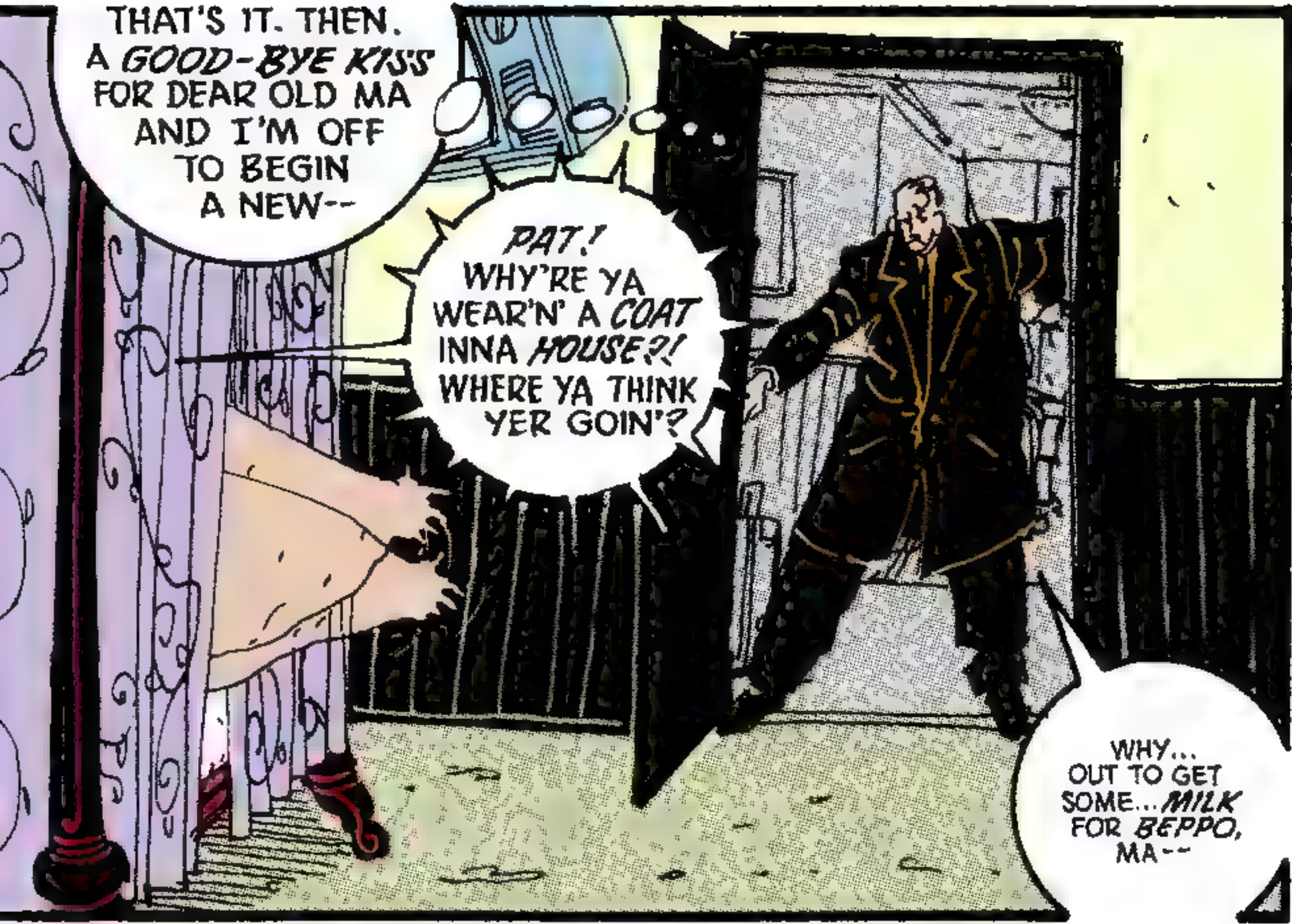
SHE'S OBVIOUSLY **INSANE!** SHE CAN'T BE HELD RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE MURDERS!



THEY'LL BLAME THE **MONKEY** AND KILL IT. THEY'LL PUT **MA** IN A NICE **REST HOME**...

...ONE WITH A **HUMAN STAFF**... PROBABLY DO HER SOME **GOOD**...

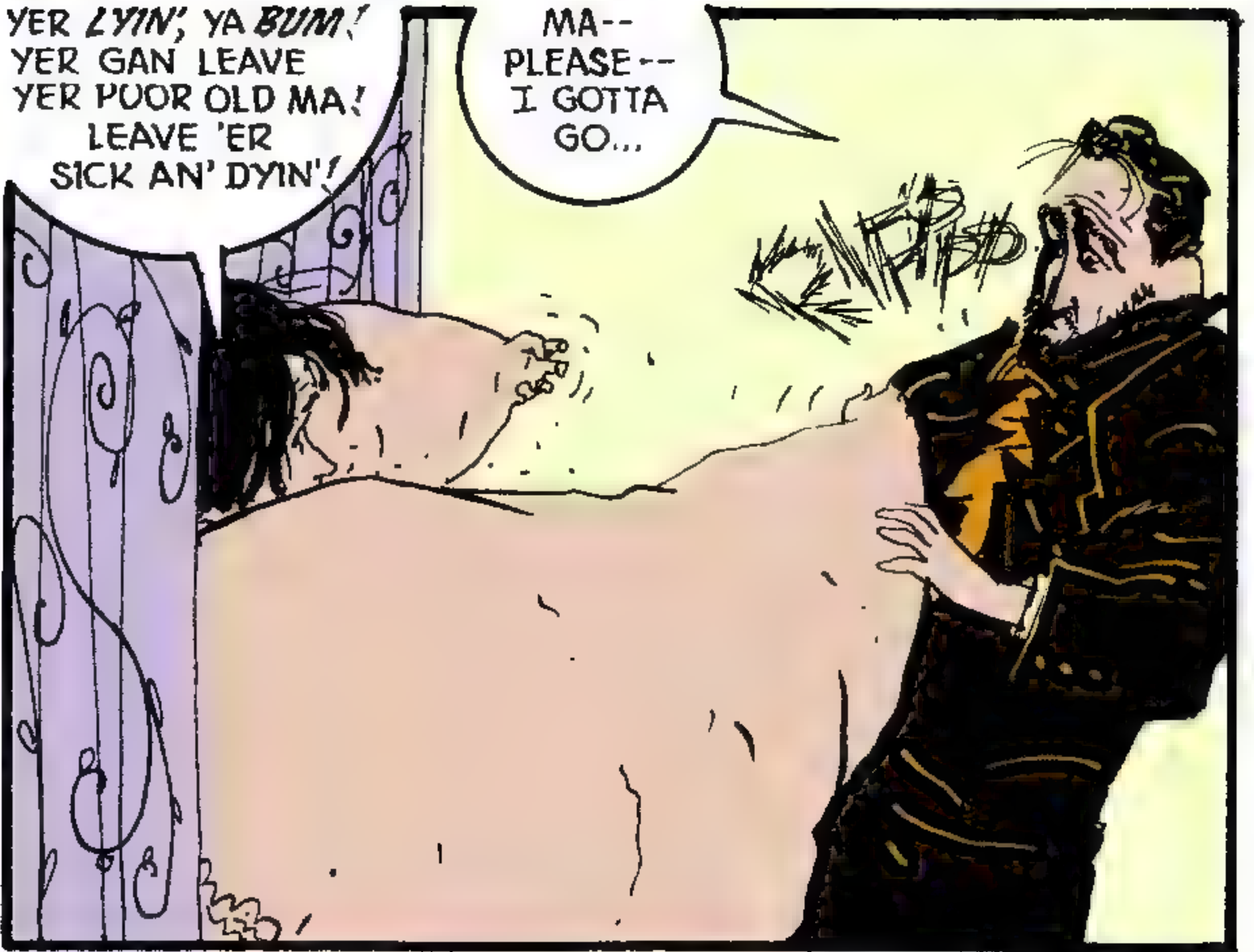
AND I'LL BE **LONG GONE** BY THEN...THERE'S ENOUGH **JEWELS** HERE TO KEEP ME **SOLVENT** FOR A FEW YEARS AT LEAST...



THAT'S IT. THEN. A **GOOD-BYE KISS** FOR DEAR OLD **MA** AND I'M OFF TO BEGIN A NEW--

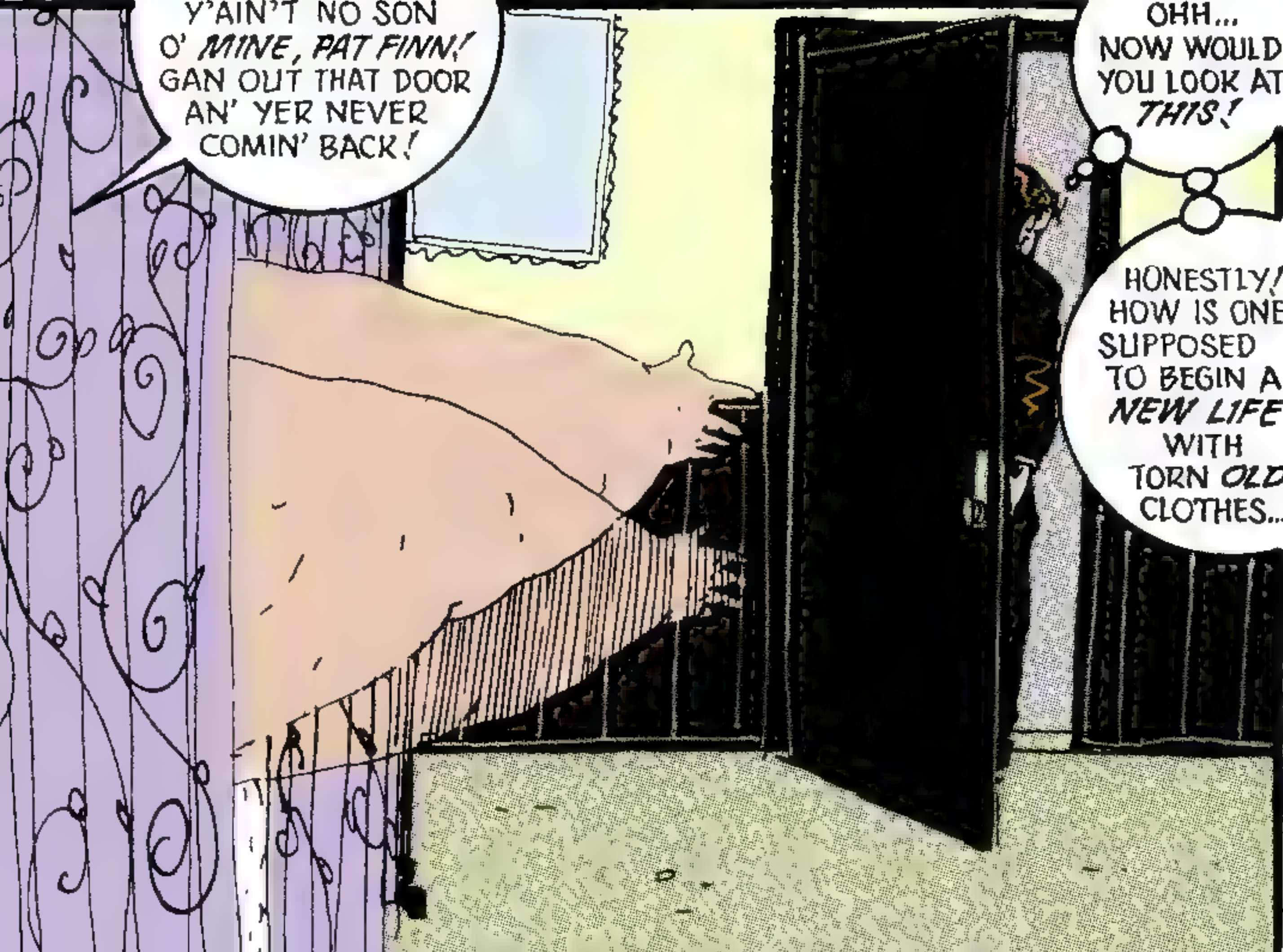
PAT! WHY'RE YA WEAR'N' A **COAT** INNA **HOUSE?** WHERE YA THINK YER GOIN'?

WHY... OUT TO GET SOME...**MILK** FOR **BEPPU**, **MA**--



YER **LYIN'**, YA **BUM!** YER GAN LEAVE YER POOR OLD **MA!** LEAVE 'ER SICK AN' DYIN'!

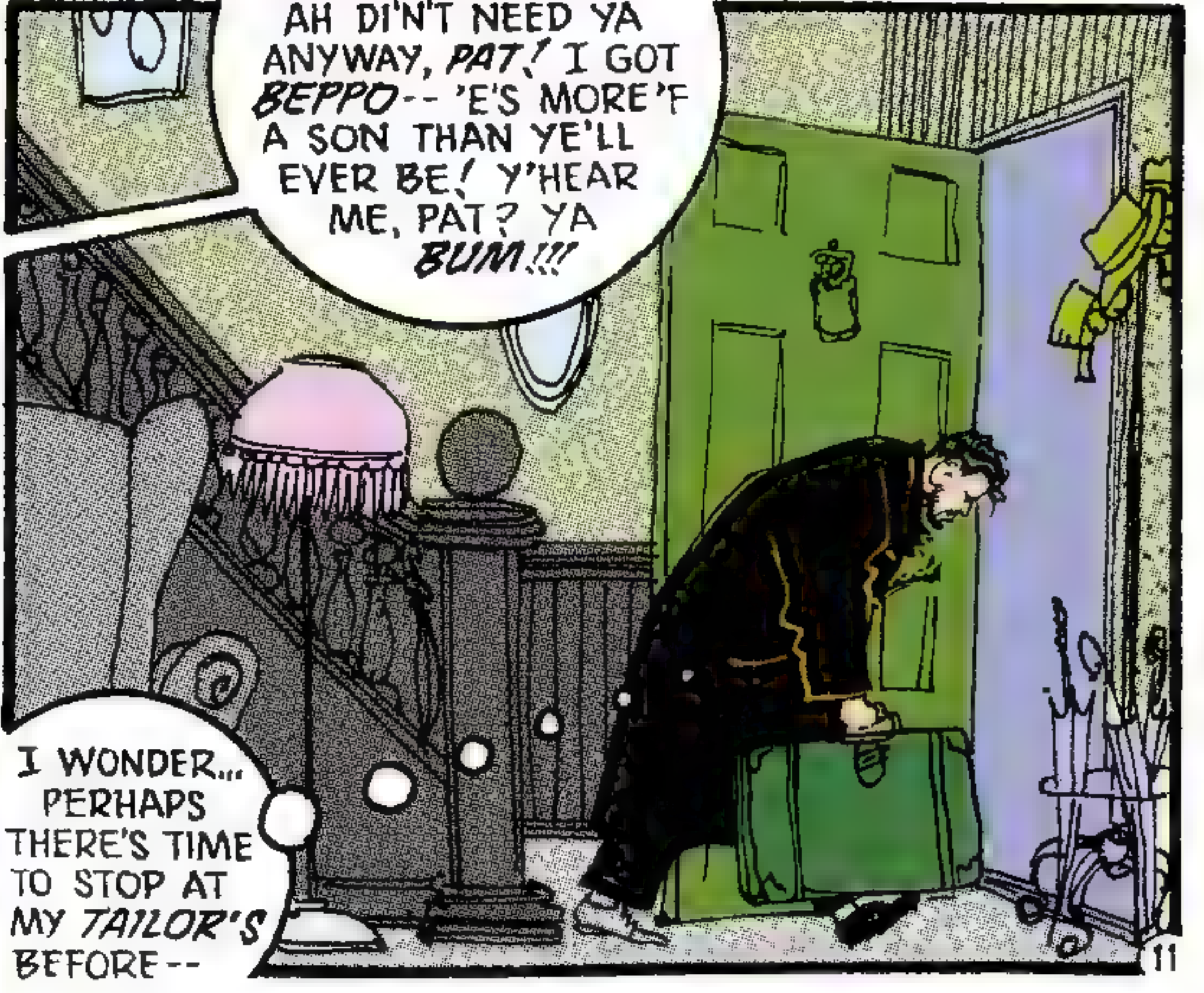
MA-- PLEASE-- I GOTTA GO...



Y'AIN'T NO SON O' **MINE**, **PAT FINN!** GAN OUT THAT DOOR AN' YER NEVER COMIN' BACK!

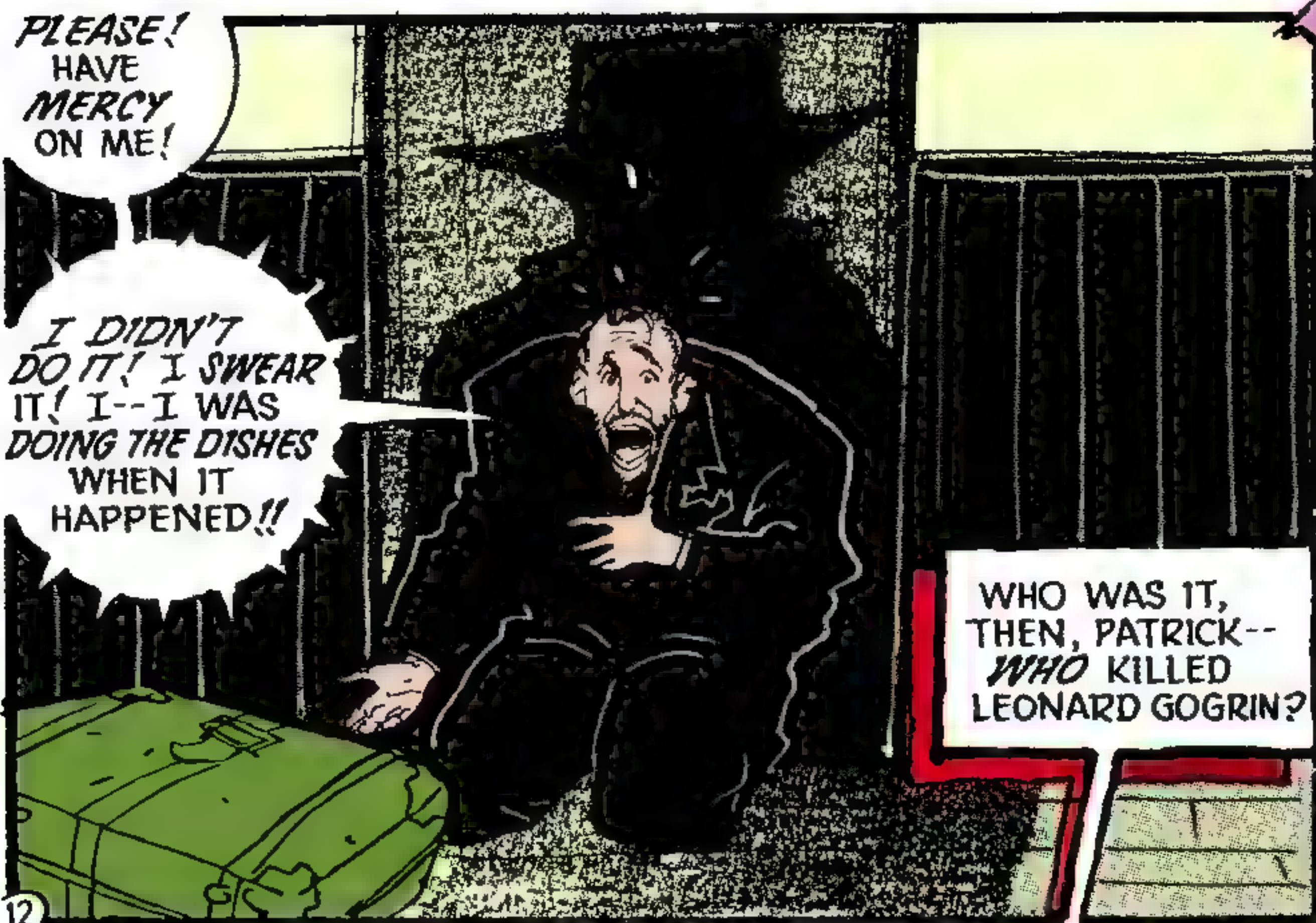
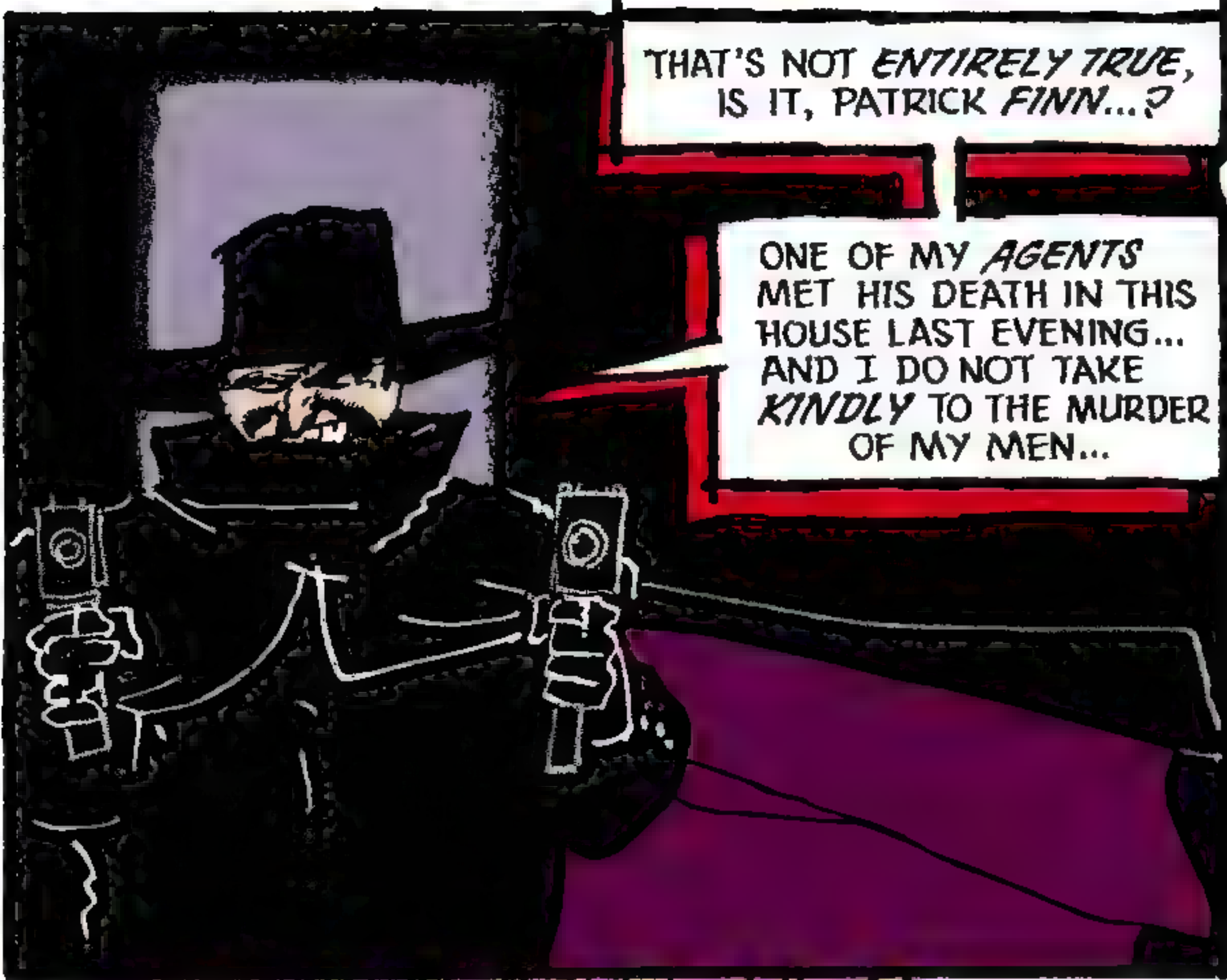
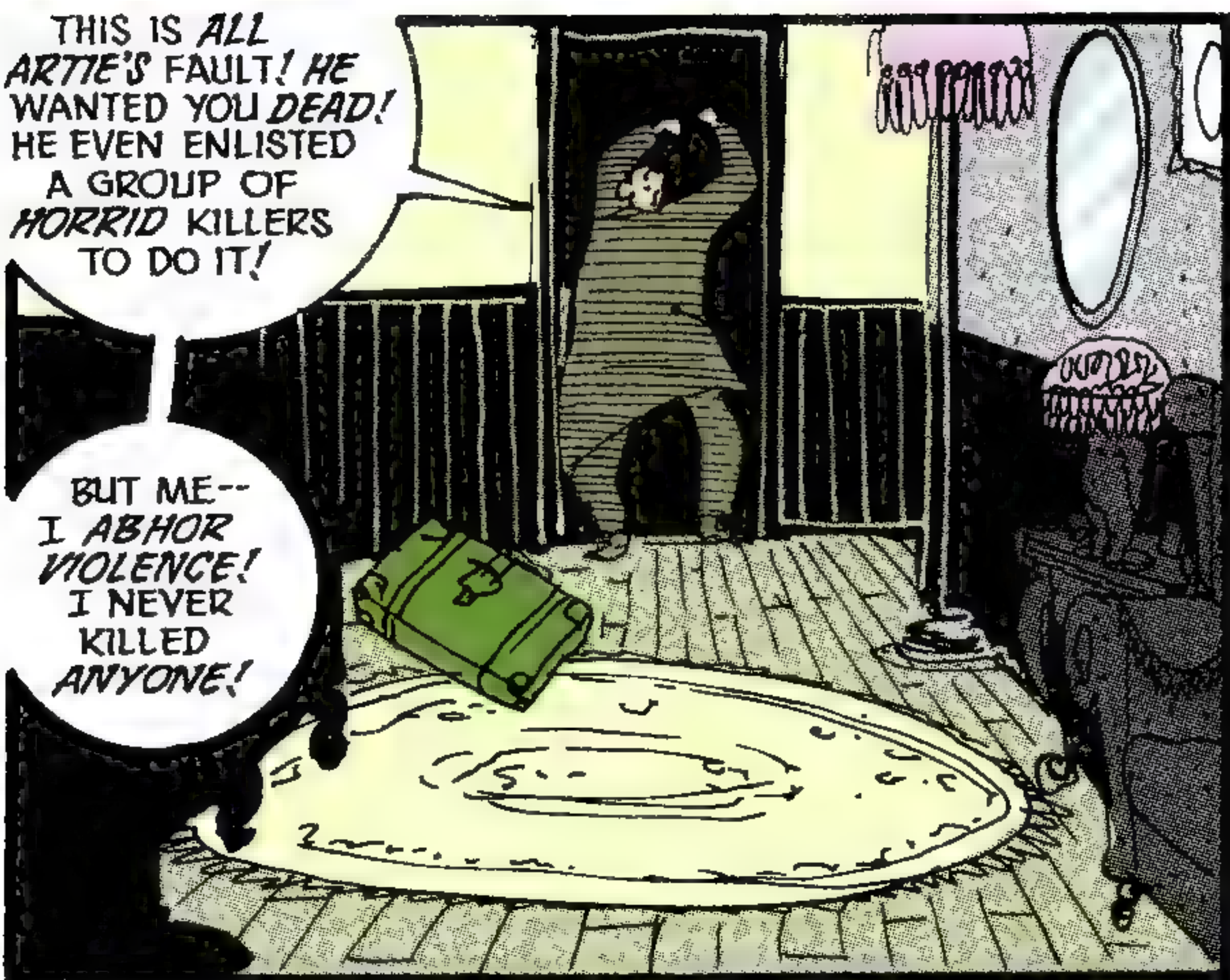
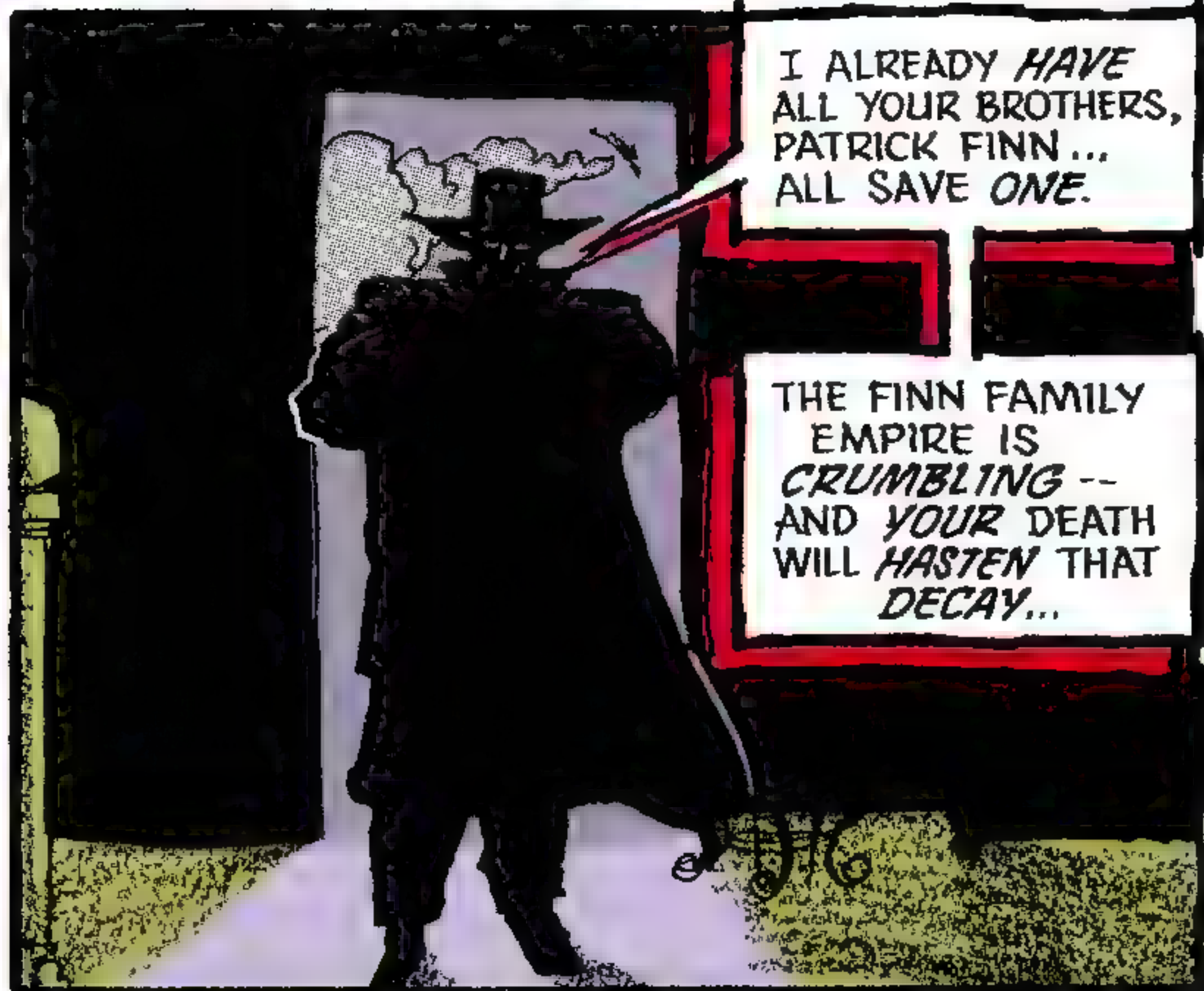
OH... NOW WOULD YOU LOOK AT **THIS!**

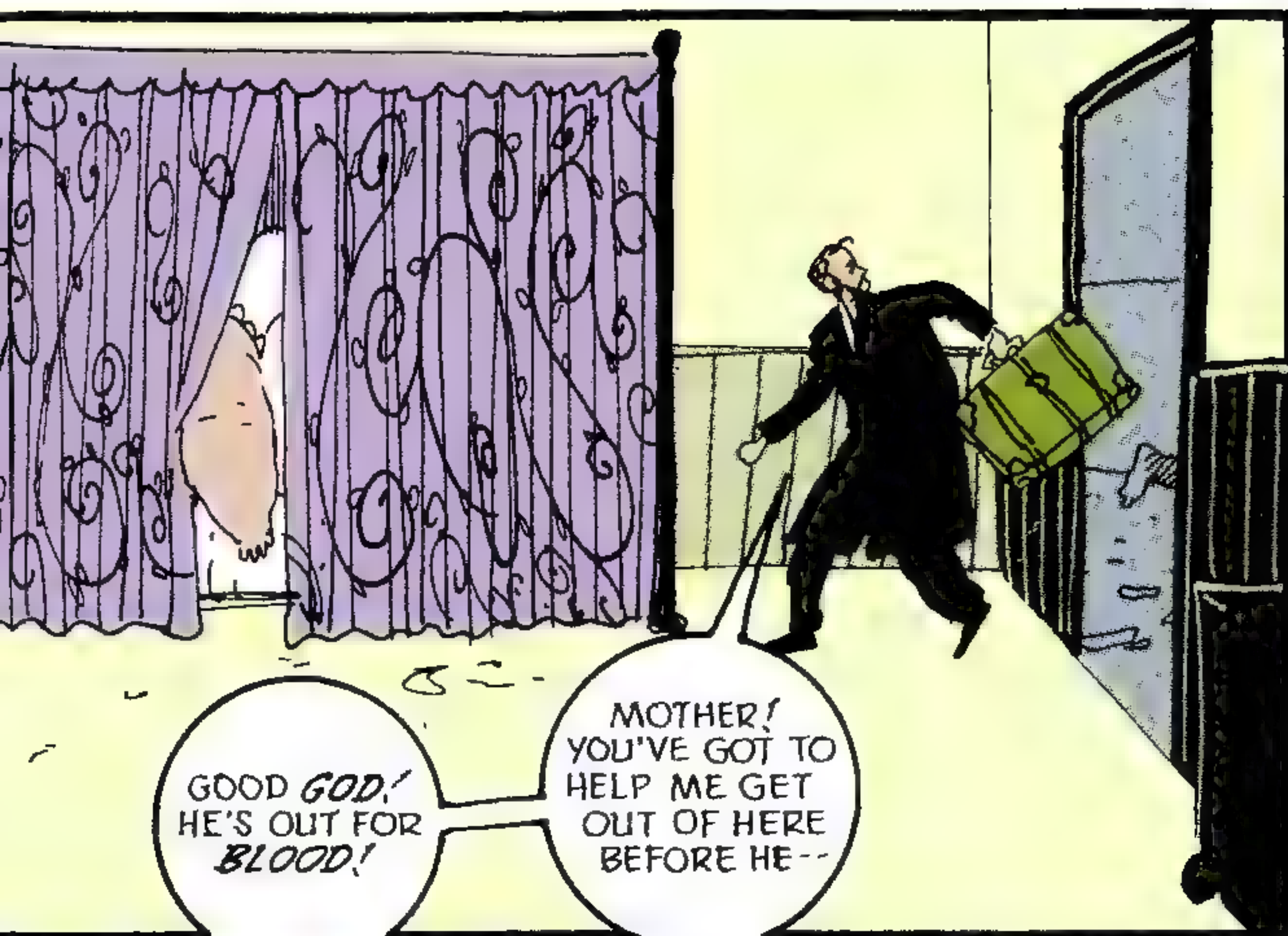
HONESTLY! HOW IS ONE SUPPOSED TO BEGIN A **NEW LIFE** WITH **TORN OLD CLOTHES**...!



AH DIN'T NEED YA ANYWAY, **PAT!** I GOT **BEPPU**-- 'E'S MORE 'F A SON THAN YE'LL EVER BE! Y'HEAR ME, **PAT?** YA **BUM!!!**

I WONDER... PERHAPS THERE'S TIME TO STOP AT MY **TAILOR'S** BEFORE--





GOOD GOD!
HE'S OUT FOR
BLOOD!

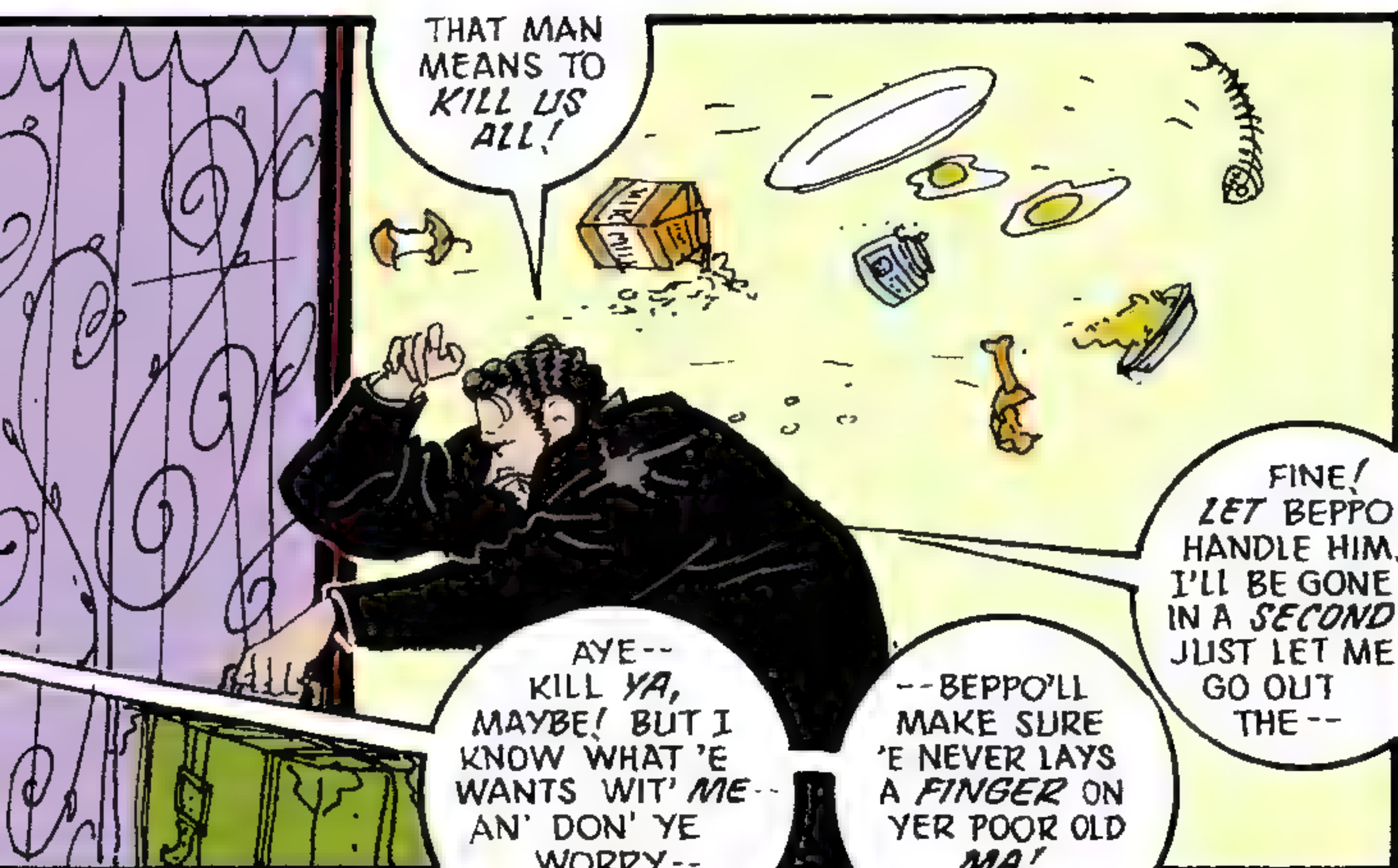
MOTHER!
YOU'VE GOT TO
HELP ME GET
OUT OF HERE
BEFORE HE--



YA BIJM!
Y'SEE
WHAT KINNA
TROUBLE
Y'BRING ME?!

YE'LL BE
GETTIN' OUT
THE WAY
YE CAME IN--
AN' THE DEVIL
TAKE YA,
FER ALL I
CARE!

MA, PLEASE!
THIS IS
NO TIME
FOR PETTY
ARGUMENTS!



THAT MAN
MEANS TO
KILL US
ALL!

AYE--
KILL YA,
MAYBE! BUT I
KNOW WHAT 'E
WANTS WIT' ME--
AN' DON' YE
WORRY--

--BEPPO'LL
MAKE SURE
'E NEVER LAYS
A FINGER ON
YER POOR OLD
MA!

FINE!
LET BEPPO
HANDLE HIM!
I'LL BE GONE
IN A SECOND--
JUST LET ME
GO OUT
THE--



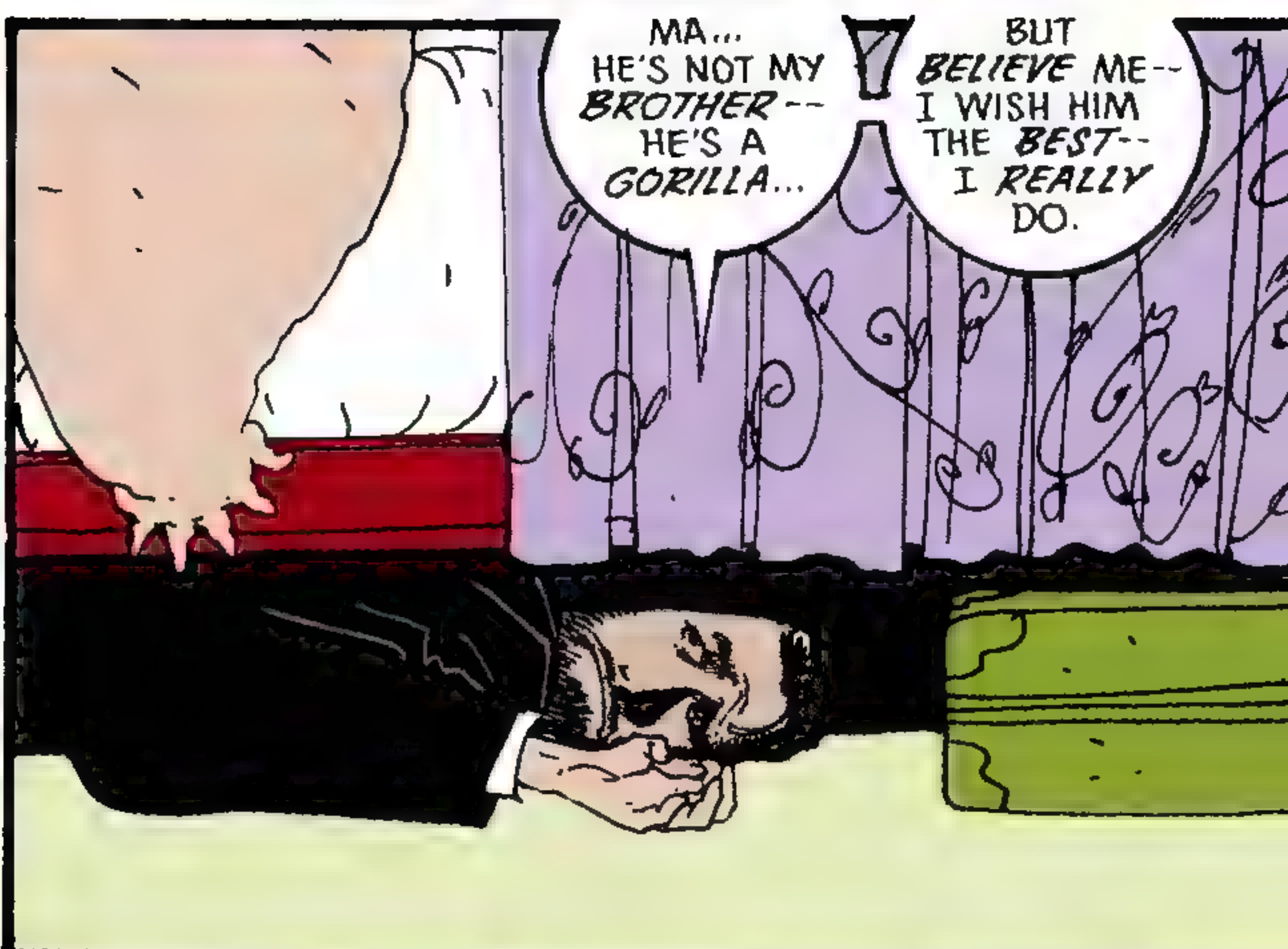
-- WINDOW...



HEY!
WHAT'RE
YE DOIN'?

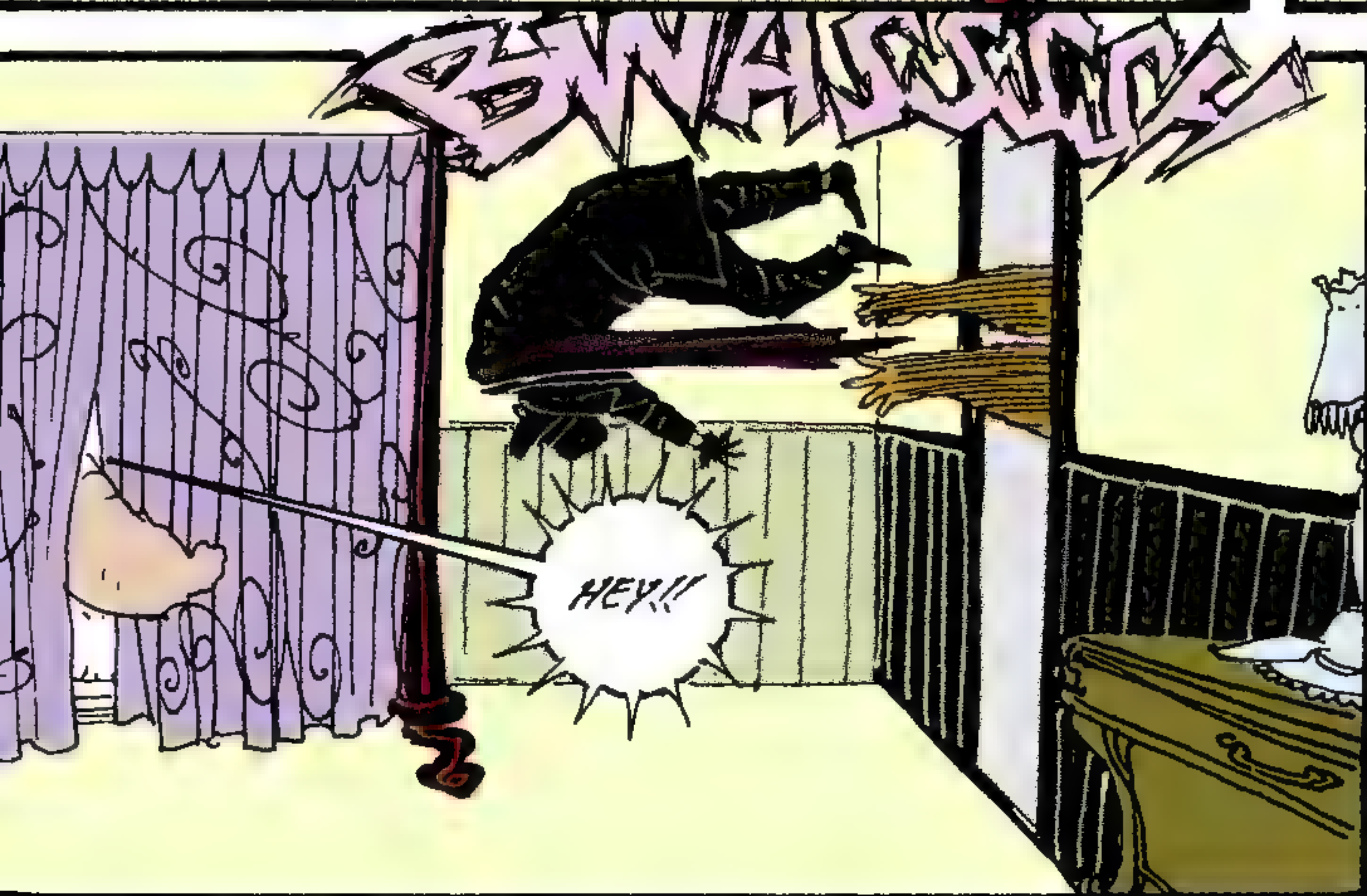
PLEASE,
MA-- IT'S THE
ONLY PLACE
LEFT TO
HIDE!

HIDE!?
YA BUM!
GET
OUT THERE
AN' FIGHT
WIT' YER
BROTHER!!

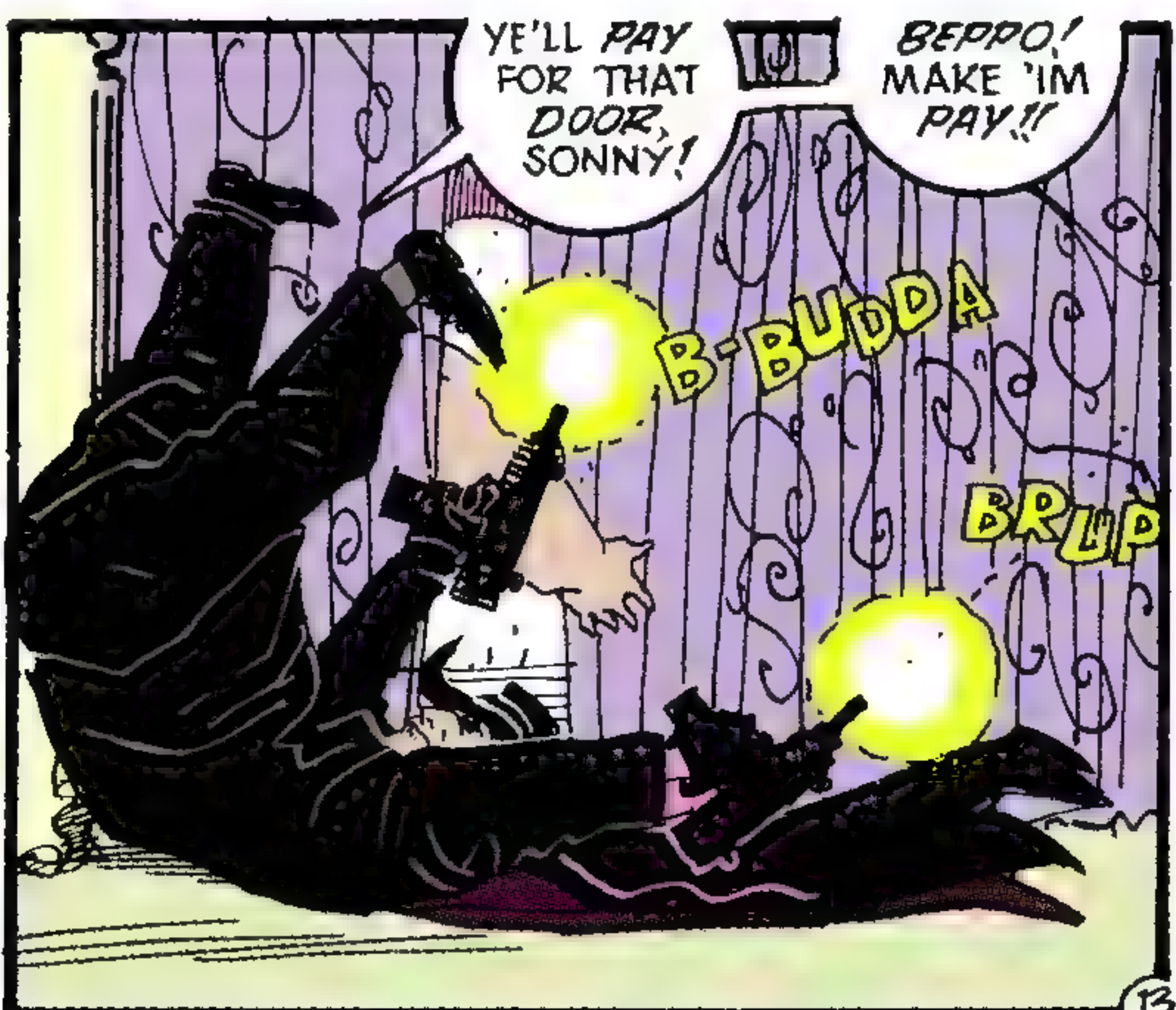


MA...
HE'S NOT MY
BROTHER--
HE'S A
GORILLA...

BUT
BELIEVE ME--
I WISH HIM
THE BEST--
I REALLY
DO.



HEY!!

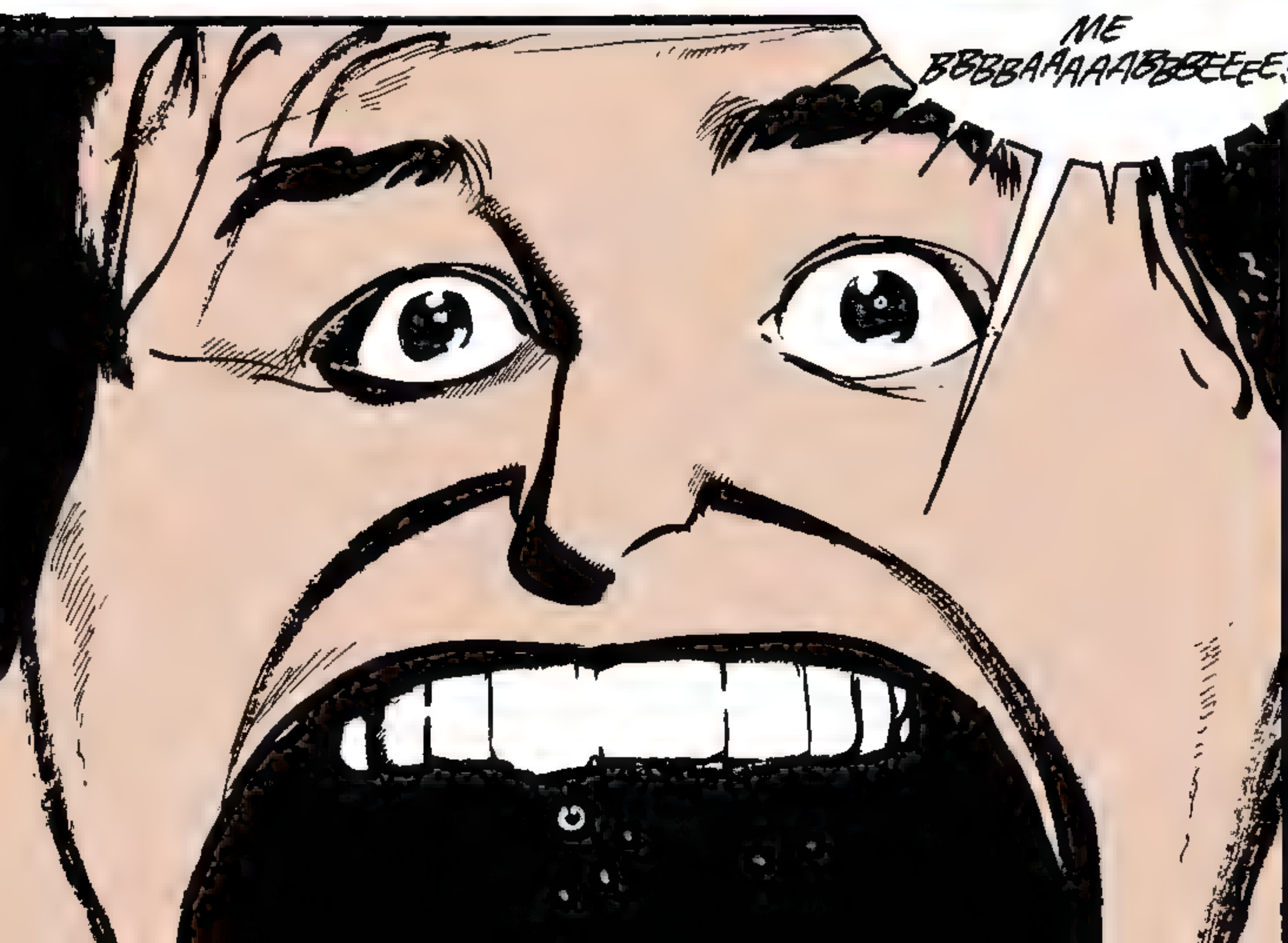
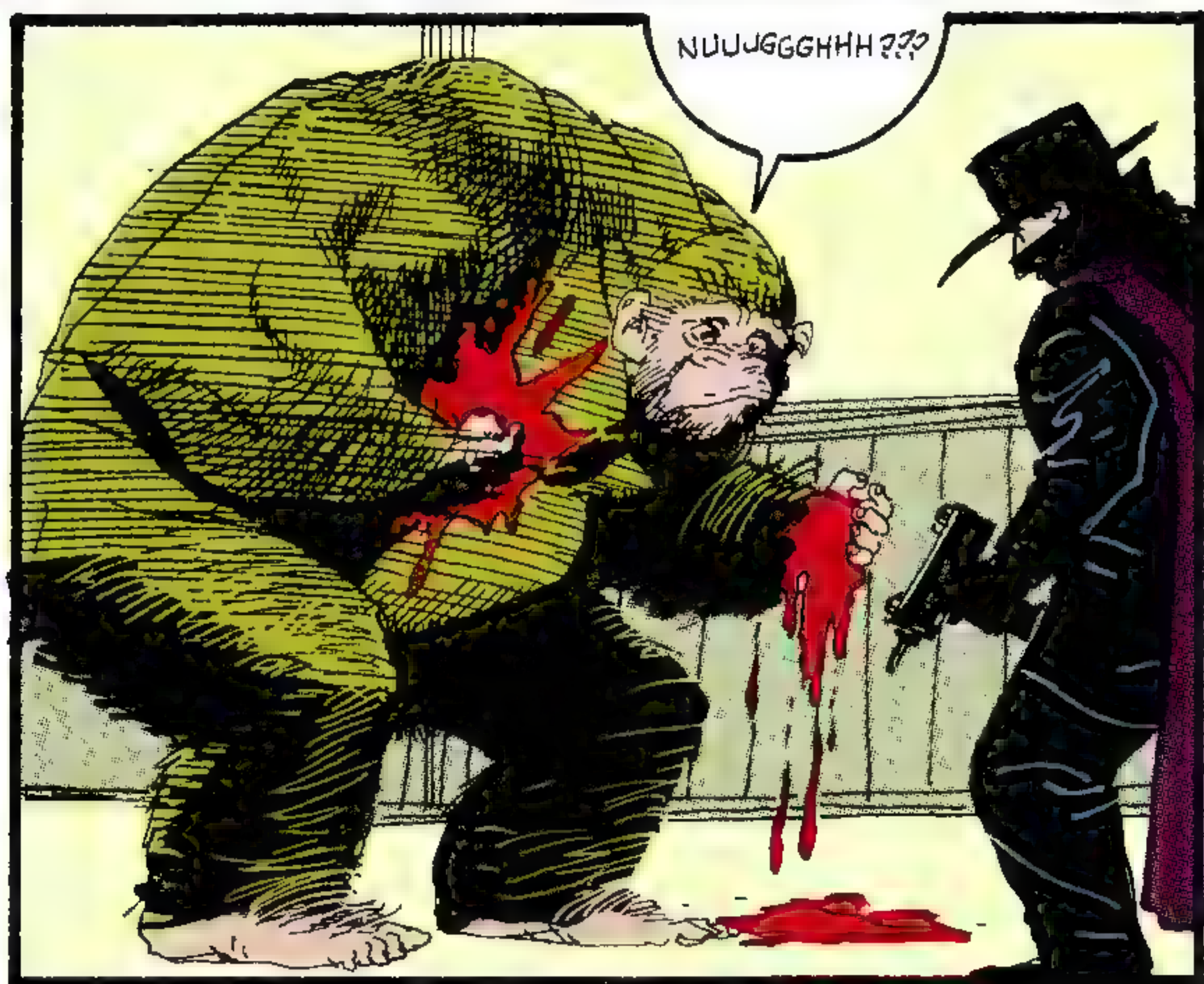
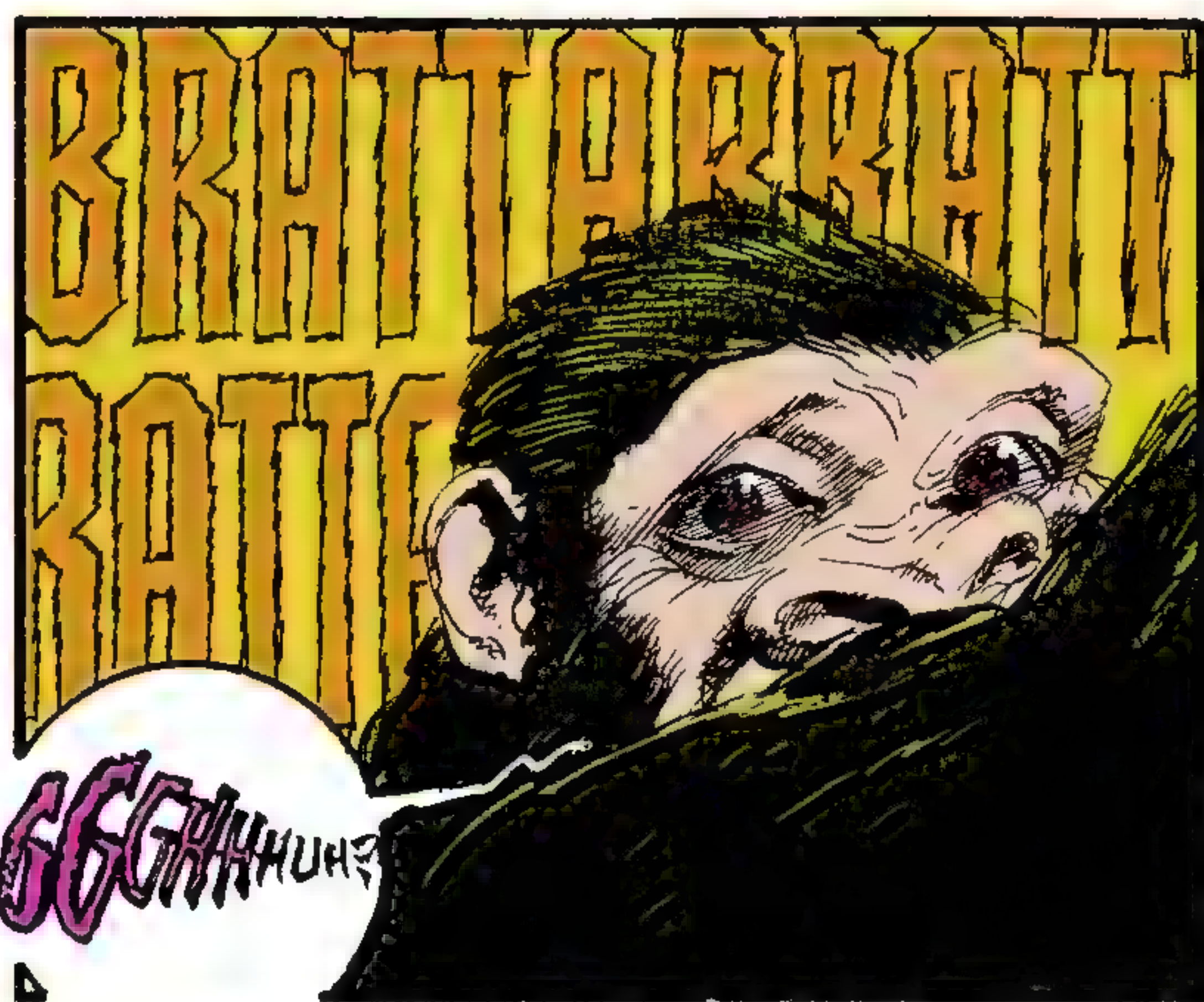
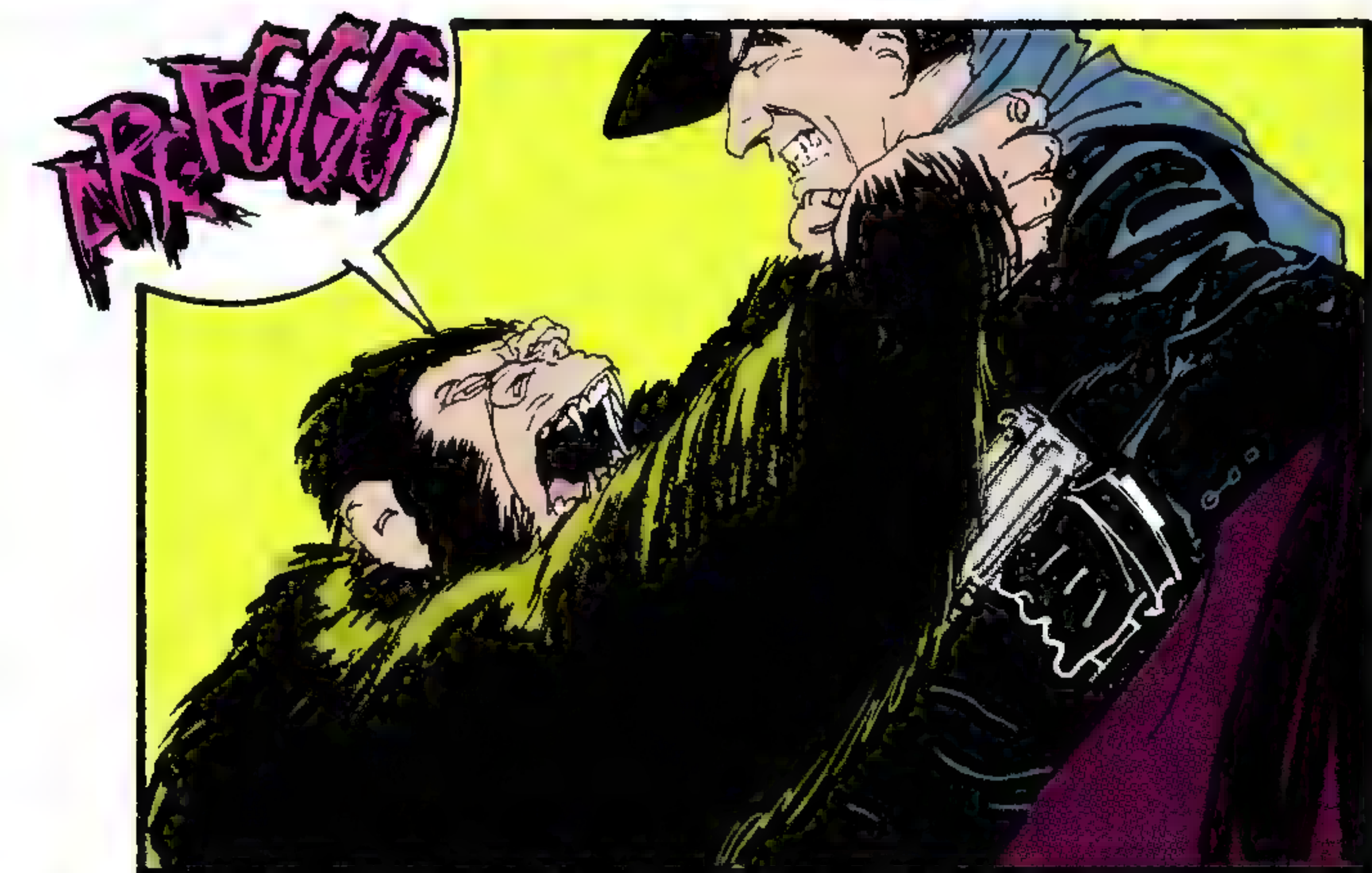
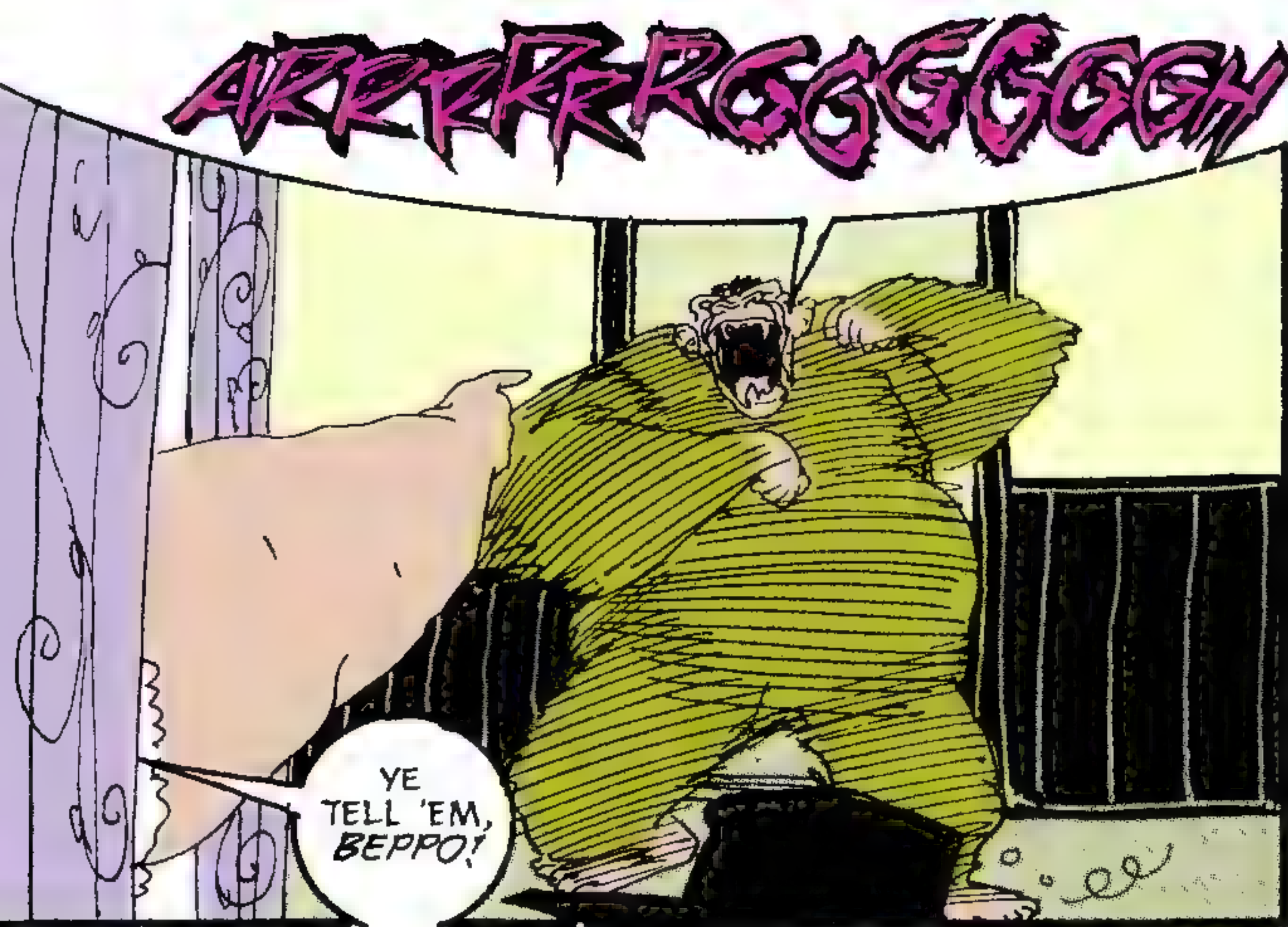


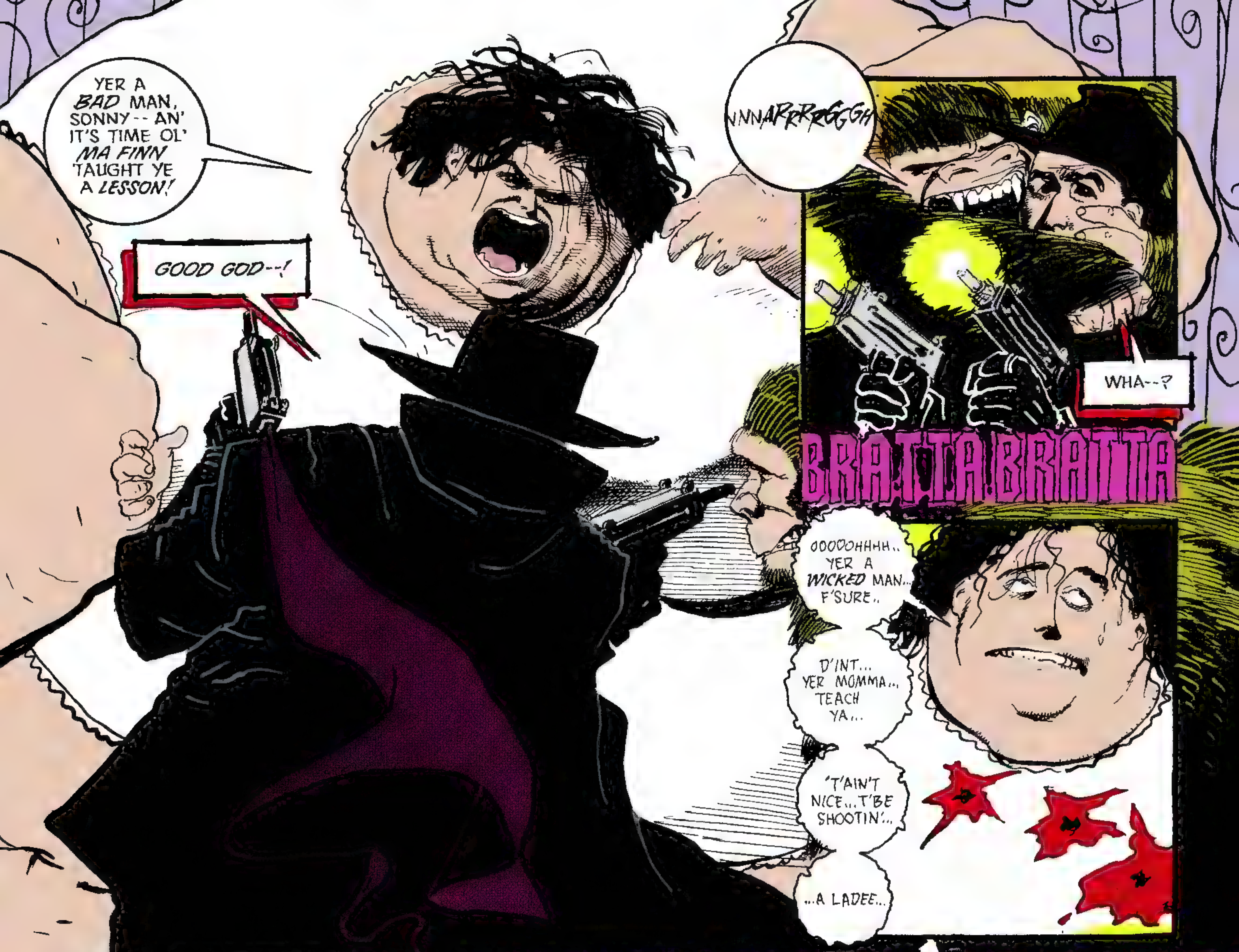
YE'LL PAY
FOR THAT
DOOR,
SONNY!

BEPPO!
MAKE 'IM
PAY!!

B-BUDDA

BRUP





YER A *BAD* MAN, SONNY-- AN' IT'S TIME OL' *MA FINN* TAUGHT YE A LESSON!

GOOD GOD--!

NNNARRRRGGGH

WHA--?

BRATT! BRATT!

OOOOHHHH... YER A *WICKED* MAN... F'SURE..

D'INT... YER MOMMA... TEACH YA...

'TAIN'T NICE...T'BE SHOOTIN'...

...A LADEE...



GOOD LORD! IT SOUNDS LIKE MA'S BEEN SHOT! BUT-- THE *WEIGHT* IS OFF THE BED! IS IT POSSIBLE SHE'S *STANDING*?

LAST TIME SHE GOT UP WAS BACK IN '72-- AND THAT WAS TO GO TO THE BATHROO--



NUGGHHH...

GARRGGG...

UHHHNNN...

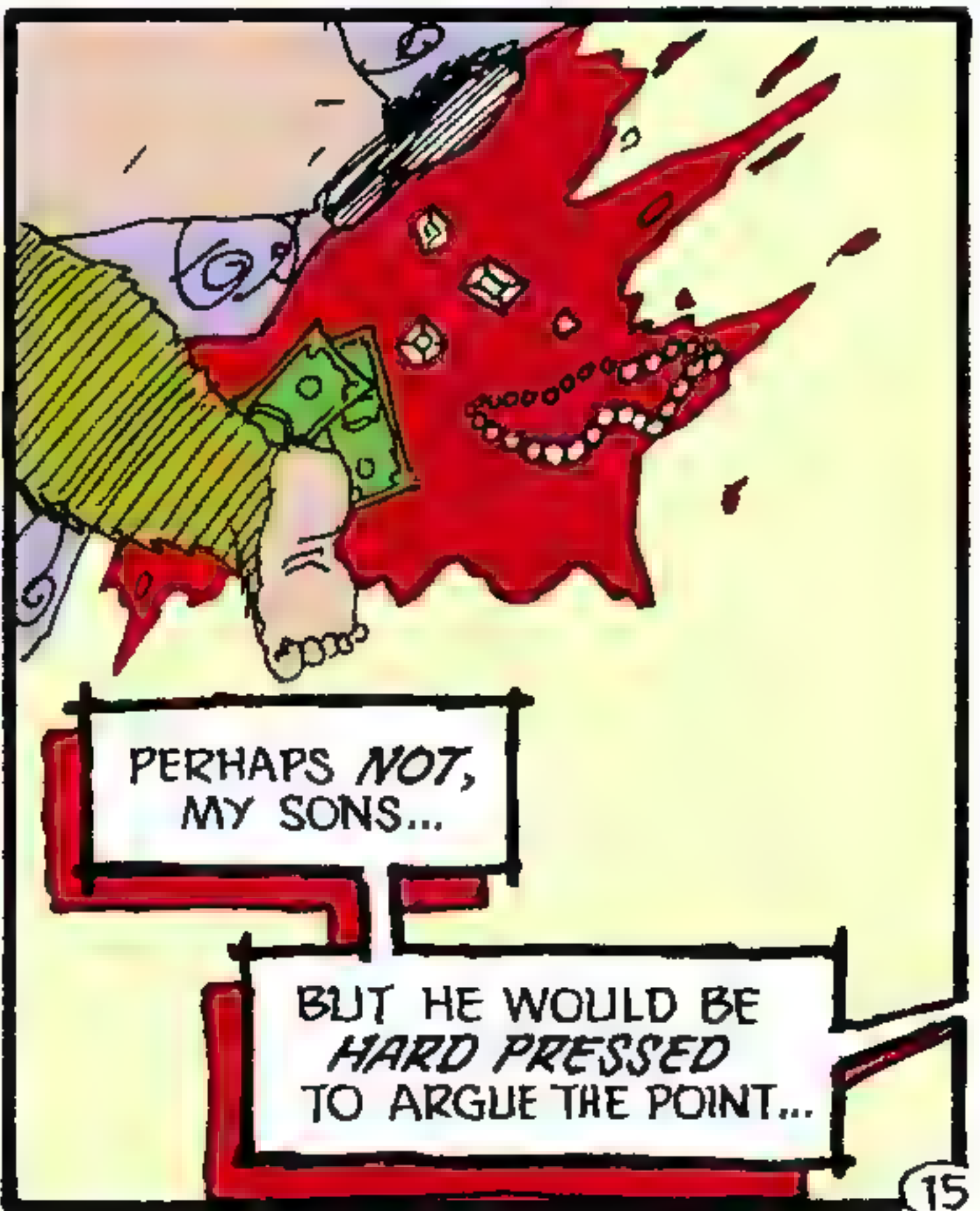


FATHER! MAVIS JUST CALLED! TWITCH IS *ALIVE*!

HE REPORTS THAT ARTIE FINN AND HIS MEN ARE PLANNING TO SEIZE THE *EMPIRE STATE BUILDING*!

THEN WE SHOULD BE OFF, MY SONS. OUR WORK HERE IS DONE.

BUT WHAT OF *PATRICK FINN*? IS HE TOO AMONG THE DEAD?



PERHAPS *NOT*, MY SONS...

BUT HE WOULD BE *HARD PRESSED* TO ARGUE THE POINT...

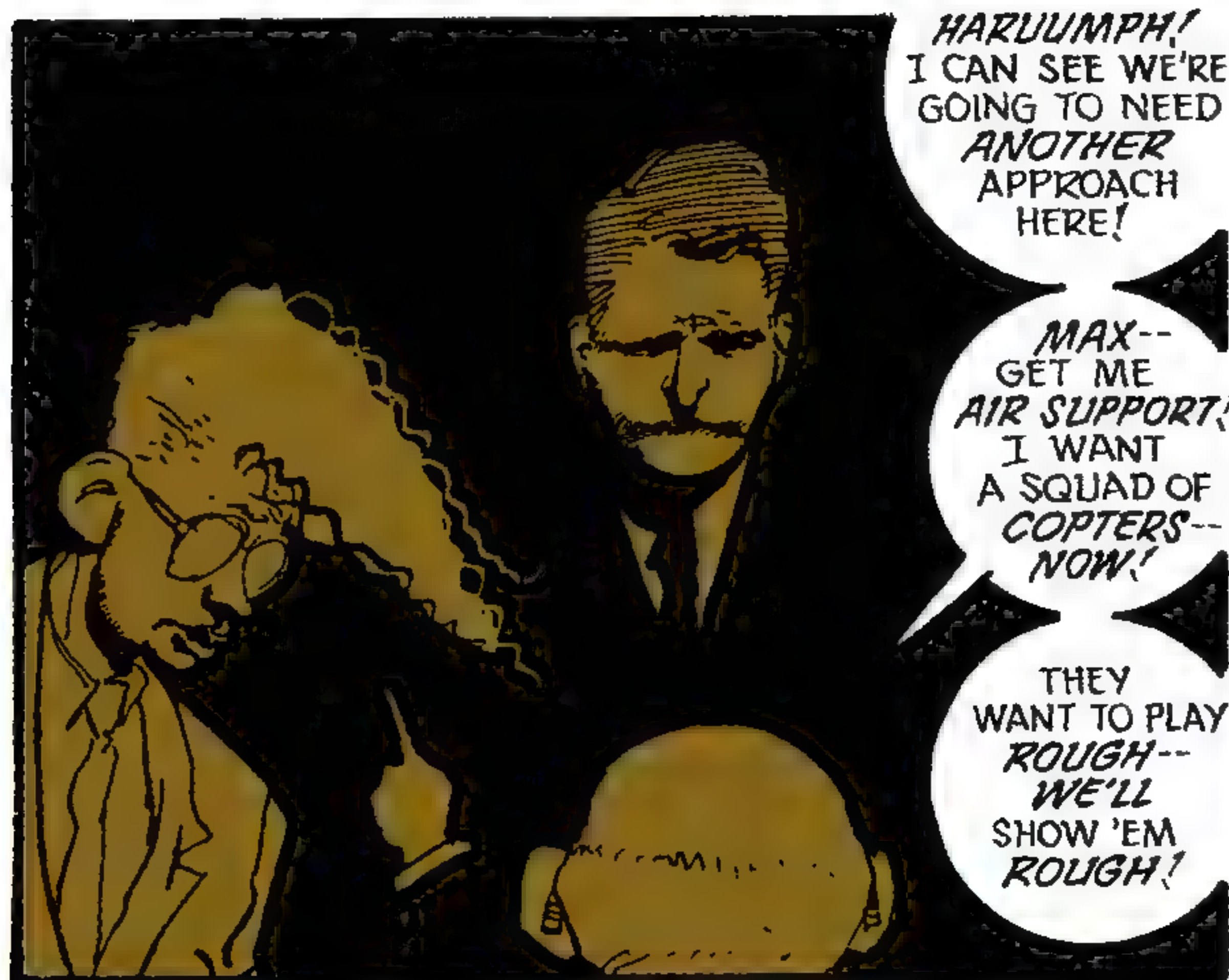
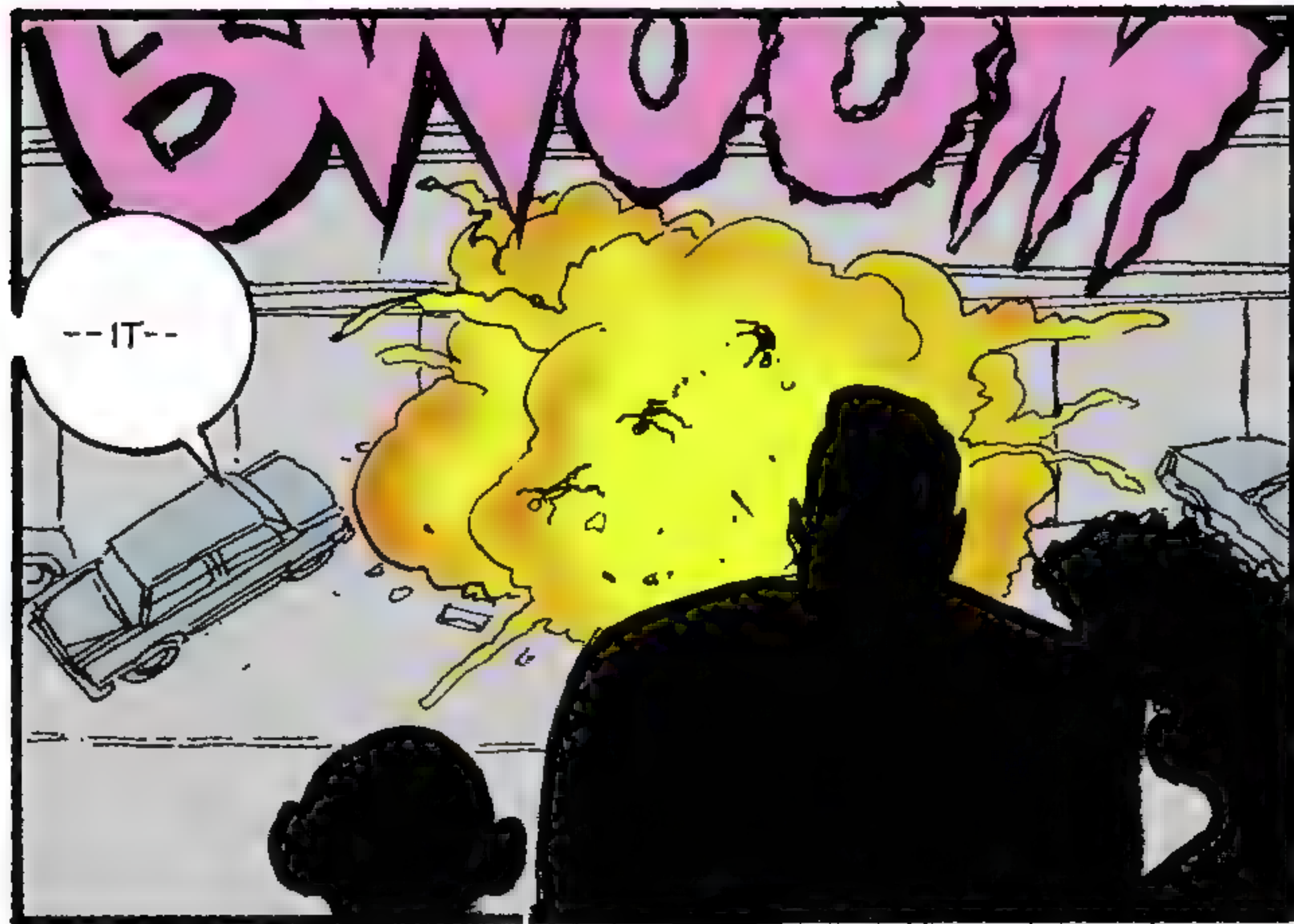
THEY'RE
IN THERE,
BOYS--
NO DOUBT
ABOUT
THAT!

GOD KNOWS
WHAT *GOODIES*
THEY'VE PLANNED
FOR YOU--
THEY'RE
LUNATICS,
AFTER ALL--

--BUT YOU'RE
THE *CREAM* OF
THE DIVISION--SO
GET OUT THERE
AND GIVE 'EM
ONE FOR
UNCLE JOE!

THEY'RE GOOD BOYS--
EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM!
HAND-PICKED 'EM
MYSELF--RIGHT OUT
OF THE ACADEMY,
I--

--AHH, COME
ON, YOU TWO!
WHAT'S ALL THIS
FRETTING?
EVERYTHING'S
UNDER CONTROL!
I *PERSONALLY*
GUARANTEE--



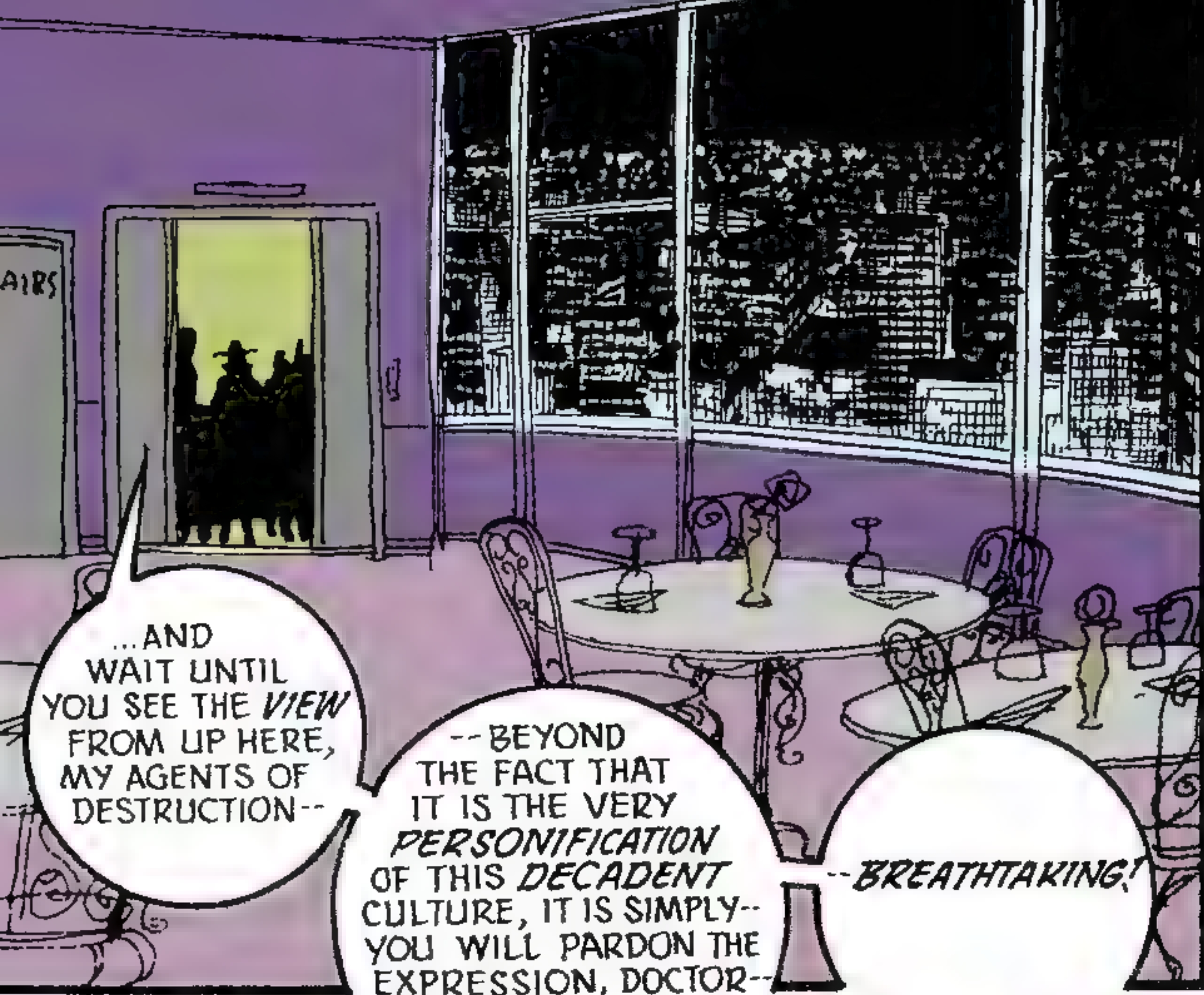
TWITCHKOWITZ...
WHAT ARE YOU
GETTING YOURSELF
INTO? WHY NOT
LET THE *MASTER*
HANDLE THIS--?
HE'LL KILL THEM
ALL, NICE AND
NEAT...

...AND THAT'S
GREAT, REALLY--
EXCEPT THAT *ONE*
OF HIS VICTIMS
IS THE GUY WHO
SPARED YOUR
LIFE!

HE *CAN'T* BE
LIKE THE *OTHERS*--
HE'S GOT TO HAVE
SOME SHRED OF
HUMANITY!

SO *WHAT*
IF HE WANTS TO
WIPE OUT
THE ENTIRE CITY--
NOBODY'S
PERFECT!

HE'S NOT
EVIL-- HE'S
SICK--AND
I'VE GOT TO
SAVE HIM!



-- BEYOND THE FACT THAT IT IS THE VERY PERSONIFICATION OF THIS DECADENT CULTURE, IT IS SIMPLY-- YOU WILL PARDON THE EXPRESSION, DOCTOR--

--BREATHTAKING!

AND SPEAKING OF BREATHTAKING-- WHAT HAVE WE *HERE*, LEYLAND?

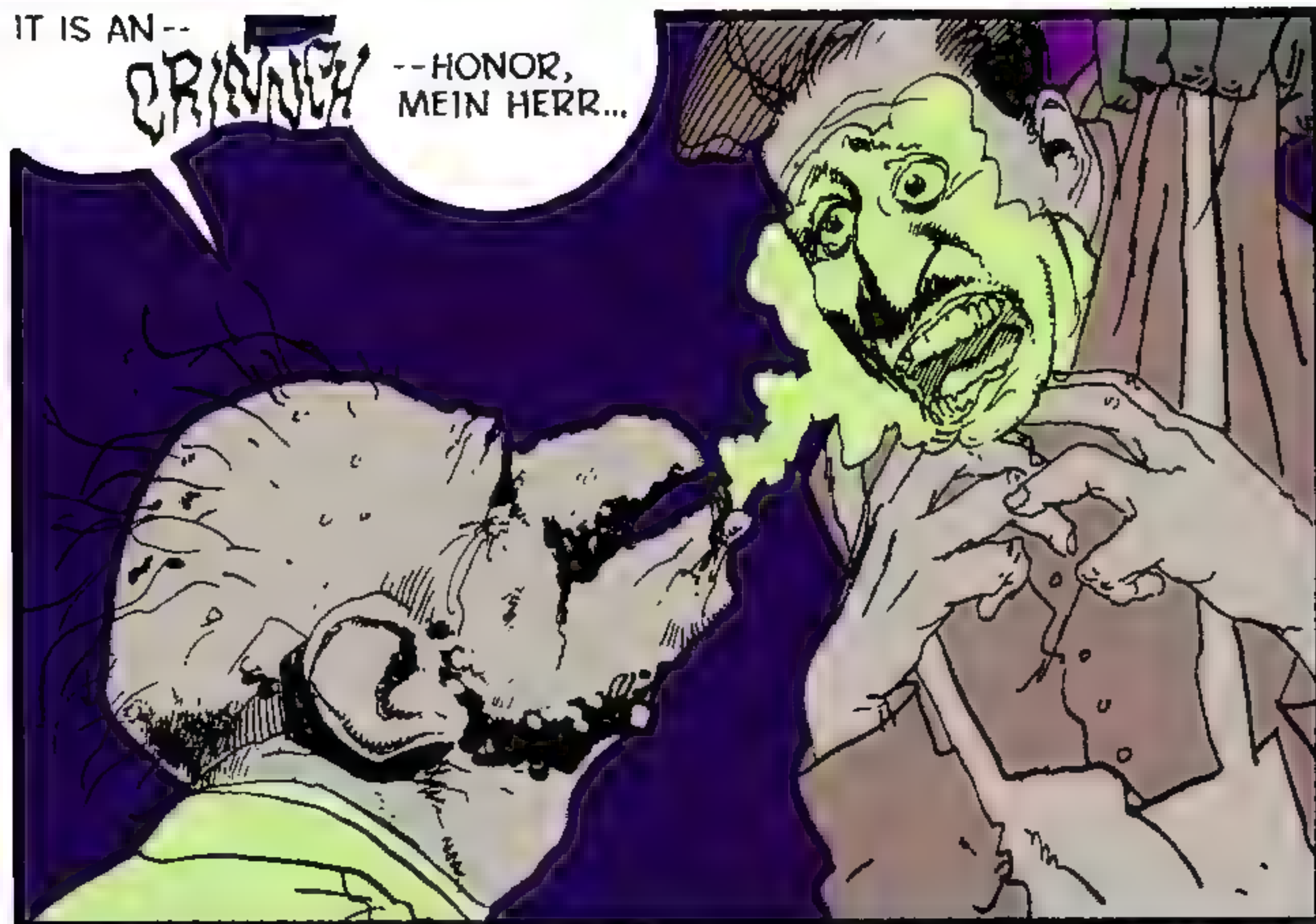
FOUND HIM WASHING FLOORS IN BACK-- HE'S STILL ALIVE, I THINK-- STILL *WARM*.

GOOD, LEYLAND... DOCTOR-- WOULD YOU CARE TO--?

IT IS AN--

GRINCH

--HONOR, MEIN HERR...



NOW, THEN... WHAT WAS I SAYING...?

SOMETHING ABOUT THE *VIEW*, I THINK...

AH, YES... THANK YOU, LARRY...



... HARDLY SEE A *THING*! IT'S LIKE BEIN' IN SOLITARY-- BUT WITHOUT A *ROOF*!

FUNNY, THOUGH... SITTIN' HERE LIKE THIS, IT GETS ME THINKIN'... NONE OF IT REALLY MATTERS... NOT MUSTAFA, NOT THE CRAZIES... NOT EVEN THE *SHADOW*...

WHAT REALLY MATTERS IS IF YA GOT YER HEALTH... AND--

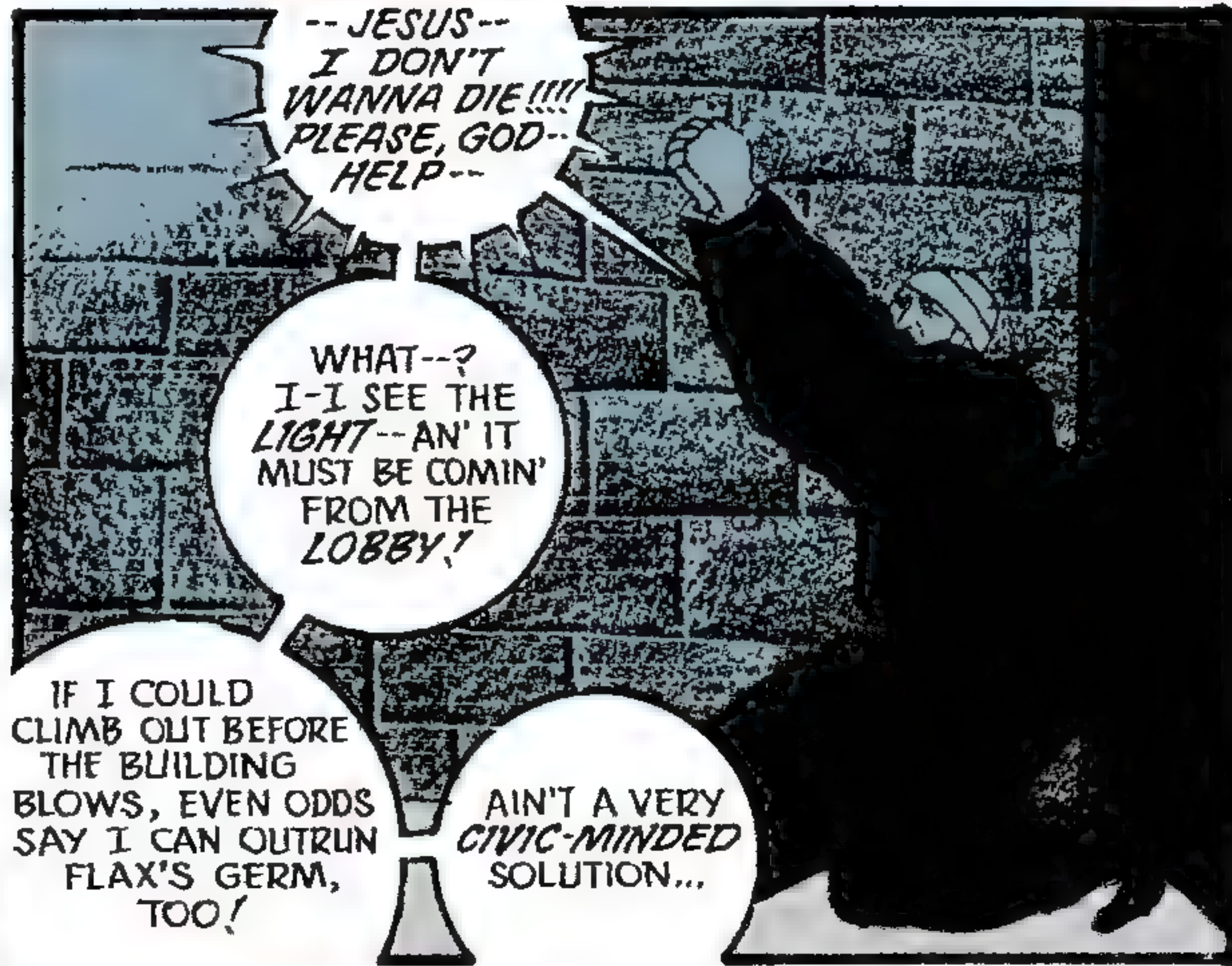


-- JESUS-- I DON'T WANNA DIE!!!! PLEASE, GOD-- HELP--

WHAT--? I-I SEE THE *LIGHT*-- AN' IT MUST BE COMIN' FROM THE *LOBBY*!

IF I COULD CLIMB OUT BEFORE THE BUILDING BLOWS, EVEN ODDS SAY I CAN OUTFRIN FLAX'S GERM, TOO!

AIN'T A VERY *CIVIC-MINDED* SOLUTION...



"...BUT THEN, I NEVER *WAS* A *CIVIC-MINDED* KINDA GUY..."



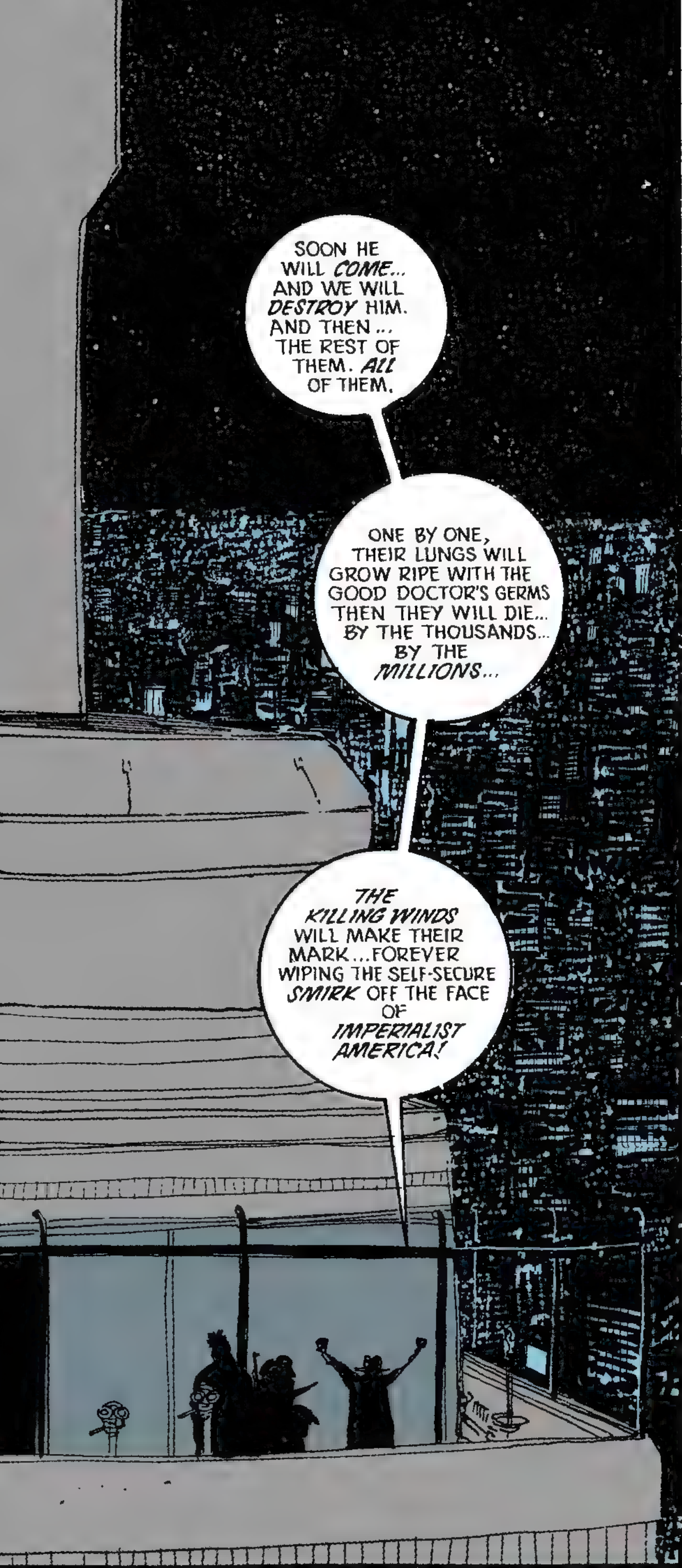
MAX! GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR! THE CITY NEEDS US!

PLEASE, SIR-- WE'VE GOT TO BE *CAREFUL*-- THEY'RE HOLDING A *KILLER GERM*-- WE CAN'T TRY ANYTHING *RASH*--



RASH? ME? JUST REMEMBER WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO, SONNY! WHY-- I'M THE VERY PICTURE OF LEVEL-HEADEDNESS, GODDAMMIT!!!

WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR--? TAKE US UP!!!



SOON HE
WILL *COME*...
AND WE WILL
DESTROY HIM.
AND THEN ...
THE REST OF
THEM. *ALL*
OF THEM.

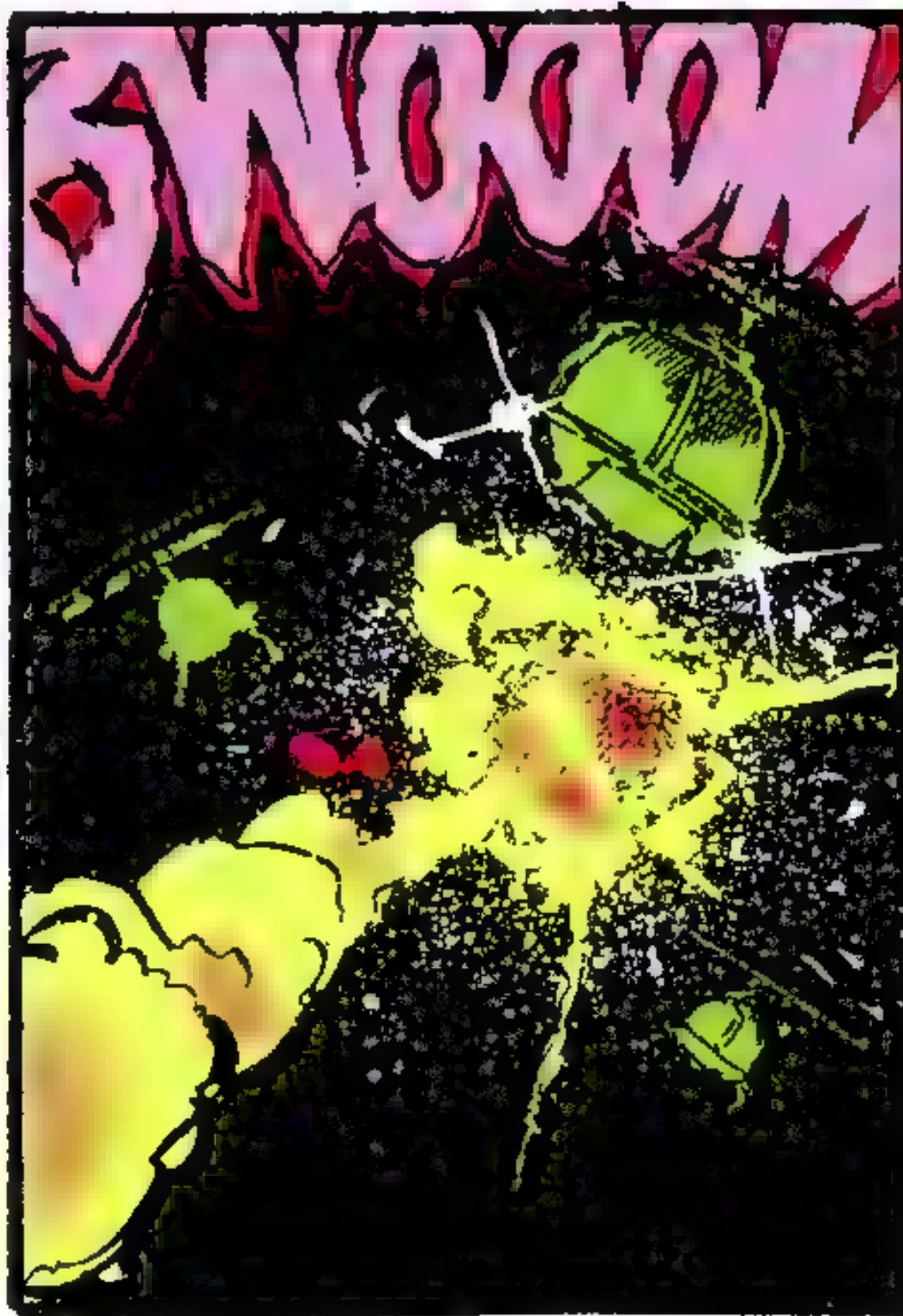
ONE BY ONE,
THEIR LUNGS WILL
GROW RIPE WITH THE
GOOD DOCTOR'S GERMS
THEN THEY WILL DIE...
BY THE THOUSANDS...
BY THE
MILLIONS...

*THE
KILLING WINDS*
WILL MAKE THEIR
MARK...FOREVER
WIPING THE SELF-SECURE
SMIRK OFF THE FACE
OF
*IMPERIALIST
AMERICA!*

THEN--
VE RELEASE
MY PRECIOUS
GERMZ
NOW--?

NO, DOCTOR-- I STILL HAVE A
DEBT OF HONOR TO PAY!
I PROMISED ARTIMUS FINN
THE SHADOW WOULD DIE
BY OUR HAND-- THE
WORLD MUST WAIT
FOR ITS REWARD
UNTIL *THEN!*

LEYLAND--
HANDLE
THIS.



AHH...
THE OTHERS
FLEE.
COWARDS.

BUT STILL...
I WONDER *HOW*
THEY *KNEW*--



NOW,
TO *BAIT*
THE
TRAP...

IT IS READY,
MASTER.
THE ANTENNA
IS LINKED
TO THE
TRANSMITTER.

GOOD.
PREPARE
YOURSELVES...
DESTINY
KNOCKS.

GREETINGS, AMERICA. THIS
IS THE VOICE OF *TERROR*--
A TERROR POISED
TO DESTROY YOU ALL.
AND WE *SHALL*--

--UNLESS
THE SHADOW
HIMSELF
COMES TO US--
TO FACE HIS
DEATH.

A *FAIR*
WARNING TO OTHERS:
ANY INTERVENTION BY
POLICE WILL CAUSE THE
IMMEDIATE RELEASE OF A
DEADLY TOXIN INTO THE
AIR OVER NEW--

--*WHA--???*
POLICE??!
HERE--
ALREADY??!

BUT--
HOW COULD THEY
KNOW
WE WERE HERE
BEFORE
OUR BROADCAST
EVEN *BEGAN??!*

HEHHEHHEHHEHHEHHEHHEH

YOUR PLAN WAS NOT AS *FLAWLESS* AS YOU *PRESUMED*, SCUM... ONE OF YOUR VICTIMS SURVIVED TO TELL OF IT...

AND NOW YOU WILL PAY THE *ULTIMATE PRICE* FOR YOUR *CARELESSNESS*...



YOU SEE? HE IS *VERY* ANXIOUS. PERHAPS IN A FEW MOMENTS I WILL NO LONGER BE ABLE TO *CONTAIN* HIS ENTHUSIASM.

SURRENDER. WHEN YOU ARE DEAD, OUR MISSION WILL BE ACCOMPLISHED AND WE CAN ALL GO HOME. BUT IF YOU RESIST, THE CITY DIES.

YOUR CHOICE, PLEASE?



ONLY A FEW MORE TO GO... BUT I... PRAY I'M... NOT TOO LATE...

IT WON'T TAKE LONG... FOR THE *SHOOTING*... TO START... ONCE THE *MASTER* ARRIVES...

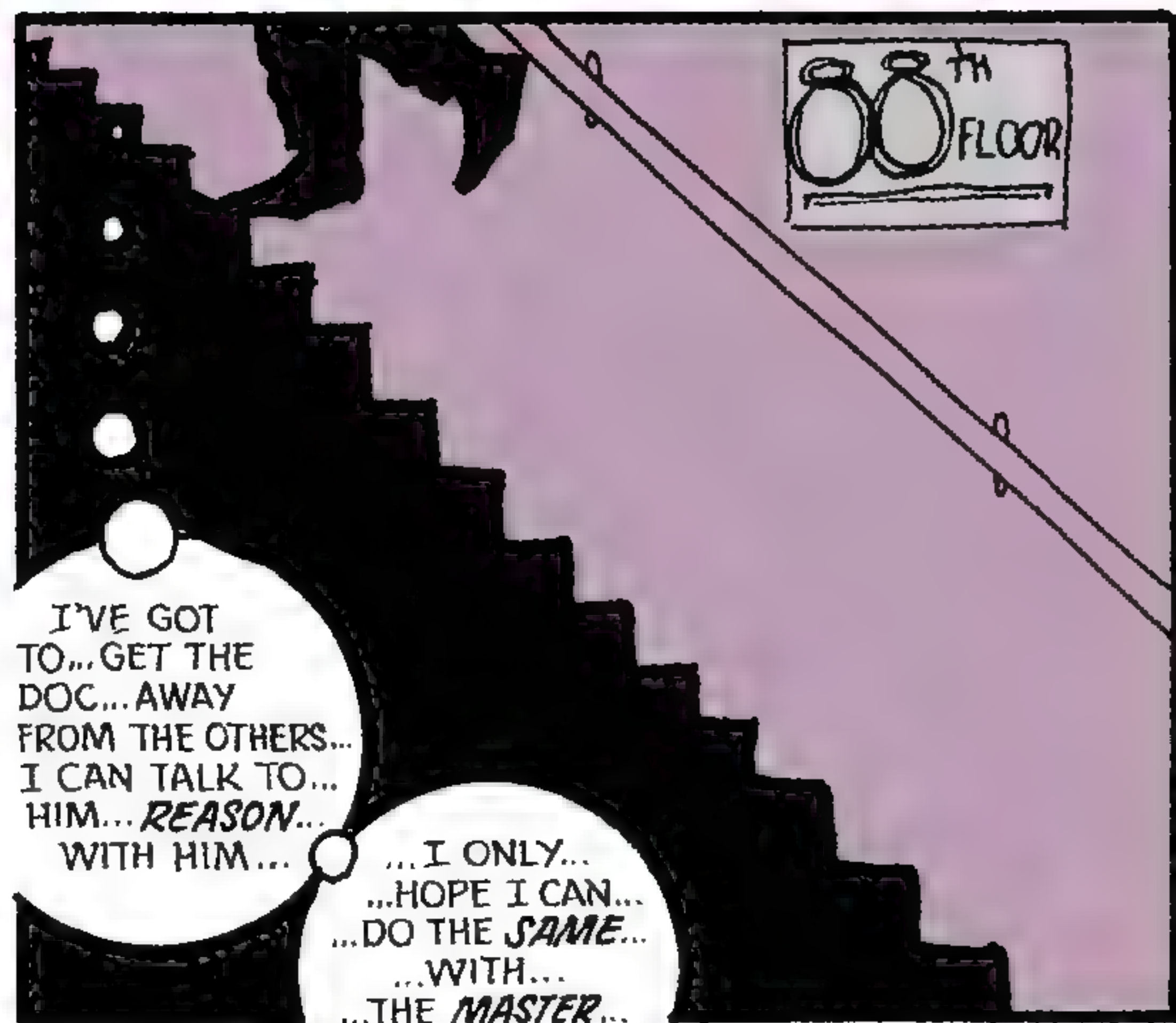
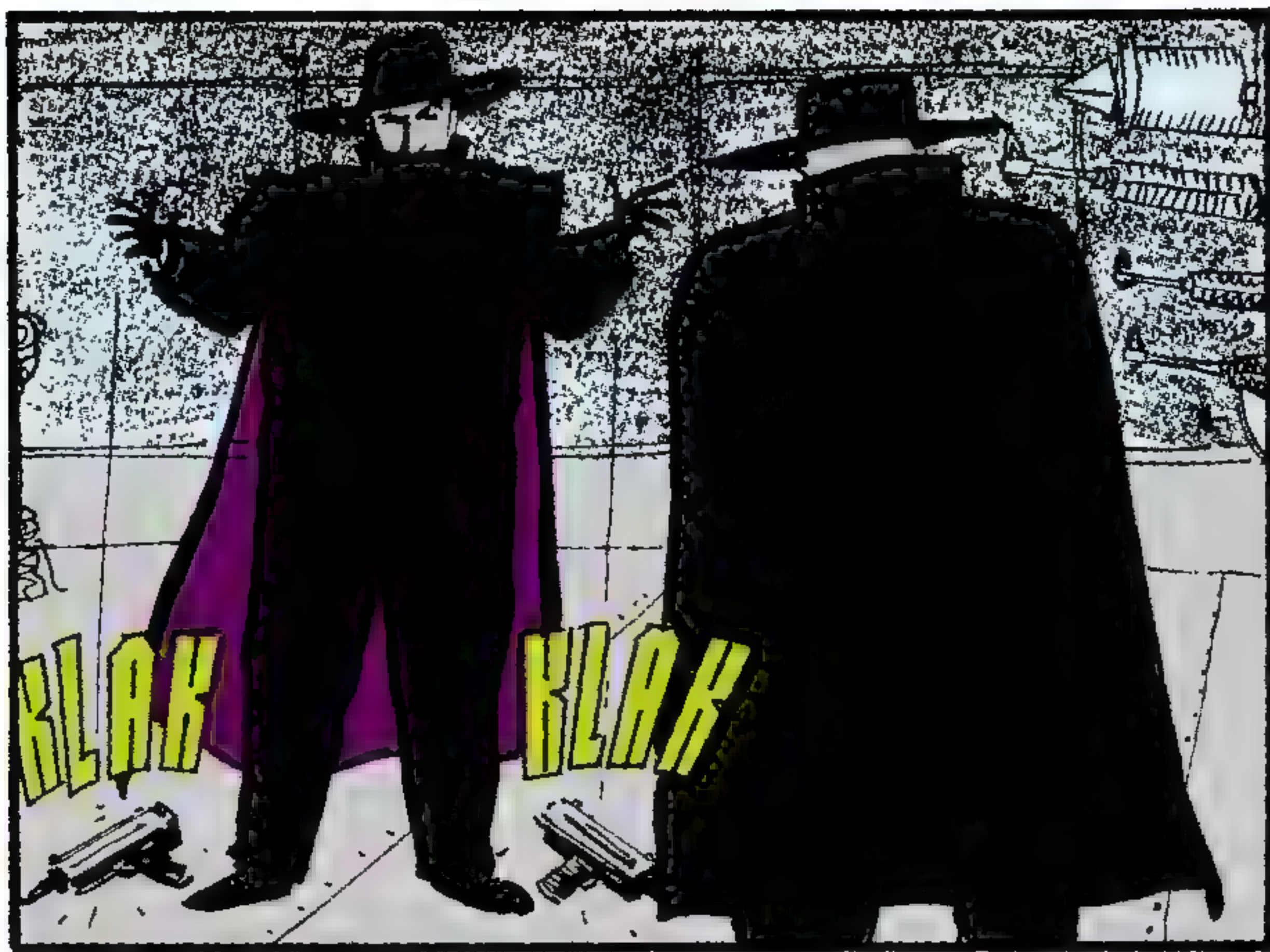
... HE CAN... BE SO... *PREDICTABLE* ... AT TIMES...



NO, SHADOW--IT WILL BE *YOU* WHO WILL PAY! ONE *SHOT*--AND THE GOOD DOCTOR WILL SMASH HIS VIAL, RELEASING HIS DEADLY GERM INTO THE AIR--

NOT YET.

NOW, HERR MASTER?

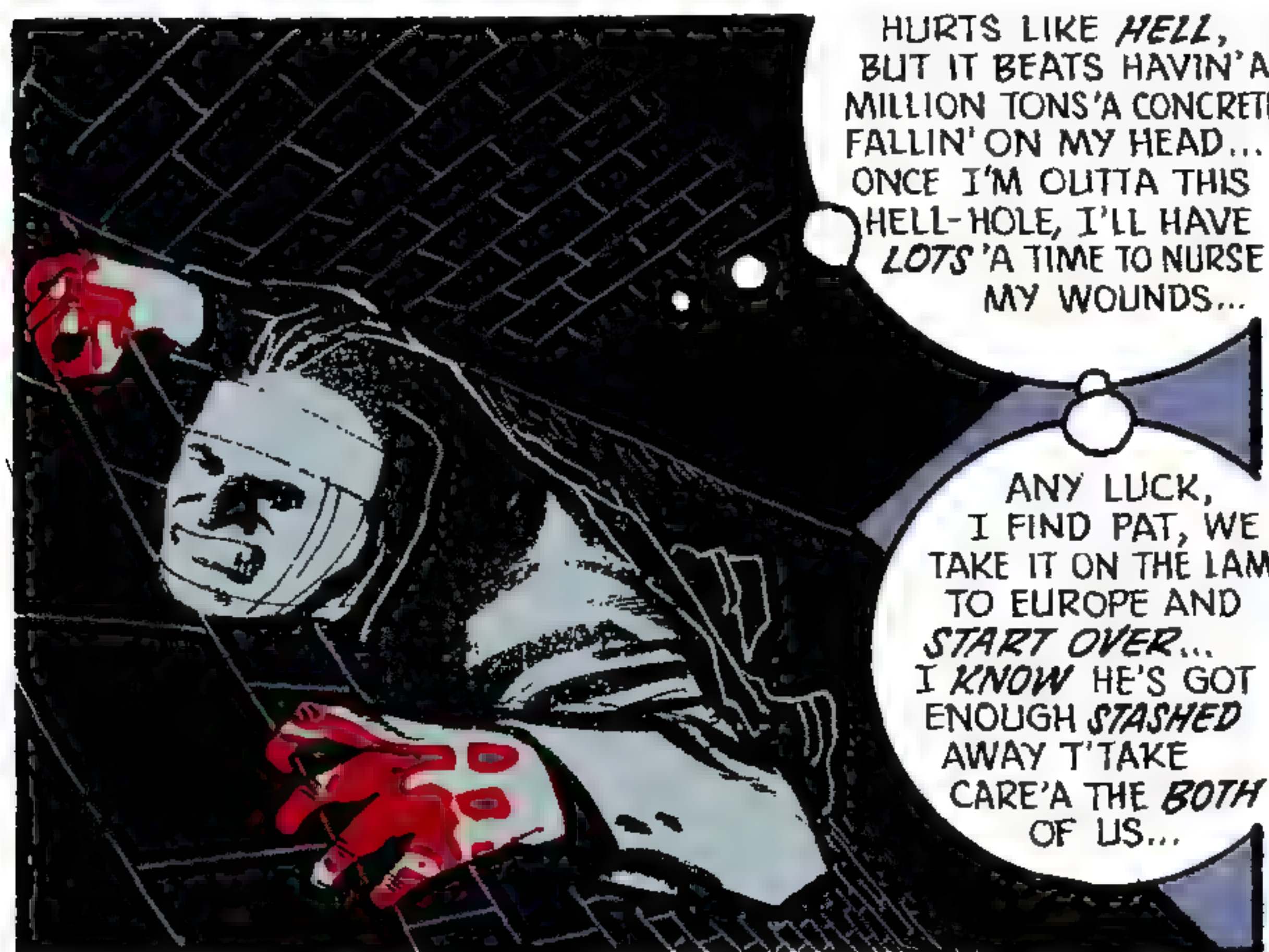


I'VE GOT TO... GET THE DOC... AWAY FROM THE OTHERS... I CAN TALK TO... HIM... *REASON*... WITH HIM...

... I ONLY... HOPE I CAN... DO THE *SAME*... WITH... THE *MASTER*...

HURTS LIKE *HELL*, BUT IT BEATS HAVIN' A MILLION TONS' A CONCRETE FALLIN' ON MY HEAD... ONCE I'M OUTTA THIS HELL-HOLE, I'LL HAVE *LOTS*' A TIME TO NURSE MY WOUNDS...

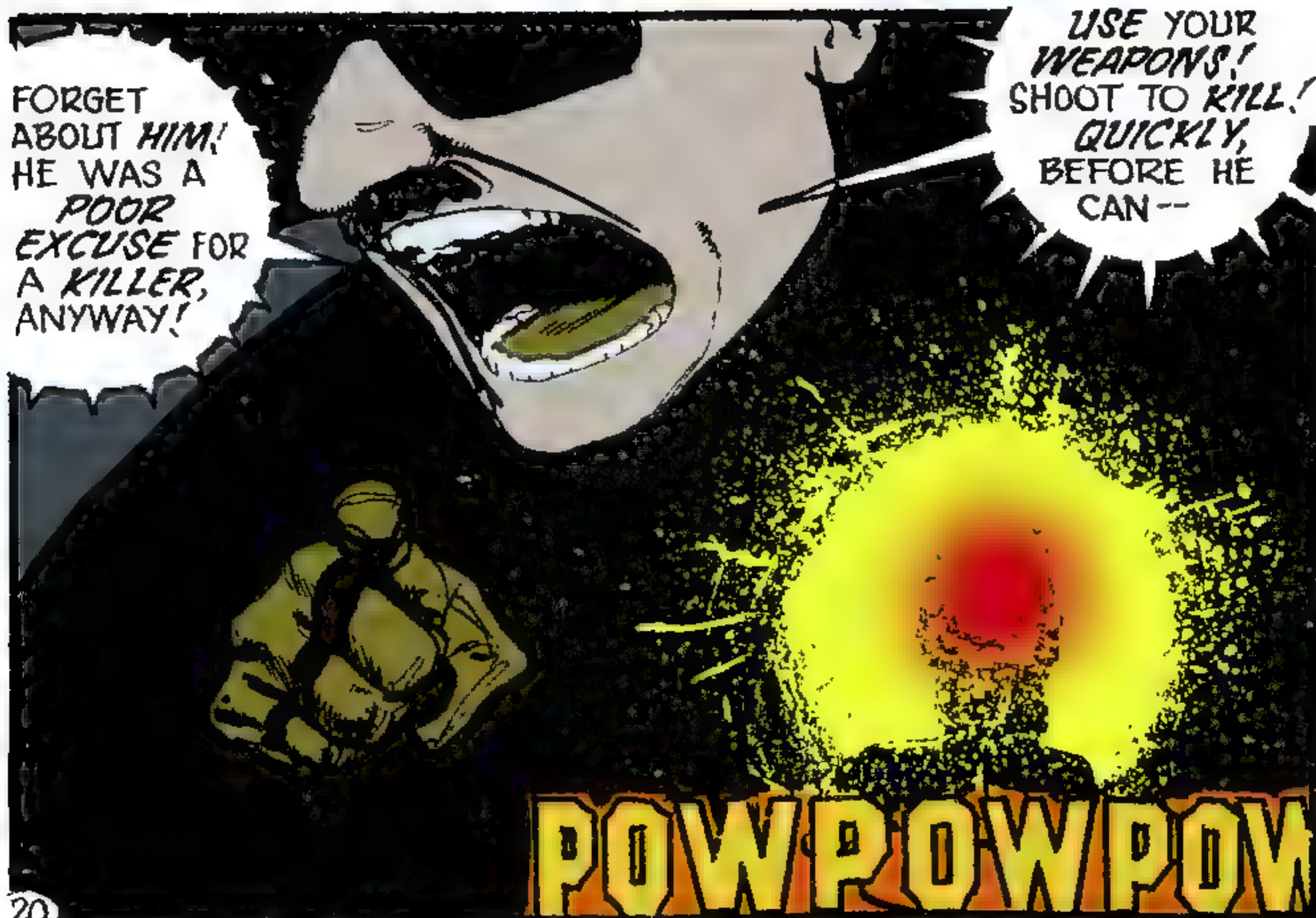
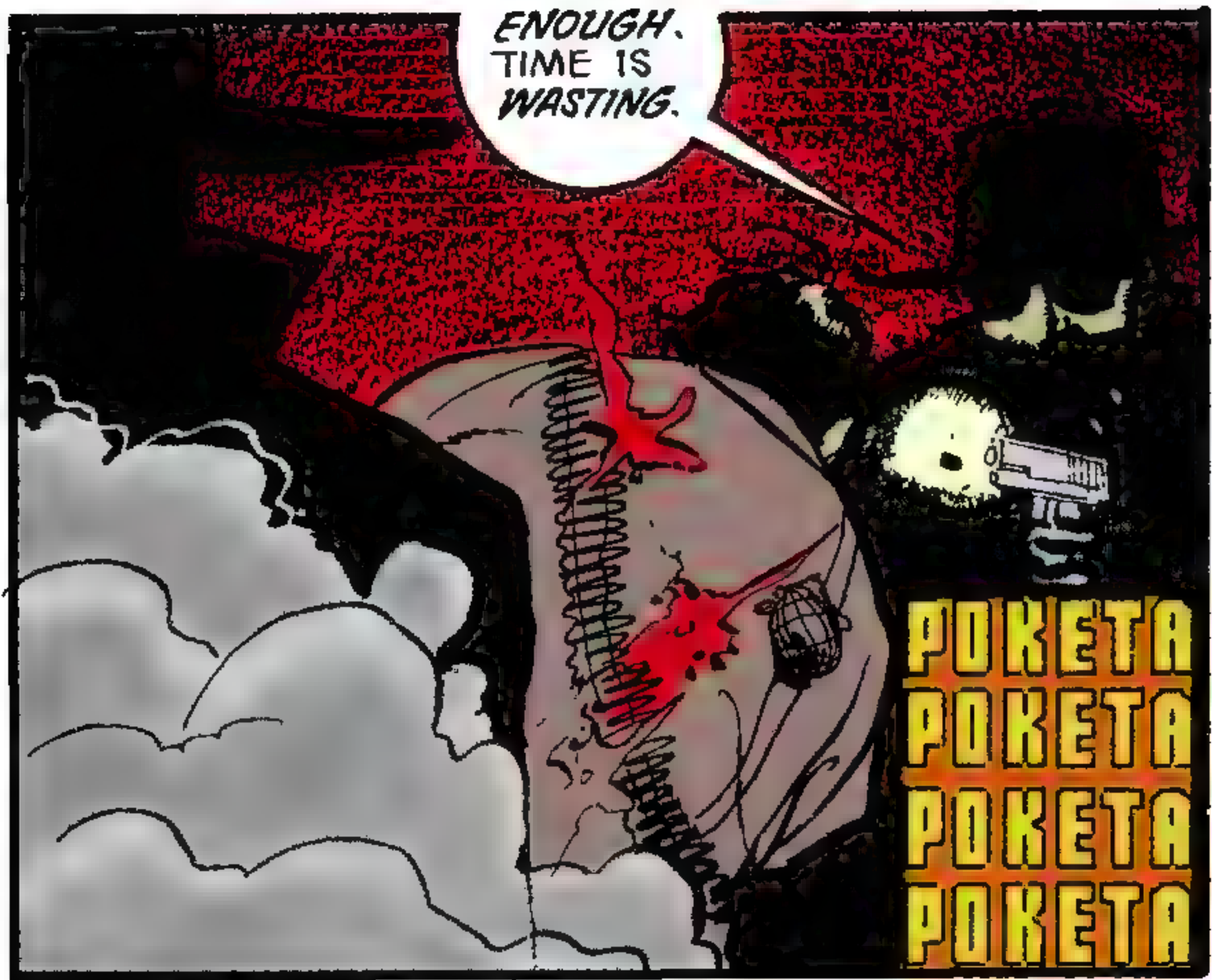
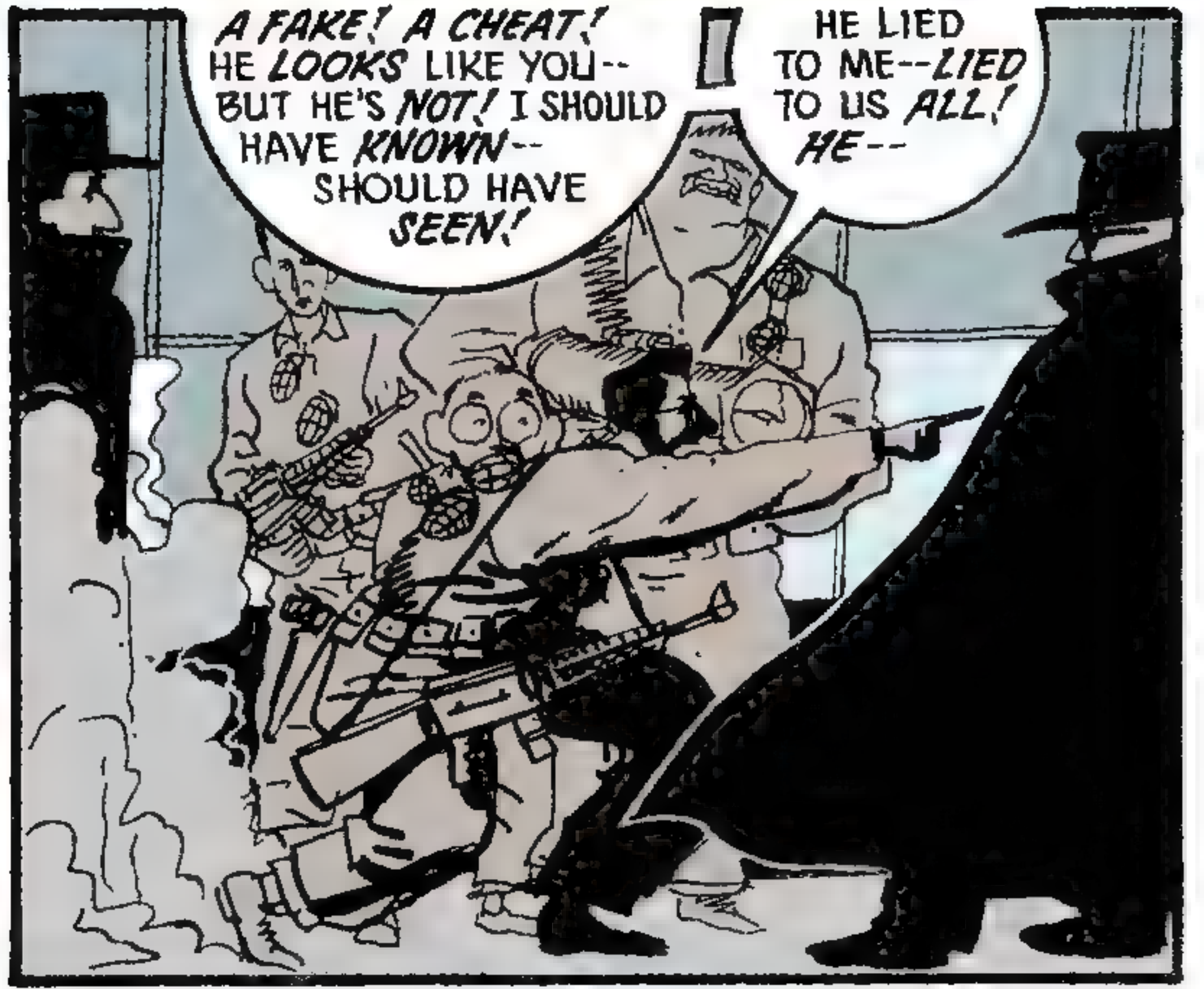
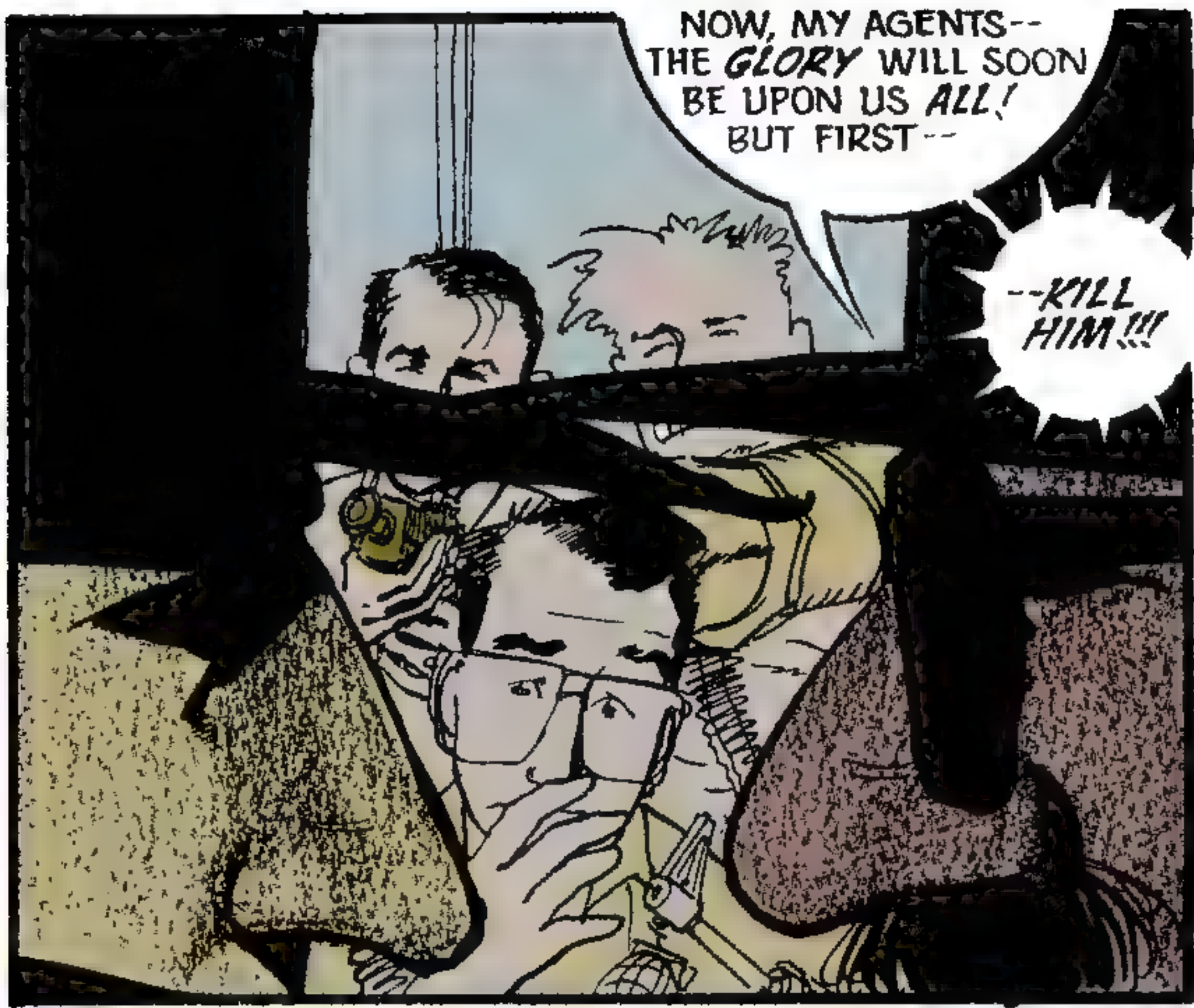
ANY LUCK, I FIND PAT, WE TAKE IT ON THE LAM TO EUROPE AND *START OVER*... I *KNOW* HE'S GOT ENOUGH *STASHED* AWAY T' TAKE CARE'A THE *BOTH* OF US...

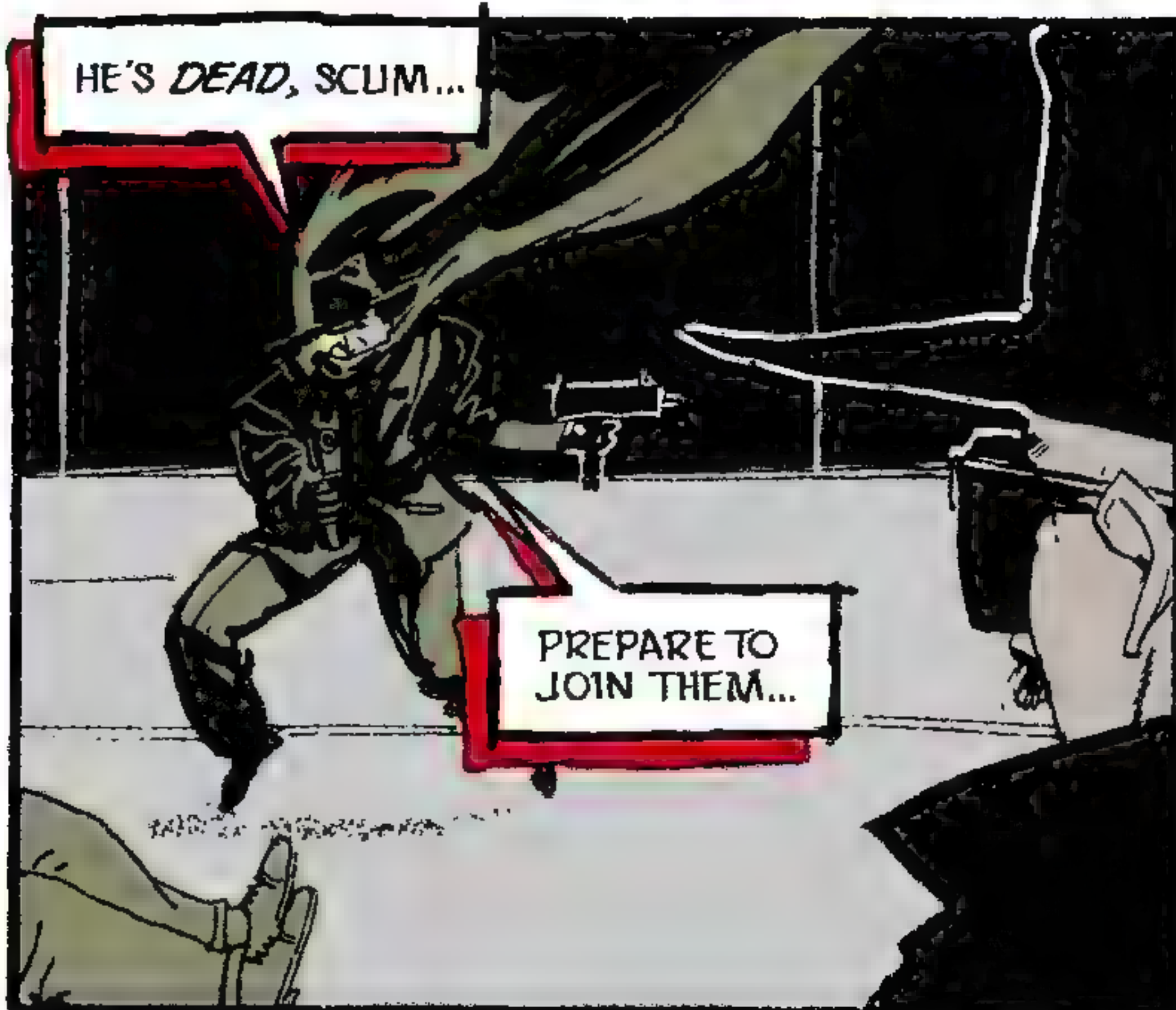
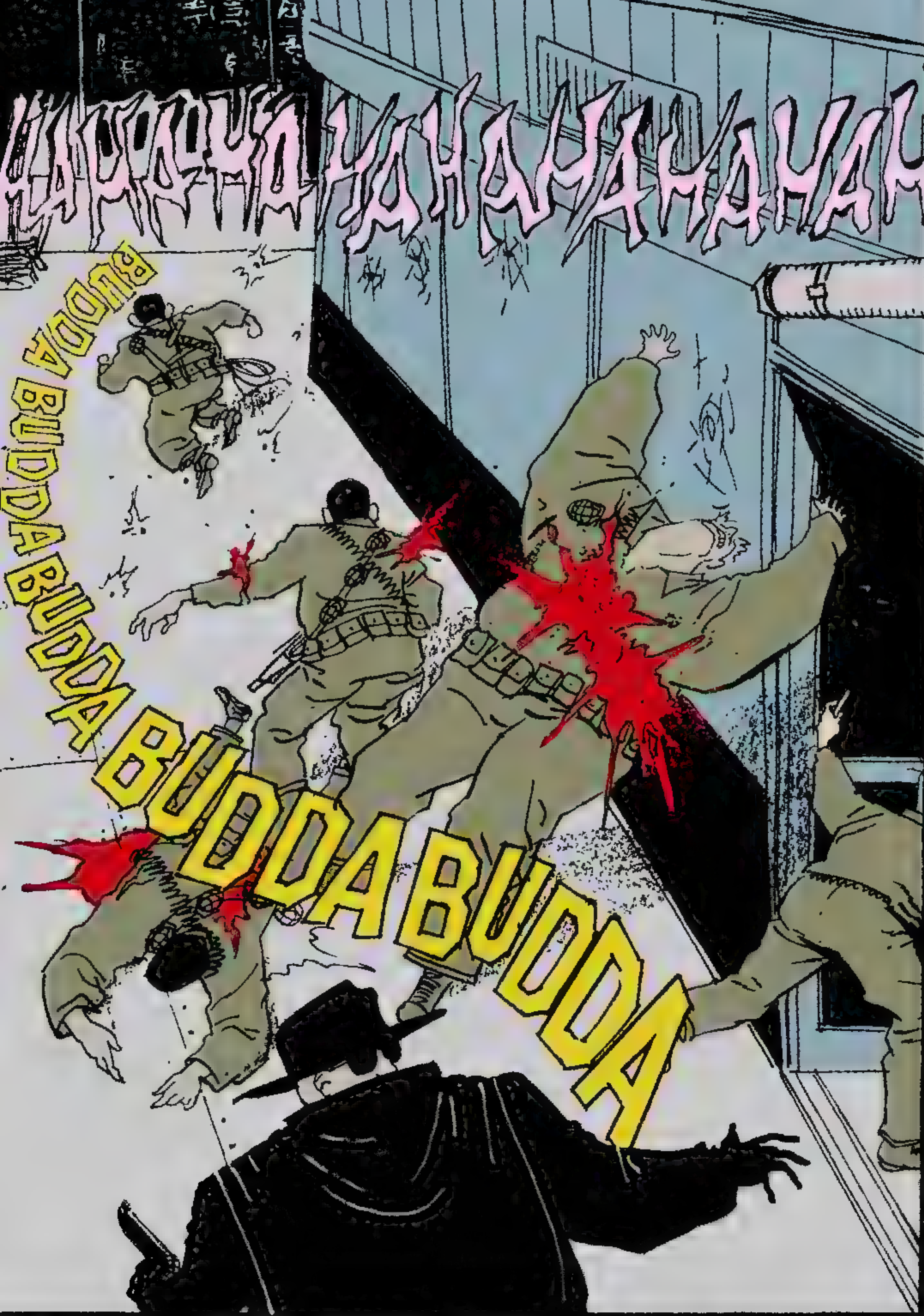


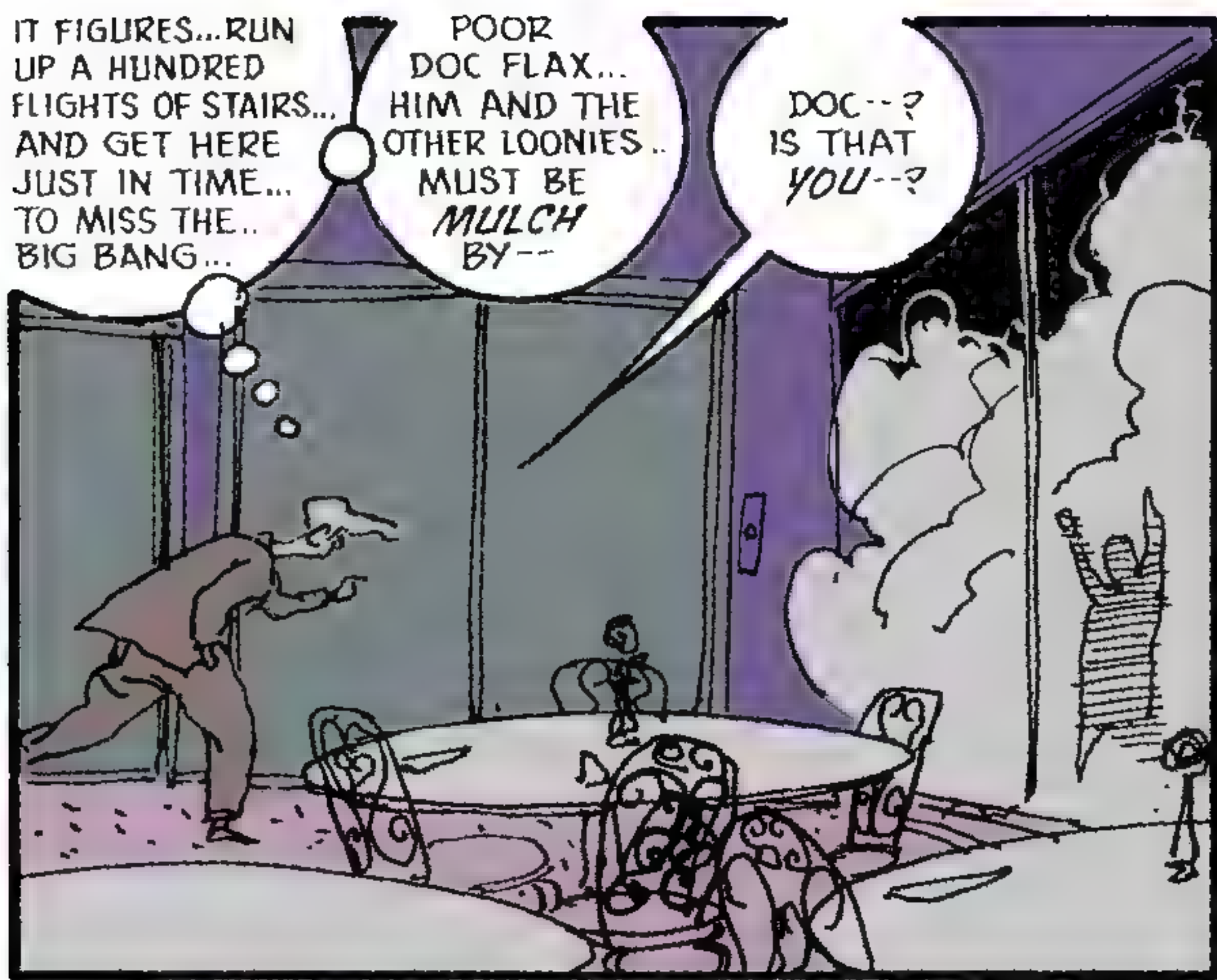
YEAH... IT'LL BE *GREAT*... JUST HIM AND ME... CRUISING THE RIVIERA... PICKIN' UP BABES... LIKE WE BOTH DIED AN' WENT TO *HEAVEN*...

SO SAVE A SEAT FOR ME, SAINT *PETE*-- IT WON'T BE LONG NOW...









IT FIGURES...RUN UP A HUNDRED FLIGHTS OF STAIRS... AND GET HERE JUST IN TIME... TO MISS THE... BIG BANG...

POOR DOC FLAX... HIM AND THE OTHER LOONIES... MUST BE **MULCH** BY--

DOC--? IS THAT **YOU--?**

YA, YA, MY BOY! IT IS GOOT TO ZEE YOU AGAIN!

TELL ME-- HOW DID YOU LIKE MY PILLZ? A REFRESHING EGSPERIENCE, NO? I TAKE ZEM **MYSELF** ON OCCASION! I--

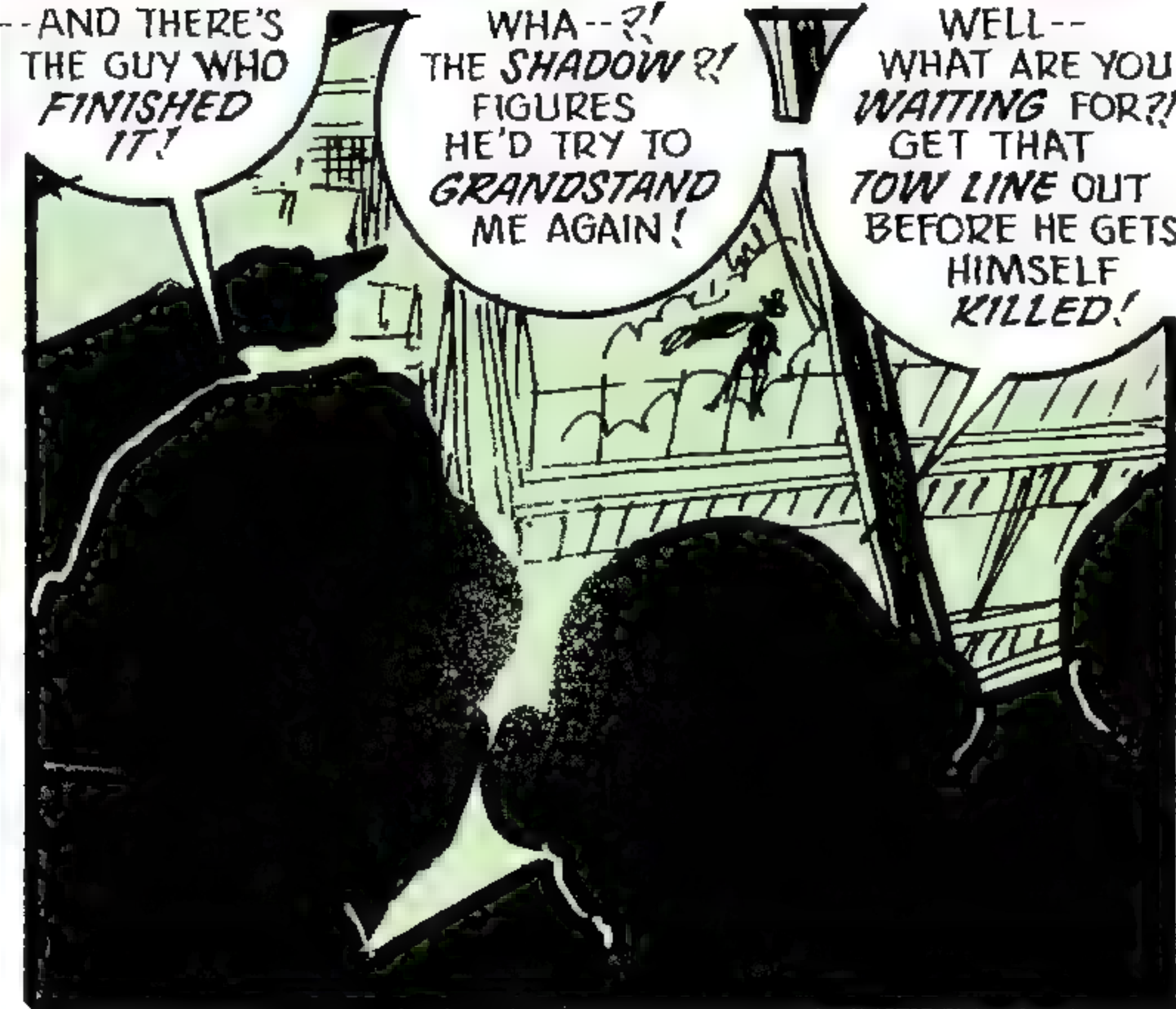
WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT, DOC-- ON THE WAY **DOWN.**



FIRST THEY BLOW UP A MILLION-DOLLAR **CHOPPER--** AND NOW THEY'RE BLOWING **THEMSELVES** TO KINGDOM COME!

DAMMIT, MAX! WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON DOWN THERE!!!

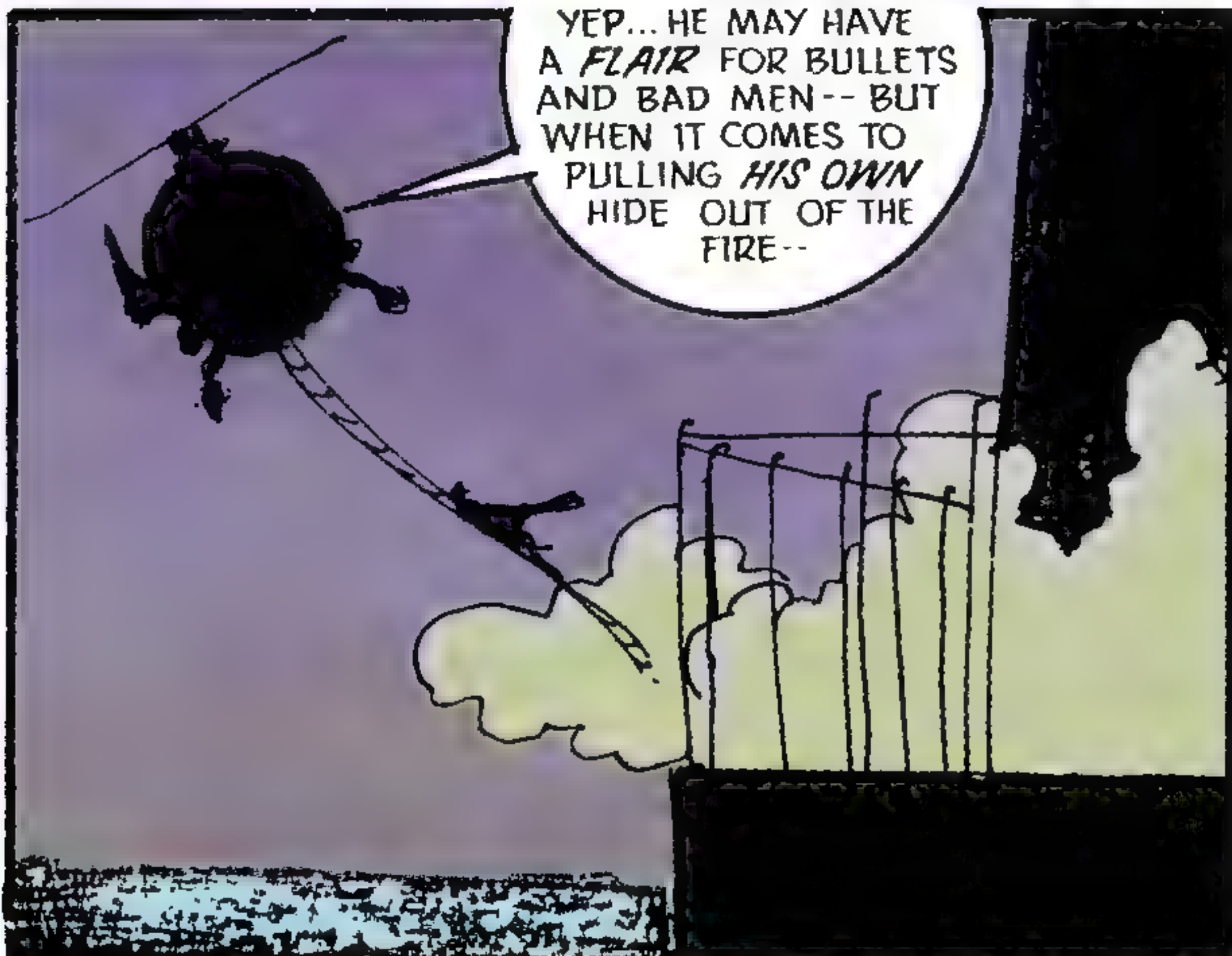
WELL, SIR-- IT'S HARD TO MAKE OUT **ANYTHING** IN ALL THAT SMOKE-- BUT IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S **ALL OVER--**



--AND THERE'S THE GUY WHO **FINISHED** IT!

WHA--?! THE **SHADOW**?! FIGURES HE'D TRY TO **GRANDSTAND** ME AGAIN!

WELL-- WHAT ARE YOU **WAITING** FOR?! GET THAT **TOW LINE** OUT BEFORE HE GETS HIMSELF **KILLED!**



YEP... HE MAY HAVE A **FLAIR** FOR BULLETS AND BAD MEN-- BUT WHEN IT COMES TO PULLING **HIS OWN** HIDE OUT OF THE FIRE--

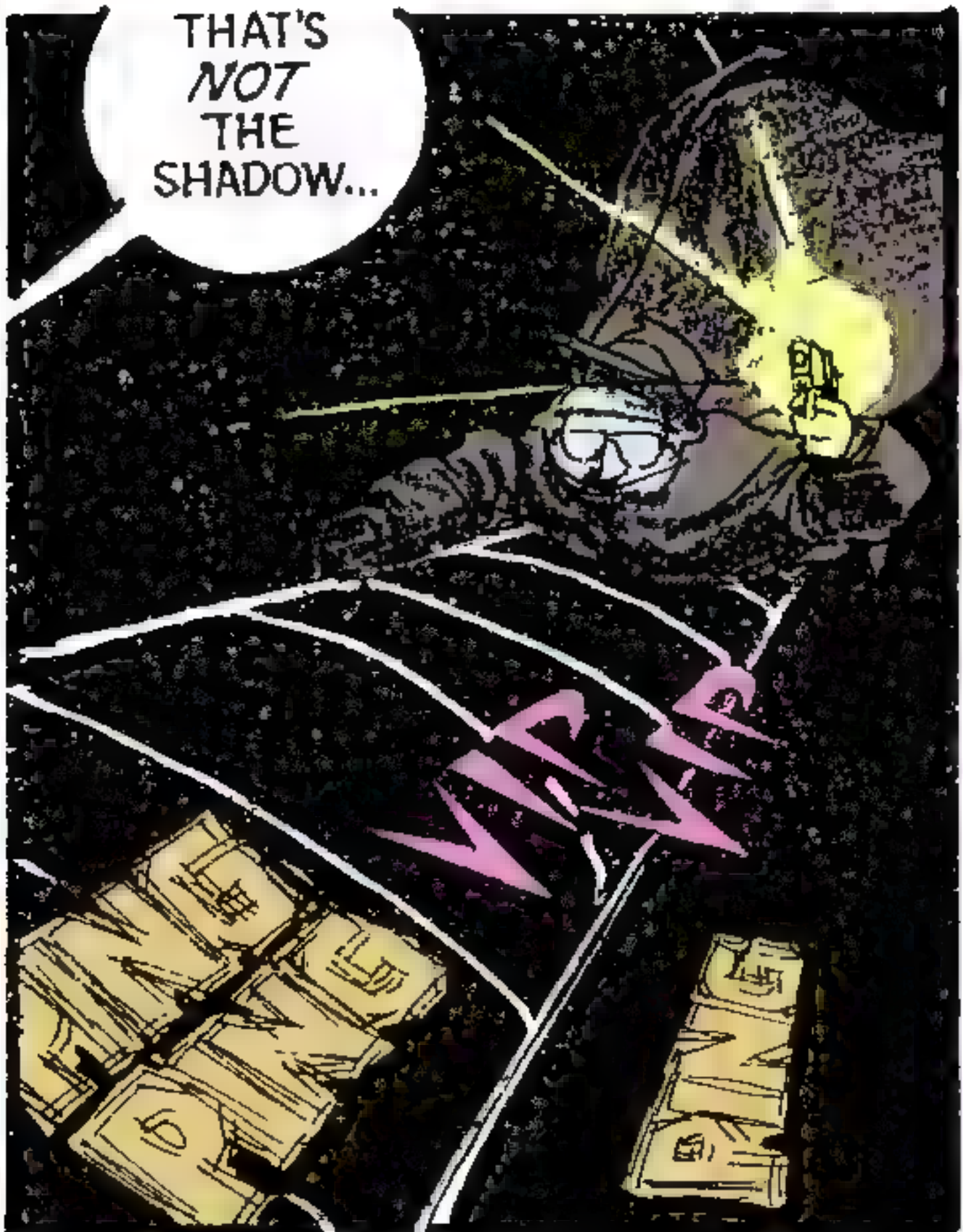


--THAT'S WHEN THE **SHADOW** TURNS TO **JOE CAR--**

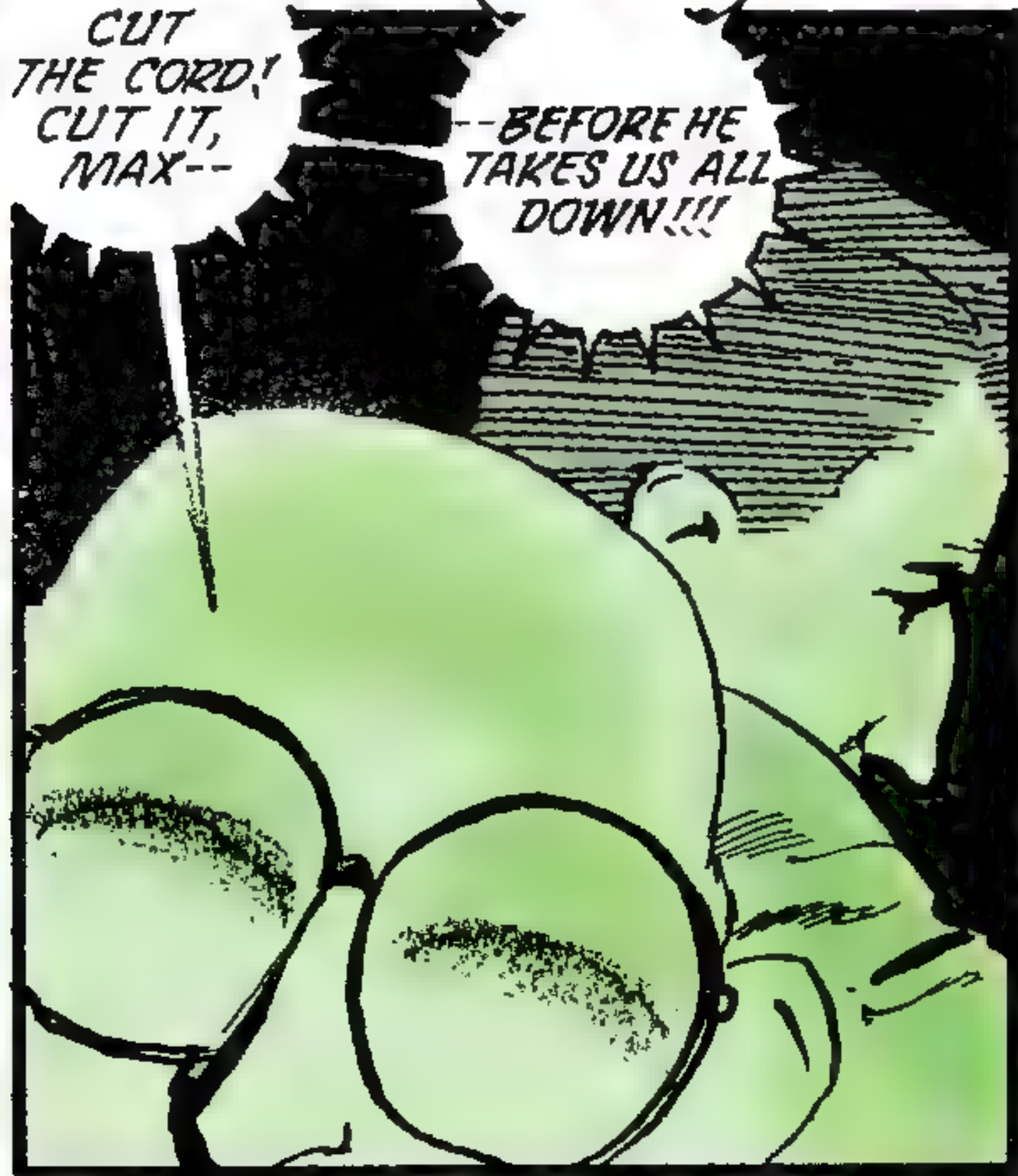
--DON--

UHH... MAX...?

YES, SIR...?

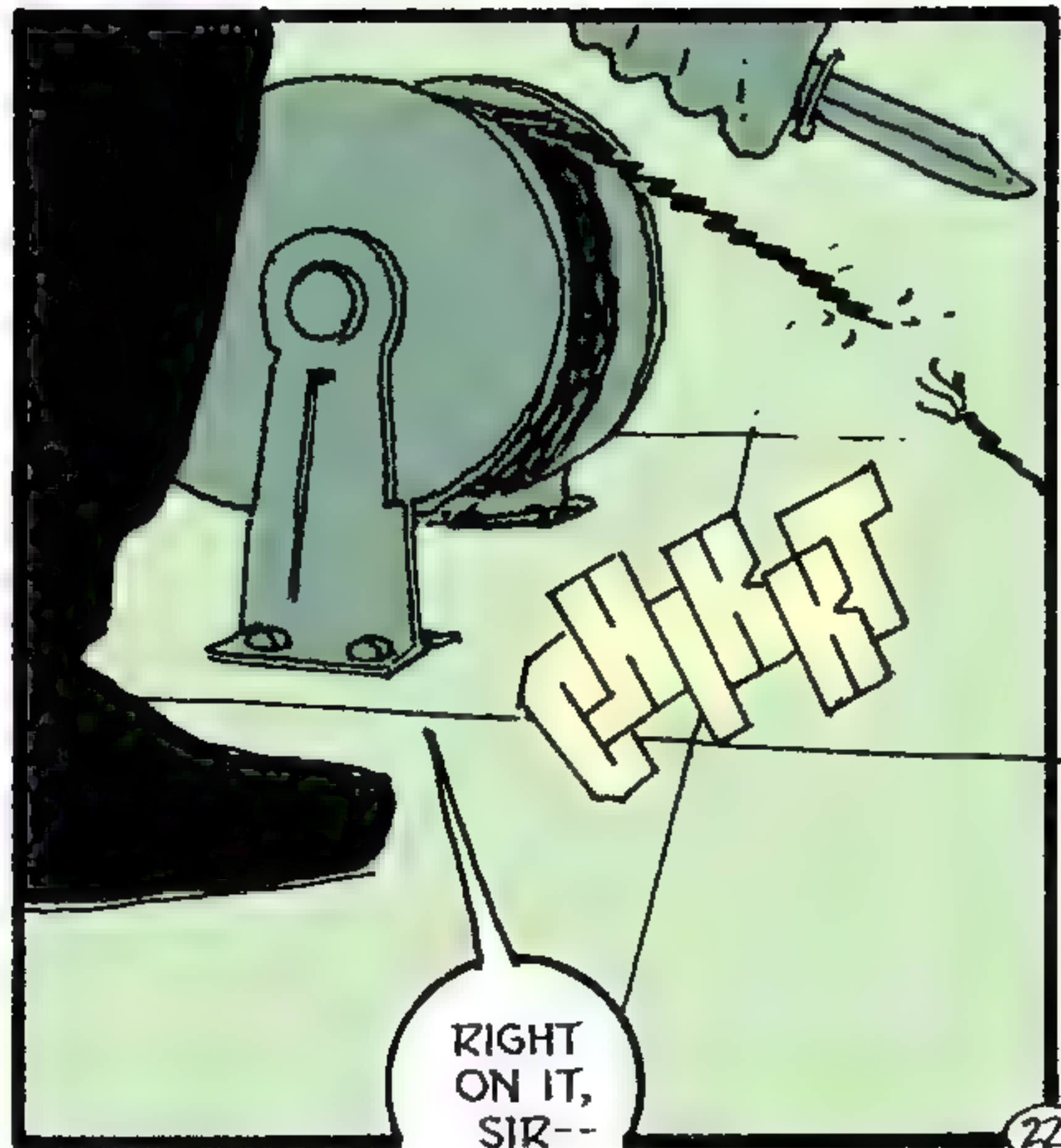


THAT'S **NOT** THE **SHADOW...**



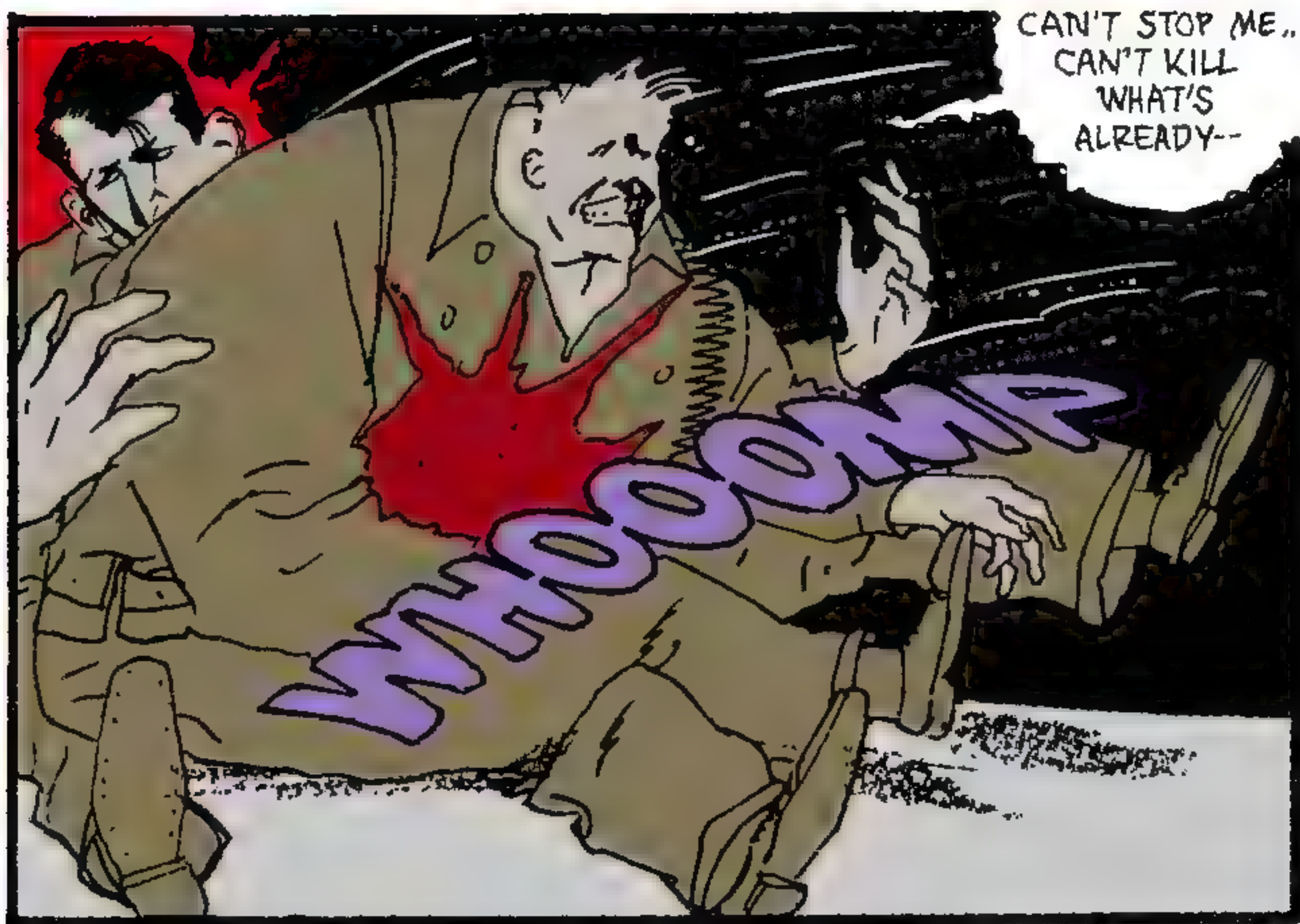
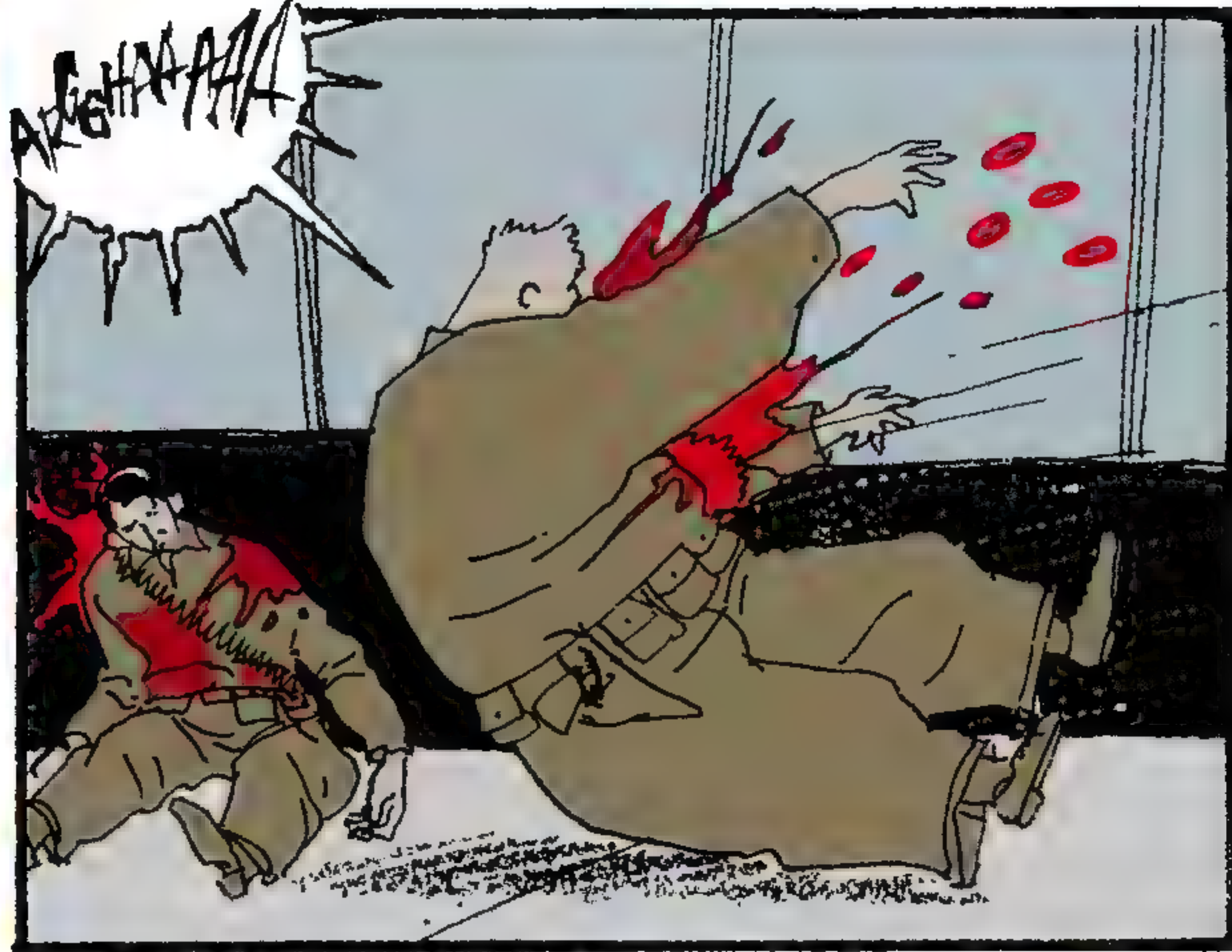
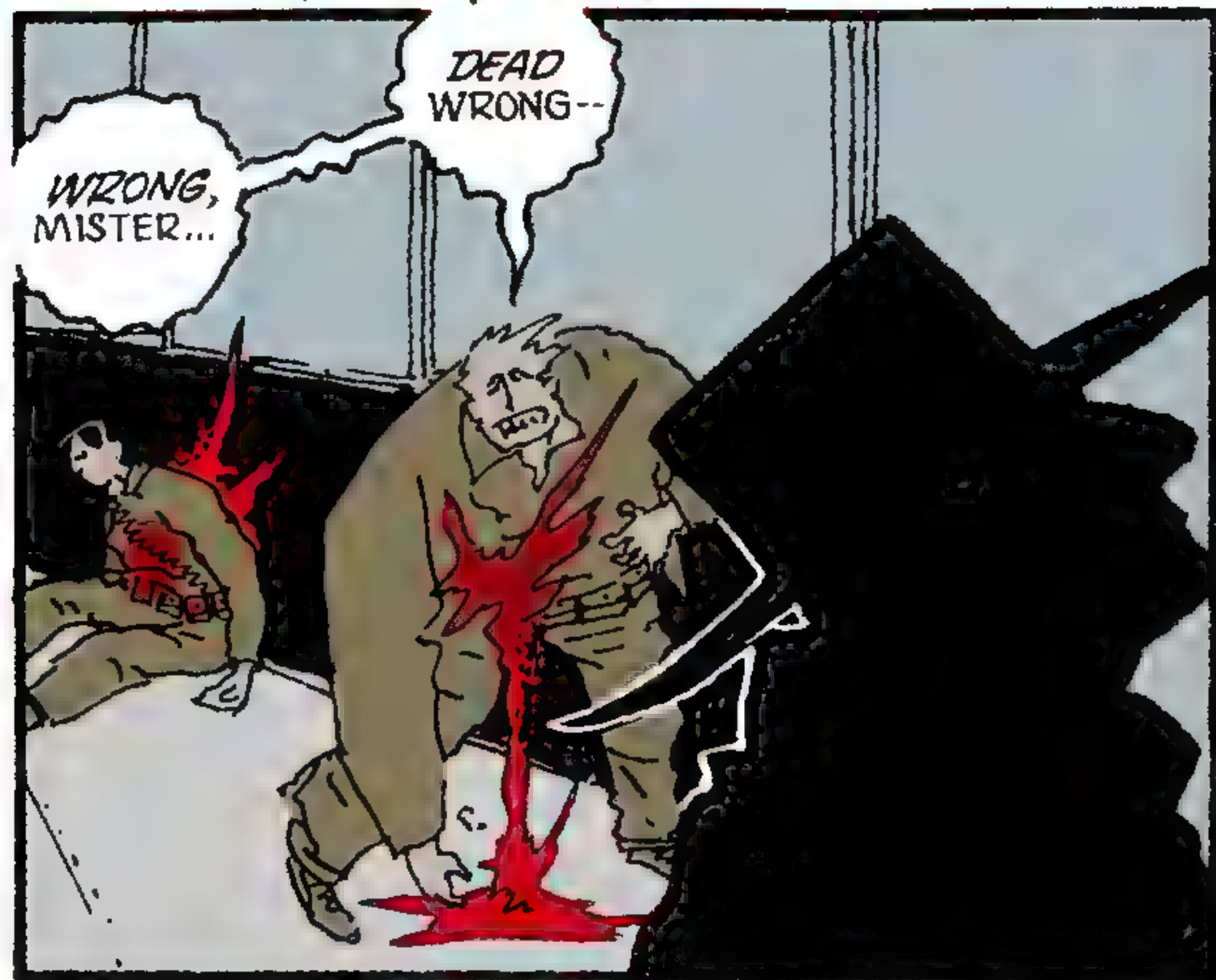
CUT THE CORD! CUT IT, MAX--

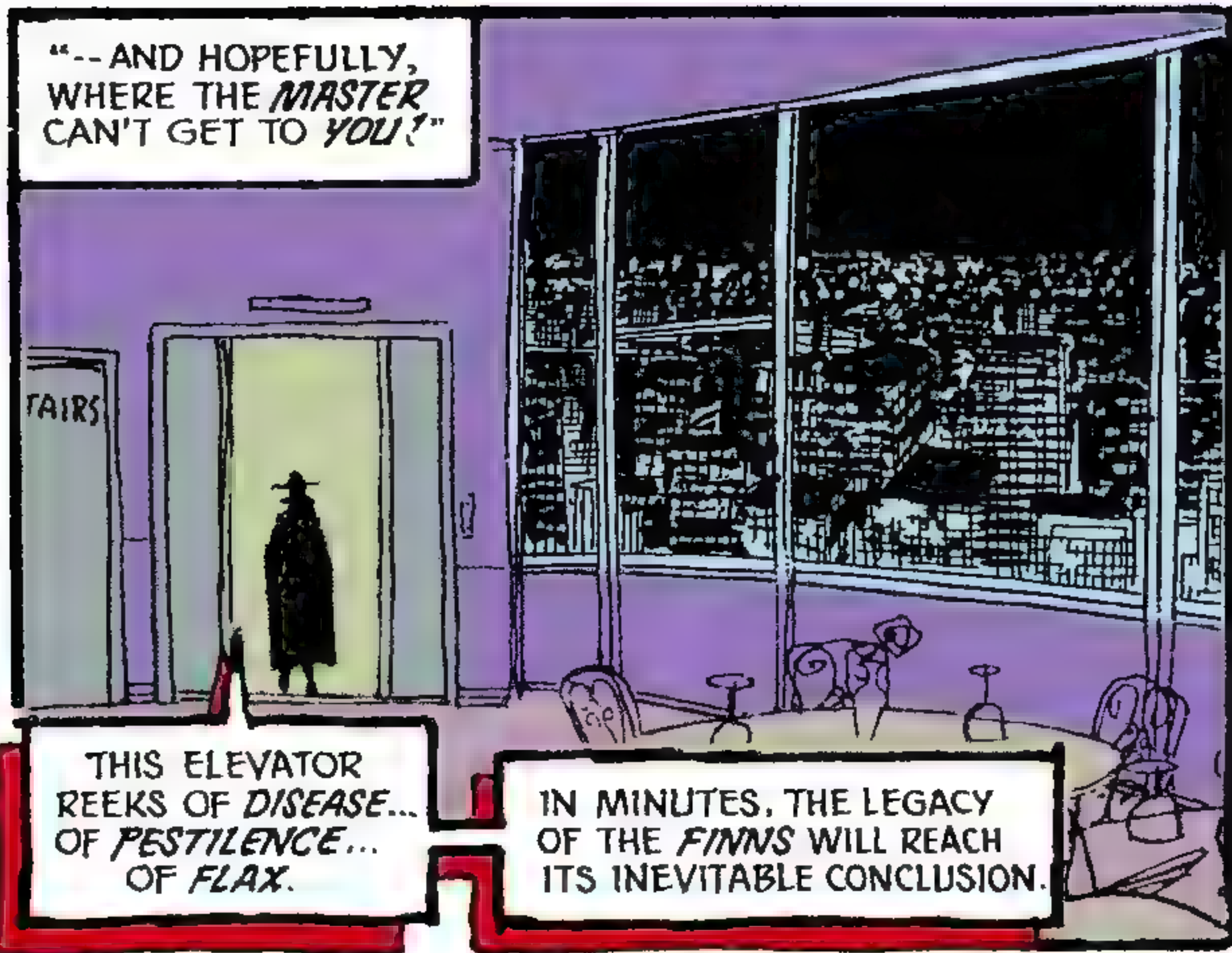
--BEFORE HE TAKES US ALL **DOWN!!!**



CHIT

RIGHT ON IT, SIR--





"-- AND HOPEFULLY,
WHERE THE *MASTER*
CAN'T GET TO *YOU*!"

THIS ELEVATOR
REEKS OF DISEASE...
OF PESTILENCE...
OF FLAX.

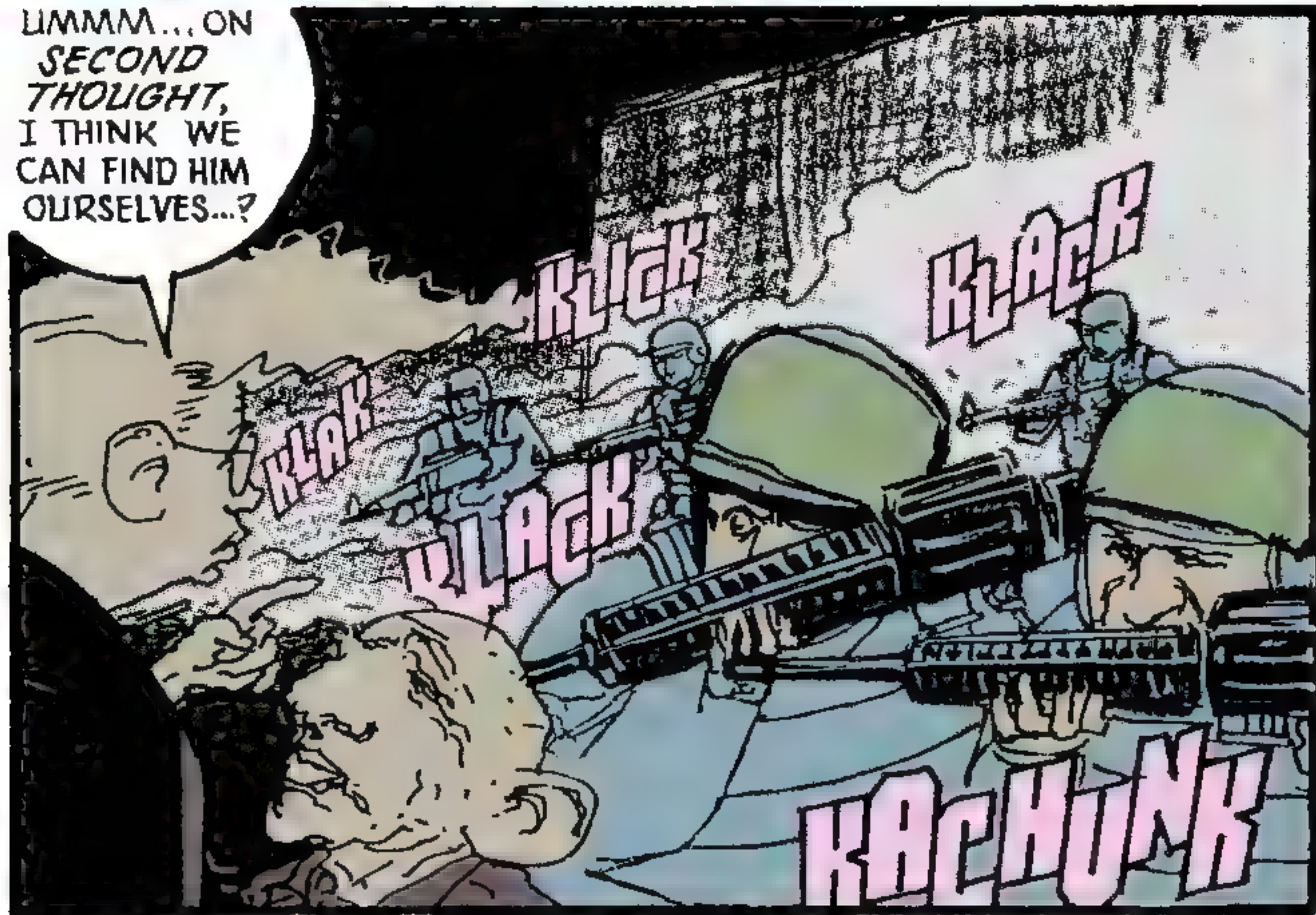
IN MINUTES, THE LEGACY
OF THE *FINNS* WILL REACH
ITS INEVITABLE CONCLUSION.



EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN--
WE'RE
LOOKING FOR JOE CARDONA'S
ASSISTANT--?

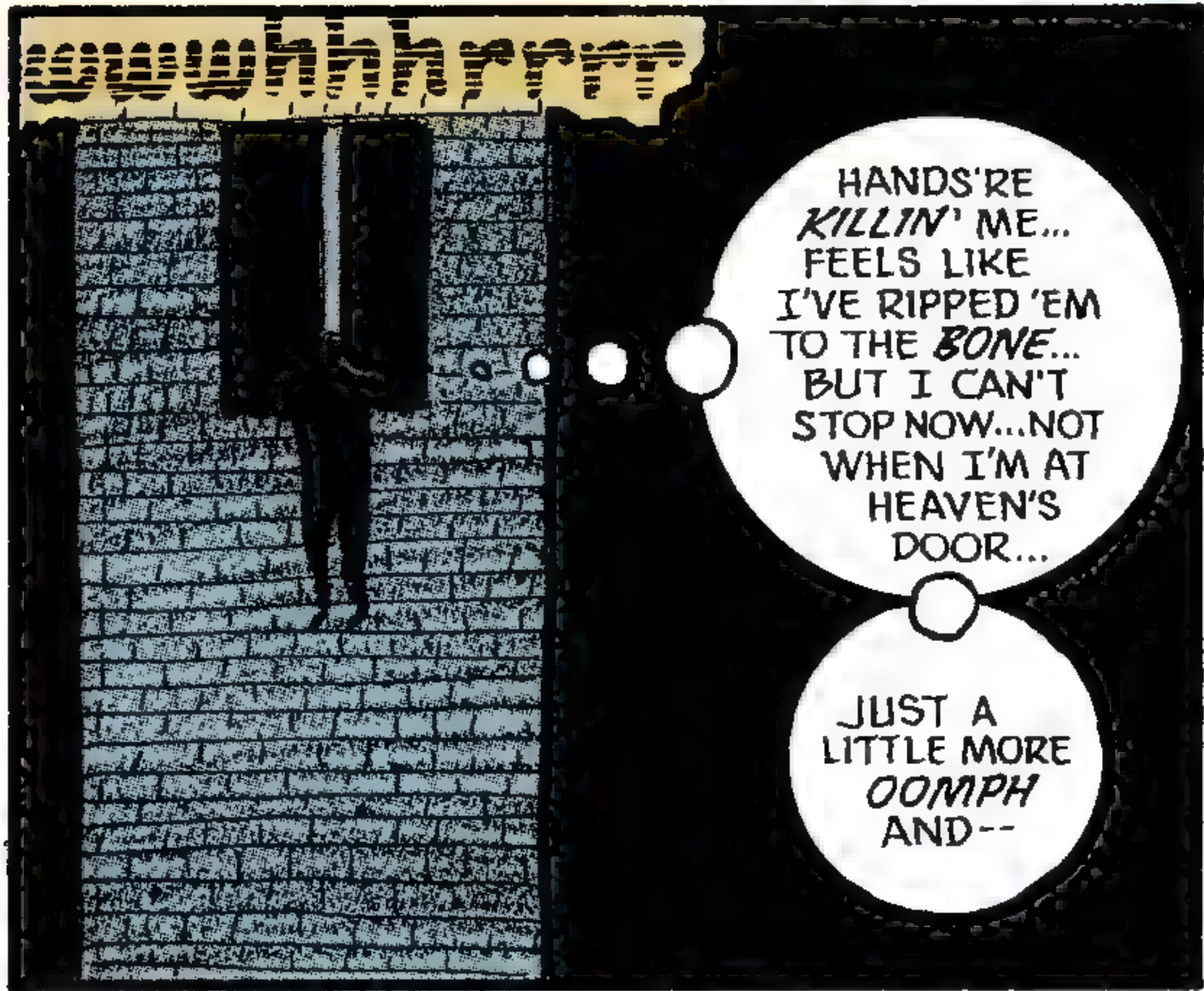
SORRY, HE'S UP
IN THE--
HOLEEE
SHIT!

IT'S
THE *KRAUT*
DOCTOR--
THE ONE WIT'
THE *KILLER*
GERMS!!



UMMM... ON
SECOND
THOUGHT,
I THINK WE
CAN FIND HIM
OURSELVES...?

KLACK
KLACK
KLACK
KACHUNK



WUHHHRRRR

HANDS'RE
KILLIN' ME...
FEELS LIKE
I'VE RIPPED 'EM
TO THE *BONE*...
BUT I CAN'T
STOP NOW...NOT
WHEN I'M AT
HEAVEN'S
DOOR...

JUST A
LITTLE MORE
OOMPH
AND--



SHOOOP

--GOT IT!
'ATTA
BOY, ARTIE...
NOW JUST
HAUL YER BUTT
UP AND
YER--



WUHHRRRR

...HOME
FREE--



HMMM...
ARTIMUS FINN.
I HAD *ALMOST*
FORGOTTEN
HIM.

NOW,
IT APPEARS
I *MAY*
BE AFFORDED
THAT *LUXURY*...

AGGGGGGGGG



THE WEED OF CRIME
BEARS *BITTER* FRUIT...

...BUT THERE ARE *LIMITS*--

NOW,
OFFICERS--
LET'S NOT
DO ANYTHING
CRAZY...



GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN.
PLEASE HOLD YOUR FIRE.

MASTER! THANK GOD
YOU'RE HERE! THESE
GENTLEMEN ARE...
UH...HOLDING US
AGAINST OUR
WILL!



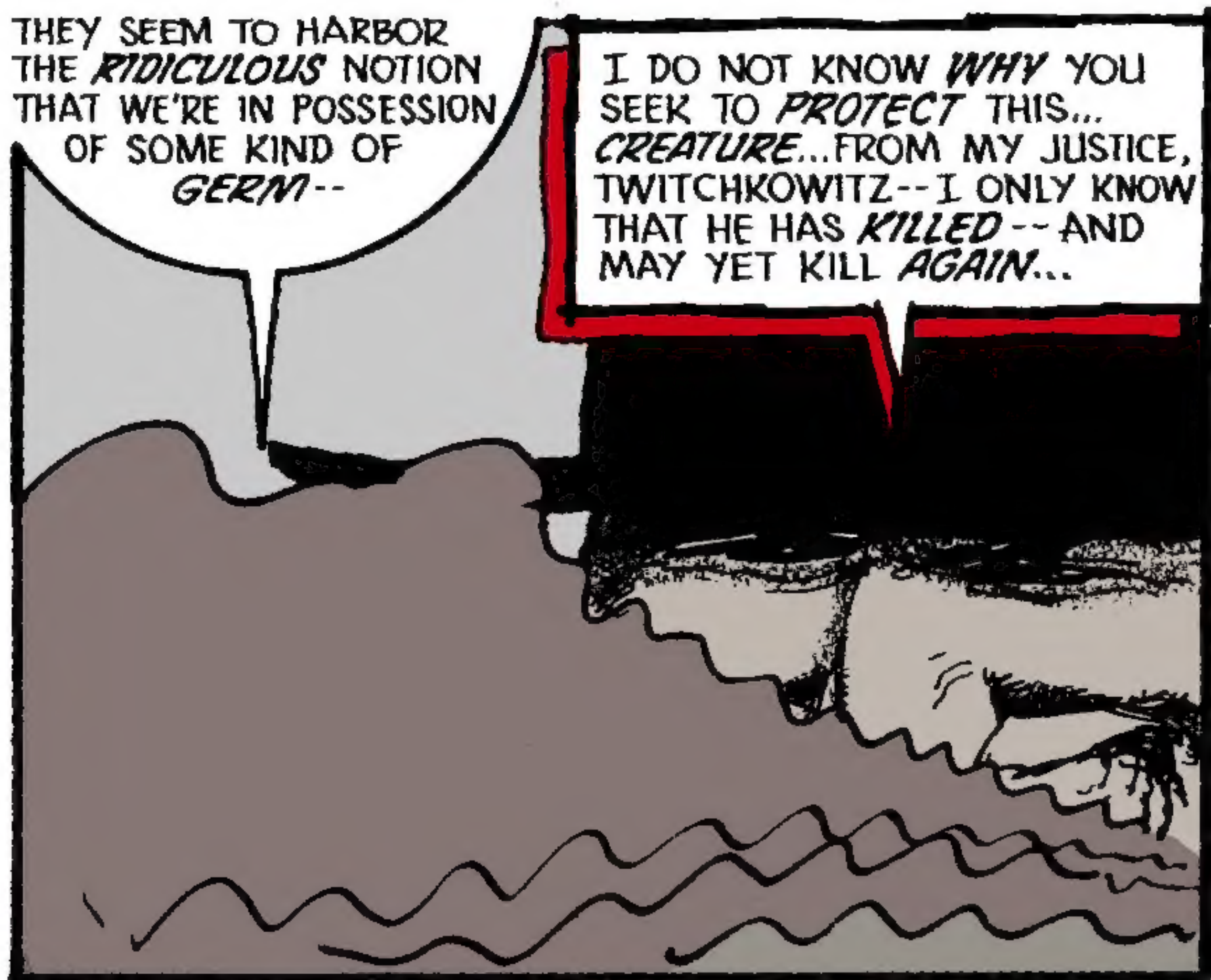
I THINK
THAT'S
HIM!

SURE
LOOKS LIKE
HIM.

YOU GONNA
TELL HIM
TO PUT
'IS HANDS
UP?

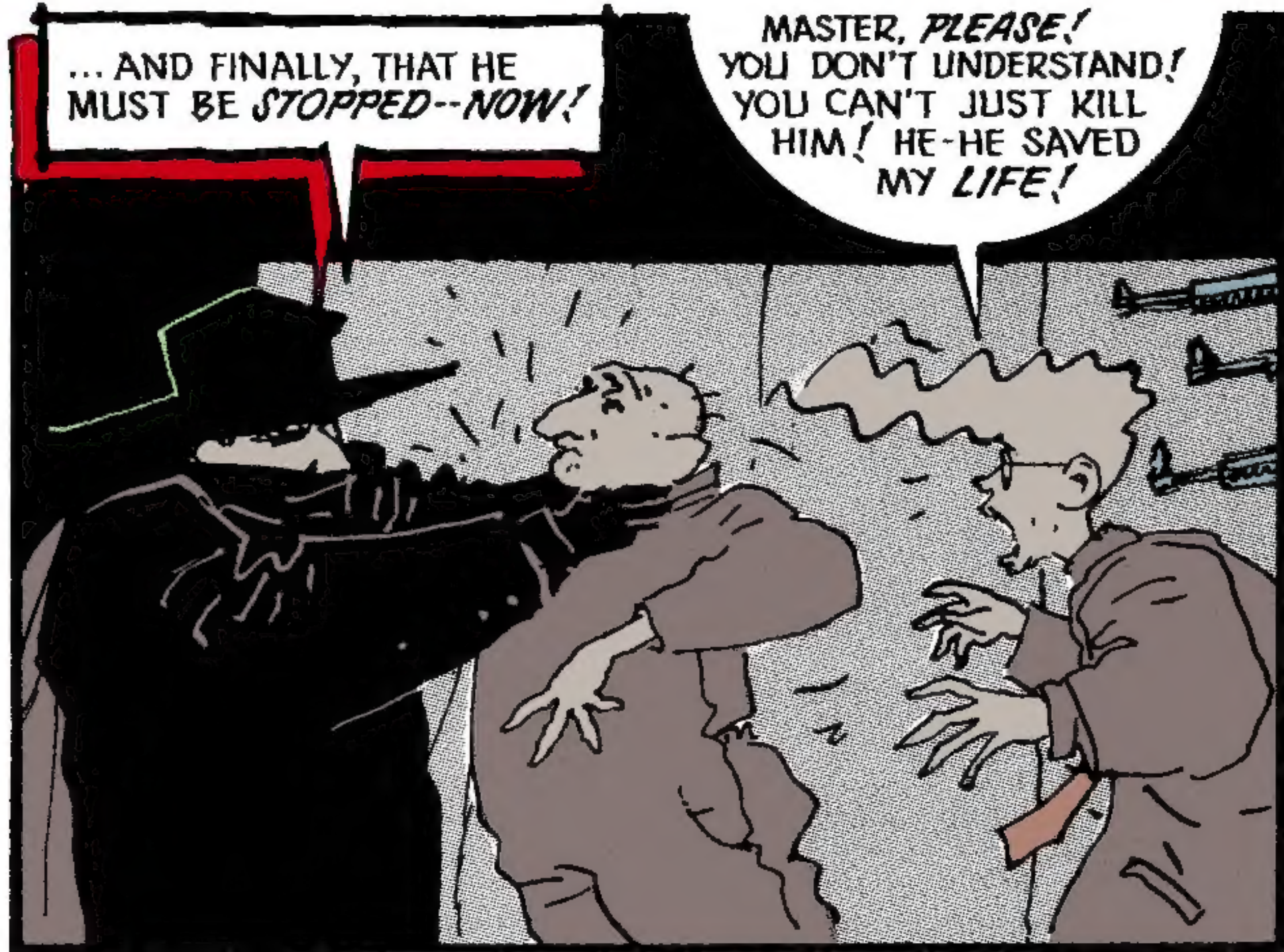
UH-UH.
NO WAY.

THEN IT'S
DEFINITELY
HIM.



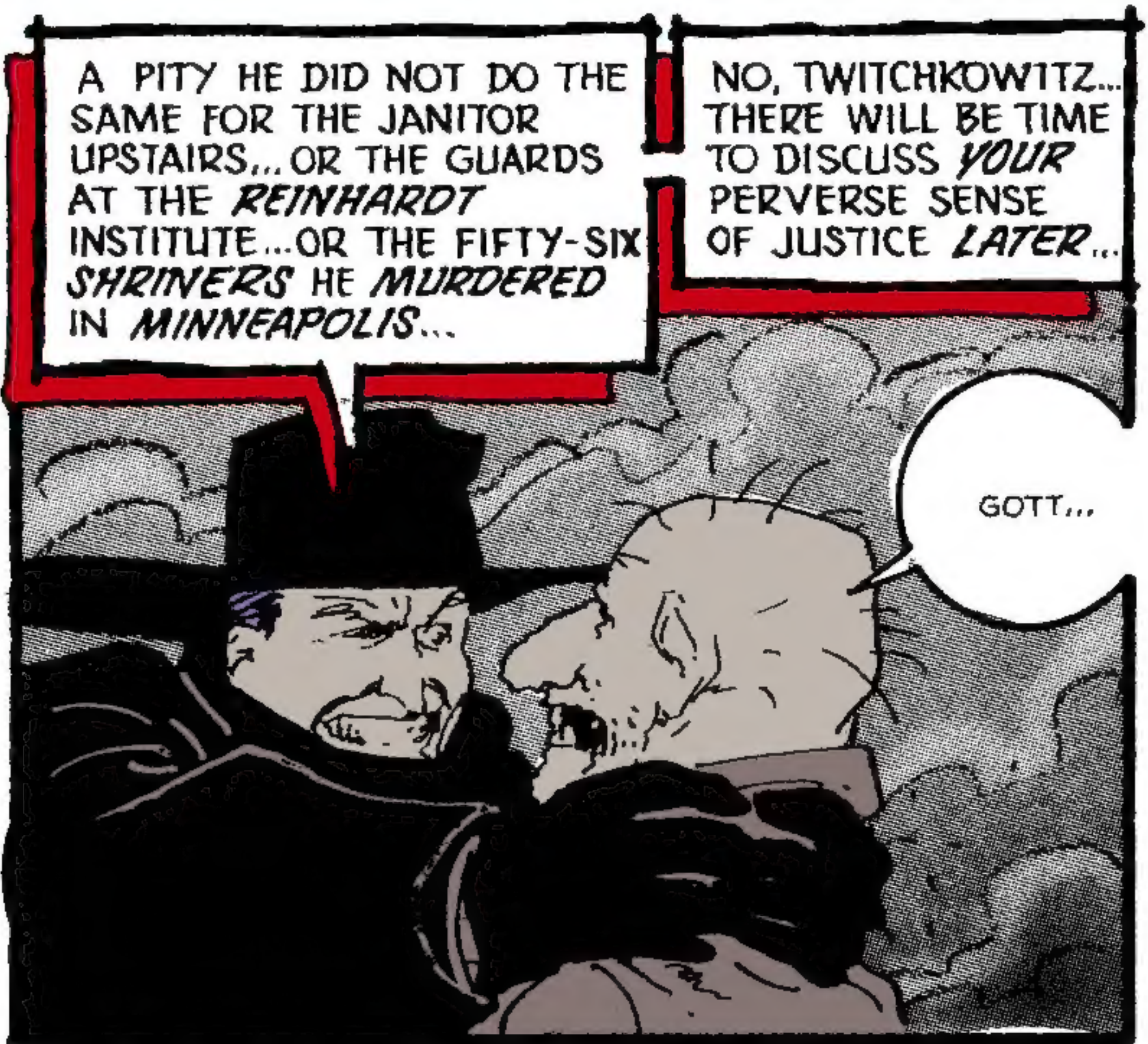
THEY SEEM TO HARBOR
THE *RIDICULOUS* NOTION
THAT WE'RE IN POSSESSION
OF SOME KIND OF
GERM--

I DO NOT KNOW *WHY* YOU
SEEK TO *PROTECT* THIS...
CREATURE...FROM MY JUSTICE,
TWITCHKOWITZ--I ONLY KNOW
THAT HE HAS *KILLED*--AND
MAY YET KILL *AGAIN*...



... AND FINALLY, THAT HE
MUST BE *STOPPED--NOW!*

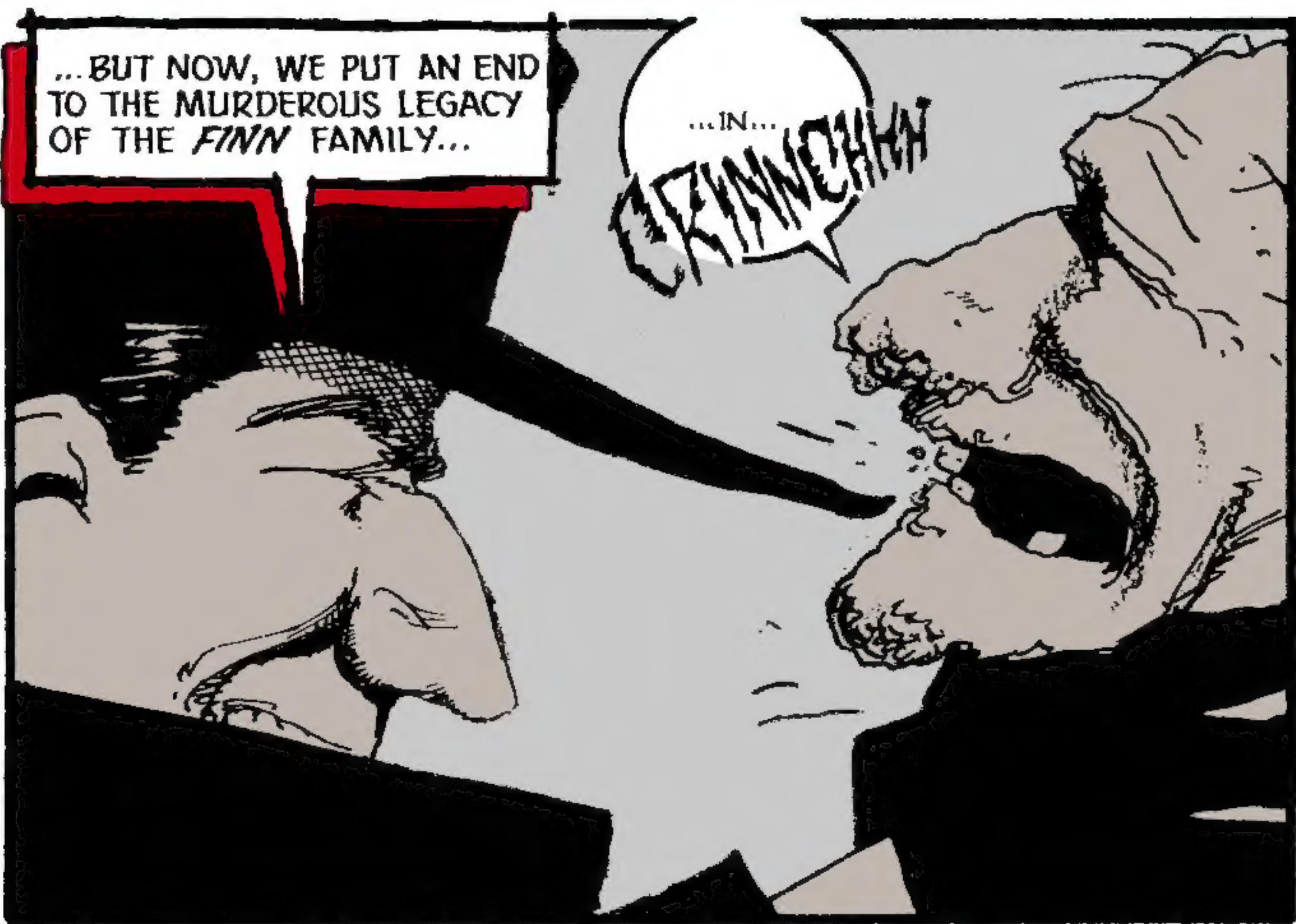
MASTER, *PLEASE!*
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
YOU CAN'T JUST KILL
HIM! HE-HE SAVED
MY LIFE!



A PITY HE DID NOT DO THE
SAME FOR THE JANITOR
UPSTAIRS...OR THE GUARDS
AT THE *REINHARDT*
INSTITUTE...OR THE FIFTY-SIX
SHRINERS HE *MURDERED*
IN *MINNEAPOLIS*...

NO, TWITCHKOWITZ...
THERE WILL BE TIME
TO DISCUSS *YOUR*
PERVERSE SENSE
OF JUSTICE *LATER*...

GOTT...



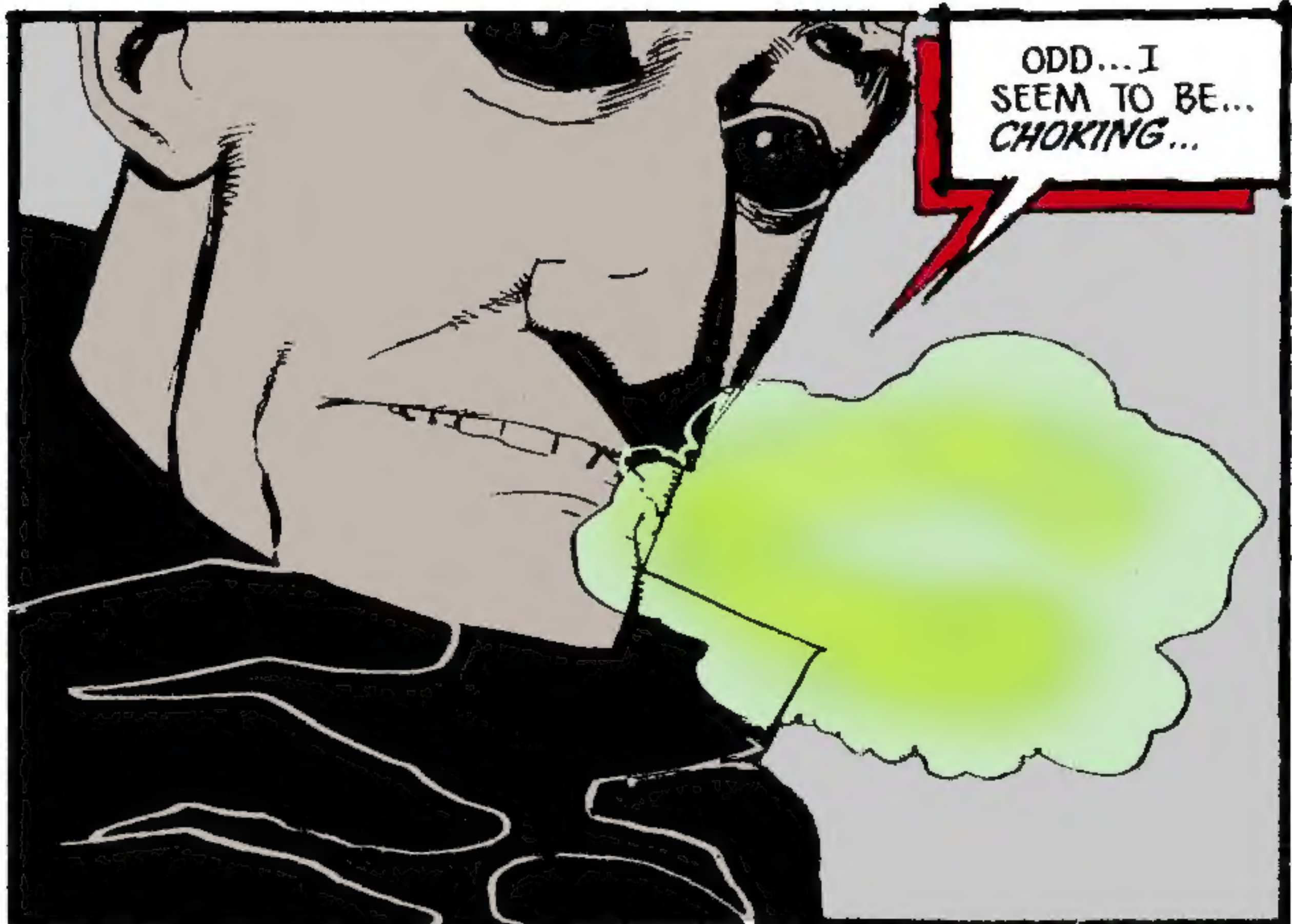
...BUT NOW, WE PUT AN END
TO THE MURDEROUS LEGACY
OF THE *FINN* FAMILY...

...IN...
CHOKING

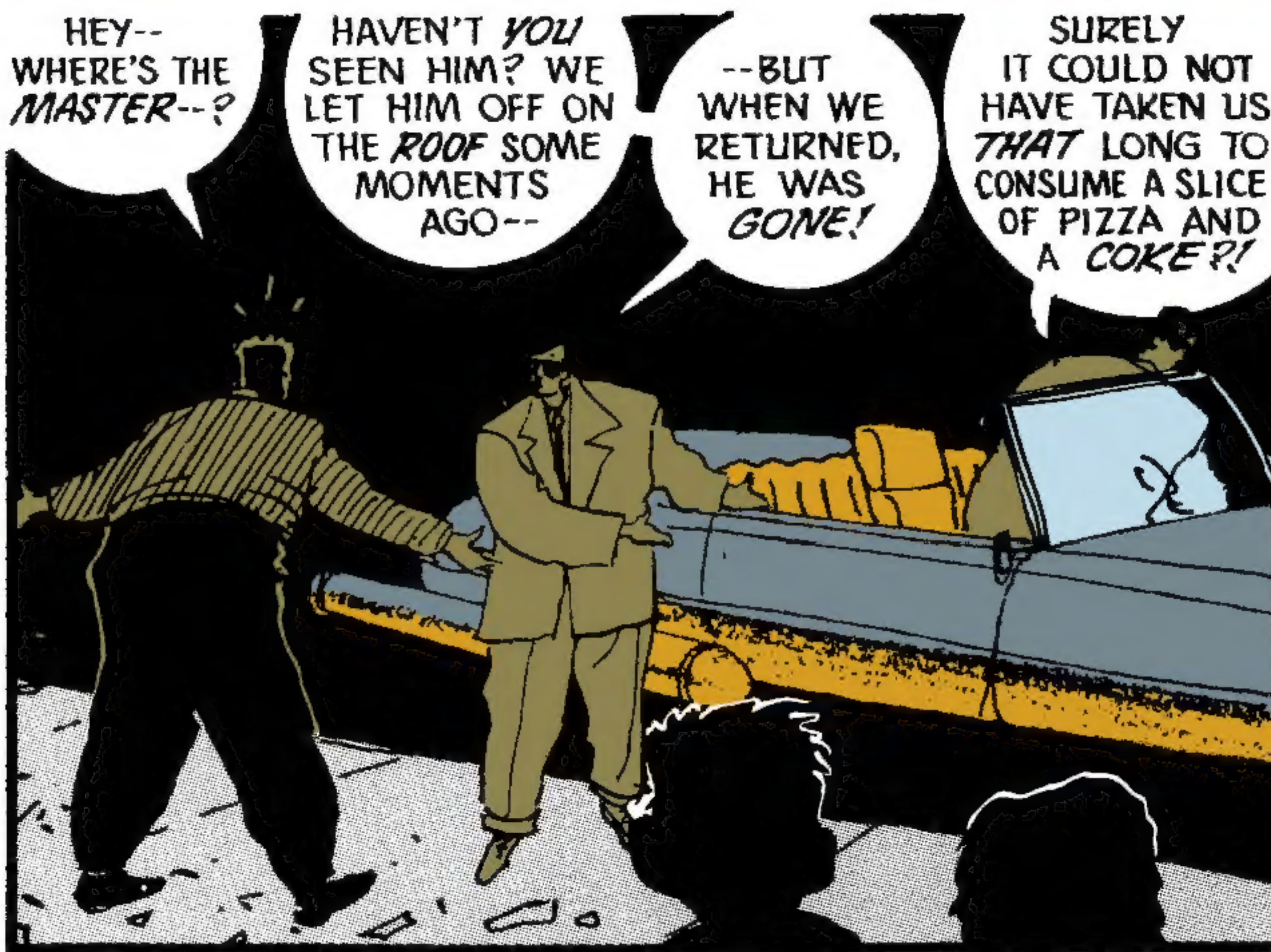
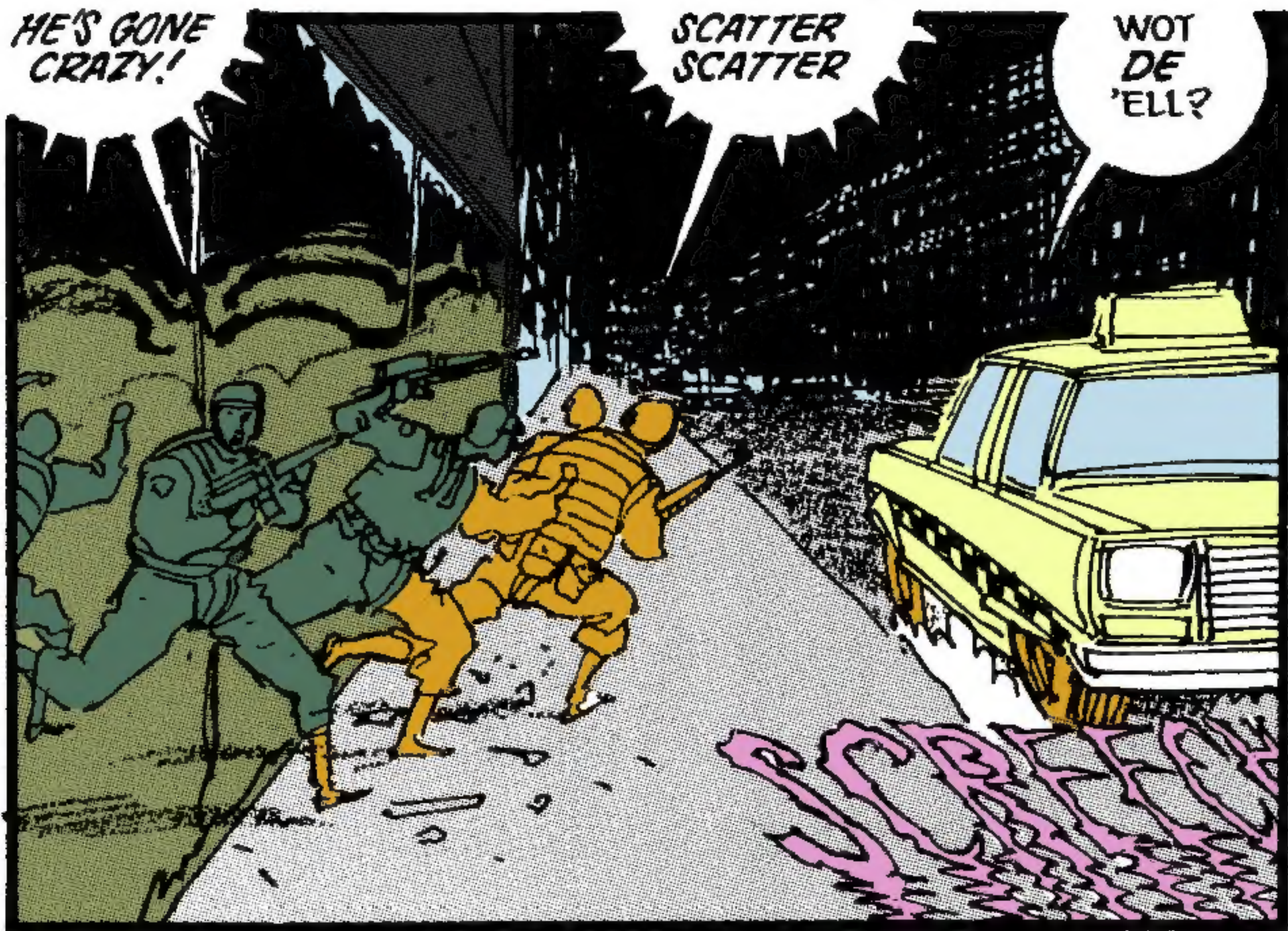


...FOR *ALL TIME*--?

...HIMMEL...



ODD...I
SEEM TO BE...
CHOKING...



HE-HE'S DEAD.

THE SEVEN DEADLY FINNS: CONCLUSION

FINNALE!

ANDREW HELFER
WRITER

KYLE BAKER
ARTIST

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Throughout the decades, The Shadow has served as a timeless agent of justice, bringing death and disaster to tyrants and criminals alike. During the decadent 1980s, this mysterious Master of Men faced perhaps his deadliest opponents yet: the Seven Deadly Finns, a crime family gripping New York City in a stranglehold. When The Shadow's network of agents applies pressure to their vast operations, the Finn brothers push back, enlisting serial killers and terrorists into their ranks. The violence escalates, leading to an explosive confrontation atop the Empire State Building and a shock ending which no one — not even The Shadow — could know!

This second volume of The Shadow Master Series collects the critically acclaimed "Seven Deadly Finns" storyline by Andrew Helfer and Kyle Baker, as well as Helfer and Marshall Rogers' prologue "Harold Goes to Washington," in which The Shadow races to save President Reagan from a most unlikely assassin!

